THE DELINEATOR

HONORÉ WILLSIE, EDITOR VOLUME XCVI JANUARY, 1920 NUMBER ONE JAMES EATON TOWER, MANAGING EDITOR

With the Editor

THE LAST STAND

LAST week we heard a strange sermon preached. It was the most moving sermon that we ever have heard. It was preached in a New York City pulpit. From without, above the earnest voice of the preacher, sounded the roar of electric trains and the shouts of truck-drivers and newsboys. The congregation was composed of ministers and their wives. The man who preached the sermon was his Grace the Archbishop Platon, Metropolitan of Kherson and Odessa. He is the senior among the surviving archbishops of the Greek Orthodox Church and had recently escaped with his life from the Bolsheviki. He was pleading for spiritual help for Russia.

"No human power or words," he said, "can describe the horrors of the Russian tragedy of to-day. The history of the world has nothing on record to compare with it. The faith of a most religious people has been humiliated, derided and profaned. One-half of the educated class, small at best, have been massacred. Russian women, of the types described by Pushkin, Turgeneff and other masters of the Russian literature, have been violated and dishonored. Children have been mercilessly butchered.

"If you could only know the sufferings the church is undergoing! Already fourteen of her bishops have been murdered. I know that my friend, Archbishop Andronicas of Perm, was killed in the following manner: his beard was plucked out, his eyes were gouged out, his cheeks were torn off, and then he was strangled and thrown into the river.

"I know that Bishop Ambrosy of Tcheboskary was killed thus: he was tied to the tail of a horse and the horse was driven at full speed until the bishop was practically lifeless. Then he was torn in pieces and the fragments were scattered in every direction.

"Yet never was the church stronger in Russia than now. The Bolsheviki destroy the churches only to have the people rebuild them and flock to them in greater numbers than ever before. The church is the last organized stand against Bolshevism. And that stand is entirely spiritual. That is why the Bolsheviki so fear and hate the church. Bolshevism is materialism in its most selfish and sordid form. In the last analysis the only force that will defeat Bolshevism will be the force of the spiritual, and the church is the only powerful expression of the spiritual life in Russia.

"I exhort all of you, my brethren, to pray for the Russian people who are fighting Bolshevism. Exhort all your flocks to prayer. And persuade your women to pray to dry the bitter tears of Russian mothers and sisters and daughters who have been cruelly violated by these monsters from hell in the shape of human beings."

RE UNGUESSABLE

THE world fought a bitter war with Germany. Germany fought with the ferocity of a tiger, with the devilish ingenuity of a mad elephant and with the indecency of a hydrophobic skunk. When it was all over, Germany girded up her loins and prepared to renew her trade with the world. And she sent a ship to America loaded with a most interesting cargo. We defy the most brilliant economists or diplomatists or soldiers among the allies to prove that in their wildest flights of fancy they could have guessed of what Germany's first cargo to America was to be composed. For, ladies and gentlemen, that cargo was doll's eyes! *Doll's eyes!*

Can you beat it?

HOME

AMERICANS lack one quality that makes our British friends strong. We have not that intense love of home which is Great Britain's ultimate safeguard against international disruption. All English literature is saturated with this passion for home. Almost all the most beautiful verse written by British soldiers during the war was the poetry of homesickness. And after the war the return to idealism and hope focuses with astonishing frequency on this same dream of home. Witness this very lovely picture by Florence Bone, in the London *Spectator:*

A PRAYER FOR A LITTLE HOME

GOD send us a little home
To come back to when we roam—
Low walls and fluted tiles,
Wide windows, a view for miles;
Red firelight and deep chairs;
Small white beds, up-stairs;
Great talk in little nooks;
Dim colors, rows of books;
One picture on each wall;
Not many things at all.
God send us a little ground—
Tall trees standing round,
Homely flowers in brown sod,
Overhead, Thy stars, O God!
God bless, when winds blow,
Our home, and all we know.

CLEANLINESS NEXT TO GODLINESS

ANOTHER comment on the maid question! How would *you* like a job with restrictions like these?

The report reaches us from London that the maids of Bromely in Kent have held a conference with their mistresses. In this conference it was agreed that the maids are to have the right to organize and permission to *use the bathtub once a week!* Other concessions given to the maid are: two hours' rest daily, a half-day and evening off each week, a half-day on Sunday, a full day once a month and an annual holiday.

COULD YOU?

A BOY of ten stood at the foot of the staircase. "Mother!" he roared. "Mother!"

"Your mother is in her room!" said his father. "Go where she is, instead of shouting for her."

The boy stared at his father. "Well, she's as strong as I am, isn't she? I want her to come down here."

"Go to your room, sir!" shouted his father.

"Oh, you make me sick!" muttered the boy, obeying with sullen reluctance.

The father turned to the visitor with a despairing sigh. "If I'd spoken that way to my father, he'd have beaten me within an inch of my life. But Frank's mother won't let me touch him. I don't know what to do with him. He is growing insolent beyond words."

"I guess the only difference between the child of to-day and of yesterday," suggested the visitor, who was a teacher, "is that you thought insolent things and Frank says them. I don't believe whipping makes a better child. It only makes a repressed child. You both scold Frank a great deal, I suppose?"

The father nodded.

"A child who is scolded is bound to scold back as much as he dares. The sure way to develop nerves and irritation in Frank is to possess them yourself. Children have to be punished—often severely. I doubt if whipping, though, is ever sensible. By the way, did you ever try to find out from Frank why he is impudent, or if he really knows what impudence is, or why you resent it?"

"No," said the father thoughtfully. "The fact is, I doubt if I could answer those questions for myself."

"I doubt," said the teacher, "if very many parents can."

THE ETERNAL FACT

A VERY old lady sat knitting a baby's sock while her children and her grandchildren discussed the horrors of the Great War. They agreed that never in the history of the world had there been years of suffering and subsequent unrest equal to these. The younger people had talked at length before grandma spoke. She cleared her throat and without for an instant ceasing the rapid clicking of her needles she said:

"During the Civil War we suffered mentally here in America much more than we did during 1917 and 1918. That was a war of fratricide, citizen against citizen. My Heavens! How horrible it was to think of Americans killing Americans! It was torment to be alone with one's thoughts for a moment. And then, too, we suffered real deprivations during the Civil War, which we did not suffer at all in this country in the Great War. And the after-the-war period! Why, children, we suffered! We couldn't get flour or sugar or butter or beef. We couldn't afford new clothing. We went cold and we went hungry. And yet you think you have suffered!

"Ah, well! I knitted socks for the boys in blue and I knitted socks for the boys in khaki and I suppose that if I could live through another generation I'd knit socks for the boys in some other color. Human nature never changes. When you're as old as I, you'll all know that. And you'll know, too, that the only way to keep your sanity during periods like these is to keep in mind constantly, not the deviltry that never leaves human beings, but the two or three fine human qualities that never fail."

"What are they, grandma?" asked some one softly.

Grandma took off her glasses and her blue eyes, still so large and soft, looked over the heads of her children to the portraits over the mantel.

"Abide these three," she said a little brokenly, "faith, hope and love. And the greatest of these is love."

There was a little silence while every face turned toward the portraits, one of a stalwart young man who had given his life at Gettysburg, the other of grandma at seventeen when she had married the Gettysburg hero.

"'Wars come and go," murmured grandma, "but still we have faith and hope enough to love. And love is the only eternal fact of life." She smoothed the little sock gently. "I was very beautiful then; was I not, children?"

Her oldest grandson rose and kissed her reverently. "As beautiful as love itself, dear soul," he whispered.

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GOSSIP: A CHAT WITH DAISY ASHFORD

BY AUBREY EATON

ANY ONE WHO STILL DOUBTS WHETHER DAISY ASHFORD IS A REAL PERSON, OR WHETHER SHE WROTE "THE YOUNG VISITERS," HAS ONLY TO READ THIS INTERVIEW IN ORDER TO BE CONVINCED. THE INTERVIEWER, MISS EATON, IS A DAUGHTER OF THE REVEREND DOCTOR CHARLES A. EATON, WHO FORWARDED THE SHIP-BUILDING MOVEMENT DURING THE WAR BY HARANGUING THE WORKERS AT THE VARIOUS SHIPYARDS OF THE UNITED STATES.

I HAD been in London but two weeks when I discovered the Greatest Aid to Conversation in England. The discovery took me quite off my feet. It swept me along; it took my successive dinner partners by surprise; it produced an instant alertness on the faces of all my friends. And it was such a simple thing that I was as amazed at its effect as every one else.

It was none other than "The Young Visiters," a little eighty-six page book which some urbane young person in a dim bookshop on Piccadilly had practically forced into my hands, saying as he did so:

"Read it, miss. It is the hit of London, and the most extraordinary book we've seen for years."

I followed his advice and read it, and echoed his words in my heart as I did so.

It was an extraordinary book. I read it through in wonder, love and praise that such a perfectly spontaneous and wholly delightful thing could have been given to us poor, stolid, matter-of-fact mortals in this most strenuous and matter-of-fact year of our Lord 1919.

The glorious part of all, and the most humorous part of reading "The Young Visiters," was the feeling one had that here was either the most entertaining hoax ever perpetrated upon a gullible public or that a most charming new humorist was suddenly shaking hands with us on the most friendly terms.

For "The Young Visiters" was said to have been written by a child of nine, a little girl by the name of Daisy Ashford. Her picture was reproduced in the beginning of the book. Even a photographic reproduction of the original manuscript, evidently done in a scrubby little note-book with a pencil which required much sucking to make it write at all, gave strength to the statement in the "Preface" by Sir James Barrie that this was the unaided effort in fiction of a nine-year-old novelist.

I fell a victim to the charm of "The Young Visiters" at once. The urbane young gentleman in the bookshop on Piccadilly was surprised when the next day I had him wrapping up five copies to send to friends in America; all the while listening to him as he discoursed on the reasons why a child could never have done it.

He seemed to be a very intelligent young man. Before he had tied up my parcel I had been favored with memorized extracts from "The Young Visiters" proving conclusively that Sir James Barrie must have written it himself, and showing me the utter fallacy of believing anything publishers said about authors in print.

"WHY, look here," he said, turning to a certain page in the book, "she says here, 'Oh, I see, said the Earl, but my idea is that these things are as piffle before the wind.'

"Now, could a child of nine, living in the mid-Victorian era, as every one says she was, think of a phrase like that? I don't believe they ever heard of the word piffle in those days. My wife says piffle, to be sure, but she got it from an American commercial traveler who rooms at her mother's."

That phrase, "as piffle before the wind," decided me. I suddenly wanted very much really to know if the "lady" whom the child has grown into was really a person, and if she would, in the course of a conversation, say something which could be described afterward as "piffle before the wind."

At tea a little later, I stood rather idly watching the people and the black-and-white waiters, all a sort of blur lost in a cloud of tobacco-smoke. (It was one of the fashionable restaurants.) I had almost forgotten "The Young Visiters" when I heard a soft English voice say directly at my elbow:

"Anna says she must have been under mediumistic control. And I can quite fancy that it is possible. No child of nine could have done such a thing entirely unaided. Absolutely impossible."

"Ah, 'The Young Visiters,' " I thought to myself. "This is interesting."

Scraps of a heated controversy floated by me again as I sat down to tea in the palm-room. A young officer and his sweetheart and his sweetheart's mother were almost shaking their forks at one another in their excitement. The girl insisted that she knew the truth about Daisy Ashford.

"George told me that he knew as a positive fact that Stephen Leacock wrote 'The Young Visiters.' I am sure he did, too. *Mr. Salteena* has the infinite pathos of all his priceless heroes."

The young officer was just as hot. He had an actress friend (at which the girl's mother looked surprised) who knew the man who had discovered the manuscript. He would be willing to bet five pounds that Daisy was a real person, perhaps an older woman; but quite authentic.

I pondered on these heated opinions as I walked home that afternoon. Quite plainly the only thing to do was to meet Daisy. And the gods were smiling down on me, for they sent me a man who by chance told me he knew every one worth knowing in the literary world. He laughed in an amused manner when I told him my ambition.

"You want to meet Daisy Ashford, do you? Well, my dear young lady, if you do, England and America will unite to do you homage. She is an extremely elusive person, is Daisy. Her publishers see to it that the mystery surrounding her is made quite as impenetrable as it ought to be."

AFTER a lot of rather uncalled-for remarks about American girls who think the world is theirs, he scribbled off a note to the man who, he said, was actually the discoverer of Daisy Ashford.

I was on tenter-hooks after I had sent in my letter to this important person. Mr. Swinnerton (it was none other than Frank Swinnerton) wrote me a surprisingly cordial note asking me to drop around and see him at his office, which was at Messrs. Chatto & Windus, Miss Ashford's publishers.

Mr. Swinnerton is a charming man. He does not like Americans, it is true, but after telling me so, and explaining at great length why, he felt better, and for almost an hour he talked on every conceivable subject, beating about the bush, so to speak, to get at the real thing.

Finally, he remembered what I had come for. He is a humorous sort of person, and while I was telling him my cherished ambition he sat and smiled in a twinkly sort of way.

"Well, young lady," he said, "Miss Ashford is a bit difficult to see. She wrote me only last week saying need she see interviewers, they were such a bore. I wrote back that she needn't; so I'll have to make a special exception of you. But you mustn't write naughty things about her, or about me, out of your imagination. Don't be like the misguided lady I met on Piccadilly one day. She was the merest acquaintance, but she stopped me, visibly wanting to rope me in as to whether it was Sir James or Miss Ashford. I saw what was coming, so I chatted easily on any old subject to put her off. Finally, she came to it. I wouldn't let her say very much and she felt my disapproval, so she looked very intently at me, and said rather coyly, 'Tell me, Mr. Swinnerton, did He, or did She?' I replied with one word, 'She,' and left her.

"THREE days afterward a long article appeared, written by this lady, proving convincingly in two thousand words that Daisy Ashford did write 'The Young Visiters,' and quoting me at great length on the subject, and I had merely said, 'She!' "

Mr. Swinnerton went on to tell me how he had discovered Miss Ashford. He said he often went to the home of a certain Miss Goodall in London. One day he met there Miss Margaret McKenzie, who told him she had a manuscript she wanted him to read. She said it was a deliciously original piece of work and had been done by a friend of hers when she was quite a little girl, nine years old, in fact.

Mr. Swinnerton is always the courteous gentleman. He did not want to read a manuscript by a child of nine, but to please Miss McKenzie he consented to look it over.

Contrary to his expectations, he was delighted with the manuscript, which was sent to him in its original form, done in a fat little note-book, and in pencil, as the reproduction shows. He said the fame of it spread through the office like wild-fire. Every one read it and praised it and laughed over it. He had all he could do to keep enthusiastic friends of the firm from writing it up in the newspapers before it came out.

He decided that Sir James Barrie would be the one to write the "Preface," so he sent the manuscript to him. Mr. Barrie at first was quite firm in his refusal to put his endorsement to it. He argued that no one would believe that it was authentic, and anyway he did not think that type of book would take in England just then. The people were too serious-minded and too irritable to be in the mood for a purely child's book, even though it was original and funny. Mr. Swinnerton was determined to win his point, regardless of Barrie's refusal, so he went himself to Barrie's country place and spent almost the whole of one afternoon explaining to him why such a book would be the hit of the season if he would endorse it.

Finally, as he rose to go, he said Mr. Barrie followed him to the door, and just as he was stepping out, said, with a resigned air, and a humorous smile:

"Well, Swinnerton, I see I shall have to write that 'Preface.' " And he did; and since May "The Young Visiters" has had thirteen printings in England alone.

True to his word, Mr. Swinnerton did persuade Miss Ashford to see me. Would I write to her at a certain address and arrange the place of meeting.

Miss Ashford answered my letter herself. She sounded the least little bit like "The Young Visiters" as she told me where to meet her and how we were to recognize each other.

I was to wear a blue hat with red cherries. (I told her I had such a hat, and I hoped it was the only one of its kind in London.) She said she would wear "a yellow hat, if fine; a yellow one in any case." And we were to meet in a little restaurant on Victoria Street at one o'clock on a certain day.

On the great day, behold me, sitting very prim and correct in the entrance to the restaurant. If by any chance after all it *was* Mr. Swinnerton or Barrie, I would be ready, trying my best to look like a professional woman journalist. Finally, at a few minutes after the hour, a hand was put out and a nice voice said:

"I know you by the red cherries."

My heart gave a thump. Here she was, the Daisy Ashford of my dreams. And best of all, she was not a middle-aged, stolid woman, as I had made up my mind to expect her, but a vivid, charming girl.

AS SHE stood there in the rather garish light of the restaurant, she was like a fresh flower, a brown-eyed daisy. She has deep, jolly brown eyes, her hair is black and softly curly, and she has a trim, slight little figure. Because her nose has the least little tilt and her mouth is humorous her face has the appearance of enjoying things and people so much that she is just on the verge of breaking into a delighted smile at the pure joy of being alive.

Each was as surprised as the other. She looked at me for a moment, and I looked at her—and we both laughed.

"I thought you were fat and stodgy and middle-aged," I said.

"And I thought you were a horrible journalist with a stiff collar and a note-book," she answered.

We found a little table at the back of the restaurant. The first thing I asked was, "Was the picture at the beginning of 'The Young Visiters' really you?"

I had studied that picture carefully. Mr. Swinnerton said in his letter that I would be able to recognize Miss Ashford by the picture, and as I sat there looking at the lady whom the child had grown into, I must confess that I could see but a very slight resemblance. Certainly there was none of the absurd smugness of that precocious child evident in the attractive, friendly face of the Daisy that faced me across the table.

Miss Ashford laughed; she had evidently been asked the same question many times before, and she seemed to get a lot of fun out of the incredulous expressions on the faces of the poor, ignorant people who wanted to know.

"Yes," she said, "that is how I looked at the age of eight. My mother was in despair over me at the time. I had an aunt who was hopelessly spoiling me, and the whole family were concerned over the smug little wretch I was growing to be. When the picture was taken, I was quite sure that I was the most remarkable child in all

Concluded on page 23

IT WON'T DO!

A WARNING FOR BUSINESS WOMEN

BY JOSEPHINE STRICKER

Secretary to the late Colonel Roosevelt



THE YOUNG, IGNORANT AND INEXPERIENCED GIRL GOES INTO BUSINESS WITH AN OUTLOOK ON LIFE THAT IS MENTALLY AND MORALLY FEMININE AND IN ALMOST EVERY PARTICULAR DIFFERENT FROM HER BROTHER'S

THIS IS THE FOURTH OF A SERIES OF TALKS TO GIRLS AND THEIR MOTHERS, ON THE YOUNG WOMEN IN BUSINESS LIFE. MISS STRICKER IS HAPPY TO ANSWER READERS' QUESTIONS CONCERNING PRACTICAL PROBLEMS RELATING TO THEIR BUSINESS OR PROFESSIONAL CAREER. DO NOT FORGET TO ENCLOSE A STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

A MOTHER said to me the other day, "If you had a very attractive younger sister who had to earn her own living, how would you feel about her taking up stenography?"

And much to that mother's astonishment I replied, "I would feel very much worried about it."

I went on to explain my reply at length. It happened that, like so many other mothers, this particular one had never had such an experience, so I had difficulty in picturing to her the psychology and ethics of the business world as a young girl finds them.

I once heard one of the leading suffragists in the United States say in a speech that the only difference between men and women is the difference of sex; that business life was proving that mentally and morally women and men are indistinguishable. I beg leave to differ from the lady. Men and women are as different mentally and morally as in sex.

The mature, wise and experienced business woman learns to submerge her femininity in her day's work, but she is none the less eternally and essentially feminine for all that.

The young, ignorant and inexperienced girl goes into business with an outlook on life that is mentally and essentially feminine and in almost every particular different from her brother's. She is pretty and lovable and by all the laws of nature she should be nest-building and not pounding a typewriter. The chances are that no one has given her any advice as to how she should comport herself with her employer. She and the employer must work that out between them.

Few of the ordinary run of men can sit and give dictation for hours, alone in an office with an attractive young woman, and not be conscious of her attractions. What the situation gives rise to depends, in the ultimate analysis, on the character, upbringing and knowledge of dangers possessed by the girl. The man himself, being but average, will take it for granted that the girl is much wiser than she is; that she is perfectly capable of taking care of herself. Business men are precisely like other men; business women are eternally feminine. Only wisdom and sterling character on one or the other side—or on the part of both—can keep the situation above suspicion.

Now I am not saying, nor did I say to this inquiring mother, that there are not thousands of business men whose attitude toward their stenographers is above reproach. Nor am I saying there are not thousands of girls who have received the most circumspect treatment from their employers. There are undoubtedly plenty of both. But I'm willing to wager that the girl who has never found herself in a difficult situation is a *rara avis*. And I fully believe that the attractive girl who goes into stenography unwarned and untrained by a careful and experienced older woman is putting to sea in a leaky boat and trusting to miracles for safety.

I remember very well the story of Marion D——. She was very pretty and just eighteen when her father died and she had to leave high school to support an invalid mother. Her mother was about as well equipped as a humming-bird to give wise counsel to a girl going into business. She had a vague idea that going into a big business office, with all its elegant equipment, was about like going into society with all its amenities and courtesies, and that so young and sweet a girl as Marion would excite only chivalrous feelings in any man.

Marion went into a broker's office where there were eight other girls. The senior member of the firm was a Mr. B——, a large, well-dressed man of fifty. Marion had no speed, and no business experience. But Mr. B—— insisted on her taking a regular portion of his letters. It was not long before Marion's mother was boasting that her little girl had had her salary raised after only two months in business. It happened that she boasted to a friend of mine, a woman who for years had been in business for herself as a real-estate agent. My friend pricked up her ears and invited Marion to lunch. She had known the child ever since she was born. It did not take much more than a deviled crab and a chocolate éclair to bring Marion to a full confession.



THE MAN WILL TAKE IT FOR GRANTED THAT THE GIRL IS MUCH WISER THAN SHE IS, THAT SHE IS PERFECTLY CAPABLE OF TAKING CARE OF HERSELF AND WILL NOT ACT EXACTLY AS WHIM AND EXPEDIENCY SUGGEST

Mr. B——, it seemed, was unhappily married. His wife was a good woman, but stupid, and she never had understood Mr. B——'s complicated nature. He was a man who craved youthful companionship. His mind was so essentially modern and joyful that he would go mad unless he could find a young girl who could understand him and care for him. He had searched for years, and the moment he had seen Marion he knew it was She!

My friend listened to this sad tale with considerable patience, but finally she snorted:

"'A good woman but stupid!' Why, my dear, Mrs. B—— is the most brilliant woman in a brilliant suburb. She is college-bred, she writes well, she sings superbly, she has stumped the State brilliantly for suffrage and later for the Liberty Loan. And she has borne her husband five children! Count 'em, my dear! Five! The oldest son is in college and they all are splendid youngsters, a credit to their mother and not to their father, I can tell you. Not understand him! Why, she understands more of him in a minute than he will of her or of himself in ten years. The old bounder!"



HE WAS A MAN WHO CRAVED YOUTHFUL COMPANIONSHIP. HIS MIND WAS SO ESSENTIALLY MODERN AND JOYFUL THAT HE WOULD GO MAD UNLESS HE COULD FIND A YOUNG GIRL WHO COULD UNDERSTAND HIM AND CARE FOR HIM

Marion was very much irritated. "You talk just as if you were jealous!" she pouted.

"Jealous!" gasped my friend. She looked at the pretty little face opposite, plastered for the first time with paint, at a new bracelet flashing on the girlish wrist, and squared herself for a fight. "All right!" she said. "We'll pretend that all old B—— has told you is true. Where's this nice little affair going to end, Marion?"

"I haven't looked so far ahead. I know I'm getting to care for him and if worst comes to worst—well, I don't know—we can elope, I suppose."



Photo by Brown Bros.

WITH RARE EXCEPTIONS, THE MORALITY OF A SITUATION IS ALWAYS ULTIMATELY IN A WOMAN'S HANDS. SHE CAN ALWAYS SAY NO

"Whew!" groaned my friend. "Things do move fast in the world nowadays. Look here, Marion, *it won't do!*"

"Why won't it? I've got to live, and so has mother. And besides, he loves me."

"Loves your grandmother! He wants to take you away for a day or so and then throw you aside like a broken lily. *It won't do*, my dear! Thousands of women have tried it, and no one has ever gotten away with it!"

"What do you mean by 'gotten away with it'?" asked Marion belligerently.

"I mean that they've never found happiness or peace in immorality, or escaped from the evil shadow bound to follow."

"Don't use such awful words!" exclaimed Marion.

"I'm calling a spade a spade. It won't do, my dear," reiterated my friend. "*It won't do!* Everything is against it. If it actually came to an elopement (which old B—— hasn't the vaguest idea of allowing), you couldn't possibly build happiness on the wreck of Mrs. B——'s and her children's happiness. Your conscience would see to that! If, on the other hand, you merely permit Mr. B—— to take familiarities with you and to give you money and jewelry, you are going to begin to lose your self-respect. After that you will despise yourself. There is not a girl in the



BUT FOR THOUSANDS OF GIRLS THERE IS NO WISE FRIEND. I COULD WRITE PAGE AFTER PAGE ABOUT GIRLS I HAVE KNOWN WHO HAVE LEARNED THAT "IT WON'T DO" ONLY THROUGH LONG AND BITTER EXPERIENCE

office who doesn't know what you are up to. Probably most of them had been tried out themselves, and they are sneering at you, just as they were sneered at.

"*It won't do*, my dear. Public opinion since the beginning of things has clung with unbreakable grip to the idea that a woman must keep herself unhandled, uncontaminated. Whatever the excuse, the world will not accept as anything but damaged goods a woman who allows the sort of thing you are beginning to permit from your employer. And public opinion on this is so deeply ingrained in every woman's mind that, whether she admits it or not, she recognizes it as our most important social law. And she never can be happy living beyond that law. Society won't let her. One can not live happily as an outlaw. And one thing more, my dear, when you really know love, the thought that you have broken the law will be torture to you such as you can't conceive of now."

Marion had stopped pouting. She looked a little frightened. "But what can I do?" she asked.

"Return that bracelet and whatever else the man has given you. Go to the cashier and get your time and start looking for another job, a sadder and a wiser girl."

"But I—I really care about him!" Marion's voice broke a little.

"Marion! Where's your sense of honor? Think of that wife and of all she and Mr. B—— have meant to each other. *It won't do*, my dear. Life doesn't work that way."

"Why didn't my mother tell me those things?" demanded Marion.

"She didn't know," replied my friend.

"It was her business to know. She has men friends. She should have asked before she sent a kid like me out to fight things alone."

"Yes, she should have," agreed my friend frankly. "But now you do know, Marion, what are *you* going to do?"

"I'm going to get a new job and try," flushing a deep red, "try to forget this one."

"Good girl!" exclaimed my friend. "I'll forget it, too, after I've told you one more thing. Men, my dear, are mostly what women make them. If Mr. B—— had not found you morally weak and uncertain, he would not, as far as you are concerned, have been bad. With rare exceptions, the morality of a situation is always ultimately in a woman's hands. She can always say NO."

And with this, the conference ended and one brand at least was snatched from the burning.

But for thousands of girls there is no wise friend. I could write page after page about girls I have known who

Concluded on page 49



To keep your sweaters soft, shapely, unshrunken and clean—

wash them, *without rubbing*, in *luke-warm* suds, with pure *non-alkaline* soap. The simple and sure way to do all this is to use

IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Genuine Ivory Soap in Flaked Form—"Safe Suds in a Second"

The Flakes make such copious, lasting suds that merely working the garment gently in the lather removes every spot—no rubbing is needed.

The Flakes are so delicate and snow-like that they melt almost instantly in water not too hot for the hands to bear—boiling water ordinarily is not needed. If water must be used very hot because of its hardness, the suds may stand until lukewarm.

The Flakes are pure and free from alkali because they are genuine Ivory Soap, the same soap that, in cake form, has been used for over forty years to wash these very same fabrics. In flaked form it simply is more convenient—makes suds quicker.

IVORY SOAP FLAKES WASHES OR CLEANS

Baby Clothes
Blankets
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Cane
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Chenille
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Chintzes
Collar and Cuff Sets
Corduroy
Crepe de chine
Cretonnes
Crocheted Silk Ties and Mufflers
Cushion Covers
Delicate Colored Fabrics
Doilies
Down Quilts
Embroideries
Fine Linens
Flannels
Furs
Gloves—silk, chamoisette and wash kid
Georgette Crepe
Habutai
Italian Silk
Ivory
Jersey—silk or wool
Knitted Caps and Tams
Knitted Goods
Laces—any kind
Lace Bed Sets
Lace Curtains
Linens
Lingerie—silk or muslin
Luncheon Sets
Madras Curtains
Mahogany
Men's Silk Shirts
Messaline
Mittens
Negligees
Net—silk or cotton
Oil Paintings
Organdie
Parasols—silk or linen
Photographs
Portieres
Quilts
Quilted Jackets and Coat Linings
Raincoats
Ribbons
Rugs—domestic or oriental
Scarfs
Serge
Sheer Materials
Silks
Silk Handkerchiefs
Silk Hose
Spats
Sport Silks
Statuary
Sweaters
Table Runners
Taffeta
Tapestries
Underflannels
Veils
Vestees
Wash Satin
White Ermine
White Shoes and Slippers
Wicker
Window Shades
Wool Dress Goods

Sample Package Free

Send your name and address to Department 17-A, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, and we will mail you postpaid a sample package containing enough Ivory Soap Flakes to wash a sweater, a waist, or any other fine garment that you may wish to launder.

To Wash Sweaters

Make a suds of Ivory Soap Flakes and warm water. Be careful to have the water only lukewarm before putting in the sweater. Gently squeeze and press the dirt out. Never pull or wring knitted goods. When clean, rinse thoroughly in clear, lukewarm water. Now lay the sweater on towel or folded sheet in the shape it should be when dry, and let dry. Turn when nearly dry. When dry, the sweater will be found to have retained its shape perfectly, and to be spotlessly clean and soft.





PICKING ON THE CHURCH

BY

BRUCE BARTON



ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME FOR THE CHURCH TO TURN AROUND AND SAY, "AFTER ALL, AREN'T MOST OF THE THINGS THAT MAKE YOU PROUD OF MODERN CIVILIZATION AN OUTGROWTH OF MY INFLUENCE?"

FOR as far back as I can remember the church has been on its last legs. In the eyes of its critics it has been weighed so often and found wanting that there is no use in even putting it again on the scales. It has done all the things it ought not to have done, and has so failed in the things it obviously ought to do, that men and women who are earnestly seeking a better social order can no longer join in its support.

I am perhaps more familiar with the criticisms than the average man because I was raised in a preacher's family; and you may be sure that some benevolent soul sees to it that every printed criticism is blue-penciled and laid promptly on the preacher's desk. Good news often loiters by the way, but bulletins of military disaster do not travel more directly to the commanding officer's headquarters than does bad news about the church to the minister's study. The minister's family grows accustomed to the regular arrival of these couriers of failure.

The critics are of various types. There are social workers who are very certain that the church has outlived its usefulness—in spite of the fact that almost the entire support of the sort of institutions they represent comes either from church members or from men and women of church training. Sometimes an ex-pastor breaks forth harshly, but as a business man I am inclined to discount those outbursts, just as I always discount the man who in applying for a position tells me what a bad boss his last employer was. The criticism that really counts comes from the thoughtful folk who have no special ax to grind, but are disappointed that an institution of great traditions and splendid ideals should be failing to measure up to its largest opportunities. Of these earnest folk there are unquestionably a large company.

The things the critics say about the church are as various as the critics themselves. No article would be long enough to print them all, but here are four that occur again and again:

1. The church has no social conscience. It is calling on men to lead better lives when it ought to be changing the conditions under which they are compelled to live. It is talking to them about their souls, when it ought first to feed their bodies.

2. The church has surrendered its spiritual leadership. Instead of proclaiming the kingdom of heaven it has given itself over to the business of running soup-kitchens, bowling-alleys and motion-picture shows.

3. Because the church is controlled by the rich it has lost its hold on the common people.

4. The church has lost its head over radicalism; half its ministers are socialistic or worse; and tirades against the organization of society have taken the place of the wholesome appeal to better living.

It will be noted, of course, that these criticisms, like the Kilkenny cats, have a tendency to destroy each other. If number one is justified, then there is something wrong with number two; if number three represents the true state of affairs, those who bring forward number four have somehow managed to get their wires crossed. But let us not dwell upon that point. There are plenty of criticisms and a host of critics—such a host, in fact, that one might despair utterly were it not for one disconcerting fact.

That fact is this—every single time that the hearse has backed up to the front door, and the gentlemen in black coats and white gloves have descended to perform their distressing duty, the church has stubbornly refused to be carried out. Always, just as the coffin was ready and friends were starting around for a last sad look, the deceased has shown quite unmistakable signs of life.

For example, the church died in the war; we received that assurance many, many times. It failed entirely to meet the situation; the boys returning from the other side could have no use for an institution so utterly futile and out-of-date. Just wait until the war is over, the prophets said, and you will see the church's end. Well, the war is over and the Methodists starting out on a campaign to raise forty million dollars wind up with more than a hundred and fifty millions and several counties still to report.

The reconstruction period was scheduled to destroy whatever hope for the church the war had left. Men would have nothing to do with an institution that failed to adapt itself to the conditions of the new world. Yet—with pathetic blindness to its fate—the church comes out with the announcement of an Interchurch World Movement, which shall unite all Protestant denominations in a tremendous campaign for home and foreign missions such as the nation has never known.

Obviously here is a rugged old customer; a baffling "problem" defying all natural laws, and giving the lie to all predictions. In the maze of so many conflicting opinions and prophecies how is the wayfaring man to know the truth?

Let me say right off that I have no inside information. What I write represents merely the conclusions of a sympathetic observer who has grown up inside the church, who knows all the criticisms, but has read enough history to understand that things are never quite exactly what they seem when the observer is very close to the object of his observation. To a man in such a frame of mind it seems that there are one or two perfectly common-sense remarks which ought to be made at this time.

In the first place, let us get it straight in our minds that criticism of the church is no new thing in the world. It began during the lifetime of the Founder of the church himself, and has been going on right merrily in every generation since. The disciples were quite outspoken in the criticism of two of their number who were suspected of wanting to have precedence in the kingdom of heaven—so outspoken that Jesus was compelled to take notice of the murmuring and arbitrate the dispute. Eleven of the twelve were suspicious of Judas, the first church treasurer, whose subsequent conduct proved their suspicions amply justified. Incidentally, when the hypocrites of the modern church are brought under fire, it is only fair to remember that even Jesus Himself in His own little church was right in only eleven cases out of twelve.

I was discussing all this one day with my good friend, Dr. Frank Crane, and he said that Christianity always reminded him of China. There she lies, a great defenseless mass of four hundred million people. One army after another has marched in and conquered her; and after a little you look, and behold, there are no signs of the conquering army. Only China is there, just as before, still inscrutable, still defenseless. The conquering army has simply been absorbed—has lost itself in the overwhelming life of the conquered. So Christianity, subjected to one attack after another, quietly absorbs its opponents, and continues its unruffled progress through the ages.

Criticism is not new; it is as old as the church itself. If it could destroy the church, it would have done so long before any one of us was old enough to sit up and take notice. We might as well accept this fact, it seems to me, and understand that the church is not going to pass away. Man is incurably religious, and in some form or other the church will continue to adapt itself to his changing needs and go on.

Just what those adaptations will be, just how the church of the future will differ from the church of the past, no one can definitely predict. But here again I think that common sense is entitled to a guess or two. For one thing it seems to me obvious that denominationalism has had its day.

The Presbyterian Church has recently concluded a series of surveys of rural communities to discover the facts in regard to overchurching. The results indicated clearly that there are too many churches, and that while the strong churches which have the full-time service of a pastor are gaining, the weaker churches, compelled to divide the thought and energies of a pastor, with three or four other congregations, are rapidly losing out.

Critics are impatient because church union does not come more rapidly. Since it is so apparent that there are too many churches, why not unite the little ones at once and clear the field of those that are merely in the way? But the thing is not so simple in any field of human endeavor. There are too many grocery-stores in the town where I spend my Summers. Everybody knows it; yet almost every year some trusting soul comes along and opens another. No union takes place by voluntary action of the competing grocers—who have every economic motive for getting together; they move only as failure forces them to move. When I see how desperately men resist change in every department of life—how useless merchants hang onto their unnecessary businesses, and failing farmers cling to their outworn farms—it does not surprise me that men and women cling to the little church of their parents and hate to see its identity lost.

Yet the tendency is inevitable. We shall live to see many towns and cities where one fine temple will take the place of the half-dozen feeble little churches that were its predecessors—a temple worthy of the great faith it shelters, and strong enough to make its influence felt throughout the length and breadth of its community.

In the second place, I believe we are going to have some very clear thinking as to just what Christianity is and what it is not. As one reads the life of Christ, and compares His teaching with the average conception of Christianity, he is impressed with the fact that somewhere along the line things have managed to get themselves twisted. Somehow the church seems to place its largest emphasis on the things which He passed over lightly, and is silent on the things where He was most emphatic.

He was very lenient toward the ordinary shortcomings of pleasure-loving men and women. His bitter denunciations were reserved for the hypocrites, the profiteers, and

Concluded on page 48



MADAME HENRIETTE GAZED AT HER WITH ASTONISHED SCORN, PLUS AN EYE TO BUSINESS

HOMELY IS AS HOMELY DOES

BY RUTH BRIERLEY MILLRING

"IF I WAS AS HOMELY AS THAT, I'D MAKE SOME MONEY OUT OF IT," SAID A TRAVELING SALESMAN WHO GOT ONE LOOK AT HATTIE HIBBARD OF EAST MUDBERRY. WHICH WAS ENOUGH FOR HATTIE. SHE WOULD AND SHE DID

MISS MATTIE HIBBARD had all qualifications for the ugly club and then some. Her hopes for a brilliant and happy career were about as fat as the hind legs of a bulldog. She was so homely that instead of crying when she looked at herself in the cracked mirror in her room under the eaves, she'd burst out laughing.

Her hair was the color of dry soil, thin, straight, and given to showing the teeth prints of the comb. Her nose was a medley of types, starting at the base with a true Grecian bend, rounding out into the aquiline, and ending up frankly African: the whole effect might be termed Gothic. Her mouth was cut on the bias, and her teeth looked as if they had sprouted in all parts of her angular body and only arrived in her mouth by strenuous persistence, while below, her chin slanted abruptly down into her neck.

She was so thin that when she walked down the main street of East Mudberry, New Hampshire, with a big hat on, you couldn't tell whether she was headed toward the postoffice or the saw-mill. Besides that, she was pigeon-toed, her feet were both lefts, and there was a bunion on one of them.

If it hadn't been for her eyes, you'd have said she had all the disqualifications for success, but there was something about her eyes—well, you couldn't classify them. They summed up every one from *Baby Bunting* to the *Blessed Damozel*. And most of all they were optimistic, and whimsical, and lovable, like Hattie.

If you'd seen her swinging the dish-cloth under the sink of an evening, you'd have put her down as a typical New England old maid; no beaux, no fun, no future, no anything. But that only goes to show what modern improvements will do, like education for the masses, and moving pictures —but that's getting ahead of the story .

Of course Hattie had no particular education or vocational training. Her sisters went away to school and married the town merchant and banker, but the family bank-account would not stand an expenditure on Hattie, so she stayed at home and washed dishes, baked hash for the church suppers, nursed her nieces and nephews through the mumps and measles, and played mother to all the children in the village. But when Hattie was twenty-seven, her father died and was laid away beside his wife in the family plot, leaving five hundred dollars in the bank and a mortgage on the run-down farm. It looked as if Hattie would have to begin to think of some one else besides others. All her well-to-do relatives sighed, shook their heads and asked themselves what *would* become of poor Hattie, and Hattie, as usual, was the only one who was optimistic on the subject.

The reason for her optimism was that for some years she had had what the New Englander calls an "idee." It dated back to the time she had boarded a local train to go into the nearest city, when she had overheard a traveling salesman remark to a companion, "Gee, if I was as homely as that, I'd make some money out of it." For a long while, this remark had puzzled her. Then an enterprising business man had put in a moving-picture theater in East Mudberry, and Hattie had an answer to her questions.

Two weeks after the funeral, she locked up the old house, left the key with a horrified Aunt Leonore, and departed for New York to seek her fortune. She established herself in a hall bedroom and started out to offer her services to the nearest moving-picture company.

She arrived at nine o'clock in the morning at the Star Studio, and found herself one of a crowd of miscellaneous actors, who, she found out, were waiting for the extras to be chosen for the day's picture. The man behind the gate was not, as she first supposed, the director, but only the doorman, called "Daddy." She also learned that the director was Bob Billings.

Hattie pushed her way by the others and demanded entrance. That's where she made her first mistake. "Daddy" glared at her presumption.

"Sit down," he said, on his dignity. "You've got to wait your turn with the others."

Just then a sliding door opened and a head was thrust through.

"No one else needed to-day," a voice sang out, and immediately the crowd dispersed. Daddy looked expectantly at Hattie, but she had no intention of withdrawing at this stage of the game. She didn't even want to sit down, as he had suggested. She wanted to talk to somebody quick and to see the inside of a moving-picture studio.

Back of the doorman, Daddy, there were two huge signs. One read, "Persons hired by the day and not under contract, are not allowed to enter the studio without their work slips." The other said: "No smoking allowed in the building. Persons disregarding this rule will be subject to immediate dismissal."

As Daddy himself was smoking a huge black cigar right underneath, Hattie naturally supposed that the signs were intended to be merely ornamental. That's where she made another mistake. She stepped behind the gate and started to walk down the corridor, to peep into the studio.

"Hi there!" shouted Daddy. "Come back here! Ain't you got eyes and don't you read English? See that sign? What you in such a hurry for, anyhow?"

Hattie came back.

"I want to see Mr. Billings," she explained.

Daddy glared.

"He ain't seeing *nobody to-day*."

"Well," said Hattie, sitting down, to show her determination, "maybe he ain't. But there's nothing to hinder me seeing *him*, even if he won't see me."

For about an hour she and the doorman sat there, he on one side of the gate, she on the other, enemies by tacit consent. At the end of that time, Daddy was called into one of the offices, and Hattie's chance came. She slipped quietly through the gate and down the corridor. Finally she came to an open door which bore the director's name in large letters. Inside the room sat a huge hulk of a man in his shirt sleeves, his back to the door. Hattie marched in, catching the sleeve of her coat on the door-knob and bringing the door together with a slam which would have made any one but a hardened director look up quickly.

"What do you want?" he asked gruffly, without turning.

"I want to speak to you, Mr. Billings," said Hattie.

He grunted.

"Fire ahead."

Now Hattie knew perfectly well that her face and her figure were her fortune, and she did not intend to rely upon her powers of vocal expression to impress the director, so she prudently remained silent.

Mr. Billings was not accustomed to such treatment; it irritated him.

"Well?" he inquired after a silent interval.

Hattie shut her mouth, with characteristic New England determination. Mr. Billings could stand it no longer. He turned around.

"Shades of Hades!" he shouted.

It was no wonder. Hattie was an artist at heart, and although she appreciated her natural talents, she had not relied upon them entirely. Disregarding all laws of mourning, she had attired herself in a dull-green coat of that ancient day when basques had been considered fetching. Her feet were encased in shoes of a country cut, and just sufficiently small to display to advantage her great comedy asset, the bunion. On top of her head, balanced by one large hat pin, was a small black sailor hat, decorated with three skimpy feathers, which pointed south, west and north.

"And that isn't all, either," she explained eagerly.

Sacrificing all modesty to art, she lifted her skirts rather more than the fraction of an inch.

"I'm knock-kneed and bow-legged and pigeon-toed, too," she stated proudly. "You wouldn't believe it could all happen in one person."

The director got up as if in a dream and walked solemnly around the apparition.

"Where'd you come from?" he asked.

"I'm from the country," she said. "I'm a joke, and I know it. Even when I was a kid, I couldn't half cry about my looks, because they made me laugh. I used to think there wasn't a thing for a homely person to do in this world. A clown's fine in a circus, but it's kind of a disgrace to have one in the family, so I used to sit back and pretend I was a blot on the landscape. Then I went to see Charlie Chaplin. I was so plumb tickled I 'most rose in my seat and yelled. It came to me that the Lord had an idea up His sleeve when He made me homely. He was just giving me a good, sensible talent."

"Had any experience?" asked Mr. Billings, out of force of habit.

"Experience?" laughed Hattie. "I haven't had anything else! When I first went into short clothes, the cow took one look at me and fell down the gulley, so's it took eight men to haul her up again. Since I grew up, I've had to practise on the kids, and they're never too sick to laugh. Can you give me something to do to-day?"

Now, if you know how picture actors are engaged, you will understand how this took Mr. Billing's directorial breath away. Usually, you know, you go to the studio and find the director busy, and you wait two hours without seeing him. The next day you do it all over again, and the same for a week.

Then the director takes your name and says he will "keep you in mind," which is nothing short of a pictorial fib, for you never hear from him again. So it is not surprising that Mr. Billings would have been angry, if anybody could be angry with an absurdity like Hattie. But

Continued on page 51



A SIDE ROAD THAT WANDERED OFF THROUGH WOODED GROUND

INSIDE

BY FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

Author of "The Wall Street Girl," "Joan and Co.," etc.

THE landlady was worried. She was afraid the young gentleman occupying the hall-bedroom was going to die, and a death in the house always made an awkward moment for the other boarders and cast a temporary blight on a room so left vacant. Besides, she rather liked this lean, quiet, pale-faced Mr. Gabriel Chester, who had been with her since early Fall. He paid his rent regularly and kept sober, and addressed her with the politeness of a foreigner and the geniality of an American. He earned his living fiddling, as near as she could make out; but it was not much of a living, because he was sick a good part of the time. He had been in bed now for a week and had not eaten anything for three days and refused to have a doctor. There was a limit as to how long a man could last on any such program. Considering all these circumstances, Mrs. Fosdick was inclined to take matters into her own hands and notify the police or whoever removed people to hospitals. She practically told the hall-bedroom as much the last time she dropped in to make sure he was still breathing.

It was this threat that sent Chester's temperature up another degree. He did not want to go to the hospital. He was sensitive as the devil about being a charity patient, and he only had some two dollars in cash left after paying his room-rent a week in advance. That is one reason he did not eat or send for a physician. Another was because he was game to the marrow. He had been sick before and recovered before, and there was lots of fight left in him. If Mrs. Fosdick would quit bothering him he would win out all right. He was sure of that, even though it hurt him to breathe. On the other hand, if she summoned the police— He pressed his thin lips together and sat up in bed. There was a small window which opened across an alley to a dull brick wall. Between these two houses a February wind was whipping large snowflakes about—flakes that must have come from the sky although he could not see it. It made him feel stifled not to be able to see the sky—stifled at a time when he needed all the air he could get. As a boy he had slept in an old farmhouse where from his bed he looked out upon acres of sky. If he could return to that room it would help a lot.

An hour ago that would have seemed like an impossible idea, for that particular spot was some three hundred miles from New York and he had only two dollars. But he was in a different mood now. Anything seemed possible. Only he must escape from here before the police arrived.

Chester threw back the blankets and began to dress. It was not an easy process because his clothes did not help him. Perversely they did everything they could to foil him, but this only made him grip his jaws the firmer. He managed it, even to his overcoat and hat. Then he took his fiddle-case and stole down the stairs and out the front door and into the cold air. Once the sky was above him he felt a fresh courage that gave him new life. The adventure of this thing, too, inspired him. This was worthy of his best moments. He was going to the Grand Central Station and take the first train into the country for as far as his two dollars would go.



"THEN WHY—WHY HAVE WE WAITED SO LONG?"

Doubtless a physician would have said that his temperature was responsible for so hectic a conception, but doubtless, too, there were physicians who said the same thing when Columbus started and De Soto and Ponce de Leon, and always will say the same thing when brave men go out for high-handed adventure. It may be true that a certain temperature is necessary for acts of love and danger.

Chester fought his way across the indifferent city that was going about its petty business of trafficking and bargaining, and felt a certain aching pity for these little fellows of whom he himself had lately, in a certain sense, been one. But he was not of them now. He was vastly superior to them, even with his legs giving him so much trouble. He was like a man still in port but making for his ship. Their affairs were none of his affairs because he was soon to leave them behind. He was going exploring.

The ticket-man looked sharply at Chester when he made his queer request. It was his private opinion that the man had been overdrinking, but that was none of his business. He was there to sell tickets. If he began to question the motives of those who bought tickets of him, he would soon be in a pretty tangle. He was helping people out of New York all day long—doing it easily and earning honest pay—but if once he had held himself responsible for even a single hour for what people did at their destinations he might have found it difficult to sleep o' nights, which now was the least of his troubles. He gave Chester a ticket good for sixty-one miles and handed him back seventeen cents in change with the information that the train left in six minutes from Track Fourteen. Chester made it all right and sank into a seat.

The train pulled out of the city and into the white fields, clean as new table-cloths. It was a pleasant sight to Chester. He liked the cool quietness of them as they lay under the gray skies.

They sent his thoughts back to a girl he had known—a girl with all their virginal purity and with many sleeping beauties lying beneath the surface, as doubtless primroses and violets and such lay beneath that white blanket. When he used to play to her—and he had played to her as never to any one else—those beauties came into her eyes and about her trembling lips. Perhaps if a man were to play with soul enough he might, out there, bring the primroses to the top.

This girl of whom he thought—this Phœbe Clarkson—had come into his life one Summer

Continued on page 32

THE PORTYGEE

BY

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Author of "Shavings," "Cap'n Eri," etc.

THE PEOPLE

CAPTAIN ZELOTES SNOW: of South Harniss, Mass., ex-sea-captain, dealer in hardware and lumber. He is the hard-headed, shrewd, humorous, Yankee type, and carefully conceals from the common view the great disappointment of his life—the runaway marriage of his daughter, Jane, with an opera-singer named Speranza. That the man was famous meant nothing to him. He was a "Portygee." Captain Snow never saw his daughter again, and she died within a few years. When Speranza died there was nothing for his seventeen-year-old son, Alberto, to do, but to go to his grandfather Snow.

MRS. OLIVE SNOW: Captain 'Lote's wife, a perfect grandmother.

LABAN KEELER: Bookkeeper for Captain 'Lote. A delightful person—all except for his periodic sprees.

RACHEL ELLIS: Housekeeper for the Snows. She is in love with Laban, but will not marry him while he drinks. They have been betrothed for eighteen years.

ISSACHAR PRICE: Helper at the lumber-yard.

HELEN KENDALL: The minister's daughter, sweet, charming; and oh, so clear-headed!

ALBERTO MIGUEL CARLOS SPERANZA, THE "PORTYGEE": Captain 'Lote's grandson, who finds it hard, after the life of a fashionable boarding-school and New York, to settle down with a family of "rubes" and go to work in the hardware shop. He and his grandfather do not understand each other at all.

THE STORY SO FAR

Albert tries his best to reconcile the Latin temperament with a New England environment. The only mitigations of his hard lot are the sympathy of Helen Kendall in his literary ambitions, the occasional sale of a poem, and delight in the humors of Issy Price and Laban. He finally decides that he can not stand any longer his grandfather's criticism of his somewhat sketchy bookkeeping, and admits to Rachel Ellis that he is planning to run away.



HER CHEEKS WERE FLUSHED AND HER EYES WERE SHINING

RACHEL leaned forward.

"No, you ain't, Al," she said.

"I'm not? Indeed I am! Why, what do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say. You ain't goin'. You're goin' to stay right here. At least I hope you are, and I *think* you are. Oh, I know," she added quickly, "what you are goin' to say. You're goin' to tell me that your grandpa is down on you on account of your father, and that you don't like bookkeepin', and that you want to write poetry and—and such. You'll say all that, and maybe it's all true, but whether 'tis or not ain't the point at all just now. The real point is that you're Janie Snow's son and your grandpa's Cap'n 'Lote Snow and your grandma's Olive Snow and there ain't goin' to be another smash-up in this family if I can help it. I've been through one and one's enough. Albert, didn't you promise me that Sunday forenoon three years ago—when I came into the settin'-room and we got talkin' about books and everything—didn't you promise me then that when things between you and your grandpa got kind of—of snarled up and full of knots you'd come to me with 'em and we'd see if we couldn't straighten 'em out together? Didn't you promise me that, Albert?"

Albert remembered the conversation to which she referred. As he remembered it, however, he had not made any definite promise.

"You asked me to talk them over with you, Rachel," he admitted. "I think that's about as far as it went."

"Well, maybe so, but now I ask you again. Will you talk this over with me, Albert? Will you tell me every bit all about it, for my sake? And for your grandma's sake—yes, more'n that, for your mother's sake, Albert? She was pretty nigh like my own sister, Jane Snow was. Different as night from day, of course; she was pretty and educated and all that and I was just the same then as I am now, but we did think a lot of each other, Albert. Tell me the whole story; won't you, please? Just what Cap'n 'Lote said and what you said and what you plan to do—and all? Please, Albert."

There were tears in her eyes. He had always liked her, but it was a liking with a trace of condescension in it. She was peculiar, her "sympathetic attacks" were funny, and she and Laban together were an odd pair. Now he saw her in a new light and he felt a sudden rush of real affection for her. And with this feeling, and begotten also by his loneliness, came the impulse to comply with her request, to tell her all his troubles.

He began slowly at first, but as he went on the words came quicker. She listened eager'y, nodding occasionally, but saying nothing. When he had finished, she nodded again.

"I see," she said. "'Twas almost what Laban said and about what he and I expected. Well, Albert, I ain't goin' to be the one to blame you, not very much, anyhow. I don't see as you really are to blame; you can't help the way you're made. But your grandfather can't help bein' made his way, either. He can't see with your spectacles and you can't see with his."

He stirred rebelliously. "Then we had better go on our own ways, I should say," he muttered.

"No, you hadn't. That's just what you mustn't do, not now, anyhow. As I said before, there's been enough of all hands goin' their own ways in this family and look what came of it."

"But what do you expect me to do? I will not give up every plan I've made and my chance in the world just because he is too stubborn and cranky to understand them. I won't do it."

"I don't want you to. But I don't want you to upset the whole kettle just because the steam has scalded your fingers. I don't want you to go off and leave your grandma to break her heart a second time and your grandpa to give up all his plans and hopes that he's been makin' about you."

"Plans about me? He making plans about me? What sort of plans?"

"All sorts. Oh he don't say much about 'em, of course; that ain't his way. But from things he's let drop I know he has hoped to take you in with him as a partner one of these days, and to leave you the business after he's gone."

"Nonsense, Rachel!"

"No, it ain't nonsense. It's the one big dream of Cap'n 'Lote's life. That Z. Snow & Co. business is his pet child, as you might say. He built it up, he and Labe together, and when he figgered to take you aboard with him 'twas *some* chance for you, 'cordin' to his lookout. Now you can't hardly blame him for bein' disappointed when you chuck that chance away and take to writin' poetry pieces, can you?"

"But—but—why, confound it, Rachel, you don't understand!"

"Yes, I do, but your grandpa don't. And you don't understand him. Oh, Albert, *don't* be as stubborn as he is, as your mother was—the Lord and she forgive me for sayin' it. She was partly right about marryin' your pa and Cap'n 'Lote was partly right, too. If they had met half-way and put the two 'partlys' together, the whole thing might have been right in the end. As 'twas, 'twas all wrong. She died, breakin' her heart for the home folks she loved, and those home folks have been breakin' theirs ever since. Don't, don't, *don't*, Albert, be as stubborn as that. For their sakes, Al—yes, and for my sake, for I'm one of your family, too, or seems as if I was—don't."

She hastily wiped her eyes with her apron. He, too, was greatly moved.

"Don't cry, Rachel," he muttered hurriedly. "Please don't—I didn't know you felt this way. I didn't know anybody did. I don't want to make trouble in the family—any more trouble. Grandmother has been awfully good to me; so, too, has grandfather, I suppose, in his way. But—oh, what am I going to do? I can't stay in that office all my life. I'm not good at business. I don't like it. I can't give up——"

"No, no, course you mustn't. I don't want you to give up."

"Then what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to go to your grandpa and talk to him once more. Not givin' up your plans altogether, but not forcin' him to give up his either, not right away. Tell him you realize he wants you to go on with Z. Snow & Company and that you will—for a while——"

"But——"

"For a while, I said; three or four years, say. You won't be so dreadful old then, not exactly what you'd call a Methusalem. Tell him you'll do that and on his side he must let you write as much as you please, provided you don't let the writin' interfere with the Z. Snow & Co. work. Then, at the end of the three or four years, if you still feel the same as you do now, you can tackle your poetry for keeps and he and you'll still be friends. Tell him that, Albert, and see what he says. Will you?"

Albert took some moments to consider. At length he said:

"If I did, I doubt if he would listen."

"Oh, yes, he would. He'd do more than listen, I'm pretty sartin. I think he'd agree."

"You do?"

"Yes, I do. You see," with a smile, "while I've been talkin' to you, there's been somebody else talkin' to him. There, there! Don't you ask any questions. I promised not to tell a soul and if I ain't exactly broke that promise, I've sprained its ankle, I'm afraid. Good night, Albert, and thank you ever and ever so much for listenin' so long without once tellin' me to mind my own business."

"Good night, Rachel—and thank you for taking so much interest in my affairs. You're an awfully good friend, I can see that."

"Don't—don't talk that way. And you *will* have that talk with your grandpa?"

"Yes, I will."

"Oh, I'm *so* glad! And if your mother's spirit is where she can see and hear us now, I'm sure she's just as glad as I am. There! Good night. I come pretty nigh kissin' you then, and for a woman that's been engaged to be married for upwards of eighteen years that's a nice way to act, ain't it! Good night, good night."

She hurried out of the room. Albert sat down again in his chair by the window.

A half-hour later he heard the door of the hall open and shut and knew that his grandfather had returned. Rising,

he descended the stairs. He descended slowly, for the interview which he had committed himself to was not likely to be a pleasant one. Just as he reached the foot of the narrow flight Captain Zelotes entered the hall from the dining-room and turned toward him. Both were surprised at the meeting. Albert spoke first.

"Good evening, grandfather," he said. "I was just coming down to see you. Were you going to bed?"

Captain 'Lote shook his head. "No-o," he said slowly; "not exactly."

"Do you mind waiting a minute? I have a few things to say to you and I think I shall sleep better if I say them to-night. I won't keep you long."

The captain regarded him intently for an instant; then he turned and led the way to the dining-room.

"Go ahead," he ordered laconically. Albert squared his shoulders and plunged into his subject. He had rehearsed and revised his speech many times since the talk with Rachel.

"Grandfather," he said, "first of all I want to tell you I am sorry for some of the things I said this afternoon. I am sorry for the mistakes I made in my bookkeeping, but that I have already told you. Now I want to say I am sorry for being so—well, so pig-headed about the rest of it. I realize that you have been mighty kind to me and that I owe you about everything that I've got in this world. And I realize, too, that you have been trying to give me a real chance in the business."

He paused momentarily. Captain Zelotes made no comment, so he went on:

"The fact that I haven't done more with the chance is because I'm made that way, I guess. And I do want to—yes, and I *mean* to try to succeed at writing poetry or stories or plays or something. I like that and I mean to give it a trial. But I've been thinking our talk over and I've concluded that perhaps you may be right, maybe I'm not old enough to know what I really am fitted for. I—I've been thinking that perhaps some sort of compromise might be arranged. I might agree to stay in the office and do my very best with bookkeeping and business for, well, say, three years or so. During that time I shall be trying to write, of course, but I will do that sort of writing evenings or on Saturdays and holidays. It sha'n't interfere with your work nor mine in the time you pay me for. And at the end of the three or four years——"

He paused again. This time the pause was so long that Captain 'Lote, who had been listening and looking intently and with a face the expression of which conveyed no idea of what was passing in his mind, was obliged to speak.

"Well—and then?" he grunted.

"Why, then—if—if— Well, then we can see. If business seems to be where I am most likely to succeed, we'll call it settled and I stay with Z. Snow & Co. If poetry-making or—er—literature seems more likely to be my fitting job, that's the job I'll take. But, whichever way the cat jumps, we'll agree, both sides, to be good-natured about it and be just as close friends as ever. There! That's what I wanted to say. What do you think about it?"

Captain 'Lote's big hand wandered upward and began to tug at his beard. His first remark was a question and that question rather surprising.

"Humph!" he observed. "Al, who's been talkin' to you?"

The blood rushed to his grandson's face. "Talking to me!" he stammered. "Why—why, what do you mean?"

"I mean just that. You didn't think out this scheme all by yourself. Somebody's been talkin' to you and puttin' you up to it. Haven't they?"

"Why—why, grandfather, I——"

"Haven't they?"

"Why— Well, yes, some one has been talking to me, but the whole idea isn't theirs. I *was* sorry for speaking to you as I did and sorry to think of leaving you and grandmother. I—I was sitting up there in my room and feeling blue and mean enough and—and——"

"And then Rachel came aboard and gave you your sailin' orders, eh?"

Albert gasped. "For Heaven's sake, how did you know that?" he demanded. "She— Why, she must have told you, after all! But she said——"

"Hold on, boy, hold on!" Captain Zelotes chuckled quietly. "No," he said, "Rachel didn't tell me; I guessed she was the one. And it didn't take a Solomon in all his glory to guess it, neither. Labe Keeler's been talkin' to *me*, and when you came down here and began proposin' the same scheme that I was just about headin' up to your room with to propose to you, then—well, then the average whole-witted person wouldn't need more'n one guess. It couldn't be Labe, 'cause he'd been whisperin' in *my* ear, so it must have been the other partner in the firm. That's all the miracle there is to it."

Albert's brain struggled with the situation. "I see," he said, after a moment. "She hinted that some one had been talking to you along the same line. Yes, and she was so sure you would agree. I might have known it was Laban."

"Um-um, so you might—Well, there have been times when if a man had talked to me as Labe did to-night I'd have knocked him down, or told him to go to—um—well, the tropics—or told him to mind his own business, at the least. But Labe is Labe, and besides, *my* conscience was plaguin' me a little mite, maybe—maybe."

The young man shook his head. "They must have talked it over, those two, and agreed that one should talk to you and the other to me. By George, I wonder they had the nerve! It wasn't their business, really."

"Not a darn bit."

"Yet—yet I—I'm awfully glad she said it to me. I—I needed it, I guess."

"Maybe you did, son—and—humph—well, maybe I needed it, too—yes, I know that's consider'ble for me to say," he added dryly.

Albert was still thinking of Laban and Rachel.

"They're queer people," he mused. "When I first met them, I thought they were about the funniest pair I ever saw. But—but now I can't help liking them and—and—Say, grandfather, they must think a lot of your—of our family."

"Cal'late they do, son— Well, boy, we've had our sermon, you and me; what shall we do? Willin' to sign for the five-year trial cruise if I will, are you?"

Albert couldn't help smiling. "It was three years Rachel proposed, not five," he said.

"Was, eh? Suppose we split the difference and make it four? Willin' to try that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Agreement bein' that you shall stick close to Z. Snow & Co. durin' work hours and write as much poetry as you darned please other times, neither side to interfere with those arrangements? That right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good! Shall we shake hands on it?"

They shook, solemnly. Captain 'Lote was the first to speak after ratification of the contract.

"There, now I cal'late I'll go aloft and turn in," he observed. Then he added, with a little hesitation: "Say, Al, maybe we'd better not trouble your grandma about all this fool business—the row this afternoon and all. 'Twould only worry her and—" He paused, looked embarrassed, cleared his throat, and said: "To tell you the truth, I'm kind of ashamed of my part—er—er—that is, some of it."

His grandson was very much astonished. It was not often that Captain Zelotes Snow admitted having been in the wrong. He blurted out the question he had been dying to ask.

"Grandfather," he queried, "had you—did you really mean what you said about starting to come to my room and—and propose this scheme of ours—I mean of Rachel's and Labe's—to me?"

"Eh? Ye-es—yes. I was on my way up there when I met you just now."

"Well, grandfather, I—I——"

"That's all right, boy, that's all right. Don't let's talk any more about it."

"We won't. And—and— Well, grandfather, I just want you to know that I understand things a little better than I did, and—and when my father——"

The captain's heavy hand descended upon his shoulder.

"Heave short, Al!" he commanded. "I've been doin' consider'ble thinkin' since Labe finished his—er—discourse and pronounced the benediction, and I've come to a pretty definite conclusion on one matter. I've concluded that you and I had better cut out all the bygones from this new arrangement of ours. We won't have any fathers or—or—elopements—or past-and-done-with disapp'intments in it. This new deal—this four-year trial v'yage of ours—will be just for Albert Speranza and Zelotes Snow, and no others need apply—eh? Well, good night, Al."

SO THE game under the "new deal" began. At first it was much easier than the old. And, as a matter of fact, it was never as hard as before. The heart-to-heart talk between Captain Zelotes and his grandson had given each a glimpse of the other's inner self, a look from the other's point of view, and thereafter it was easier to make allowances. But the necessity for the making of those allowances was still there and would continue to be there. At first Albert made almost no mistakes in his bookkeeping, was almost painfully careful. Then the carefulness relaxed, as it was bound to do, and some mistakes occurred. Captain 'Lote found little fault, but at times he could not help showing some disappointment. Then his grandson would set his teeth and buckle down to painstaking effort again. He was resolved to live up to the very letter of the agreement.

In his spare time he continued to write and occasionally he sold something. Whenever he did so there was great rejoicing among the feminine members of the Snow household; his grandmother and Rachel Ellis were enraptured. It was amusing to see Captain Zelotes attempt to join the chorus.

"Your grandma says you got rid of another one of your poetry pieces, Al," he would say. "Pay you for it, did they?"

"Not yet, but they will, I suppose."

"I see, I see. How much, think likely?"

"Oh, I don't know. Ten dollars, perhaps."

"Um-h'm— I see— Well, that's pretty good, considerin', I suppose— We did first-rate on that Hyannis schoolhouse contract, didn't we? Nigh's I can figger it we cleared over four hundred and eighty dollars on that."

He invariably followed any reference to the profit from the sale of verses by the casual mention of a much larger sum derived from the sale of lumber or hardware. This was so noticeable that Laban Keeler was impelled to speak of it.

"The old man don't want you to forget that you can get more for hard pine than you can for soft sonnets, sellin' 'em both by the foot," observed Labe, peering over his spectacles. "More money in shingles than there is in jingles, he cal'lates—um—yes, yes— Consider'ble more, consider'ble."

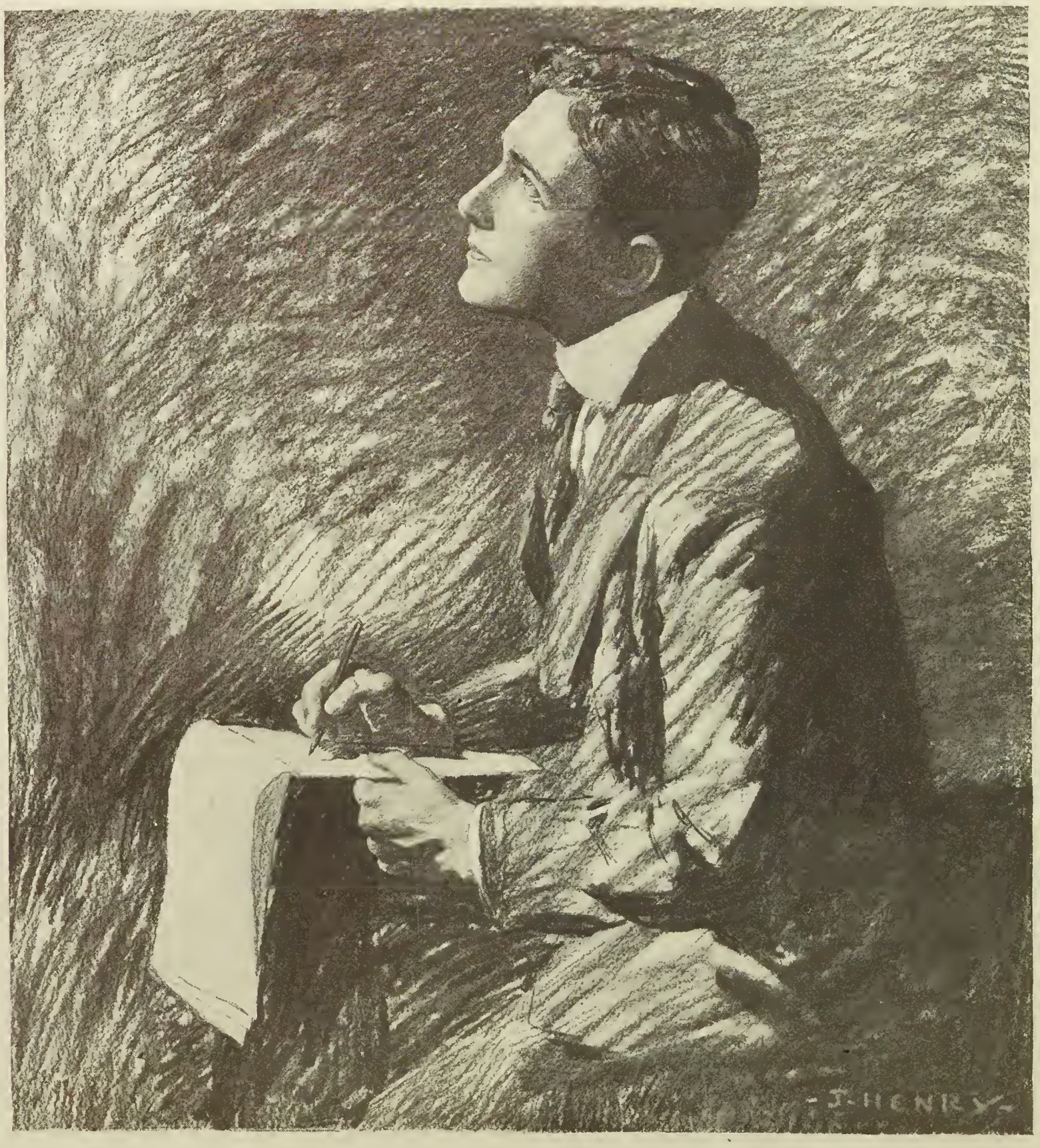
From the indiscriminate praise at home, or the reluctant praise of his grandfather, he found relief when he discussed his verses with Helen Kendall. Her praise was not indiscriminate; in fact, sometimes she did not praise at all, but expressed disapproval. They had some disagreements, marked disagreements, but it did not affect their friendship. Albert was a trifle surprised to find that it did not. Helen was the only girl of his acquaintance who did not treat him as if he were a creature beautiful and gifted beyond men; but instead of resenting her refusal to worship he found himself liking her all the better for it.

So as the months passed he ground away at the books of Z. Snow & Company during office hours and at the poetry mill between times. The seeing of his name in print was no longer a novelty and he poetized not quite as steadily. Occasionally he attempted prose, but the two or three short stories of his composition failed to sell. Helen, however, urged him to try again and keep trying. "I know you can write a good story and some day you are going to," she said.

His first real literary success, that which temporarily lifted him into the outer circle of the limelight of fame, was a poem written the day following that upon which came the news of the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Captain Zelotes came back from the post-office that morning, a crumpled newspaper in his hand and upon his face the look which mutinous foremast hands had seen there just before the mutiny ended. Laban Keeler was the first to notice the look. "For the land sakes, cap'n, what's gone wrong?" he asked. The captain flung the paper upon the desk' "Read that," he grunted. Labe slowly spread open the paper; the big black headlines shrieked the crime aloud.

"Good God!" exclaimed the little bookkeeper. Captain Zelotes snorted. "He didn't have anything to do with it," he declared. "The gang that pulled that off was handled from the other end of the line. And I wish to thunder I was young enough to help send 'em back there," he added savagely.

That evening Albert wrote his poem. The next day he sent it to a Boston paper. It was published the following morning, spread across two columns on the front page, and before the month was over had been copied widely over the country. Within the fortnight its author received his first request, a *bona-fide* request for verse from a magazine.



HE GROUND AWAY AT THE POETRY MILL BETWEEN TIMES



THE SECOND CALL WAS EVEN WORSE, FOR ED RAYMOND CALLED ALSO AND THE TWO YOUNG MEN GLOWERED AT EACH OTHER UNTIL TEN O'CLOCK

Even Captain 'Lotes's praise of the *Lusitania* poem was whole-hearted and ungrudging.

That Summer was a busy one in South Harniss. There was the usual amount of Summer gaiety, but in addition there were the gatherings of the various committees for war-relief work. Helen belonged to many of these committees. There were dances and theatrical performances for the financial benefit of the various causes and here Albert shone. But he did not shine alone. Helen Kendall was very popular at the social gatherings, popular not only with the permanent residents but with the Summer youth as well. Albert noticed this, but he did not notice it so particularly until Issy Price called his attention to it in his own particularly maddening style.

After supper that night Albert did not go down-town at once, but sat in his room thinking deeply. The subject of his thoughts were Edwin Raymond—the young chap from New York, Yale, and "The Neck"—and Helen Kendall. He succeeded only in thinking himself into an even more uneasy and unpleasant state of mind. Then he walked moodily down to the post-office. He was a little late for the mail and the laughing and chatting groups were already coming back after its distribution. One such group of those he met was made up of half a dozen young people on their way to the drug-store for ices and sodas. Helen was among them and with her was young Raymond. They called to him to join them, but he pretended not to hear.

Now, in all the years of their acquaintance it had not once occurred to Albert Speranza that his interest in Helen Kendall was anything more than that of a friend and comrade. He liked her, had enjoyed her society—when he happened to be in the mood to wish society—and it pleased him to feel that she was interested in his literary efforts and his career. She was the only girl in South Harniss who would have "talked turkey" to him as she had on the day of their adventure at High Point Light and he rather admired her for it. But in all his dreams of romantic attachments and sentimental adventure—and he had such dreams of course—she had never played a part. The heroines of these dreams were beautiful and mysterious strangers, not daughters of Cape Cod clergymen.

But now, thanks to Issy's mischievous hints, his feelings were in a puzzled and uncomfortable state. He was astonished to find that he did not relish the idea of Helen's being particularly interested in Ed Raymond. He, himself, had not seen her as frequently of late, she having been busy with her war work and he with his own interests. But that, according to his view, was no reason why she should permit Raymond to become friendly to the point of causing people to talk. He was not ready to admit that he himself cared in a sentimental way for Helen, but he resented any other fellow's daring to do so. And she should not have permitted it, either.

As a matter of fact, Alberto Miguel Carlos Speranza, hitherto reigning undisputed king of hearts in South Harniss, was for the first time in his imperial life feeling the pangs of jealousy.

"Good evening, Mr. Speranza," said a feminine voice.

Albert turned, to find Jane Kelsey and another young lady, a stranger, standing beside him. Miss Kelsey was one of South Harniss's Summer residents. The Kelsey "cottage," which was larger by considerable than the Snow house, was situated on the Bay Road, the most exclusive section of the village.

Albert had known Jane Kelsey for some time. They had met at one of the hotel tea-dances during his second Summer in South Harniss. He and she were not intimate friends exactly—her mother saw to that—but they were well acquainted. She was short and piquant, had a nose which freckled in the Cape Cod sunshine, and she talked and laughed easily.

"Good evening, Mr. Speranza," she said again. "You looked so very forlorn I couldn't resist speaking. Do tell us why you are so sad; we're dying to know."

Albert, taken by surprise, stammered that he didn't know that he was sad. Miss Kelsey laughed merrily and declared that every one who saw him knew it at once.

"Oh, excuse me, Madeline," she added. "I forgot that you and Mr. Speranza have not met. Of course as you're going to live in South Harniss you must know him without waiting another minute. Everybody knows everybody down here.

"He is Albert Speranza—and we sometimes call him Albert because here everybody calls every one else by their first names. There, now you know each other and it's all very proper and formal."

The young lady who was her companion smiled. The smile was distinctly worth looking at, as was the young lady herself, for that matter.

"I doubt if Mr. Speranza knows me very well, Jane," she observed.

"Doesn't know you! Why, you silly thing, haven't I just introduced you?"

"Well, I don't know much about South Harniss introductions, but isn't it customary to mention names? You haven't told him mine."

Miss Kelsey laughed in high delight. "Oh, how perfectly ridiculous!" she exclaimed. "Albert—Mr. Speranza, I mean—this is my friend Miss Madeline Fosdick. She is from New York and she has decided to spend her Summers in South Harniss—which *I* consider very good judgment. Her father is going to build a cottage for her to spend them in down on the Bay Road on the hill at the corner above the Inlet. But of course you've heard of *that!*"

Of course he had. The purchase of the Inlet Hill land by Fletcher Fosdick, the New York banker, and the price paid Solomon Dadgett for that land had been the principal topics of conversation around South Harniss supper-tables for the past ten days.

Captain 'Lote Snow had summed up local opinion of the transaction when he said:

"We-ll, Sol Dadgett's been talkin' in prayer-meetin' ever since I can remember about the comin' of Paradise on earth. Judgin' by the price he got for that Inlet Hill sand-heap he must have cal'lated Paradise had got here and he was sellin' the golden streets by the runnin' foot."

Or, as Laban Keeler put it:

"They say King Solomon was a wise man, but I guess likely 'twas a good thing for him that Sol Dadgett wa'n't alive in his time. King Sol would have needed all his wisdom to keep Dadgett from talkin' him into buying the Jerusalem salt-ma'sh to build the temple on—um—yes—yes—yes."

So Albert, as he shook hands with Miss Fosdick, regarded her with unusual interest.

When they entered the drug-store for the ensuing sodas, the sextet of which Helen Kendall made one was just leaving. She nodded pleasantly to Albert and he nodded in return, but Ed Raymond's careless bow he did not choose to see. He had hitherto rather liked that young gentleman; now he felt a sudden but violent detestation for him.

Sundaes pleasant to the palate and disastrous to all but youthful digestion were ordered. Albert's had a slight flavor of gall and wormwood, but he endeavored to counterbalance this by the sweetness derived from the society of Jane Kelsey and her friend.

His conversation was particularly brilliant and sparkling that evening. Jane laughed much and chatted more. Miss Fosdick was quieter, but she, too, appeared to be enjoying herself.

Jane demanded to know how the poems were developing. She begged him to have an inspiration now—"Do, *please*, so that Madeline and I can see you." It seemed to be her idea that having an inspiration was similar to having a fit.

Miss Fosdick laughed at this, but she declared that she adored poetry and specified certain poems which were objects of her special adoration. The conversation thereafter became what Miss Kelsey described as "highbrow," and took the form of a dialogue between Miss Fosdick and Albert.

It was interrupted by the arrival of the Kelsey limousine, which rolled majestically up to the drug-store steps. Jane spied it first.

"Oh, mercy me, here's mother!" she exclaimed. "And your mother, too, Madeline. We are tracked to our lair——"

"No, no, Mr. Speranza, you mustn't go out. No, really, we had rather you wouldn't. Thanks, ever so much, for the sundaes. Come, Madeline."

Miss Fosdick held out her hand.

"Thank you, Mr. Speranza," she said. "I have enjoyed our poetry talk *so* much. It must be wonderful to write as you do. Good night."

She looked admiringly into his eyes as she said it. In spite of the gall and wormwood, Albert found it not at all unpleasant to be looked at in that way by a girl like Madeline Fosdick. His reflections on that point were interrupted by a voice from the car.

"Come, Madeline, come," it said fussily. "What *are* you waiting for?"

Albert caught a glimpse of a majestic figure which, seated beside Mrs. Kelsey on the rear seat of the limousine, towered above that short, plump lady as a dreadnought towers above a coal-barge. He surmised this figure to be that of the maternal Fosdick. Madeline climbed in beside her parent and the limousine rolled away.

The next evening Albert determined to call at the Kendall home, something he had not done for some time. As he came up to the front walk, between the arbor-vitae hedges, he saw that the parlor windows were alight. The window-shade was but partially drawn and beneath it he could see into the room. Helen was seated at the piano and Edwin Raymond was standing beside her, ready to turn the page of her music.

Albert whirled on his heel and walked out of the yard and down the street toward his own home. His attitude of mind was a curious one.

He had a mind to wait until Raymond left and then go into the Kendall parlor and demand of Helen to know what she meant by letting that fellow make such a fool of himself. What right had he—Raymond—to call upon her, and turn her music, and—and set the whole town talking?

Why—Oh, he could think of many things to ask and say. The trouble was that the saying of them would, he felt sure, be distinctly bad diplomacy on his part. No one—not even he—could talk to Helen Kendall in that fashion; not unless he wished it to be their final conversation.

So he went home, to fret and toss angrily and miserably half the night. He had never before considered himself in the slightest degree in love with Helen, but he had taken for granted the thought that she liked him better than any one else.

Now he was beginning to fear that perhaps she did not, and, with his temperament, wounded vanity and poetic imagination supplied the rest. Within a fortnight he considered himself desperately in love with her.

During this fortnight he called at the parsonage, the Kendall home, several times. On the first of these occasions the Reverend Mr. Kendall, having just completed a sermon dealing with the war and being full of his subject read the said sermon to his daughter and to Albert.

Continued on page 55



SO THIS WAS VIRGIL DARNELL!

BETTY BELL AND THE LEADING MAN

BY FANNIE KILBOURNE

HE CARRIED a cane. That was the first thing that Betty Bell had noticed about him as he appeared in the distanee, down the rustie path. Few of Betty Bell's acquaintanees carried canes; it suggested a sophistieated eleganee quite out of her class; it set the stranger apart from other oeeasional strollers through Minnehaha Glen. Then, too, he wore white trousers and a dark-blue eoat, a striking eostume. As he drew nearer, Betty glaneed up and saw his face. She caught her breath sharply.

It was not alone that the man was handsome, the handsomest man she had ever seen—there was something more than that. He was handsome in a startling, ehallenging, breath-taking sort of way. Blushing to the very roots of her brown hair, Betty was unable to take her eyes from his face. Manners, prudence, early training, everything deserted her suddenly. To her own surprise, she found her eyes following him as they passed, looking back at him over her shoulder.

Suddenly he looked back, too. Betty, crimsoning still more hotly, tore her eyes away and looked to the front. She walked a few steps in an agony of self-eonsciousness. Was he still watching? She knew that she ought not to look back again; tradition told her so. So would her mother and her older sister, Anne, have told her, she felt sure. But she defied them all; after a few steps she stole another backward glance. The young man was walking on. But as though feeling her fascinated eyes on him, he looked over his shoulder again.

He smiled, a flashing, dazzling smile, and tipped his hat!

Betty turned her face sharply to the front again and walked on briskly. Outwardly she was a suddenly proper young girl, rejecting an audaeious advance; inwardly she was a whirling, giddy chaos of emotion.

She did not look baek again; some fundamental inhibition of eaution or eonvention kept her eyes to the front. But she wished to look back, wished with a bewildering intensity of desire. Still she walked on for at least five minutes before she turned again. The man had disappeared.

Continued on page 62



A CHRISTMAS BALLAD

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

"WHAT is it that ye come to see?"
Quoth Joseph at the door.
"A greater king than ever we,
And here our search is o'er."
"Nay, mighty ones and gracious ones,
Press on upon your quest,
There's naught herein but a new-born child
Against his mother's breast."

"Who is it that ye seek within?"
Quoth Joseph at the door.
"One who shall soothe the world from sin
And comfort the earth's poor."
"Nay, turn you back, false shepherds all,
Who left your sheep to harm,
There's naught herein but a new-born child
Against his mother's arm."

Joseph was a good man,
And he was Mary's spouse,
Yet not he could bar the door
Where God chose to house.
Entered in the shepherds,
Entered in the kings;
And gifts were there, and prayers were there,
And stir of folding wings.

And even there did each one find
The joy that pleased him best—
The King of kings and all mankind,
The Shepherd of the weak and blind,
And a Child on His mother's breast.

TONY COMES BACK

BY ARTHUR CRABB

ARTHUR CRABB IS A YOUNG AUTHOR WHOSE LOVE-STORIES ARE WINNING HIM A DISTINGUISHED REPUTATION. THIS STORY OF *TONY* AND *CHRISTINE* IS ONE OF HIS BEST

"TONY'S coming back."

Christine heard some one say that one day at the Lanning Golf Club and it made no impression whatever upon her. On another day some one else said, "Tony's coming back," as if his coming were a matter of great interest.

Within a week she heard those three words repeated half a dozen times. Miss Christine Sargent had lived in Alden only two or three years, and the name "Tony" meant nothing to her.

"Who is Tony?" she asked Mrs. James Norris.

Jimmy Norris heard the question and answered it. "Robert Anthony Fearing, Jr., is the other name for Tony," he said.

"Who is Robert Anthony Fearing, Jr.?" asked Christine.

"He's a dear," said Mrs. Norris.

"Tony is some boy," said Jimmy. "Wait till you see him."

Christine was a child of twenty-one and impressionable. Out of nothing she dug up an impression of Tony, the impression containing a large, handsome individual, a teller of stories, a good fellow, a jumble of characteristics that went to make up a popular man.

"TONY'S back." Christine heard the news on the club piazza.

Well, what of it? What's one Tony more or less? Alden and the country out Stockton way had got along very well without Tony for some time so far as Christine could see. Tony was a little conceited undoubtedly, and Christine was a little annoyed; but, being a very modest, quiet young lady, she said nothing about it. Tony was probably at least fifty, anyway, and their paths would never meet.

Their paths did meet. Christine was creating quite a stir in Alden golf; she was the girl wonder, according to the newspapers, and a very promising player, according to those who knew. It came to pass that on a beautiful May day, just as Tony had completed the act of coming back, Christine played in the finals of the Alden Championship, lost, and drove home to lunch. It is the custom in Alden to play a mixed-foursome tournament on the afternoon following the finals and Christy had expected to play with Jimmy Norris. When she got back to the club-house, Hugh Ladd met her and told her that Jimmy had just telephoned, with tears in his eyes, that it couldn't be done.

"I can get Tony to take his place," Hugh said.

Christine was disappointed. Jimmy Norris was a joy to play with; to play with Tony would mean laboring under a lot of polished manners and gobs of patronizing. But, of course, there was nothing for it; it would embarrass Hugh and Mary if she declined.

"All right," she said.

"Tony's dressing. We'll be ready in a minute."

Christy met Tony on the first tee. More tragedies than romances, far more, have got their start in mixed foursomes, which, unless all signs fail, will make this story easy to tell. Christine's impression of Tony was smashed to smithereens on the first tee.

Tony wasn't very large, neither was he graceful or good looking. He was built on the bias: his nose was crooked, his mouth was crooked, his chin was crooked, his whole head had a bend in it. His arms were very long and powerful, his shoulders broad, and there his bigness stopped, for his chest was flat, his waist slender and his legs short, bowed a bit and pretty thin.

And Tony said hardly a word more than was absolutely necessary.

Hugh Ladd sent his ball flying a mile down the fairway. Tony grinned and shook his head. "Still hit 'em, can't you?" he said. He dropped his ball on the tee, moved it into position with his driver, and in an instant Tony was a changed man—the thrill of the game was on him. His misshapen body became a thing of beauty, the swift, powerful stroke transformed him. The ball traveled even beyond Hugh's, and Christine had some inkling of why Tony's coming back was important. The length of the drive was nothing, but Tony's eyes, as they followed the ball, were.

An hour later the lady champion passed. "The old girl's a tough bird to beat, isn't she?" Tony said. It was his only word about the defeat of the morning.

Tony didn't say anything remarkable that afternoon; he did nothing extraordinary in the way of golf, though he and Christine won the tournament; but when it was all over and Christine was on her way home, she had some idea of why Tony's coming back had been talked about so much.

A few days later Tony, with a box of balls and a couple of clubs, wandered out to a spot where Lanning golfers play practise shots and there he found Christine. Tony sat down on a near-by sand-box and watched her wield her mashie.

"Sometimes they run and sometimes they don't and I never can tell which they are going to do."

Tony explained why. Christine knew something about it, but not nearly as much as Tony. She and Tony went to a green that lay some distance away, and there, where the ground was smooth and the grass cut close, they experimented. Christine was ambitious and very much interested.

From what has gone before one might think that this is a golf story, whereas golf hasn't a thing in the world to do with it, as shall be proven.

Christine, the kid, was a serious young woman, with lots of determination; she was very sure that she could learn to boss a golf-ball and not let it boss her. Tony liked the way she went at it, Tony had plenty of time for golf, Tony liked Christine, and—he and Christine became very chummy.

Christine's mother, who knew all about Tony, was very glad that her daughter showed such good sense. There were a lot of young girls who traveled round independently and did things that were on the border line of being fast with men who were not half as steady and substantial as Tony. Tony, too, kept Christine in contact with a lot of very nice people and it was pleasant to know that where Christine and Tony were, there also, almost always, were such women as Peggy Dean, Mary Ladd or Katherine Norris. Christine's mother had never had any admiration for the mixture of cocktails, young women, sundry men and cigarets on club-house piazzas.

Christine herself did not quite understand about Tony. The golf part was all right, but she did not quite grasp the rest of it. Why should Robert Anthony Fearing, Jr., take her to lunch when the chance presented itself? Why should he drive her about the country in the cool of the evening? Why should he drop in and chat with her and the family and play bridge with them? There was no question about it, Tony was a great man and the funniest one she knew; he had a sense of humor that was delightfully refreshing, and based on deep knowledge of humanity. He called her father "Sam" and his friends were men like Hugh Ladd and Jimmy Norris, on whose knees she had in childhood's days sat and listened to stories.

There were loads and loads of grown-up women for Tony to play with—perhaps he did play with them; but there was certainly no one of them with whom he spent as much time as with Christine. The patronizing that Christy had expected never materialized. Even when he looked at her seriously after calling her "Miss Sargent" and changing it to "Christine" and asked if "Christine" would be all right, he was very respectful.

Christy said, "Of course," but she never called him anything but Mr. Fearing. He was very much older than she, very much indeed, and Christine had never known any one quite like him.

At first it seemed to her that Tony was never very serious about anything; later on she discovered that he didn't let little things bother him. Tony loved the world and the people in it and had a wonderful knack of understanding them; human nature was to him like an open book written in simple language and printed in large type. He made no bid for popularity, but he had a way of saying ordinary things very pleasantly, and somehow or other he seemed to discover a lot of pleasant things to say, notwithstanding the very evident fact that he really didn't talk very much.

Tony had a fine understanding of what is worth while and what is not, in this life. Christine, for all her youth, knew that a man may seem to be something very different from what he actually is, but she was very sure that she was not mistaken about Tony's code, and that it was straight living through and through. There was always a suggestion of restrained power, an indication of great reserve force, under his lightness of heart.

Tony had a charming modesty that was not assumed, and while he was never in the least formal there was an everlasting, 'way-down-deep-inside-him respect in his attitude toward her that impressed Christine very much. She was not the first woman, young or old, who has been pleased by that.

Tony was a man's man, a man of affairs, a man whose friends were big men in Alden, and Christine wondered why he liked to play with her so much.

Tony understood well enough. Tony was a sportsman and the moment he saw Christine he admired her, for he was a judge of athletes and she pleased his eye mightily. Shortly afterward Tony's admiration was fixed on the expression in Christine's eyes, the set of her jaw, the curve of her mouth and the softness of her voice.

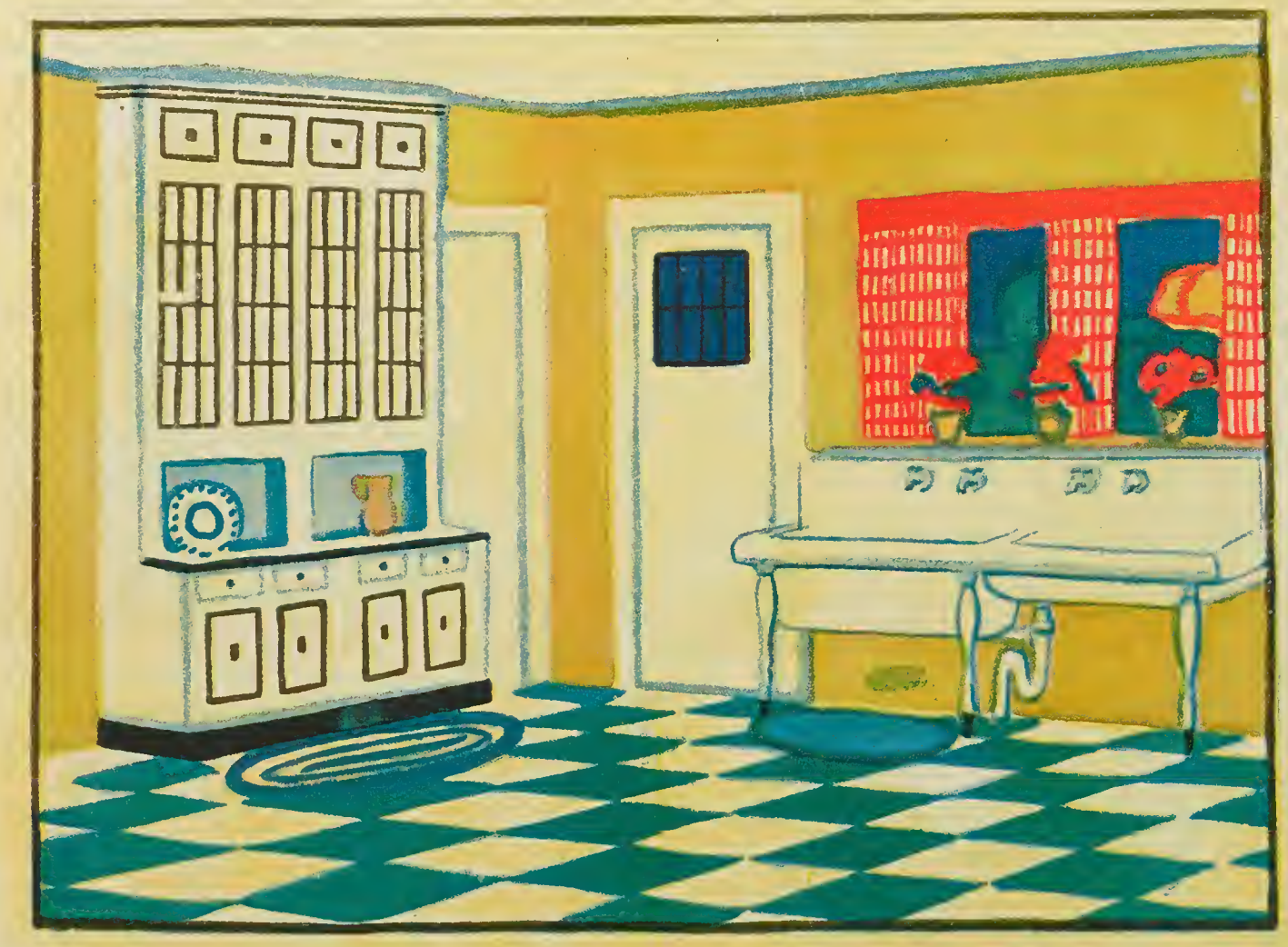
Continued on page 50













THE DELINEATOR SUNSHINE HOUSE—NUMBER SIX

By Mary Fanton Roberts

THE KITCHEN IN THIS SUNSHINE HOUSE PROVES THAT USEFULNESS AND BEAUTY MAY GO HAND IN HAND. THE UNUSUAL BUT PRACTICAL KITCHEN FURNISHINGS ARE DESCRIBED IN DETAIL ON PAGE 24 OF THIS MAGAZINE

BEND HERE
THE MAN WITH SOME STRAW

TURNIPS

BEND HERE
THE MAN WITH SOME BRICKS

APPLES

BEND HERE
THE MAN WITH SOME STICKS

BEND HERE
FIRST LITTLE PIG

BEND HERE
THIRD LITTLE PIG

BEND HERE
MOTHER PIG

LOAD OF STICKS

BEND HERE
THE WOLF

CHURN

BEND HERE
SECOND LITTLE PIG

LOAD OF STRAW

LOAD OF BRICKS

BEND HERE
CUT WINDOW TO OPEN ON HINGES
THE HOUSE OF BRICKS

BEND HERE
CUT WINDOW TO OPEN ON HINGES
THE HOUSE OF STRAW

BEND HERE
MOTHER PIGS HOUSE

BEND HERE
CUT WINDOW TO OPEN ON HINGES
THE HOUSE OF STICKS

THE NURSERY PLAYHOUSE—IV

Ask your mother to read to you the story of the Three Little Pigs and the Wolf, and how he huffed and puffed and tried to blow all their houses in. Then make a play with these characters

MRS. STANTON'S FINGERS GENTLY RUBBED HIS WHITE STAR

DR. TAM O'SHANTER COMES TO TOWN

BY MABEL L. ROBINSON

DELINEATOR GIRLS WHO READ THIS PAGE MADE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF MARGARET STANTON AND TAM O'SHANTER IN NOVEMBER. IN THIS STORY HE SHOWS THAT HIS TALENTS ARE QUITE AS USEFUL IN THE CITY AS ON THE FARM

MARGARET hesitated at her mother's door, then knocked gently and listened.

"Come!" called her mother's tired voice, and Margaret entered the dark room softly.

"I was just about to take my nap," said her mother plaintively. "Do you want anything?"

"Oh, *yes*, mother!" The young voice was so charged with some emotion that the woman on the bed opened her eyes languidly. "I have to see you now because he's coming, he's on the way, and I don't know *what* you will say."

Mrs. Stanton pushed a pillow under her head and reached out her hand.

"What is in that letter?" she asked sharply. Then: "It's too dark to read it here. Tell me."

Margaret, with visible effort, lowered her voice and spoke slowly:

"Tam o'Shanter is coming, mother. Aunt Stacie writes that while she is in the West on business next month, Larry, the colt, can stay at Mr. Grey's farm, but that Tam would die of unhappiness so near his own home without her. She knows he would like to be with me, so she has sent him—poor Tam—in a crate!"

Margaret's mother was sitting up in bed now.

"'Stacie is sending that great dog here—because he would like it—without asking us how we should like it! Margaret, how could you?"

"I didn't, mother!" Margaret pleaded. "I didn't know anything about it."

"But you are pleased," said the reproachful voice. "I can tell. Push up that curtain."

Margaret pushed up the curtain and tried to draw down her face. But in spite of herself it broke into radiant laughter under her mother's scrutiny.

"Oh, mother!" she cried, dropping beside the bed and seizing one of the thin, nervous hands. "You'll love him, too. You wait till you see Tam!"

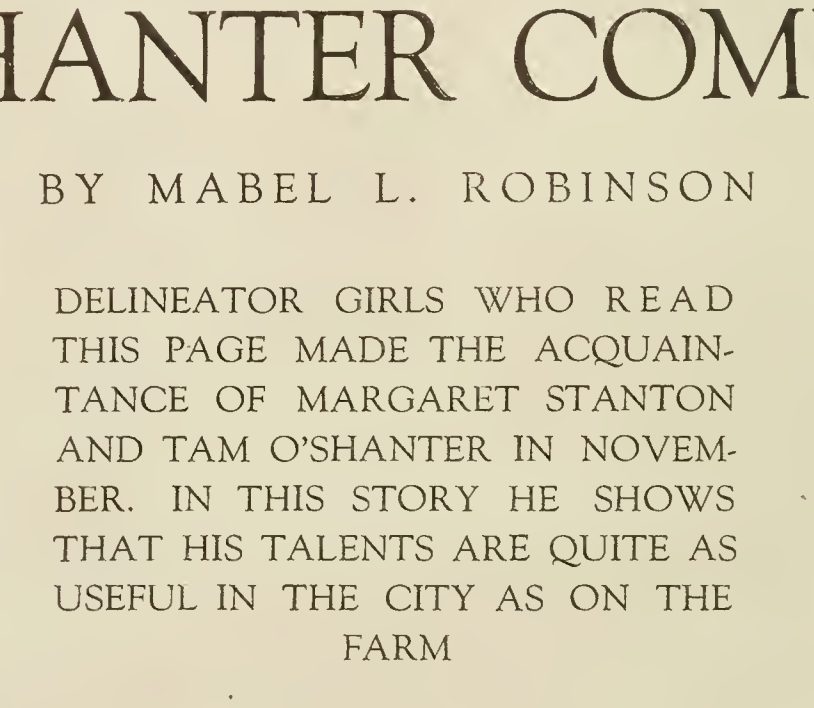
"Margaret"—her mother's voice was portentous—"if that great dog comes near my room or disturbs me once by his barking, he can go to the veterinary's kennels, where he belongs, until 'Stacie gets back. Please draw the curtain and go away. I suppose I am too nervous now for a nap, but perhaps I can rest."

Margaret retreated on tiptoe. Outside she flung up her arms.

"She didn't say he couldn't come," she whispered, running out to the garage. "And once he gets here— Oh, John, please take me to the North Station to meet the three-ten train. I'll be ready at the door in five minutes."

"Yes, miss. All right, miss." John grinned at her sparkling face. "But it's only two now, and it takes the car twenty minutes to run to the North Station."

"Never mind, John; we might get blocked, and we must be there when the train gets in."



A SHARP YELP OF RECOGNITION CAME FROM THE FAR CORNER

An hour later, Margaret, clasping the red claim-check which 'Stacie had sent her, stood in the door of the "incoming baggage" room. As she peered into the dusty shadows, a sharp yelp of recognition came from the far corner. With no regard for the porters or trunks, Margaret flew in the direction of the yelp, which broke into a crescendo of collie barks that made the station ring.

"Let him out, please let him out!" cried Margaret, pushing her red ticket into the hand of the nearest man, as she knelt before the large crate. "Quick! Quick!"

"Quick, I should think," grumbled the man, "or we'll all be deaf."

Then as he pried off the last slat and the big collie leaped at the girl, he turned to watch the ecstatic meeting.

"Wish some one would be that glad to see me," he said, throwing the red check on the desk.

"Poor Tam, he's all dried up with thirst!" Margaret's experienced eye regarded the panting pink tongue. "Come, boy." She led him to the soda-fountain. "I must have a drink of water for my dog," she announced gravely to the boy.

"We don't water dogs," was the lofty answer.

Margaret's black-fringed eyes regarded him a moment.

"Probably you can get some in the restaurant," he added hastily.

"We have no dishes for dogs to drink out of," the waiter in the restaurant informed her.

"I will buy that bowl," said Margaret, placing a fifty-cent piece on the counter. "May I have some water in it, please?"

Tam emptied the bowl with great gulps. Then he sat down and looked wistfully at the man.

"He's still thirsty," explained Margaret.

Three times he emptied the bowl; then, his tail waving satisfaction, he started for the door. The waiter picked up the coin and returned it to Margaret.

"It's enough to cure a thirst like that," he said.

The wild ride back to Brookline nearly broke John's nerve and ruined him as a chauffeur. Tam had never been in a car before and he did all that a terrified yet resourceful collie could do to cut this ride short. People stared after the car, the extraordinarily pretty girl, hat off, hair blowing, the frenzied dog struggling to get out of her arms, the grim chauffeur, eyes ahead, pretending that nothing unusual was going on behind him.

"If that wasn't G. H. Stanton's daughter," muttered a policeman as they sped by, "I'd say there was a kidnaping going on."

At the park Margaret stopped the car.

"We'll take a walk now," she said. "Tam's nerves need calming."

"So do mine," ejaculated John, as he swung the car off without them.

A few mornings later, as the car passed the park on the

Continued on page 27

THE BOY WHO MISSED THE WAR

BY LUCILLE VAN SLYKE

IT WAS the purchase of the ring that precipitated matters. Such a modest ring, that half hoop of wee sapphires! Peggy Allen had exclaimed over it rather excitably one dusky Spring evening while it winked at her from the jewelry shop window. She was blissfully unconscious that Hal Sabin was anywhere near her, she pointed it out to her dearest girl friend and chattered ecstatically:

"Ohee! I adore that little sapphire one! If this war ever gets over and it's respectable to wear things again—why, I'll bet I wear rings on my thumbs, even! That one's just sweet—I could eat it, it's so pretty!"

Hal had hung around in the shadows until the girls had sauntered away, then he had walked straight into the shop and blushingly asked Fred Monroe to put that particular ring aside for a while.

It seemed ages and ages before he could actually buy it. To be sure he did make spasmodic efforts to save up for it. But he felt like a brute when he did save anything. "Holding out on mother" his conscience called it. Which was a bit unfair of his conscience, for he really was a dear, generous boy to his mother.

So whenever he would have bought the ring, if it hadn't been for the miracle, is rather a problem. The miracle was a two-hundred-dollar bonus. It was in Hal Sabin's pay envelope one Friday night as a "Recognition of faithful and intelligent service during the past two years" and the note further requested that the recipient "see Mr. Murray on Monday at ten o'clock."

The next hour was a joyous blur. He tried to telephone Peggy but he found that she'd gone motoring for the day. He knew that his mother would be taking Ted for his "walk" for another hour at least. So he wandered the enticing length of our brief shopping district, feeling exactly as if someone had left him a million dollars. He had a queer-looking array of bundles when he started homeward: About a thousand cigarets for Ted. Some new Jazz records. A perfectly enormous box of candy for his mother. The thickest, goriest steak he could find. And the ring! In a little garnet velvet box that made a glorious lump in his breast pocket.

He managed to keep the ring to himself until after dinner. His mother came out on the twilight porch as he was starting for Peggy's. She called him back and patted his shoulder.

"I'm *that* proud!" she whispered, "It was a wonderful letter! I'm lots prouder than I could tell you—I didn't want to make too much fuss for Ted is feeling awfully low-spirited! But I am proud of you."

"Gee!" he murmured explosively, "I'm a little crazy about myself, to-night, Muv'! Slocum says that a letter like that means they're going to offer me a two-year contract, same as they do department heads! He says he bets it means a raise, too! Gee!" He couldn't endure that hidden ring any longer. He dragged her to the lighter end of the porch and shoved the box into her hand. "Just take a look at that!"

The poor dear thought at first that he meant the gleaming circlet for her.

"My dearest!" she stammered, "you ought not to have spent it!" Her eyes were shining through happy tears. In another second she'd have had it on her finger. He held it at arm's length.

"I suppose it's about one-tenth good enough for her," he stammered dreamily, "but it's one I heard her say she liked——"

His mother steadied her voice somehow.

"Who liked it, son?" she asked carefully.

"Why, Peggy, of course!" He took hold of both of her arms and gave her a loving shake. "You dear old fakir! As if you didn't know! You know you knew! Oh, Muv', isn't she just the best ever!"

"She's a very pretty girl—" his mother's voice was perfectly level.

"And to think that just a little while ago we three imps were making faces at her through the fence! Doesn't seem any time at all ago—" his boyish voice broke completely. "Muv', do you know I really never noticed how awfully stunning Peg was till the day Ted came home—wasn't she a peach that day?"

His mother did not answer. She honestly couldn't remember that she had seen Peggy Allen the day that the motor corps brought her Ted back to her. Yet Hal could never forget that a tempestuous young person had dashed around the corner at the exact second when, as she herself expressed it, "everybody looked ready to burst into tears," an auburn-haired young person who let out a rather blood-curdling whoop and shouted:

"Why, Ted Sabin! What a perfectly spiffy mustache! Of all the swank I ever saw a *re*-turning hero put on, that is the everlastingest most!"

Of course it was a silly and inconsequental speech, it had rather disgusted the sedate motor-corps women. And Peggy's absolutely impudent mockery, every time those worthy persons turned their rather broad backs, was downright impertinence. With the corners of her quirky mouth pulled down and with her blue eyes piously uplifted, Peggy had minced along behind them. Both of the Sabin boys, the one on the stretcher and the one pacing so soberly beside him, were watching her. And both of them forgot themselves completely and began to grin at her. The agonies of horror that Hal was suffering over Ted's helplessness, dissolved in hysterical mirth at Ted's casual:

"That's that sassy Allen kid hanging around. Chase her out of our yard, Hal, she's too fresh altogether!"

The two boys had discussed her afterward.

"Rather a peach," Ted decided, holding his cigaret with a trembly white left hand, "Just as spunky as ever—eh?"

And Hal had strolled around that evening while his mother sat beside the sleeping cripple, to grip Peggy Allen's hand.

"You're a brick, Peg," he tried to put things casually. "You sure did have your wits with you. We were all of us all in till you came monkey-shining around the corner just the way you used to when we were kids——" To his utter amazement the "monkey-shiner" had put her head on his shoulder and wept.

"You looked just s-splendid, Hal," she sobbed. "You just shut your jaws and grinned at him—he was awfully sweet—but you were splendid!"

In that ecstatic moment, while Peggy Allen wept on his shoulder, Hal Sabin experienced a thousand new emotions. He thrilled with pride when she called him "splendid." You see for more than a year he had raged because he was under draft age, then for another year he had suffered agonies of remorse because he couldn't enlist. He was sure that everybody in our town looked upon him as a slacker and a coward. So just to hear a voice calling him "splendid" was amazing. And to feel Peggy's soft curls against his cheek and her tears splashing on his hand and to hear her muffled voice beseeching, as she pulled herself away, "P-please don't th-think I'm always so silly—" made him stammer excitably, "Silly! Why, I think you're an angel!"

Months in which they were conscious and shy with each other followed. Months in which they scarcely ever saw each other alone. Those were the dreary hard months of the Winter before the armistice was signed, months during which the Sabin family, as Hal succinctly expressed it, "just hung on by its teeth and finger-nails."

Life had not looked especially rosy at the beginning of that Winter. But they were still a complete family at that time. There was a lawyer-father who was having rather a time of it to make both ends meet, a mother still pretty enough to be mistaken sometimes for her boys' sister, the boy who had tried to be an aviator but who was wearily learning instead to propel a wheel-chair, the boy in France of whom they were fearfully proud—Lieutenant Gordon Sabin—and Hal. Hal, who was the least important member of the family, Hal, who was growing like a weed but who wasn't attending high-school with anything like regularity because he had picked up a sort of a part-time job over in the chemical department of the mackintosh factory.

Hal wasn't the only high-school boy that the mackintosh factory superintendent had taken on. There were about a dozen of them. The department heads raged about them and their skylarking ways and said they didn't have sense enough to earn their salt. All except the Sabin boy. He had sense enough so that he was presently commanding a job that in peace-times might have brought about twelve dollars a week. But it was wartime and the factory was behind on its orders. And by the Summer-vacation time, when he could work all day, Hal Sabin was getting thirty dollars a week!

He was a pretty cocky lad about that thirty dollars. He bought himself fearful and wonderful neckties. And a meerschaum pipe. And laughingly "paid board" and "slipped something extra to mother." Then, almost overnight, he became, instead of a carefree spender, the head of the family. A week's brief illness ended in his father's death. And before they were used to the fact that that gentle soul was actually gone, there came another blow—the word that Gordon had been killed in action.

For the first few weeks of that strenuous Winter, Hal, because it seemed to comfort his mother—whom nobody could have possibly mistaken for his sister now—kept up a vague attempt at studying nights. His mother still believed that they could manage for him to be ready to enter a technical school at the same time his former classmates would. But the "studying nights" were quickly lost in "overtime at time and a half." Hal actually earned thirty-eight dollars one eventful and nerve-racking week. And needed it.

He grew outrageously tall, too tall, for his dad's clothes, so tall that Peggy Allen was almost afraid of him when he passed her in the street. He passed her because he didn't

Continued on page 60



PEGGY'S ARM SLIPPED THROUGH HIS. "I'M PROUD OF YOU, TOO"

HE WAS TOO YOUNG TO GO TO WAR, BUT NOT TOO YOUNG TO GO TO WORK; TOO OLD TO GO TO SCHOOL, BUT NOT TOO YOUNG TO WANT TO GET MARRIED—AND RIGHT AWAY. THIS IS THE STORY OF HOW ONE WISE WOMAN UNRAVELLED THE SNARL THAT THE WORLD WAR BOUND ABOUT HER BOY



THE VOICE HAD THE RING OF POWER IN IT. BRACHEY'S NERVES TIGHTENED

HILLS OF HAN

BY SAMUEL MERWIN

Author of "The Passionate Pilgrim," "Temperamental Henry," etc.

ON THE morning of that same day—while Griggsby Doane was striding down the mountain road from So Tung to T'ainan-fu—Jonathan Brachey sat in his room at the inn trying to read, trying to write, counting the minutes until two o'clock, at which hour Betty would be waiting in the tennis-court, when John slipped in with a small white card bearing the printed legend, in English:

MR. PO
INTERPRETER AND SECRETARY
YAMEN OF HIS EXCELLENCY
THE PROVINCIAL JUDGE
T'AINAN-FU

Brachey inclined his head. John slipped out, then ushered in a tall, slim, rather elegant young man in conventional plain robe, black skull-cap and large spectacles, who met Brachey's stiff greeting with a broad smile and a wholly Western grip of the hand.

"How d'do!" he said eagerly. "How d'do!" Then he glanced about at the two worn old chairs, the crumbling walls of sun-dried brick with their soiled, ragged motto scrolls, the dirty matting on the *k'ang*, and slowly shook his head. "You're not comfortable as all get-out."

If there was in Mr. Po's speech a softness of intonation and a faint difficulty with the r's and l's, the faults were not so marked as to demand changes of spelling in setting it down. He accepted a cigaret. Brachey lighted his pipe.

"You are quite at home in English," remarked Brachey.

"Oh, yes! English is my professional matter in hand."

"You have lived abroad?"

"Oh, no! But at Tientsin Anglo-Chinese College I made consumption largely of midnight oil. And among English people society I have broken the ice."

Brachey settled back in the angular chair; pulled at his pipe; thought. The man was here for a purpose, of course. But from that slightly eager manner, it seemed reasonable to infer that among his motives was a desire to practise and exhibit his English, a curious mixture of book phrases and coast slang, with here and there the Chinese sentence structure showing through. And he offered an opportunity to study the local problem that Brachey mentally leaped at.

"Hills of Han," copyrighted, 1919, by Samuel Merwin.

THE PEOPLE

BETTY DOANE: Nineteen, charming, a thoroughly nice and very pretty girl. She has returned to China from America to live with her father, who is a missionary in T'ainan-fu

GRIGGSBY DOANE: Betty's father, a man strong in every way. His religious convictions are changing into doubts just as strong. He feels he is in the wrong work and he no longer is sure of his own beliefs

JONATHAN BRACHEY: A curiously rude but sensitive young journalist who was on the liner when Betty crossed the Pacific. He fights it—but he falls deeply in love with her and she with him. He is married, most unhappily. He tells Betty the facts and that he does not mean to see her again. They part miserably at Shanghai

MR. AND MRS. BOATWRIGHT: Missionaries at T'ainan-fu

THE STORY

Life in the missionary compound up in the Hills of Han is dull enough for the little American girl, in spite of the tenderness and sympathy of her father. There is much unrest in the province because of foreign concessions, and a young Chinaman, whom Betty met on the boat, commits suicide on the land of the French Ho Shan Company, as a conventional Chinese form of protest. Doane hears of trouble at another mission station and starts off afoot to see what he can do. He finds the mission destroyed and the battered body of a white engineer. In the Chinese inn where he spends the night is a woman from the seaport, who had come up with the murdered engineer. Griggsby Doane's doubts and troubles come to a culmination in his yielding to her cheap charms. In the morning he sends a letter to the heads of his church at Shanghai, telling them the whole affair and asking to be relieved from his post.

While Doane is away, Brachey turns up, in spite of all his promises to himself, in T'ainan-fu. Boatwright has to help him out of passport difficulties; including incarceration in a native jail. Betty and Brachey have a short and poignant meeting on the stairs at the mission. They plan to meet later

Mrs. Boatwright takes it upon herself to safeguard Betty's reputation and goes about it in the worst possible way—by attacking Betty's own motives and truthfulness. When Betty sees Brachey again, as she inevitably does, he tells her he is going away

Doane, returning to the mission after Brachey's departure, finds a telegram summoning him to a mission college which is in sore danger from the "Lookers," or rioters. He immediately sets off, afoot again, toward Hung Chang

So these two fell into chat, the smiling young Chinese gentleman and the austere Westerner. Mr. Po, speaking easily, without emphasis, his casual manner suggesting that nothing mattered much—not old or new, life or death—revealed, through the words he so lightly used, stirring enthusiasms. And Brachey observed him through narrowed eyes.

Here, thought the journalist, before him, smoking a cigaret, sat modern China; in robe and cue, speaking of the future, but ridden by the past; using strong words, but with no fire, no urge or glow in the voice; as if eager to hope without the substance of hope; at once age and youth, smiling down the weary centuries at himself.

"It has been expressed to me that you are a literature man." Thus Mr. Po.

Brachey's head moved downward.

"That is quite wonderful. If you will tell me the names of certain of your books, I will give myself great delight in reading them. I read English like the devil—all the time. I'm crazy about Emerson."

Brachey led him on. They talked of Russia and England, of the new railways in China, of truculent Japan, of Edison, much of Roosevelt. Mr. Po suggested a walk; and they mounted the city wall, sat on the parapet and talked on; the Chinaman always smiling, nerveless, his calm, easily flowing voice without body or emphasis. Brachey finally succeeded in guiding the man to his own topic, China.

"It puzzles and bewilders," said Mr. Po. "China must leap like a grasshopper over the many centuries. To the railways one may turn for beneficent assistance. And also to the missionaries."

"I'm surprised to hear you say that. I supposed all China was opposed to the missionaries."

"I do not dwell at the present time upon their religion practises. That may be all to the good—I can not say. But the domicil of each and every missionary may be termed civilization propaganda center. Here are found books, medicines, lamps. Your eyes have discerned the enveloping gloom of Chinese cities by night. Think, I beg of you, what a difference it will be when illumination brightens all. Our people do not like these things, it is true. They descend avidly into superstitions. They make a hell of a fuss. But that fuss is growing-pain. China must grow, though suffering accumulate and dismay."

"Come to think of it," mused Brachey aloud, "superstition isn't stopping the railroads!"



AT EIGHT THE SPIKE-STUDDED GATES SWUNG OPEN AND AN ORIENTAL CAVALCADE FILED INTO THE COURT

Mr. Po snapped his fingers smilingly. "A fig and thistle for superstition!" he remarked. "Take a good look at the railways! What happened? In every field of China, as you know, stand the grave mounds of honorable ancestral worshiping. It will break the heart of China to desecrate those grave mounds. It will bring down untold misery upon ancestors. But when they build the Hankow-Peking Railway, a very slick speculator employed observation upon the surveyors and purchased up the claims against railway for bringing misery upon ancestors and sold them to railway company at handsome profit to himself. And, sir, do you know what it set back the company to desecrate ancestors of China? It set back twelve dollars per ancestor! And that slick speculator he is now a millionaire. He erects imposing house at Shanghai and elaborates dinners to white merchants. It is said that he will soon be compradore and partner in most pretentious English Hong. No, the superstition will have to go. It will go like the chaff."

"But this big change will take a little time."

"Time? Oh, yes, of course! But what is time to China! A few centuries! They are nothing!"

"A few centuries are something to me," observed Brachey drily.

"Oh yes! And to me. That is different. There are times to come of running to and fro and hubbub. It is not easy to adjust."

"It is not," said Brachey.

"For myself, I would like to get away. I have observed with too great width the customs of white peoples, I have perused with too diligent attention many English books as well as those of French and German authorship, to find contentment in Chinese habit ways. I would appreciate to voyage freely to America. If I might ask, is not there an exception made under so-called Chinese Exclusion Act in instance of attentive student and gentleman who finds himself by no means dependent upon finance arrangements of certain others?"

"I really don't know," said Brachey. "You'd have to talk with somebody up at the legation about that."

"But up at the legation somebodies make always assumption never to know a darn thing about anything." Mr. Po laughed easily as he said this.

"I have employed great thought concerning this topic," he went on with mounting assurance. "It is here and now time of beginning upset in Hansi, as perhaps as well in all China. At topmost pinnacle of the Old Order here stands Kang, the treasurer. It can not indeed be said that for ennobling ideas of New Order he cares much of a damn. And he is miserably jealous of his Excellency, Pao Ting Chuan. But Pao is very strong. Sooner or later he will pin upon Kang defeat humiliation."

"You feel sure Pao will be able to do that?"

"Oh, yes! Pao is the cat, Kang is the mouse."

"Hmm!"

"Yes, indeed! But it is nothing to me. Nothing in the world! I have laid before his Excellency desires of my heart. He expresses willing courtesy. If I may make voyage freely, he will make best of it. And not unlike myself he has perceived half-notion that if I turn to you for wisdom advice, you will not turn cold shoulder and throw me down." Catching the opposition behind Brachey's slightly knit brows, he added hastily: "I have no need. That is to say, I'm not broke. And with this thought plan I have made transference of certain moneys to Hongkong Bank at Shanghai where no revolution or scrap of a row can snatch it from my outstretched hands. With but a nod from your head, sir, and also with permission of his Excellency, I could make a sneak out of province as your servant."

Brachey, after some thought, said he would take the proposal under consideration.

During the walk back to the inn he contrived to hold the interpreter's chatter closely to the ferment in the province.

Kang, it appeared, was openly backing the Lookers now. His *yamen* enclosure swarmed with ragged soldiers from the west who foraged among the shops for food and trinkets and beat or shot the inoffensive Chinese merchants by way of emphasizing rather casually their privileged status in the capital city. Down the river, near Hung Chan, a more considerable concentration of the strange troops was taking place. Hung Chan was also the rendezvous for the local young men who had been initiated into the Looker bands. Rumors were flying of a general massacre of the white and secondary (or native) Christians. There was even talk of a political alliance with the organizers of rebellion in the south against the imperial Manchu government and of a triumphant march to the coast. A phrase that might be translated as "China for the Chinese" had come into circulation.

Brachey grew more and more thoughtful as he listened.

"If Pao is so strong, why does he permit matters to go so far?" he asked.

Mr. Po laughed. "His Excellency will in his own good time get a move on himself."

"Hmm!"

"Only yesterday I myself was pinched on street by western soldiers."

"Pinched?"

"Seized and arrested. Taken up."

Brachey raised his eyebrows; but Mr. Po smiled easily on.

"Oh, yes! They called me secondary Christian. They ran me in before low woman, a courtezan. They have told Kang that this courtezan is second-sighted."

"Clairvoyant?"

"Yes; that is now firm belief of Kang on mere say-so of cheap skates. This courtezan has been conveyed to treasurer's *yamen*, where with eunuchs and concubines to attend and soldiers to stand sentry-go, she now holds forth to beat the Dutch. All perfectly absurd!"

"And this creature sat in judgment over you?"

"Oh, yes! Not a day since."

"What was her decision?"

Again that easy laugh. "Oh, she decree that I am to kick the bucket."

"Execute you, eh? You take it lightly."

"It is nothing. I will tell you. In companionship with me was my bosom friend, Chih T'ang, who is third son of well-known censor of Peking, Ch'ih Ch'ang Pu. It was Ch'ih who got a hustle on to *yamen* of his Excellency——"

"By his Excellency you mean Pao?"

"In every instance, if you please! Well, like a shot his Excellency acted in my behalf. In person and with full retinue grandeur panoply he set forth to pay visit to old rascal Kang, carrying as gift of utmost personal esteem ancient ring for the thumb of jade that Kang had long made googoo eyes at. And he asked of Kang as favor mark to himself that he be let known instanter, right away, if any of soldiers from his *yamen* should behave with unpleasantness toward new soldiers of Kang, for new soldiers of Kang had come to T'ainan-fu out of far country and not unnaturally felt homesick and were not in each instance in step with customs of our city. And he made explanation as well that he would instruct his secretary, Po Sui-an, to bring news quicker than Johnny get your gun if his own soldiers should act up freshly or become stench in the nostrils—well, you see, sir?"

"Not quite."

"But I am Po Sui-an! It was rebuke like ton of brick, falling on all but face of old Kang. It has been insisted to me that Kang trembled like swaying aspen reed as he made high sign to attendant mandarins. And then his Excellency set forth that I had just stepped out on brief journey, but would shortly be back and that he would then instruct me with determined vigor. Such is his Excellency, a statesman of stiff upper lip. A most wise guy! Thus he served notice on that old reprobate that he will strike when iron is hot."

"They released you?"

"At once. On return of his Excellency to his *yamen* there was I, slick as a whistle!"

"Very interesting. But if Kang continues to bring in

soldiers from the west, how is Pao going to strike with any hope of success? Is he, too, marshaling an army?"

"Oh, no! But you see, I come to call upon you, with you I walk freely about streets. At Kang I tell him go chase himself. Pao will protect myself and you."

"But as I understand it, Kang officially ranks Pao."

"Oh, yes! But that is nothing."

"It looks like a little something to me."

"Oh, no! I will ask you for brief moment to glance sidelong at Forbidden City of Peking. There during long devil of a while Eastern Empress officially ranked Western Empress, but I would call your attention to insignificant matter that it was not Western Empress—she whom you dub Empress Dowager—that turned up her toes most opportunely to daisies."

"Oh, I see! Then it is believed that the Empress Dowager had the Eastern Empress killed?"

"You could not ask that she neglect wholly her fences."

"No—no, I suppose you couldn't ask that."

"She is great woman. She will not permit that another person put her on the blink. It is so with his Excellency. A big man! We shall see!" He hesitated, smiling, a thought more eagerly than before. They had reached the gate of the inn compound. His quick eye had caught increasing signs of preoccupation in Brachey's manner. Finally, laughing again, he said:

"There is one other little bagatelle. An utter absurdity! I have made preparation for lecture in English about China. The name of it is 'Pigtail and Chopstick.' When I read it at college I must say they held sides and shook like jelly-bowl. On that occasion it was made plain to me by men of thought that it is a peach of a lecture. It's a scream." His laugh indicated now an apologetic self-consciousness. "It was said that in America my lecture would be knock-out, that Chinaman treading with humor the lyceum would make novelty excitement. Indeed, by gentleman of Customs Administraton this was handed me." He fumbled inside his gown, finally producing a frayed bit of ruled paper, evidently torn from a pocket note-book, on which was written in pencil, "Try the T. D. Bond Lyceum Bureau, New York City."

"Since it was expressed to me," he hurried to add, "that American journalist notability was in our midst, I have amused myself with fool thought that you would run eyes over it and let me have the worst of it."

"It would be a pleasure," said Brachey civilly enough, but with considerable dismissive force, extending his hand.

So Mr. Po, smiling but something crest-fallen, sauntered away.

AT TEN O'CLOCK that night Brachey sat in the angular chair, his "Bible in Spain" lying open on his knees, his weary, drawn face deeply shadowed and yellow-gray in the flickering light of the native lamp on the table beside him.

John tapped at the door; came softly in; stood, holding the door to behind him.

"Well?" cried Brachey irritably. "Well?"

"Man wanchee see you. Can do?"

"Man? What man?"

"No savvy."

"China man?"

"No China man. White man. Too big."

Brachey sprang up; dropped his book on the table with a bang; brushed John aside and opened the door. The only light out there came slanting down from a brilliant moon. Dimly outlined as shadowy masses were the now familiar objects of the inn courtyard—the row of pack-saddles over by the stable, the darkly moving heads of the horses and mules behind the long manger, the two millstones on their rough standard; above these the roofs of curving tile and a glimpse of young foliage. Then, after a moment, he sensed movement and peered across, beyond the stable, toward the street gates. A man was approaching; a huge figure of a man, six feet five or six inches in height, broad of shoulder, firm of tread; stood now before him. He carried something like a soldier's pack on his back. Brachey on the doorstep found his eyes level with those of his caller.

"Mr. Brachey?" The voice had the ring of power in it. Brachey's nerves tightened.

"Yes."

"I am Mr. Doane."

"Will you please come in?"

John slipped away. Doane entered; moved to the table; turned. Brachey closed the door and faced him.

"You will perhaps wish to take off your pack," he said with bare civility.

Doane disposed of this remark with a jerk of his head. "I have very little time to waste on you," he said bruskly. "What are you doing in T'ainan? Why did you come here?"

There was a long silence.

"Very well, if you won't answer." Doane's voice rasped.

Brachey raised his hand. "I was considering your question," he broke in coldly. "While it is not the whole truth, it will probably save time to say that I came to see your daughter."

He would have liked to express in his voice something of the desperate tenderness that he felt. The experiences of the preceding evening and of the afternoon just past, the glimpses he had had into the heart of a girl, his little storms of anger against Mrs. Boatwright and all her kind, followed in each instance by other little storms of anger against himself, had finally swept him from the last rational mooring-place out into the bottomless, boundless sea of emotion. He had found himself, already to-night, a storm-tossed soul without compass or bearings or rudder. He burned to see Betty again. It had taken all that was left of his will to keep from charging out once more across the city, out through the wall, to the mission compound. He was shaken, humbled, frightened. To such a nature as Brachey's—stubbornly aloof from human contacts, sensitively self-sufficient—this was really a terrible experience. It was the worst storm of his life. He felt—had felt at times during the evening, as he tried to brace himself for this scene that he knew had to come within the twenty-four hours—something near tenderness for the man who was Betty's father. There were even moments when he looked forward to the meeting with the hope that through the father's feelings he might be helped in finding his lost self.

He had tried, sitting among the shadows, to build up a picture of the man. Several of these he had constructed, to meet each of which he felt he could hold himself in a mental attitude of frankness and even sympathy. But each of these pictures was but an elaboration of familiar missionary types. All were what he considered—or once had considered—weak, or overearnest to the borders of fanaticism, or cautious little men, or narrow formalists—men like Boatwright. And without realizing it, too, he had counted on either real or counterfeited Christian forbearance. The only thing he had feared might come up to disturb him was intolerance, like that of Boatwright's wife. With that, of course, you couldn't reason, couldn't talk at all. What he really wanted to do, burned to do, was to tell the exact truth. He had passed the point where he could give Betty up; he would have to fight for her now, whatever happened. His one great fear had been that Betty's father would be incapable of entertaining the truth dispassionately, fairly.

But the actual Doane cleared his overcharged brain as a mountain storm will clear murky air. Here was a giant of a man who meant business. Back of that strong, stern face, back of the deep voice, Brachey felt a pressure of anger. It was not Christian forbearance; it was vigor and something more; something that perhaps probably would come out before they were through with each other. There was a restless power in the man, a wild animal pacing there behind the slightly clouded eyes. Even in the blinding fire of his own love for Betty he could look out momentarily and see or feel that this giant was burning too. And what he saw, or felt, turned his heart to ice and his brain to tempered metal. Sympathy would have reached Brachey this night; weakness, blundering, might have reached him. But now, of all occasions, he would not be intimidated.

He felt the change coming over him, dreaded it, even resisted it; but was powerless to check it. The man proposed to beat him down. No one had ever yet done that to Jonathan Brachey. And so, though he tried to speak with simple frankness in saying, "I came to see your daughter," the words came out coldly, tinged with defiance, between set lips.

It might easily mean a fight of some sort, Brachey reflected. This mountain of a man could crush him, of course. Primitive emotion charged the air as each deliberately studied the other. It would hardly matter if he should be crushed. There were no police in T'ainan to protect white men from each other. His wife would be relieved; a queer, bitter sob rose part way in his throat at the thought. There was no one else—save Betty. Betty would care! And this man was her father! It was terrible. He was struggling now to attain a humility his austere life had never known; if only he could trample down his savage pride, hear the man out, swallow every insult! But in this struggle at first he failed. Like a soldier he faced the huge fighting man with a pack on his back.

"You knew my daughter on the steamer?"

"Yes."

"Before that—in America?"

"No."

"There is something between you?"

"Yes."

"You are a married man?"

"Yes."

Doane, his face working a very little, his arms stiff and straight at his side, came a step nearer. Brachey lifted his chin and stared up the more directly at him.

"You seem to have a little honesty, at least."

"I am honest."

"How far has this gone?"

Brachey was silent.

Doane took another step.

"Why don't I kill you?" he breathed.

It was then that Brachey first caught the full force of Doane's emotional torment. To say that he did not flinch inwardly, would be untrue; but all that Doane saw was a slight hesitation before the cold reply came:

"I can not answer that question."

"You can answer the other. How far has this gone?"

Brachey again clamped his lips shut. The situation to him had become inexplicable.

"Will you answer?"

"No."

Doane's eyes blazed down wildly. And Doane's voice broke through the restraint he had put down upon it as he cried:

"Have you harmed my little girl?"

Brachey was still.

"Answer me!" Doane's great hand came down on his shoulder. "Have you harmed her?"

Brachey's body trembled under that hand; he was fighting himself, fighting the impulse to strike with his fists, to seize the lamp, a chair, his walking-stick; he held his breath; he could have tossed a coin for his life; but then, wandering like a little lost breeze among his bitter thoughts, came a beginning perception of the anguish in this father's heart. It confused him, softened him. His own voice was unsteady as he replied:

"Not in the sense you mean."

"In what sense then?"

Brachey broke away. Doane moved heavily after him, but stopped short when the slighter man dropped wearily into a chair.

"I'm not going to attack you," said Brachey. "Sit down!"

"What did you mean by that?"

"Simply this." Brachey's head dropped on his hand; he stared at the floor of rough tiles. "I love her. She knows it. She even seems to return it. I have roused deep feelings in her. Perhaps in doing that I have harmed her. I can't say."

"Is that all? You are telling me everything?"

"Everything."

Doane walked across the room; came back; looked down at Brachey.

"You know how such men as you are regarded, of course?"

"No. Oh, perhaps!"

"You will leave T'ainan, of course."

"Well——"

"There is no question about that. You will leave."

"There's one question—a man dislikes to leave the woman he loves in actual danger."

An expression of bewilderment passed across Doane's face.

"You admit that you are married?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Yet you speak as my daughter's lover. Does the fact of your marriage mean nothing to you?"

"Nothing whatever."

"Oh, you are planning to fall back on the divorce court, perhaps?"

"Yes." Brachey's head came up then. "Does love mean nothing to you?" he cried. "In your narrow, hard missionary heart is there no sympathy for the emotions that seize on a man and a woman and break their wills and shake them into submission?"

Looking up, he saw the color surge into Doane's face. Anger rose there again. The man seemed desperate, bitter. There was no way, apparently, to handle him; he was a new sort.

Doane crossed the room again; came back to the middle. He seemed to be biting his lip.

"I'll have no more words from you," he suddenly cried out. "You'll go in the morning! I shall have to take your word that you won't communicate with Betty."

"But I can't just save myself——"

"It may not be so safe for you or any of us. Will you go?"

"Oh—yes!"

"You will not try to see Betty—a minute?"

"Not to-morrow."

"Nor after."

Brachey sprang up; leaned against the table; pushed the lamp away. "How do I know what I shall do?"

"I know."

"Oh, you do!"

"Yes. You will do as I say. You are never to communicate with her again."

Brachey thought. "I'll say this: I'll undertake not to. If I can't endure it, I'll tell you first."

"You can endure it."

"But you don't understand! It's a terrible thing! Do you think I wanted to come out here? I meant not to. But I couldn't stand it. I came. Is it nothing that I told her of my marriage with the deliberate purpose of frightening her away? But she is afraid of nothing."

"No—she is not afraid."

"I tell you I've been torn all to pieces. Good God, if I hadn't been and if you weren't her father, do you think I'd have stood here to-night and let you say these things to me? Oh, you would beat me; likely enough you'd kill me; but that's nothing. That would be easy—except for Betty."

"I have no time for heroics," said Doane. "Have I your promise that you will leave in the morning, without a word to her?"

"Yes."

"I am going to Hung Chan. There are more important issues now than your life or mine. I shall be back to-morrow night, and shall know then if you have failed to keep your word."

Continued on page 42



WIND-SONG

THE WIND BEATS, THE WIND BEATS FREE!
IT COMES IN SURGES LIKE A SEA,
IT GRASPS WITH LONG, STRONG HANDS AT ME.

IT DRAGS MY HAIR; IT DRAGS MY COAT;
IT SHAKES ME LIKE A SLENDER BOAT,
IT THRUSTS DRY FINGERS DOWN MY THROAT.

OH, WIND, YOU DROWN ME AS YOU GO!
LIKE RAGGED MIST MY TORN THOUGHTS BLOW,
AND YOUR WILD HEART IS ALL I KNOW.

Eunice Tietjens

THE TREE OF JOY—VII

BEYOND DEAD MAN'S LAND

"IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE"

BY MABEL POTTER DAGGETT



THE RUE DU GRAND PONT IN LANDRES, BEFORE THE WAR



THE SAME STREET AFTER GERMAN SHELLS HAD WROUGHT THEIR HAVOC THERE



ANOTHER VILLAGE STREET, THE RUE DE GENIVAU, BEFORE THE WAR



LANDRES, THE TOWN OF THE GOLDEN BOOK, BEFORE ITS DESTRUCTION

HE WAS the first inhabitant to hear our car. He came down the street to meet us, a long Alpine stick in hand by which he climbed the ruins.

Yes, this was Landres. And St. Georges, the smaller hamlet, lay a little over a kilometer beyond. He pointed again to the sign. His own large farm near by, together with these villages, completed the commune. Because of the almost entire destruction of his property, he, Monsieur l'Adhuy, was finding temporary shelter in the ruins of Landres while he took stock of the future. Some of the population of this village had been his employees. No, it was impossible, quite impossible, to say what anybody was going to do. In the utter confusion of all that had been their local civilization here, the people were waiting, waiting week by week—it was now getting to be month by month—what the government might propose.

This, then, was that little corner of the war-devastated world which THE DELINEATOR has taken under its protection. In the Rue St. Honoré in Paris the Ministry of Liberated Regions have registered it ours. And France, harassed with problems of rehabilitation for hundreds of the communes in a like condition of ruin, will gladly accept all aid we may be able to offer this one. It lies on the far frontier in the north close beside where the boundaries of Belgium and Germany and Luxemburg adjoin.

What once were homes here are now battered and tumbled heaps of falling walls, protruding rafters and pieces of rooms. Past all this wreckage of war I looked down the street. Here and there at a broken window-sash a face began to appear. A woman with a handkerchief tied over her head stepped out in a shattered doorway. And we could see her skirt was made of an American army blanket.

The people of Landres now gathered about us. There were some twenty of them. Old they were, mostly with hunger and privation if not with years. They had been, you see, four years behind the enemy's lines, where there was little for any one to eat. The mayor, in brown velveteen jeans, hurried toward us to speak for them in formal greeting.

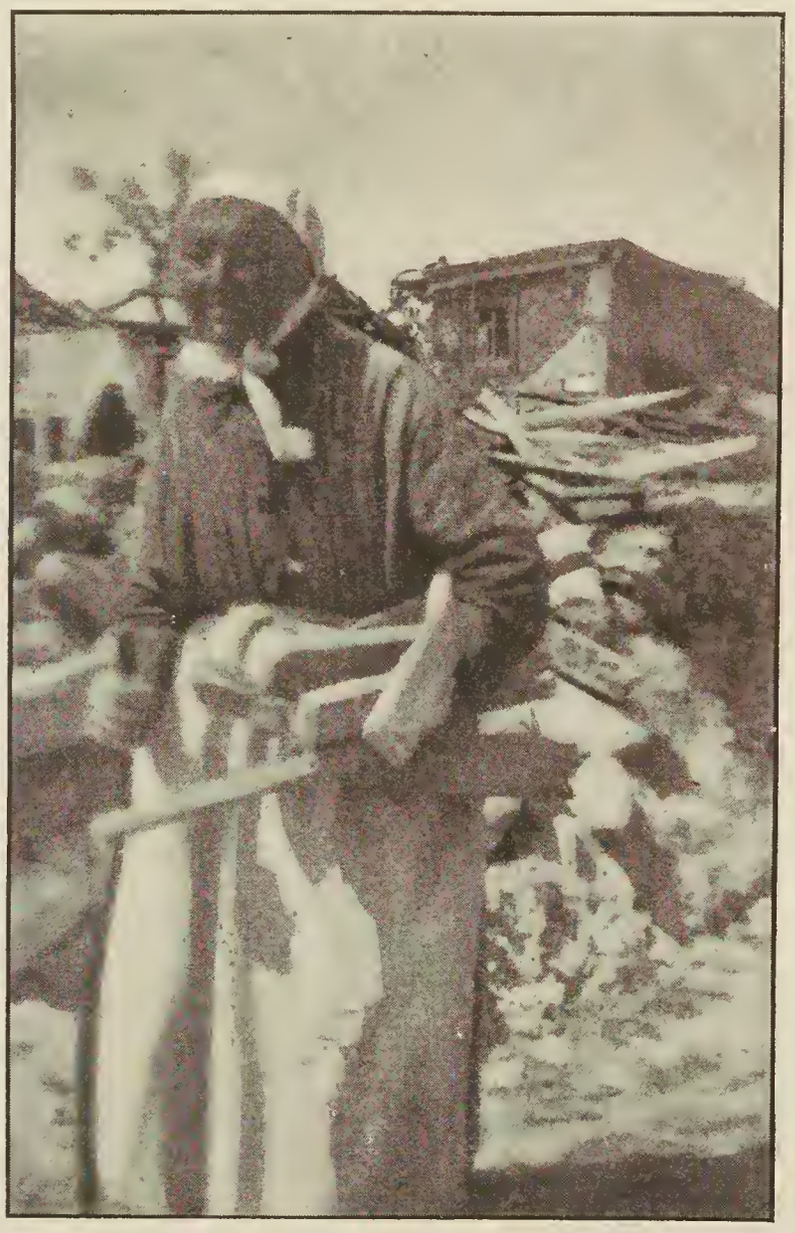
Was it true that I had indeed come all the way across the ocean from THE DELINEATOR as its Special Commissioner to France? I saw the questioning wonder in the face of the man who extended his hand, even before I got his words in the foreign tongue.

They knew in Landres, the mayor said, that Monsieur Vauchelet, the schoolmaster, had written to the great magazine in America for aid. But it had not seemed possible that America would care enough to come.

And I want to tell you folks back across the Atlantic, that more than a simple peasant community has felt that way. The altruism that has sent an army overseas and as many million more social workers in its wake is the marvel of Europe. That America should care, why, it's the wonder of the world!

But it is the mayor of Landres et St. Georges, M. Julien, whose gratitude on behalf of that commune I am to carry to you. For the schoolmaster, Monsieur Vauchelet, who is also the secretary of the commune, too, I send you thanks. At this time, in March, M. Vauchelet had not yet returned to Landres, but, as he had written me, was still *réfugié* at Salmagne par Nançois-le-Petit in the *département*, or one might say the State, of the Meuse. Landres here is in the *département*, or the State, of the Ardennes, which borders on the *départements* of the Meuse and the Marne.

When the war began, there were living in Landres about three hundred and eighty people and in St. Georges some one hundred and twenty more. Over here in France when the enemy was reported advancing on a village, one always had to decide: Would you flee and leave all your property behind? Or would you stay and take your chances? Some always argued that the enemy might not come after all.



MÈRE CATHERINE, THE OLDEST WOMAN IN LANDRES, PAST EIGHTY YEARS

Well, in September, 1914, it was the schoolmaster who organized and led the people who took to the road in the convoy leaving Landres, to seek safety and security in the *département* of the Meuse to the south. And it was the mayor who remained with the little handful who stayed behind in the village, to which, surely enough, the Germans did come. Four years they held it, until the American army got here and took it from them. The deliverance of the town was accomplished with the aid of the famous Rainbow Division of the 165th and the 167th Infantry from New York and Ohio, who were nearly wiped out in this, one of the most celebrated achievements of the war. It was the Marines who finally took Landres in October, 1918.

This little group who stood about us in March, 1919, in the ruins of Landres, were the survivors of the siege. During the bombardment the Germans had evacuated them to Belgium. Now they had come back *rapatriés*, that is, returned to their native land. Only three weeks before, they told us, the last of the American soldiers encamped here who had taken the town, had gone.

To *régions libérées*, which are the districts freed from enemy dominion, *rapatriés* might return to make the best of the situation. But refugees established somewhere else in their own land in safety were not yet easily permitted to return to a village like this, so *dévastée* that there were no suitable living-arrangements. You who are acquainted with the Lady with a Saucepan know what "devastation" is, with all the attendant difficulties of establishing once more an ordered existence.

In this commune of Landres et St. Georges, the mayor was telling me, were now standing six houses which he estimated were in a "repairable" condition. Most of the others would have to be entirely rebuilt. There was, you see, no decent shelter. The few people here were living in patched-up corners any way they could to keep out of the wet. The only food available was ten kilometers away, at Buzancy. The government had provided the village with two army horses and an ammunition wagon, which once in two weeks went to Buzancy for the purchase of such supplies as could be obtained.

While the mayor was explaining all this, the day began to disappear before our anxious eyes. And this brief, swift survey of the situation must suffice for the present.

Régions dévastées are always difficult to get to: we had been two days in coming. They are always even more difficult to stay in: where should we eat or sleep?

The bread we brought with us would be harder each hour. Those feather beds back at St. Menehould were the only available ones we knew about. They had to be reached across the wastes of no man's land, a journey with difficulty achieved in the daytime. How could it ever be done in the dark?

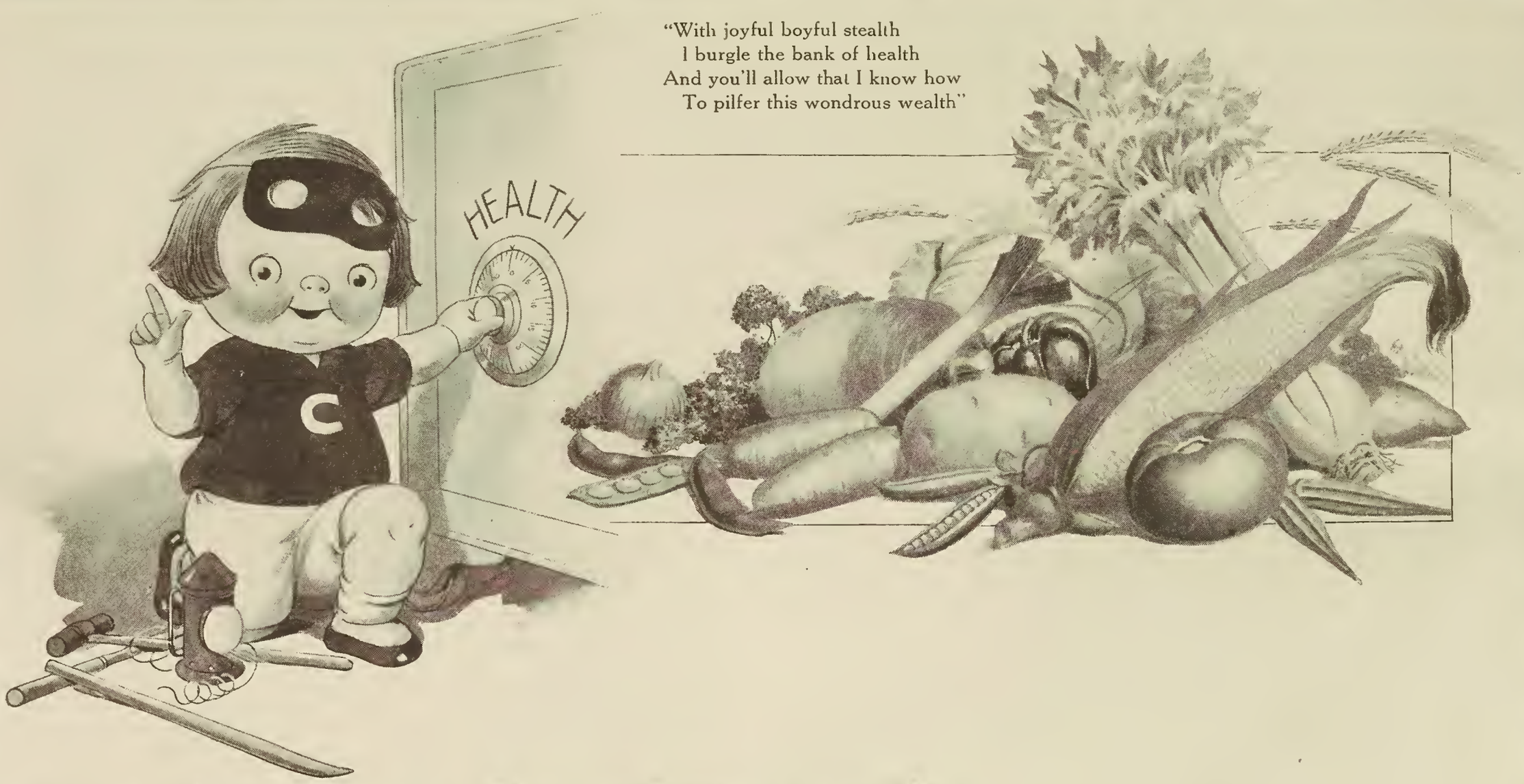
And there were still photographs to take before we could start. You, who are so eagerly turning the pages of your DELINEATOR at home, would want to know as soon as possible what it is like, this little broken village in far-off France in which you have accepted an interest. Evening was now coming on. Would the light last long enough to accomplish the photographs?

We made haste to set off down the street, everybody there was in the village accompanying the expedition. We picked our way in some places in single file. And the mayor now and then hurriedly caught my arm: "*Très dangereux*," he would say, motioning upward. I got the French along with the gesture as I saw the leaning walls to which he pointed. Any moment they might be falling. And we all moved out toward the middle of the road.

Well, we had secured our photographs of Landres. We had been to St. Georges and back. A party of three American soldiers we met there were searching for the grave of the brother of one of them. They had had nothing to eat since morning. We gave them our chocolate and most of our bread.

At last we had said *au revoir* to the villagers. I was to return when it could be again arranged. Now there was no time to lose if we would make the shelter of St. Menehould this night. Even our French chauffeur comprehended the importance of speed. He hastily cranked up. We were off through a street still bearing its label of

Continued on page 46



Get the right "combination"

Eating for health is like opening a bank safe. You need the complete "combination".

You may eat "the best of everything" yet fail to obtain sufficient nourishment because your diet is not correctly balanced. It lacks some needed element of complete nutrition.

This is where you benefit by

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

It is a complete, carefully balanced combination.

We include choice potatoes, tender carrots, sweet yellow turnips, fine tomatoes, Country Gentleman corn, little peas, baby lima beans—fifteen vegetables in all, beside barley and alphabet macaroni.

And we blend all these with a nourishing stock made from selected beef.

Body-building elements of vital value are supplied by this nutritious and economical soup. And the whole family will enjoy it. Keep a supply on hand.



21 kinds **15c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

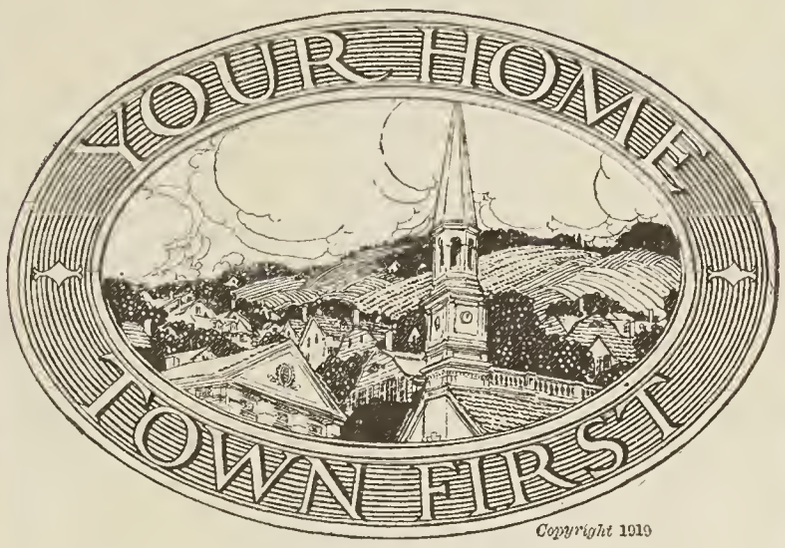
BETTER TOWNS

A PAGE OF COMMUNITY ACHIEVEMENTS



Photo from Community Service, Inc.

FESTIVAL BLOCK-PARTIES, WITH THEIR FOLK-DANCES, SONGS AND GAMES, BRIGHTEN THE LIVES OF BRIDGEPORT'S BIG FOREIGN POPULATION



Copyright 1919

If your town has done a good thing to promote community betterment, other towns will be interested in learning about it. Pass the idea on to them through The Delineator. Address the Community Editor.



Photo from Community Service, Inc.

TO THOSE WHO CAN NOT WITNESS THE GAIETIES, WANDERING STORY-TELLERS COME AND A DOOR-STEP PARTY IS HELD

RECREATING BRIDGEPORT

"OH! ESTELLE CARRAFIELLO, John Scalzy and Raymond Cagganello! Twilight Festival coming!"

Such a call is all that is needed to bring children, and their parents as well, flooding into the street at Bridgeport, Connecticut, on any Summer or Autumn night. For in Bridgeport, in the crowded foreign sections, twilight no longer means merely the hour of dusk with a weary contemplation of one day's work done and another shortly to begin.

Every now and then, with no warning, a festival block-party arrives with so many varieties of entertainment that every one of the Carrafiellos, Scalzys and Cagganellos finds something to be enthusiastic about.

The party-bearers usually appear about six o'clock with Japanese lanterns and flags to festoon all over the place, while in their wake come tables for exhibits, a hurdy-gurdy or orchestra and a troupe of gaily costumed entertainers.

Suddenly the dingy block, with the Rubenstein dry-goods store at one end and the Louis Celle market at the other, becomes a gala avenue where there is dancing, fortune-telling, community singing, exhibits, folk-games and folk-dances.

When the festival is really ready, flocks of children who have drooped about without sufficient initiative to play ring-around-a-rosy are suddenly drawn out of themselves and into the play currents of the party.

EVEN the mothers and fathers and youthful baby-minders who can't leave their small charges have their share of entertainment, as wandering story-tellers seek them out and drop down on the door-steps beside them. Perhaps theirs is one of the best shares, too, as their own threshold becomes the entrance into fairyland where are magic carpets, wishing-rings, wood-nymphs and genii. Nor is it difficult to believe the wonders of fairy-tale lore when haunting strains from an orchestra float back from the corner of the lantern-hung block where the "big" girls and boys are having, quite miraculously, a dance.

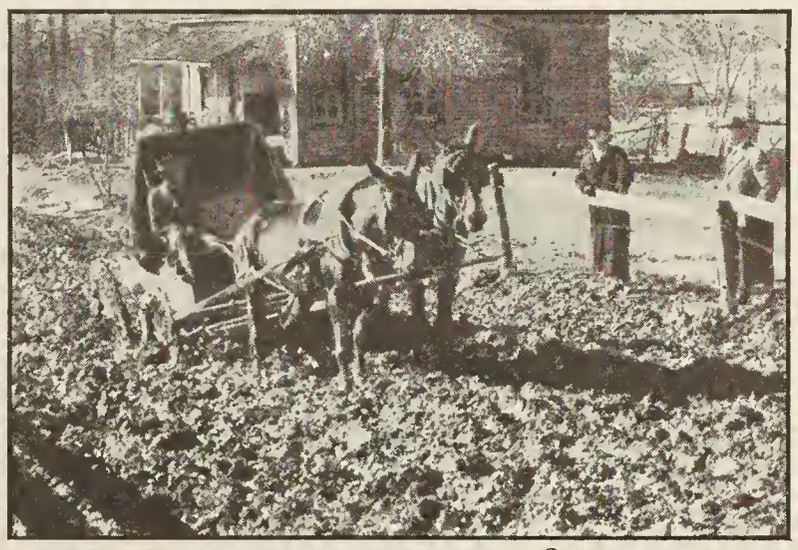
In other sections of the block there are groups of housewives gathered around tables of exhibits where lecturers, through an interpreter, explain the mysteries (and the exact cost of construction) of an iceless ice-chest and show garments made from dyed flour-sacks and the latest methods of darning. The fortune-tellers, too, in gay gipsy garb, add yet another note to the glamourous scene spread out in front of the door-step bleachers of this fairyland.

A little investigation, however, proves that there is nothing supernatural about the festivals which descend so happily upon one neighborhood after another. The Bridgeport variation of block-parties is an illustration of what can be done by way of providing real and welcome recreation for all types and ages on the same occasion.



Photo from Community Service, Inc.

CHILDREN CROWD EVERY AVAILABLE "GRAND-STAND" TO VIEW THE FESTOONED FAIRYLAND CREATED MIRACULOUSLY IN THEIR CITY STREETS



© *Underwood & Underwood*

FIVE BILLION TONS ARE HAULED OVER THE ROADS OF THE UNITED STATES EVERY YEAR. BAD ROADS ARE ONE REASON FOR THE HIGH COST OF LIVING



Photo from International Harvester Co.

GOOD ROADS MEAN A HIGHER HAULAGE CAPACITY, SPEED, SECURITY FROM ACCIDENT; AND THEY MAKE IT EASIER FOR THE CHILDREN TO GET TO SCHOOL

VOTE FOR GOOD ROADS!

Every town, big or small, should feel vitally interested in building good roads. They extend the trade territory of the town merchant. They bring the farmer's market nearer to him. They enable people to buy things cheaper and get them delivered quicker. They make people better neighbors. They help build up real community spirit

SPRINGFIELD'S TINY TOWN

WHEN Springfield, Missouri, conceived the idea of having the school children of that prosperous little city build a town to arouse the "Build now!" spirit in their parents, it hit upon an original and distinct idea that has given Springfield a building-program that runs into the hundreds of thousands of dollars, and which has absorbed all the idle labor in the city.

Besides this it has brought out a great deal of unexpected talent among the pupils in the schools and has created a much wider interest in manual training than has ever been manifested in the city before.

The town that the school children constructed was named Tiny Town, and was laid out on the floor of Springfield's Convention Hall. All told, there were one thousand tiny residences and other buildings in the exhibit, no two being of the same design. The campaign was financed by interested business men through voluntary contributions which amounted to five thousand dollars. It had the cooperation of the Chamber of Commerce and the school authorities.

The designs for the little buildings were furnished by the local architects. The houses were all built on a scale of one-half inch to the foot, the complete city being based upon one hundred and fifty-five acres reduced to the same scale. It was properly laid out with streets, parks, etc., with real grass and flowers. Five hundred dollars in prizes was awarded to the schools and the individual builders of the town, and the entire project was completed in about seven very busy weeks. As another entertainment feature a moving-picture show was held at Convention Hall during the week of the exhibition and a small admission fee charged.

The work of building the houses by the pupils was all done at their homes. The psychological effect of this feature can be seen at a glance. Immediately the youngsters started to work on their miniature buildings, dad and mother became interested, and, in many instances, the same idea as was being worked out by a small son became transferred to his father on a large scale, and in a number of cases was directly responsible for the erection of some substantial buildings.

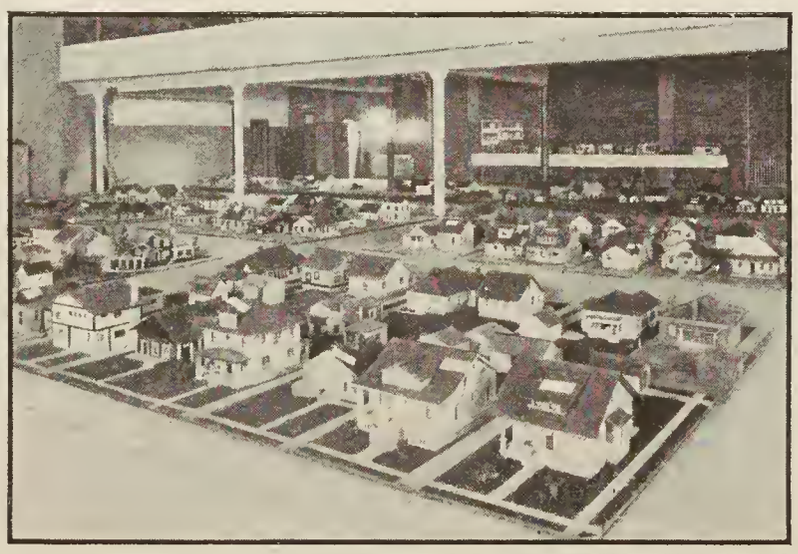
The house-building contest was open to the boys only. There remained the problem of interesting the girls, many of whom possessed real artistic ability. Therefore an interior home-decoration contest was put on, and the girls decorated and furnished the houses that the boys constructed. Many miniature works of real art were shown in these interior furnishings in the way of rugs and other floor-coverings, draperies, frescoing and design-painting.

The Tiny-Town idea is to be carried out this year on a much larger scale in the open. A ten-acre tract will be devoted to plotting and landscaping the Tiny Town of 1920.

The children from eighteen schools participated in the contest, so that every block and district was represented.



AS A PROJECT IN MANUAL TRAINING THE BOYS OF ONE NEW YORK SCHOOL BUILT A CABIN IN THE WOODS



TINY TOWN IS A MINIATURE CITY OF A THOUSAND HOMES BUILT BY THE CHILDREN OF SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI



THE TINY-TOWN IDEA BROUGHT OUT A MINE OF UNDISCOVERED TALENT

Concluded from page 2

A CHAT WITH DAISY ASHFORD

England. My aunt had often told me so, and I believed her implicitly.

"Finally, I got such a fearfully exalted idea of my own small importance that my mother forcibly removed me from under my aunt's influence, and just in time. She would have made me into an insufferable little prig. The picture quite gives me away, doesn't it?"

We were joined a little later by the same Miss McKenzie to whom Mr. Swinnerton had referred. It was a glorious hour. Daisy Ashford told me how "The Young Visiters" came to be written and Miss McKenzie chimed in, supplying the details.

After having seen them and heard the amusing story of Miss Ashford's childhood, I gave thanks again for "The Young Visiters." It was better even than I thought it could be. It sounded so simple as I sat there looking into the smiling brown eyes of the real Daisy. She was so absolutely unspoiled, so really a witty, extraordinary child who somehow has never grown up.

They had lived in a little village in Sussex. Her mother and father had each been married before, and there were older brothers and sisters always in the house.

MISS ASHFORD spoke of her mother in a tender, whimsical manner.

"Mother would write a glorious poem on a sardine for tuppence," she said; "we got our talent for writing from her."

She and her second sister showed remarkable literary talent at a very early age. It amused the older children to read the stories that she and Angie would invent. Her middle sister could not write, but she illustrated the stories with wonderfully life-like drawings of the heroines and the heroes, all in very dramatic attitudes.

Daisy herself evidently was the most prolific writer of the family. She loved scribbling down stories, and if her mother or father would ask her if she wanted them to bring her anything from London, she would always ask for her special kind of note-book. In fact, she said she never could get enough of these note-books. Her mind was filled with ideas and plots for stories, and she never seemed to have enough room in the note-books to finish them as she wanted to.

Even "The Young Visiters" had to be brought to an abrupt end on the very last line of the very last page of one of these fat little books. Daisy said she had to stop there because she couldn't possibly have squeezed in another word.

Both her father and mother encouraged the two children in their literary efforts. The first story Daisy wrote was called "Mr. Chapner's Bride." She was seven years old then, and writing it down was a little beyond her, so she dictated it to her father. Daisy said it was very funny, and she and Miss McKenzie came across it not long ago, neatly written out in her father's handwriting. It had lain untouched among the family papers for all these years.

This infant prodigy, Daisy, dictating stories to her father at the age of seven, is a parallel case to the little American child, Hilda Conkling, who has been dictating poems—serious ones—to her mother for several years, and she is only eight years old now. Some one told me her poems had been printed in several magazines, and had been much discussed in America.

Daisy said she took her writing very seriously, and when the stories were read aloud she felt all the pride of a very hard-working author who makes a living by his work! The "Short Story of Love and Marriage" came after "Mr. Chapner's Bride" and then came "The Young Visiters."

AFTER that she wrote continually, some of the stories being: "Where Love Lies Deepest," "The Treacherous Mr. Campbell," "The Hangman's Daughter," and a play, which she and Angie acted, called "A Woman's Crime." Angie was not to be outdone by Daisy, and she wrote, among other things, a thrilling tale with their favorite governess as the heroine. It was called "The Jealous Governess; or, The Granted Wish."

I told Daisy that I would not be happy until I had read all of her works. She laughed. Then Miss McKenzie broke in:

"They are the funniest things you could imagine, and when they were read aloud to the older brothers and sisters, they would go off into screams of laughter. 'The Hangman's Daughter' was the most serious thing Daisy ever did. She was about eleven, and she worked hard at it for about a year. She was extremely proud of it.

"One day she read her pet chapter to her brothers. It had an intensely dramatic scene in a court-room, and it was the triumph of the whole story. Of course Daisy had never been in a court-room in her life, and after she had finished, the brothers were in such fits of laughter that her mother became almost alarmed; but poor little Daisy was terribly hurt. She had meant it to be the most impressively serious thing she had ever done, and she could not forgive the brothers for being so unkind as to laugh. After that 'The Hangman's Daughter' lost all interest for her. Her mother put it away, and Daisy felt utterly disgraced."

MISS McKenzie had known the Ashfords since they were children. She lived close by and she told me she often heard Daisy's and Angie's stories read aloud, and joined in the delighted laughter which invariably followed. While she was talking, I could picture the rather hit-or-miss household that had produced the amazing child of "The Young Visiters."

The father and mother must have both been remarkably clever. From what Daisy says, the children were allowed to express their own individualities in any way they pleased. I imagine they were a rather eccentric, witty family, and that the three little girls were all extraordinary children.

They had a succession of governesses, never being able to keep one very long at any one time, because of the strenuous lives the children led them. They ran wild in the fields and orchards and, I should imagine, would have been the despair of any orderly-minded English governess.

I am quite convinced that, on the whole, English children have a much deeper inner life of their own than our children. And the Ashford children had this inner consciousness developed to a surprising degree. Self-expression was encouraged, and they expanded under this encouragement like young plants under the warm sun's rays.

Daisy said that, being devout Catholics, her religious education was very thorough, and all through "The Young Visiters" are unmistakable Catholic touches. They show the extraordinary receptiveness of the little girl's mind.

For instance, in the chapter entitled "The First Evening," she says: "*Bernard* always had a few prayers in the hall and some whiskey afterward as he was rather pious but *Mr. Salteena* was not very addicted to prayers so he marched up to bed. *Ethel* stayed as she thought it would be a good thing. The butler came in as he was a very holy man and *Bernard* very piously said 'Our Father' and a very good hymn called I will keep my anger down and a Decad of the Rosary. *Ethel* chimed in quietly and *Francis Minnit* was most devout and *Ethel* thought what a good holy family she was stopping with."

None but a good Catholic child would put in a "Decad of the Rosary." Daisy said she always had to say a Decad of the Rosary before going to bed, so she thought it only proper that *Bernard Clark* should do so, too. Some of the names are Catholic names: *Bernard*, and *Ignatious* and *Pilato*; and St. Joseph's lilies; and at the very end of "The Young Visiters," the poor *Earl*, having married the wife with the savage temper, decides not to divorce her, but to offer her up as a mortification. Daisy said she was often told to offer some hateful thing she didn't like as a mortification, so what would be simpler than to think of that as the only way out for the *Earl?*

I ASKED Daisy if *Mr. Salteena* was a real person. She said he was entirely a figure of her imagination. She had a sneaking fondness for him, too, although she said she had to have *Ethel* marry *Bernard Clark* because *Mr. Salteena* was not quite a gentleman, and she had been taught that those who were not quite gentlemen or ladies might be very nice and pleasant to talk to, but no one ever married them or had much to do with them.

Ethel was not a great favorite. All through the book Daisy speaks of *Ethel* in rather a snappy tone. She shows her dislike of her at the very first, when she records the rather peevish conversation between *Mr. Salteena* and *Ethel*, on the day of their departure for their visit to *Bernard*.

Mr. Salteena tells *Ethel* she will look very silly, after she had informed him that "I shall put some red ruge on my face, because I am very pale owing to the drains in this house."

Then, when she replies to his rude remark by leaving the room "with a very superior run, throwing out her legs behind and her arms swinging in rithum," the owner of the house (*Mr. Salteena*) says in rather a sneery way, "Well, she has a most idiotick run." And after that, the reader may draw his own conclusions about *Ethel*.

The hour was almost up. As we rose to go, Miss McKenzie said to me:

"Do tell people that Daisy really did write 'The Young Visiters.' No one seems to believe it. Only the other day Daisy walked into the studio of a friend of ours just as a noisy young gentleman was emphatically denying her existence, and he kept on denying it even after she had presented herself to him. That sort of thing is all right up to a certain point, but I think the real author ought to get the credit for it. Daisy herself will never lift a finger to advance her own interest.

"'THE Young Visiters' would never have been published if it hadn't been for me. Daisy had not the slightest idea that she would ever become famous. The ridiculous little note-books with the children's stories were put away years ago, and as Daisy has not written anything worth while since then, they would have lain there quite forgotten if it had not been for Mrs. Ashford's death and Daisy and I having to go over some of her things. Hidden away in some of the family records were these absurd manuscripts. We read them over together, and how we did laugh! I had a sudden idea strike me. 'They must be published!' I said so at once to Daisy. She said: 'Nonsense! No publisher would look at the work of children, and besides, they are so ridiculous that no one would read them.' However, we picked out 'The Young Visiters,' and I took it in to Mr. Swinnerton; and since then we have been living in a dream.

"And now I think Daisy ought to have the credit for her own work. If you will just say that you know that she did it, it will be a great help."

As I was telling Miss McKenzie that I would most assuredly tell every one I knew all about the Daisy Ashford that wrote "The Young Visiters," I turned to look at Daisy. She was smiling broadly, as if she were vastly amused at these nice people who were trying to make her famous.



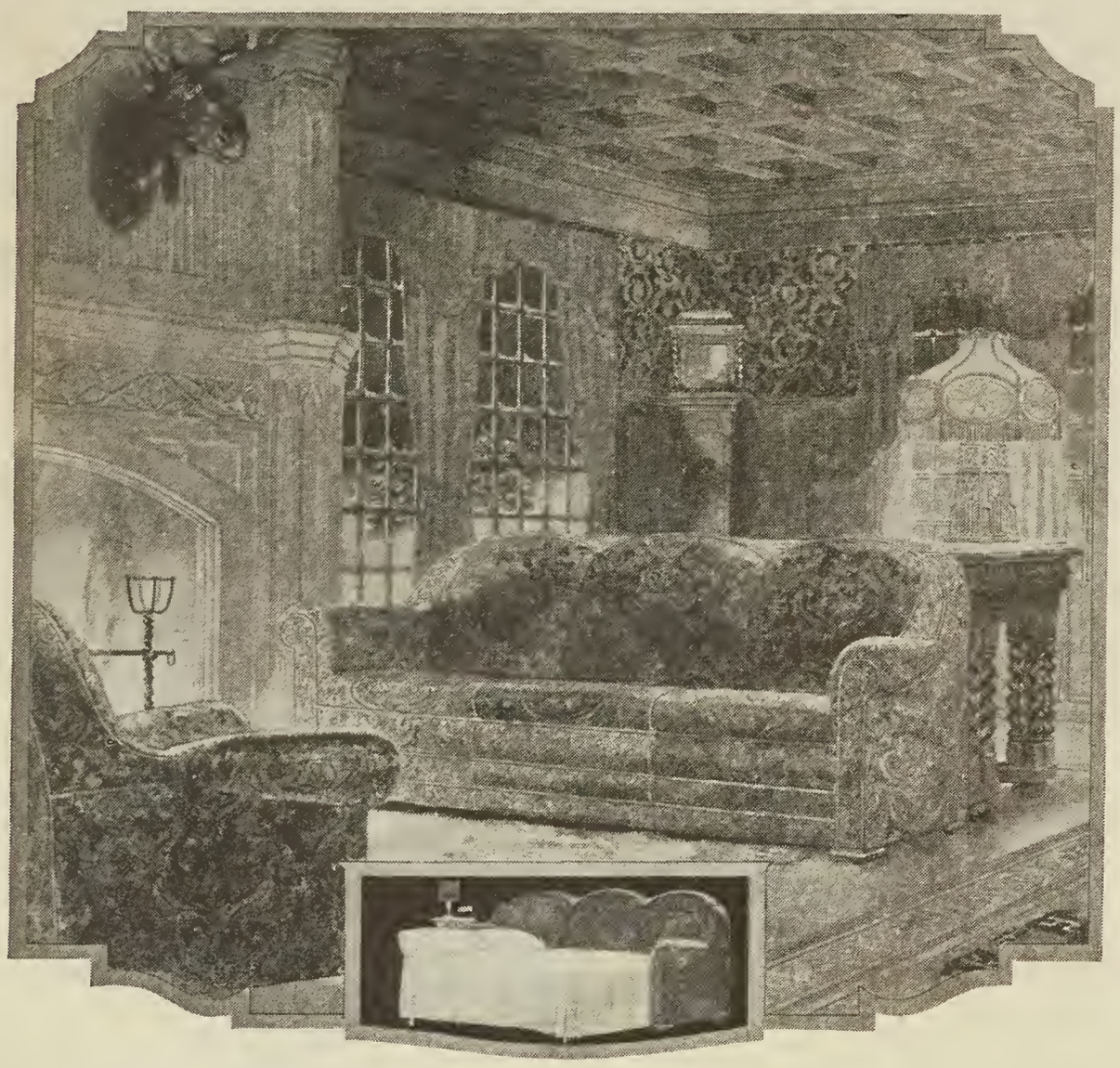
BREAD

New Year, every year, all the year—one happy fact remains true—BREAD is your BEST food.

Supreme in nutrition, Bread is lower in cost than the same amount of nourishment in any other form. It is the most economical food today!

Resolve to eat more BREAD; resolve to give more of this health-building, muscle-making food to your children.

Nearly all bakers use FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST because it makes the best bread



KROEHLER

DAVEN-O

Parlors, living rooms, dens and sun rooms of thousands of families are marked by an atmosphere of refinement and elegance at once traceable to the Kroehler Daven-O, that wonderful source of pride, comfort, convenience, economy.

For the Kroehler Daven-O is a davenport and bed combined. It folds, unfolds—one way is a stylish, up-to-date piece of parlor or living room furniture; the other way is a bed, full size, commodious and luxuriously comfortable.

One, easy, well-balanced motion changes it from one to the other in a moment.

Kroehler Daven-Os are made long for large rooms, short for small rooms. Both sizes are fitted with full size, patented, sagless, metal, folding bed-frames and springs and thick, Kroehler-made-and-fitted, removable, felted, cotton mattresses. (Look for the label.)

Fold and unfold easily. Ample room for pillows, extra coverings, etc., in folded bed. Anticipate every requirement of comfort, health and convenience.

Made in a pleasing variety of Modern, Over-stuffed, Colonial and Period styles. Luxuriously upholstered in Tapestries, Velours, Leathers or Leather Substitutes.

All woods—all finishes—all prices—but only one quality, and this the best that can be produced by Kroehler specialists.

If you do not now own a Kroehler Daven-O, go to your furniture dealer today and see one demonstrated. Sold—and guaranteed—by enterprising furniture merchants everywhere.

In buying insist on the genuine. Look for the Kroehler trade mark. It is your insurance of utmost value—of longest satisfaction.

Handsome, illustrated booklet and name of nearest dealer mailed upon request.

(19)

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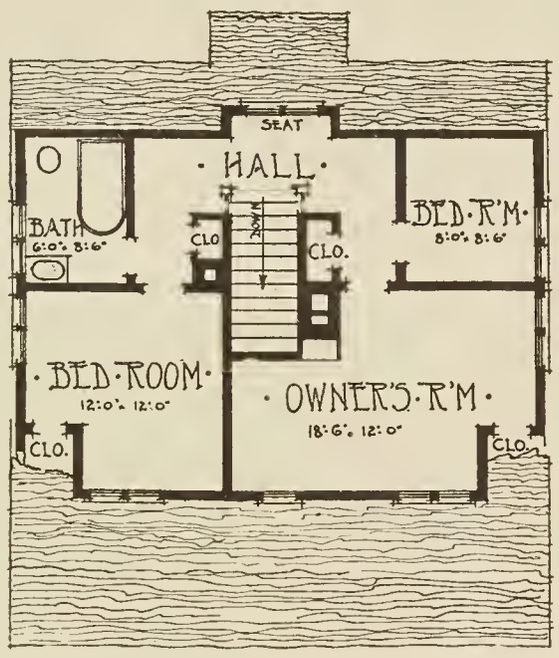
Other Factories: Kankakee, Ill. Naperville, Ill. Binghamton, N. Y. Cleveland, Ohio

SUNSHINE HOUSE
NUMBER SIX

BY MARY FANTON ROBERTS

THE SUNSHINE HOUSE certainly can not be a success unless the kitchen is just as sunshiny as the rest of the house. When The Sunshine House is planned, much thought is given to making housework easy in the kitchen. Sinks and tables are the right height, there is a window or a closet that connects the kitchen with the dining-room, and, if possible, the kitchen faces south. There are more difficulties to face in the average kitchen than in any other room in the house, and sunshine helps the homemaker to solve kitchen problems. This is true physically as well as spiritually.

Now that we have taken it for granted that the kitchen is a convenient place designed



SECOND-FLOOR PLAN OF SUNSHINE HOUSE SHOWN ON PAGE 13

with common sense, the next step is to finish it so that you, if you do your own work, or the woman who works for you, will enjoy being in it.

The average kitchen is little better than a prison. I can see it now in memory, cold and stark, with ugly curtains, if it has any, with furniture that will not be tolerated in any other part of the house. Usually the kitchen is painted gray with hideous oilcloth on the floor or boards that furnish splinters with every cleaning. Such kitchens belong to the dark ages in American history, to the witch days in New England, the slave days in New York.

To-day, however, not even a comfortable kitchen will satisfy us. It must be gay, full of interest, with a cozy corner and a use of paint that is little short of startling. If you haven't tried a gay kitchen, you can not imagine how much amusement and pleasure and brightness you can have from it.

IN THE one we are suggesting for Sunshine House Number Six our idea for a color scheme is Danish. All through the farmhouses of Denmark, whether they are stone or log, you find the furniture painted in the gayest colors. Denmark is so far north that there are many dark days in the Winter, so the houses are made as cheerful as possible and are painted inside and out with the most gorgeous colors, just such as you can see on page 13 of THE DELINEATOR this month.

In the first place, consider the floor—emerald-green-and-white tiled linoleum. It is like walking on a green forest ground dappled with light, and it may readily last a lifetime.

The big white cupboard in which the provisions are stored and the tins kept is lined off with black to make it interesting. Red-and-yellow gingham curtains are put in the window, and your walls may be yellow like the picture, or pure white, as you desire.

Your furniture is Danish blue with red and a line of green. The beautiful sideboard is made after an old Danish design, and is delightful in a modern kitchen. Your table is not merely an odd bit of furniture, but a place where you sew or knit while the vegetables are boiling. The lower shelf is used for a basket and plate, the one to bring in the vegetables, the other for paring vegetables.

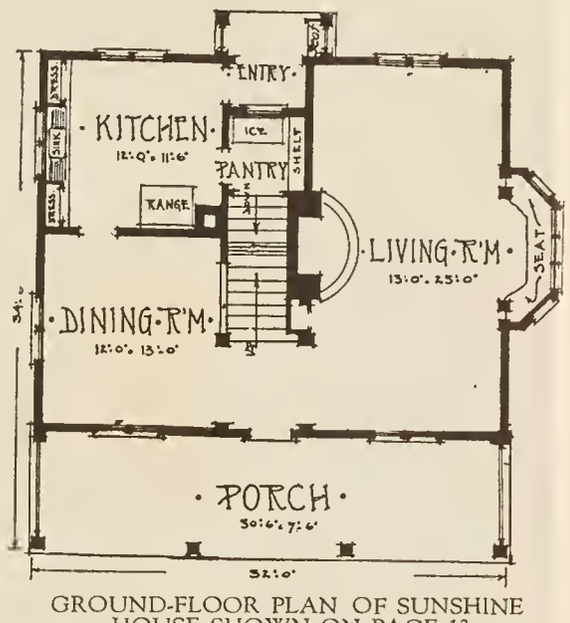
Your rug is the gayest thing in the world, green and red and blue. Then, if you need more room for your plates, you can have a Danish corner cupboard, where you put pitchers and platters and plates of gay colors.

BUT the finest part of any modern kitchen is the breakfast nook, built in when the kitchen is made or put in afterward by the town carpenter. This is where the woman who does her own housework has breakfast for herself, her husband and children, if she is fortunate enough to have any. If possible, there is a window over the nook where pretty curtains are hung and jars of flowers are placed.

You have no idea how many steps a breakfast nook saves. If the woman has her luncheon alone, of course she has it in this corner, and the children like their noon meal here, too. The kitchen is so pretty that no one minds eating in it. And the homemaker saves an hour or two a day by not running in and out of the dining-room.

Also she does not have to clean up the dining-room after any meal except dinner, which is more formal and for which she does not mind taking a little more trouble. If there is one maid in the house, she too will love this nook, for it means that for her meals she has a corner as pretty as anything in the house.

BRIGHT-COLORED dishes are being made, now, for the kitchen. They cost no more than the simplest kitchen ware that can be bought. Blue-and-white willow ware can be had in any crockery-shop or department-store, and nearly all the department-stores to-day have imitation Hungarian peasant ware, and china that carries Czecho-Slovak designs.



GROUND-FLOOR PLAN OF SUNSHINE HOUSE SHOWN ON PAGE 13

These bright-colored dishes are lovely on the Danish-blue sideboard and are equally pretty in the corner cupboard in the dining-room. If the dishes are very bright indeed, paint your cupboard with dull carriage black, no lacquer, and you will have something new and picturesque.

The plans for Sunshine House this month are well worth studying by the woman who is doing her own housework. They are planned to save steps.

If you are interested in the fitting-up of these kitchens, in the building of the house, in the planning about it, write to me and I shall be only too glad to give you any help—or if you wish any variation in color in the working out of these plans, let me know. If you want to know more about the use of brilliant color in your home, the color that will wear best, that will best suit certain people, if you want advice about materials and designs, let me help you.

Write to me, addressing your letters to Mary Fanton Roberts, THE DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

OUR HOME-TOWN HOUSES

THE DELINEATOR'S Home-Building Campaign in which will be offered our readers a practical and attractive dwelling—design, plans, grounds, garden—for each of the larger divisions of our great country, will open in our February number.

A typical and particularly good small house of and for the Middle West will be described, with plans and abundant illustrations, in the February DELINEATOR. Its architect is Charles H. Hammond of Chicago; landscape architect, William Pitkin, Jr., of Cleveland, Ohio. Interior decorations by August Hencke.

The Home-Town Houses will be of moderate size and relatively moderate cost, adapted to their respective sections of country and designed and planned by architects living and working in these sections. These dwellings for the most part, will be houses already built.

For each house, a local landscape architect, working in collaboration with the architect, will design an ideal setting, including ground, plan of trees, shrubs, flowers, etc. The working portions of each house will have the approval of two women, national authorities in home economics, with reference to economy of equipment and labor and especially with a view to the elimination of servants.

The personnel of THE DELINEATOR Home-Building Commission, which supplies our Home-Town Houses, is as follows:

Architect for the Middle Western section; C. H. Hammond, Chicago; landscape architect, William Pitkin, Junior, Cleveland, Ohio.

Architect for New England, Frank Chouteau Brown, Boston; landscape architect, Loring Underwood, Boston. Mr. Brown was the winner of the first prize in a DELINEATOR dwelling-house contest some years ago.

Architect for the Northwest, Ellis Lawrence, Portland, Oregon; landscape architect, E. T. Mische, Portland.

Architect and landscape architect for New York and vicinity, Dwight James Baum.

Architect and landscape architect for the Southwest, Elmer Grey, Pasadena, California.

Architect for the South, W. Duncan Lee, Richmond, Virginia; landscape architect, Raymond Ferguson, Richmond.

Architect for Philadelphia and vicinity, John Graham, Junior; landscape architect, D. M. Kirkpatrick.

Architect for Western Pennsylvania and Ohio, Louis Stevens, Pittsburgh; landscape architect, Rhea F. Elliott.

Home-economics authorities to supervise working arrangements and equipment: Mrs. Alice Peloubet Norton, Editor *American Journal of Home Economics*, former President American Home-Economics Association; Miss Flora G. Orr, Home-Economics Editor of THE DELINEATOR.

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FLEISHER'S KNITTING THE BEST YARNS

How to Knit This New "Imogene" Sweater

Complete Instructions

Materials Required: Fleisher's Knitting Worsted, 10 Balls, No. 124, Aquamarine Blue; Fleisher's White Angora Yarn, 3 Balls; 1 pair Amber Needles, No. 4½.

11 stitches—2 inches. 11 rows—2 inches.

Pattern—1st, 3rd, 4th, and 6th rows. *Knit 3, purl 3*, repeat between *'s, ending row with knit 3. 2nd and 5th rows. *Purl 3, knit 3*, purl 3.

With double yarn, cast on 99 stitches. Knit 30 rows. With one strand commence pattern. Decrease 1 stitch each side, every 18th row, 3 times. Knit 3, purl 3, for 2 inches. From now on, knit plain. On the next row, decrease by knitting every 3rd and 4th stitches together. There will be 70 stitches. Work 66 rows even (without increasing or decreasing). Cast on 10 stitches each side 7 times. Work 40 rows even. Knit 94 stitches, place these on a stitch-holder. Bind off 22 stitches for the back of neck. Knit 94 stitches. On these, knit 8 rows even. On neck side, cast on 19 stitches. Work 6 inches even. Bind off the sleeve, same as you cast on. Knit 4½ inches even. Place these stitches on a stitch-holder. Take up the first 94 stitches. Shape this side the same way. Then place all stitches on one needle. Knit 20 rows even. Next row—increase 1 stitch. Work front the same as back, increasing instead of decreasing.

Collar—With knitting worsted, cast on 24 stitches. Knit even, until long enough for neck. Sew to sweater. Hold right side toward you, begin at the lower end of opening on front, and, with angora, pick up 29 stitches. Place these on a stitch-holder. Hold wrong side toward you, pick up stitches on front, around collar, down the other side, to within 29 stitches of lower edge. Hold right side toward you, and pick up these 29 stitches. Next row—knit all stitches on to one needle. Knit 8 rows even. Bind off. Lap the right end over the left, and sew to sweater.

Cuffs—With knitting worsted, pick up 48 stitches on hand, knit 3, purl 3, for 3½ inches. Hold wrong side toward you, and, with angora, knit 8 rows plain. Bind off. Sew up seams.

N. B. These instructions are adapted for the use of The Fleisher Yarns only. To secure the beautiful effect shown, it is absolutely necessary that The Fleisher Yarns be used.

Fleisher's Crochet and Knitting Book Number 103G is a brand-new book of exclusive sweaters. Get a copy while you're planning your clothes for the coming season. 10c at the Yarn Counter of your favorite store. Or sent direct by mail for 12c, or for 12 Fleisher trademark tickets and a 2c stamp.

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Dept. 2611, Philadelphia, Pa.

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The Fleisher Yarns

"Every Color in the Rainbow"

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Concluded from page 15

DR. TAM O'SHANTER

way to town, Mr. Stanton, who drove to his office himself, suddenly checked his speed. John, following his startled eyes, saw the flying figure of a girl round the edge of the pond, leap the brook that flowed into it, and fling herself on the grass, where a great yellow collie pounced on her and seemed about to tear her to bits.

"Sure it's Miss Margaret," reassured John, ehecking Mr. Stanton's alarmed jump. "She's just giving the dog his morning exercise."

Mr. Stanton watched the lithe young figure a few minutes, as it dodged behind the trees, running, twisting, turning with the abandon of a wild thing; then he started up the ear

"So that's my girl who could never get up early enough to eat breakfast with me! The dog seems a good thing, eh, John?"

"He'd be good for anybody," agreed John. "Ho gives you no time to think of anything but himself. Miss Margaret can hardly bear to leave him for her school. She's out-of-doors with him all the time, and it's glad I am as I'd hate to be doing them gymnastics with him myself."

"Funny I never hear him around," said Mr. Stanton. "Where does she keep him?"

"I don't just know, sir," said John discreetly.

But Margaret knew, and she and Tam kept their own counsel. In the great house no one questioned Margaret's movements except her mother, during their short interview once a day in her room, and lately Margaret had found so many questions about school and clothes to discuss with her that the dog had been quite forgotten.

Late one afternoon, however, the usual quiet of the hall outside Mrs. Stanton's door was broken by a scuffling and thumping which brought her upright in bed. Outside came the sound of something soft dragging, accompanied by muffled urgings, then a repeated scuffling culminating in a thump against her door.

"What *is* the matter?" cried Mrs. Stanton weakly. "Open the door at once!"

AS THE knob turned the impact of a soft body flung the door back, and Mrs. Stanton's annoyed gaze traveled past a large yellow collie to her daughter's flushed face.

"I couldn't help it, mother!" Margaret looked helplessly at Tam. "I couldn't do a thing with him. He just decided to take off his carpet slippers in front of your door."

Mrs. Stanton's eyes followed her daughter's.

"Margaret! What in the world made you put those ridiculous things on his feet!"

"So he wouldn't disturb you, mother, when he went by your door. He never objected to them before. Oh, the naughty Tam, come here," she added distractedly.

But Tam paid no further attention to Margaret. Shuffling up to Mrs. Stanton, he presented his front paw, resting its bulky woolen shoe on the side of the bed nearest her. As Margaret waited, breathless, for his repulse Mrs. Stanton leaned down and with intent fingers began to untie the red ribbon which held the carpet slipper on his paw.

"Well, no wonder he objected this time!" she exclaimed. "Look at this cut! Of course the woolen irritated it. How careless you are, Margaret! Bring me the peroxid bottle, please. Now that bottle of ointment. There, that's better." She sank back on her pillows, and then, as a sudden thought came to her: "Margaret," she asked, "where do you keep that dog?"

Margaret swallowed. The dreaded question had come at last.

"Er—why—mother—well, I keep him—in my room." The words rushed out at last in a torrent. "He's so clean, mother, and so quiet, and I've made him a bed in a clothes-basket. He has a soapy bath once a week and a dip in the pond every day——"

Mrs. Stanton interrupted the incoherence.

"How do you know he has a bath once a week?" she seized upon Margaret's nearest offense.

"Because I give it to him, mother," announced Margaret, "and I put bluing in the water to make his ruff white. Just see how sweet his fur smells. Here, Tam!" and before Mrs. Stanton could expostulate, Tam's silky ruff brushed across her exasperated nose.

HER annoyed sniff brought to her in spite of herself the clean, sunned freshness of soft fur. She bent forward a little.

"I used to have a shepherd dog when I was a girl at home on the farm," she said reminiscently. "After I'd washed him in the brook he used to run around the pasture like a mad dog."

Margaret's eyes twinkled.

"Come, Tam," she said, "we must go now."

Mrs. Stanton came suddenly back to the present.

"After this, Margaret," she said fretfully, "do not annoy me with the dog. He is to sleep in the garage. I will not have him in the house. No, we will not discuss it," and she waved them a dismissal.

Margaret found Tam's banishment especially hard to bear just now because two afternoons a week she had to go back to school to practise class-day dances.

"No, Tam, you'll have to stay here in the library," she told him one afternoon. "You just remember what you did the time I took you!"

Tam had gone with her once. "I wish I could put them in a dance just as they are," the dancing-teacher had murmured appreciatively as the two came into the gymnasium. "A gold-and-white rhapsody!" Tam's reception may have turned his head a little or perhaps he considered the affair a pleasantly arranged park frolic. At any rate, with the first flare of the music he entered heartily into the performance. In a few minutes he had several of the more timid girls treed at the top of the stall-bars and was setting the rest an unheard-of pace around the running-track. As soon as Margaret could make her voice heard above his, she got him away. The dancing-teacher from the top of the vaulting-horse watched the gold-and-white rhapsody depart without regret, and Tam received no further invitation to dance practise.

On this particular afternoon Margaret's solo dance had kept her later than usual, and it was nearly six when she ran into the library for Tam. The room was quiet and cool and empty. Margaret caught her breath. Could one of the servants have let him outdoors? A quick vision of Tam lost in the city streets, running, running—oh, she couldn't bear that! She flew up-stairs, too frightened for caution, to her mother's room. The door stood open a bit, and Margaret felt her tenseness give way as she looked in.

BESIDE her mother's chair, very erect, his brown eyes on her face, sat Tam, while Mrs. Stanton's nervous fingers gently rubbed the star on his forehead. As Margaret watched, her mother bent over and sniffed lightly at his spotless ruff. Margaret stirred in quick delight and Tam's plumed tail slowly swept the floor, but he did not move toward her.

"Wise old Tam," breathed Margaret as she entered at her mother's bidding. Then her face fell.

"Margaret," complained the tired voice, "will you take this dog away? He has spent the entire afternoon here."

Tam rose at once and followed Margaret down the hall.

"How did you ever get there?" Margaret was asking him when the nurse came past with a tray. The nurse smiled.

"I think he got lonely without you, Miss Margaret," she explained, "and perhaps remembered how your mother bandaged his foot. Anyway, he thumped against the door, and when I opened it, walked over to your mother with the air of having come for a visit. And he stayed." She smiled again. "He seems quite taken with your mother, and your mother didn't seem to dislike him."

But Tam still spent his nights in the garage, and Margaret still worried about his loneliness and his banishment to the kennels if he should bark.

One night she woke suddenly, not sure again whether Tam had really barked or she had dreamed it. In an instant, however, she was out of bed and running down the stairs, dragging her arms into her bathrobe as she ran. Tam was barking: mother would hear him; he would have to go to the kennels; she must stop him quickly, quickly. Silently she sped in her bare feet toward the back of the house, which was nearest the garage.

"I'll call to him from the butler's pantry first, just to let him know I'm coming," she thought. "He *must* stop!"

Mechanically she pushed the electric-light button as she flung herself against the swinging door. Then she stood quite still, backed against the wall, her heart leaping and thumping. Crouched against the window, aiming carefully across at the garage in the moonlit window of which Margaret could see the frenzied Tam, was the figure of a man. At the flash of light he turned and swiftly covered Margaret with the revolver. The thumping in her throat stopped.

"All right." The man stared at the relief in her voice. "But don't you dare shoot that dog!"

"Scream and I'll shoot you!" announced the man.

Margaret stood still, her eyes black with excitement. She looked a staunch little figure, but her knees bent under her. At her feet lay a large sack filled with bulky articles. She sank slowly down on it.

"If you don't mind, I'll sit down," she said politely. "Oh, Tam," raced her thoughts, "go on! Bark harder! Bark harder!"

TAM, however, was reassured into quiet by the lights and Margaret's voice.

"If I scream, he'll shoot me." Margaret's thoughts raced like lightning. "Tam *must* help!"

Every nerve alert, she suddenly became aware of the pressure on the back of her head of the electric-light button. One instant, and she had flung her head back, and the room was black. At the sudden darkness and the quick curse of the man, Tam burst into a roar that dominated the neighborhood and brought a loud thump from the servants' quarters overhead. Margaret, secure until the burglar could get his spotlight, with a lightning shove pushed the sack outside the swinging door. Then swiftly she was in the kitchen window calling, "Down, Tam! Down, Tam!" frantic with fear for the dog, who now was head and shoulders out of the open window. But the noise of the barking and the sounds of the servants' approach had been enough. Margaret heard a scramble and caught a glimpse of the man as he dropped from the woodbine trellis and scurried around the corner of the house.

A moment later, Mary, the cook, running down the hall, found her limp and shaken beside the sack of silver, her long yellow braids lying across it.

A HALF-HOUR later, mother's room presented an unusual aspect. Curled up on the couch was Margaret, sipping a cup of hot chocolate which Mary had just brought her. On the chair by the bed sat Margaret's father, one hand in the ruff of Tam, who lay on the edge of the bed, his nose buried in Mrs. Stanton's fingers, that seemed to lose their nervousness as they gently rubbed his white star. The sack, emptied on the floor, showed that their night visitor had used discretion in his choice of their silver.

Mrs. Stanton was speaking;

"I have been thinking for several days," she said, "about my old Shep and the farm, and I believe I shall accept 'Stacie's invitation to go back with Tam when he goes.

"Of course, if Margaret likes, she may come, too. School will be over then. And by the way, Margaret," she added casually, "Tam may as well stay in your room until we go."



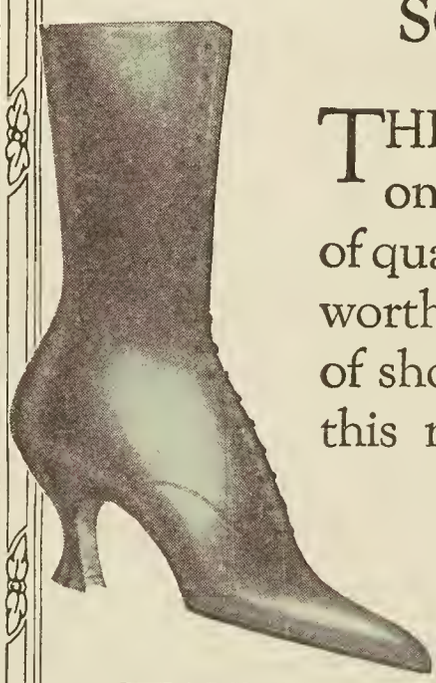
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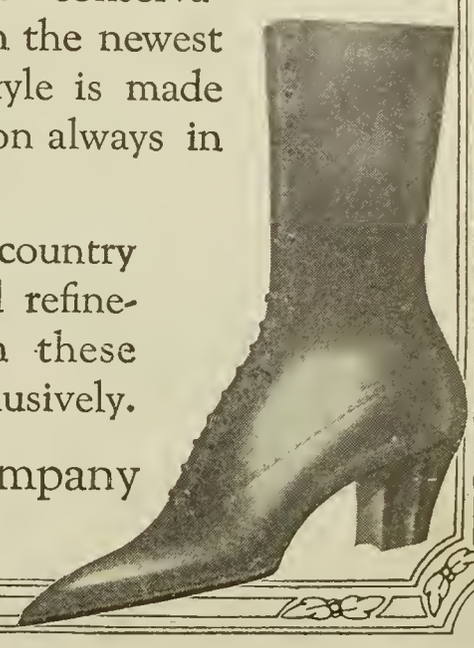
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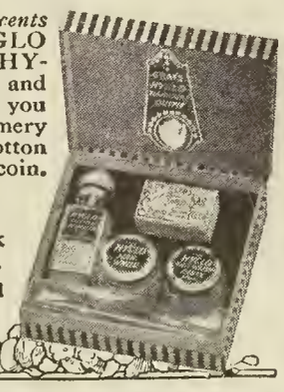
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Camera Study by Bertram Park

LADY DIANA COOPER, NÉE MANNERS: A CELEBRATED ENGLISH BEAUTY

A LADY

BY CELIA CAROLINE COLE

IF ANY one ever should ask us, and we've often wished somebody would, "What is a lady?" we'd answer so fast that the words would step on one another's heels: "A lady is a nice voice and a fine, clean, high heart, and a mind that never lets anybody down, and a soul that sees the good in things and people as long as it possibly can—all done up in an exquisitely clean body that carries itself around as if the ground were a thing one just touched and it sped along behind, and that wraps itself up in self-contained, well-bred, immaculate 'underlings' that never have colored ribbons in them or cheap lace on them."

And then because we'd know that we hadn't even touched the subject, we'd add: "She couldn't possibly chew gum, or wear shoes that have their heels somewhere in the middle of them, or carry a 'hankie' that looks like a grimy ball, or lie, or cheat, or marry for money, or hurt an animal, or break her word to a baby. But she could wash windows, or sell egg-boaters, or be very stiff and shy, or careless and gay and have her hat tumbling over one ear, or wear the same 'clothes' four years, or eat with her knife or even write."

And then because we'd know that we hadn't covered it yet, we'd add: "Why, a lady just *is*, that's all! And you can tell her from the ones that aren't, almost instantly. For one thing she never whines, no matter what happens or how unjust it is. And for another thing, no matter how shabby she is or velvet-and-lacy, she's *clean*."

AND that's the thing we're going to talk about—being clean—because, after all, we're a beauty editor and not a preacher, though we'd adore being a preacher; only nobody ever asked us to be.

One of our private theories is that if everybody could have a warm tub every day with a little violet ammonia and a dash of perfumed bath-salts in the water, and a short nap and fresh linen after it, crime would cease.

You know how it makes you feel. Like a lady. And like Spring. And like Atlas neatly tossing the world up on his palms.

One of the great mistakes of this "running-to-a-fire" United States of America is that we think of cleanliness with a little:

"Clean? Oh, yes, of course you must be clean!" kind of shrug, instead of knowing that being clean is one of the nicest sensations we can have, that being clean in thousands of cases has made or marred one. I know women who have lost business positions that they were perfectly capable of filling just because they neglected the daily bath and the nail-file and the dentist. And women who have lost even better things than that—a husband and a home—because they didn't look clean.

And I know a very talented actor whom two women stars refused to have as their leading man after each playing a season with him. The manager decided that something must be the matter with his morals, but he discovered finally that nothing on earth was wrong with that man except his indifference to personal cleanliness!

Did you ever know an Englishwoman intimately? She would as soon go through the day without her teeth as without her bath. And that's the reason, we have an idea, that she always, no matter how nice she is, feels just a little superior to us. She bathes more, and knows it.

It's so far-reaching, that daily bath. First of all it makes for health. Keep the pores open and the intestines clean and you won't need a doctor, nine cases out of ten.

AND by the daily bath, I don't mean, get into a tub of hot, hot water and lie there, even when you're awfully tired and have a love of a book to take with you. We know exactly how heavenly that feels because sometimes we weaken and do it, and once or twice we have waked up some time later with the water cold and the book floating merrily.

Baths shouldn't be terribly hot, unless you want to dash in and out by way of a tonic. They should be comfortably warm and you should not stay in over ten minutes. Lying for any length of time in hot water weakens one.

The best daily bath for the woman who works in an office, for instance, is a quick sponge of hot water, violet ammonia, and soap-suds, not soap on the wash-cloth or sponge, but soap-suds. Then if you have a shower, get under it, and let the water run from hot to very cold.

There isn't anything you can't tackle with perfect courage when you're through. If you haven't a shower, have a plunge into a tepid or almost cold bath, and splash cold water—good and cold—across your chest just before you get out. The surest way not to take cold is to take some kind of daily bath and then always splash cold water across your chest when you've finished.

And while you're at it, please dash some over your eyes, too, all you can without getting too bored with it. It strengthens the circulation of the lids and consequently brightens the eyes.

BEING clean is a habit. If you don't just naturally inherit that habit, form it. It's one of the vital influences in life—it is, really. It runs the whole gamut; health, morals, finances, matrimony, self-respect. You may not believe that, but it's true.

The first, that is, the basic thing that a human being should be, is to be a good animal. Every pore open, every organ cleaned and in running order, your heart pumping away as if that were more fun than anything on earth, your hair fluffing up from your head as if nothing but pure loyalty to you kept it from popping off and dancing for joy, your eyes shining like children's eyes when they look at Christmas trees, your mouth quirking up at the corners because it simply can't stay down, your feet prancing as if they were "stepping to a fair" and your backbone not a string of vertebræ at all but a pair of wings. That's the basic thing a human being should be, the thing on which one builds himself.

The reason we grow old and die is that we're ignorant and lazy. We don't know how to rid ourselves of the waste things in ourselves and in life. And we're too lazy or too tired to do the things faithfully that we do know. Teeth, Intestines. Pores.

A dental society is getting out the most valuable pamphlets on care of the teeth. Nobody needs to be ignorant about teeth. We all know they should be brushed first thing in the morning with good tooth-powder, brushed after each meal and dental floss used to get the particles out of the cracks, brushed before we go to bed at night with tooth-paste. But do we do it five times a day faithfully? Do we?

And yet if we did, most of the offensive breath in the world would be done away with. We wouldn't grow old so fast. And we'd have better health.

IF YOU have to do without that extra hat, go to a dentist once a year, at least. Do you know what an appalling percentage of sickness comes from teeth? And do you know what an awful blow it is to be looking at a pretty girl and then suddenly she smiles and all her prettiness is gone? Neglected teeth.

Some day we're going to do a whole article on teeth.

Tooth-brushes should be boiled every so often in soda-water. Scrub them first with a good white soap, then rinse, then boil a few minutes in the water with common baking-soda in it. And when you brush your teeth in the morning, scrub your tongue and scrub the roof of your mouth, and then let boiling-hot water run over the brush to cleanse it.

And once a week take a salt bath, the common bag salt that is used to cook with. Take a cup of it and get into your tub with just enough water in the tub to cover the bottom.

Then dash a little water on to the cup of salt so that it is quite damp, and take some in your palm and scrub yourself—not your face, but your neck and arms and body. Scrub hard. And then shower or let the water out of the tub and some more in, and plunge.

It's cleansing and strengthening and stimulating.

To be a beauty you almost *must* be clean. Of course there is a certain kind of picturesque, grubby beauty that never looks clean. Artists paint it but almost nobody marries it. And after all, you know, one misses a very interesting phase of life if one doesn't marry!

If you simply *can't* bathe every day because you're so busy and can't even take a quick sponge of violet ammonia and hot water (with the cold water dashed on the chest) then take a warm tub bath four times a week. Just plunging in and out of water isn't going to keep you clean, you know. That's fun, but it doesn't get results.

I'm not begging you to bathe for the good of the nation (though I do think the nation would prosper thereby), I'm begging you because it will make a difference in your life, in your health, in your charm, in your beauty, in your self-respect! A clean, fine, breathing skin, clean nails, clean hair; you can't but be physically attractive if you're shiningly, unmistakably clean.

One of the cleverest women I've ever met said the other day in talking of class distinctions, "My cook is as fine a lady as I've ever

Concluded on page 44

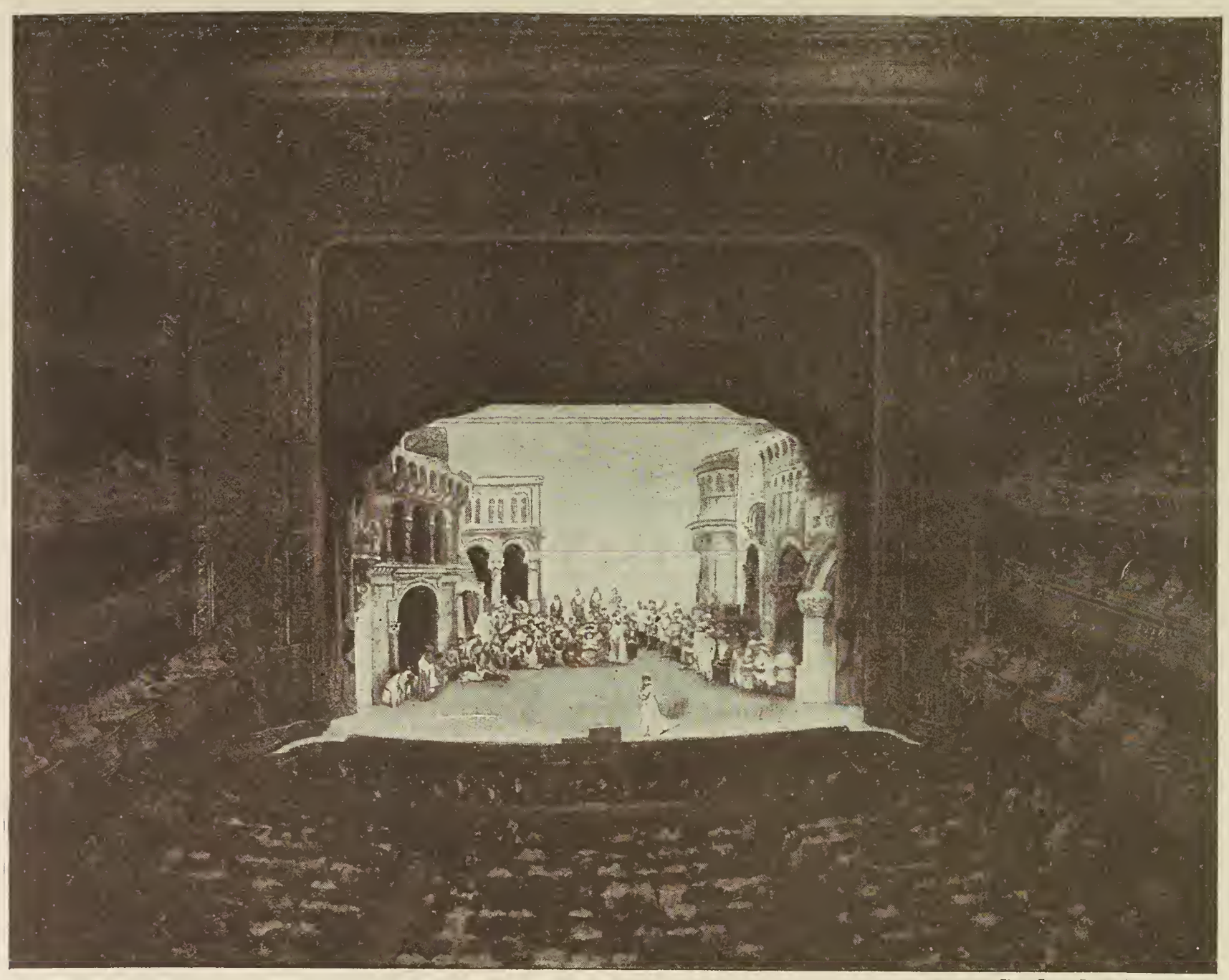


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THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE IN NEW YORK, HOME OF GRAND OPERA IN AMERICA

ON WITH AMERICAN MUSIC!

BY WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, when I told him that I was studying British composers, retorted acidly, "We haven't had any for two hundred years."

The remark was characteristically Shavian, of a witty flippancy and only partly true. Two hundred years before, noble English music had been overwhelmed by invading foreigners. But Shaw failed to acknowledge that at the time in which he spoke British composers were valiantly laying foundations to reinstate native rights in music.

Orchestral conductors in America, with few exceptions foreigners, have in the past outmatched Shaw in their attitude toward our American composers.

SOME change in this situation was brought by the war's victorious ending. In the resulting outburst of patriotism, New York conductors declared their intention of encouraging American music. Last season our composers were better represented in New York orchestral concerts.

However, throughout the country, the orchestral conductor is still stolidly indifferent to the American composer, giving even mediocre music that is foreign in preference to American music that is good. What encouragement is there for any man to compose that which stands such small chance of performance?

In long years a steady stream of foreign pianists has visited America, to return home more or less financially revived. A few among them played some compositions by our prized McDowell; the rest left without discovering any American piano music at all.

Unfortunately, our native pianists of eminence seem to hold much the same idea. In general they have failed to emulate the brilliant example of Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, who has unhesitatingly played in her recitals American pieces that appealed to her.

Reginald De Koven, whose "Robin Hood" is looked on as a classic, and whose "Canterbury Pilgrims" at the time of its performance was pronounced the best American opera given at the Metropolitan, very naturally writes with strong feeling for his profession. In the New York *Herald* he stated, and, as far as my personal knowledge goes, without contradiction, that the two important operatic institutions in this country, supported entirely by American money, are so bound by contracts with foreign publishers that they could not, even if they would, give other than scant attention to opera by Americans.

NOW, it is of prime importance that the composer hear his opera performed if he would judge wherein he may improve and make advancement. In France, in Germany, in Italy, in Russia, the great opera-producing countries of the world, they have insistently performed the works of native composers, otherwise they would never have sustained the world eminence in opera that they command to-day.

Last season the distinguished pianist, Josef Hofmann, put to his credit an event as unusual as it was patriotic by playing an entire recital of American compositions. As foreword to the program there was reprinted a statement previously made by him, putting the situation clearly:

"About fifteen years ago, our American cars had practically no markets here; there was no pride invested in the home product, and in consequence there was no encouragement for the creative thought in that line. Through the protective tariff, duties on foreign cars rose at times as high as sixty per cent. and a partial exclusion of these cars resulted in causing the public to turn its attention to the American output, and it was this attention which created the favorable conditions that helped to make the American car what it is to-day, a wonderful, scientific and mechanical achievement, the product of the American inventor."

MR. HOFMANN then draws a parallel "between the inventor in the mechanical field and the creator in the realm of music." This brings us back to the point from which we started: Give the American composer his rightful chance for public hearing, and he will do the rest.

Where recognition has been given American music, the story becomes a happier one to tell.

Because of encouragement that should be still greater, our salon music—music for the drawing-room and to play for friends—surpasses in real worth the salon music of any other country.

To-day, none would think of giving a vocal recital in which American songs did not figure. But there was a time when celebrated singers evaded American songs on the specious plea that English was unsingable.

Madame Patti, in answer to the direct question, "Is English a good language to sing?" answered me, "English is not a good language to sing only to those who do not know how to sing it."

In her glorious days I have seen an audience of thousands bend forward in breathless silence as she sang, "Home, Sweet Home;" the softest notes of that supreme mezzo voice of hers carried each distinctly enunciated word lingeringly, sympathetically, with a ravishing beauty of tone alive with tenderness and meaning.

Nevertheless, in past years, not so very far away, concert singers, both eminent and aspirant, a generous proportion of them American ones at that, declared persistently that English was not to be attempted without offending their artistic sensibilities.

SUDDENLY all changed. Madame Nordica it was who proved the foremost figure in the movement. Her artistic position was unassailable; she could do as she willed. Above all she was ardently an American. Eagerly she sought out songs by her countrymen, placing them in recital programs that she sang throughout the United States.

Madame Nordica it was who made tireless propaganda for Charles Wakefield Cadman, whose great melodic talent she instantly recognized when he was utterly unknown.

Since that time when he first gave out his admired song, "Land of the Sky-blue Water," what a mass of songs and instrumental pieces he has written, as well as the opera, "Shaneweis," which had the distinction of being presented at the Metropolitan Opera House! To her he owes primarily his quick rise to fame.

James H. Rogers's lovely song, "At Parting," she found by accident, lying on a piano in Cleveland. In one season she made it nationally known. Nevin's "Mighty Lak' a Rose," was sent her in a mass of music for inspection. Humming it once through to its accompaniment, I heard her say emphatically, "That song I will sing!" A trifle it is undoubtedly, and a light one, but it holds the kernel of universal appeal to audiences. And she knew it.

THIS was not all that Madame Nordica did in her continuous patriotic interest. In London, in 1897, the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, she gave there a splendid impetus to the songs of the Americans, and at a period when the British knew little of them. Having told her that I would that season lecture in London on "American Song-Composers," she exclaimed enthusiastically, "I am going to sing your program of illustrations!"

True to her word, she did, and without thought of fee. From that time on American songs grew in favor there; to-day they find generous space in London programs.

Our noted singers were not slow in joining a steadily growing American movement. Foreign artists entered in the race to present songs by Americans. Our people, learning the beauty of their own songs, demanded them. What a crop of young song-composers has sprung up in consequence! To-day, the best of their songs equal in beauty the best by living composers of any country. This is an evidence of what real recognition will accomplish.

WHAT a mass of foreign propaganda American music has had to fight against! Germans in high authority in musical organizations, and teaching in institutions everywhere, have fluently discouraged it.

Prior to 1914 German publishers in their contracts bound American firms to sell annually certain thousands of dollars' worth of German-published "editions" in order to secure the agency for those editions. Consequently, American music had always to compete with the obstacle of forced sales.

For several years the French Government has sent noted musical artists, and last season one of its famous orchestras, to enlist our interest in French music. It is now proposed to establish a center in New York for the sale of French music at cost, in order to promote its wider sale in America.

An old saying goes that a people is judged by the songs it sings. Thanks to the recognition that has been given our song-composers, we may be judged in this direction and not found wanting.

But in our music we can not remain content to be judged in any such restricted way. To be judged properly, we must be judged by our own music in every branch.

To do this, we must never rest until our composers have received a just and rightful hearing.

TO ACCOMPLISH this, we must work as individual musicians, singing American music, playing American music, teaching American music, recommending American music, each and every one of us; not only because it is American music, but because it is good music.

For this reason, and to make better known the resources of American music, THE DELINEATOR has had selected a list of pieces by American composers for voice, piano and the violin, and ranging from concert works to easy numbers. This list, which will be sent free to all musically and patriotically interested, bristles with new names; it could readily have been extended but for the danger of undue length.

Included among its beautiful numbers are some piano pieces recommended by Paderewski; several played by Hofmann in his American recital, and songs sung by great singers. On the practical interest shown by each one of us depends the future of our own music.



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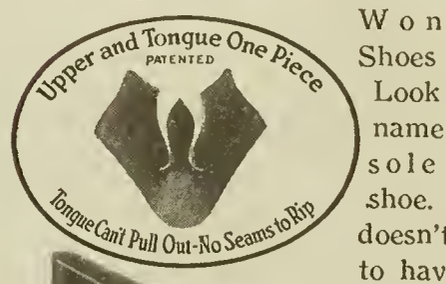
In making this shoe the army last has been adapted to civil use. That's the last which Government experts selected for military footwear.

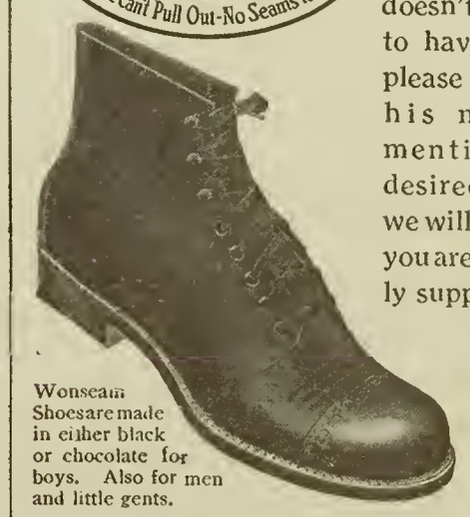
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Ask your dealer to show you Wonseam Shoes to-day. Look for that name on the sole of the shoe. If he doesn't happen to have them, please give us his name—mention size desired—and we will see that you are promptly supplied.



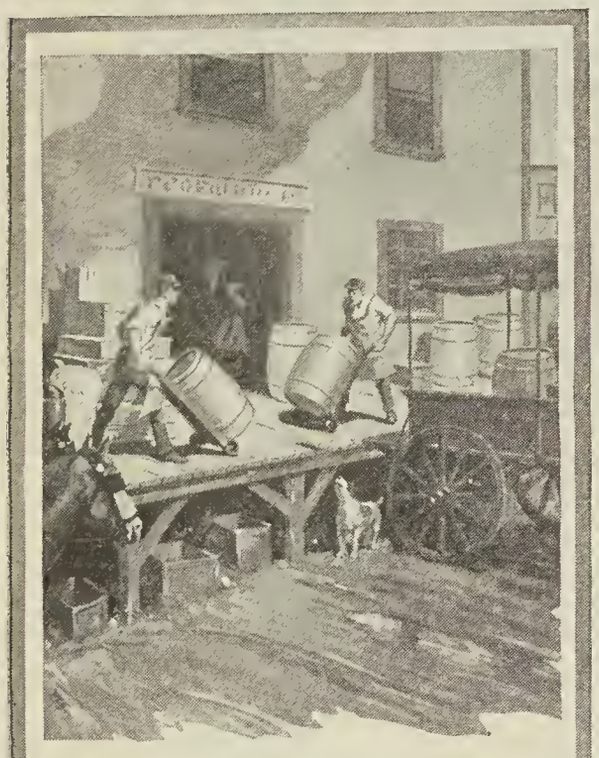


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in nice CLEAN WOOD
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A GOOD grocer must be prepared to supply you with hundreds of different items. They come to him some a few miles, some thousands of miles through vicissitudes *unknown* to him—and *to you.* ("Absorbent materials absorb whatever is handiest.")

Even supposing that they *were* always shipped in clean cars, stored on clean uninhabited floors, handled by clean hands, all these items nevertheless come in the same wagons to the same back door and into the same room.

Each item may be of the best but are they all good *neighbors?*

Are the grocer's driver and his receiving clerk strict sanitarians? Will the one *always* remember that the bags of flour should not go into the wagon on top of the onions? And will the other *always be sure* not to place the sugar where the kerosene has stood?

Perhaps. *We do not* KNOW.

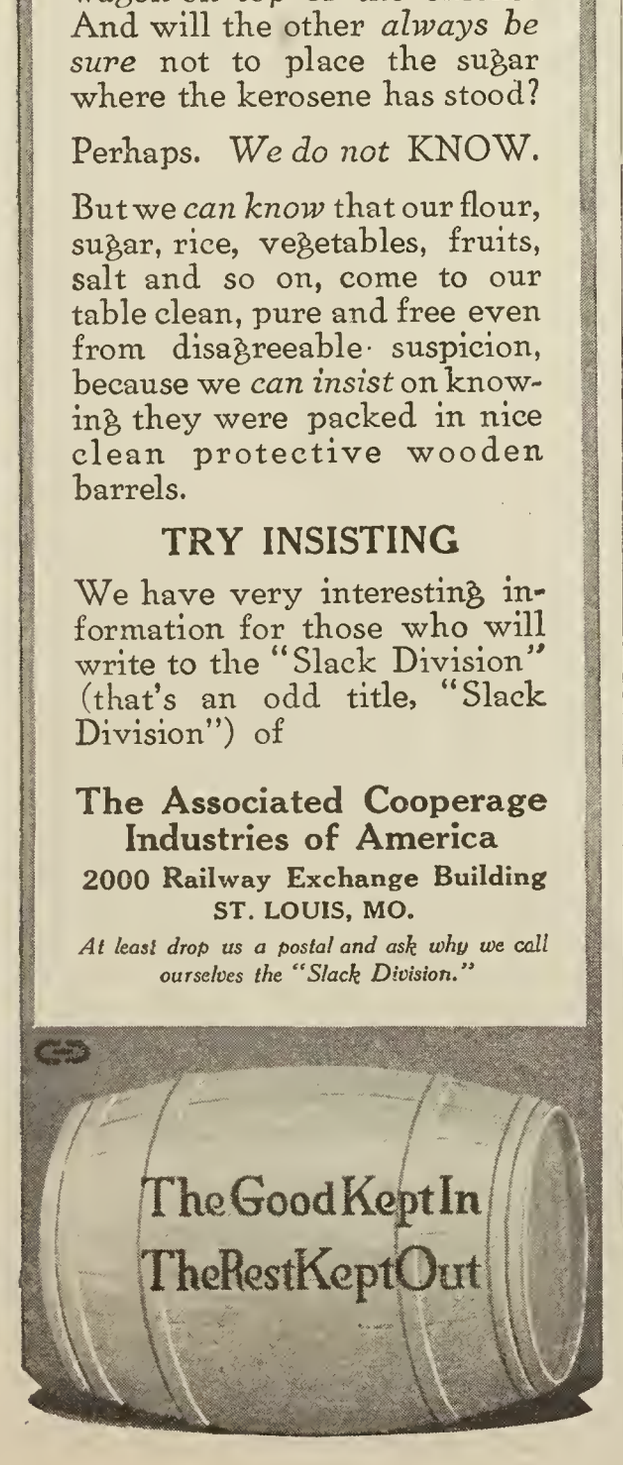
But we *can know* that our flour, sugar, rice, vegetables, fruits, salt and so on, come to our table clean, pure and free even from disagreeable suspicion, because we *can insist* on knowing they were packed in nice clean protective wooden barrels.

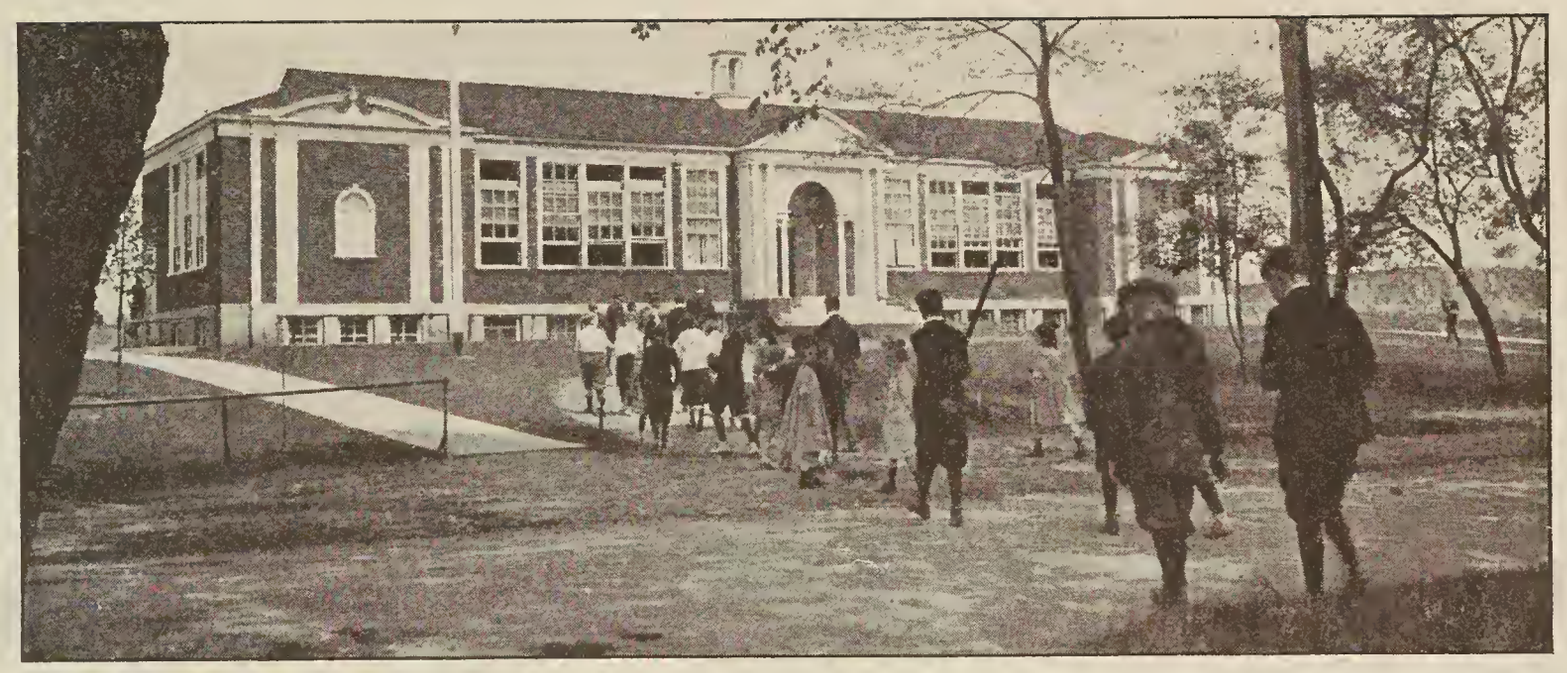
TRY INSISTING

We have very interesting information for those who will write to the "Slack Division" (that's an odd title, "Slack Division") of

The Associated Cooperage Industries of America
2000 Railway Exchange Building
ST. LOUIS, MO.

At least drop us a postal and ask why we call ourselves the "Slack Division."





OUR SCHOOLHOUSE THEATER

BY RITA S. HALLE

EVERY afternoon, between three and four o'clock, in every village and town and city of this country, a long line of children forms almost at the schoolhouse door and extends to a curious place on the main street—a shabby-looking place whose dinginess is brightened by many large and lurid posters.

Before these the children pause, oblivious to the sunshine and the simple joys of "Drop the Handkerchief," and "London Bridge Is Falling Down." They drink them in with prematurely wise eyes while they wait their turn to give their nickel or dime to the ticket-taker and pass through the swinging door beyond.

INSIDE, in a dark, badly ventilated hall, surrounded by all sorts of people, whose remarks are often not fit for childish ears, seeing things which are not fit for childish eyes, forming acquaintances that may lead to untold harm, those little children are watching an extraordinary tale enacted on a screen before their very eyes.

Little girls in pigtails and ginghams are getting their first ideas of love and romance through the eyes of a famous vampiro of the screen; little lads in their first norfolks are getting their first impressions of women, as distinguished from mother, through these same eyes. The most sordid side of life is depicted before them.

There is the sex play, in which the most sacred emotions are debased; there is the comedy, which makes light of the home and family ties; there is the so-called moral play where, as justification for several feet of salacious detail, a moral is pointed in a brief line or scene at the end.

From the point of view of the watching children, the moral that some adult claims to see in the tale might as well be omitted. It is the details, strange and curiosity-compelling, on which their minds dwell in the long dark of the night. They can not sleep for the excitement that they have vicariously lived.

IN EVERY village and town and city in this country the children (estimates vary from sixty-seven per cent. to eighty-five per cent.) are spending their afternoons—and their nights—in this way.

For every child or two there is a mother somewhere who does not know what this cheap amusement is doing, who does not realize that even the streets, except in the most congested districts of our big cities, are better than this dark, foul place with its concentrated vice.

The first tendency of the average mother, when these evils and their results are brought home to her, is to condemn the motion-pictures altogether. Her first cry is for a law that will forbid children to go to them. Well, there is a law in many States that forbids children under sixteen to go to the motion-pictures unaccompanied by an adult.

But so rarely is an effort made to enforce it that people hardly know that it exists.

It is not only public opinion that makes the laws, it is public opinion that enforces them.

The parents' next plea is for a censorship.

CENSORSHIP, however, is purely destructive. Destroying the poor pictures that do exist does not create good pictures nor educate a taste for them.

Furthermore, innumerable pictures that ought to be censored out of existence for children, are not only harmless but often actively beneficial to adults. Our good libraries have distinct and separate departments for adults and children.

Pictures that children see should not simply be expurgated adult pictures, but pictures chosen especially for them. Even the most radical parent would hardly ask the State to do this.

So it comes back to the parents after all—as everything that has to do with the child always does. The law, the State, the school, the Sunday-school—nothing can take the parents' place. And in this particular issue, condemnatory destructive criticism is of no avail.

The motion-picture has its place, and a very important one, in our modern scheme of things. It is a settled factor in our social life; a democratic, inexpensive place, where the poorest can find release from care, and live vicariously the lives of the more fortunate for a few hours.

THE motion-picture can be made, if a community cares enough, an active factor for good, not only for the overburdened adult who needs it so much, but for the child who demands it as well. It is simply a matter of educating the community taste up to the best that there is in motion-pictures.

The reason that it has been so perverted is that the exhibitor is in business for money and not for philanthropic reasons. In a town of twenty thousand, he can not cater to a possible two hundred persons who want better pictures for themselves and their children. He must cater to the other nineteen thousand eight hundred, and the two hundred must get what they want and then educate the rest up to their standard.

FIRST of all, they should try to get good pictures for the children. The children are harmed most by seeing poor pictures. Moreover, as their standard is raised, the standard of the whole picture-going public is elevated.

The child of to-day is the adult of to-morrow. Besides, good pictures for children draw adults; all grown-ups have something of the child in them.

For the minority to get the sort of pictures they want is not so difficult as it seemed at first glance. Of course, we can not all go into the motion-picture business. Neither can we go to the exhibitor and demand that he permit us to choose or censor his pictures in the future.

But there are a number of ways either in cooperation or in competition with him, or in ways entirely unrelated to him, that we can get the right pictures in our town. Not only can we get them, but we can do so without any cost to ourselves except of interest and effort. Good pictures can not only be made to pay for themselves, they can make a nice margin of profit besides for some charity or community-betterment plan. This is not a visionary scheme. It has actually been successfully tried in many places, by wide-awake men and women, in ways suited to the needs and resources of their particular community.

THERE is a private school in Kew Gardens, a suburb of New York City, where there were no motion-pictures at all. If the children or their parents wanted to go to the "movies" they had to take a train to the city or go to one of the neighboring villages where all sorts of pictures were shown, often interspersed with the worst type of vaudeville.

Occasionally there were special performances for children, but always at the end there was an objectionable slap-stick comedy. The exhibitors could not understand that people sent their children to see the good pictures and were satisfied with that alone.

The principals of the private school were high-minded men, who were interested in the welfare of the children out of school hours. So they decided to do something about this themselves.

They were handicapped more than the usual public school would be by an auditorium that seated only a hundred persons comfortably. At the most, only two hundred persons could see the pictures, if they gave them there, in two performances. The first could not start until school was over, so one of them would have to be given in the evening.

That meant that the few older children of the community would have to be supplemented by a good many adults if the house was to be filled both times, and adults are shy at first of performances in schoolhouses.

But the principals felt that they were doing the right thing, so they went ahead. They offered course tickets for the ten performances for two dollars. The response from the children was just what could have been expected. The afternoon performance was sold out at once, and as many as thirty or forty had to be disappointed. The evening performance, on the other hand, sold very poorly.

SO, IN order that people might come this first year and judge for themselves how worth while and entertaining the performances were, they decided to sell separate tickets for the evening for twenty-five cents.

Educationally and civically the series was a great success. The children had the benefit of the best pictures, given under ideal conditions. They showed their appreciation by great and increasing interest. The few adults who came skeptically to the first performance, were supplemented by a few more each time, so that the last performances gave promise of a full evening house next year.

Financially, despite all the handicaps peculiar to this particular school and community, and those incident to any first attempt, the returns were eminently satisfactory.

This experiment was not a money-making attempt in any sense of the word. Still, they paid their running expenses and almost half of their original outlay in one short season. Their expense account, in round numbers, follows:

Original outlay		*Expense for each of ten days' performances*	
Machine	$180.00	Film	$13.00
Rewinder	4.50	Music	2.00
Advertising	10.00	Janitor	1.00
Incidentals	7.50	Advertising	1.00
		Delivery of films	1.00
	$202.00		$18.00

The receipts were $268.75; so that after the current expenses were paid, there was left almost $90.00 toward the original outlay.

In the little town of Galax, Virginia, there was a motion-picture show seating one hundred and fifty. The pictures shown were not the sort that the mothers of the community wanted their children to see.

They went to the owner and made an arrangement with him, under which they took over his house for alternate Thursdays. They selected and paid for the films, advertising and ushers. In return for this they got seventy-five per cent. of the gross receipts.

The first year, in addition to raising the picture standard of the town, they made four hundred dollars.

A PROGRESSIVE minister, arriving in the town of Webberville, Michigan, discovered that there was no motion-picture show there. Knowing how important it was to have proper entertainment for people, he called the officers of his Sunday-school together and persuaded them to install a moving-picture outfit in the church auditorium.

They give an exhibition every Wednesday evening, consisting of two educational reels and one comedy. They ask no admission, but are able to defray their expenses by a free-will offering.

In addition to this, they use their machine every Sunday night, after the sermons, to give an appropriate one-reel picture. The result is, that the average attendance on Sunday evenings during the hot month of July last year was four hundred and ninety. Moreover, they give an open-air exhibit every Saturday night.

That minister has demonstrated what a small-town church can do for itself as well as for the community in which it is located.

The principal of a school in Mingo, a village in the farming district of Ohio, bought out the entire outfit of a moving-picture house that had failed, and installed it in the school auditorium, which can be arranged to seat five hundred. This is in the country where the children have to be taken back and forth to school in wagons.

He put on his first performance two years ago and has been giving at least one performance a week ever since. The project has been a financial success from the start, although the main intention was not mercenary. He wanted to keep the boys of the district on the farms.

This he appears to have done, as near-by farms have changed hands recently at much larger prices than formerly. As one man said, in buying a farm there, "I want to live and bring up my family in a community that is alive."

EVERY town has a moving-picture show, or a school or hall or library or church big enough to give one. There are large numbers of high-grade pictures for the family, or especially for children, already available, which can be procured with little difficulty. (Alas, a number of most excellent ones have been withdrawn from circulation because the demand for them was so slight!)

These pictures can usually be obtained for a low figure, often as low as ten dollars. The companies temper their prices to their patrons. While they may charge a large city exhibitor several hundred dollars for a first run of a big feature, after it has been shown for several months they are willing to let the small house have it for almost anything it can afford.

Given the hall and the picture and the machine (if the exhibitor is not interested), there is only one thing more needed to bring good moving-pictures under proper sanitary and moral conditions to your town. That is—your will to have them.

If you wish to give the boys and girls of your town clean, wholesome motion-pictures, write for further particulars about the procedure necessary to learn the preliminary steps and routine of presenting motion-pictures in your schoolhouse to the School Editor, DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Time can be saved by going at the problem in the right way. I may be able to offer suggestions.

Armour's

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Your dealer has or can get any of these Armour Oval Label Foods for you. Ask him for them. A supply on your pantry shelf guards against any food emergency.

Send For "Business of Being A Housewife"

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Two-Minute Oat Food

An Instant Hot Oat Dish

Already 3-Hour Cooked

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Set the Alarm

One-Half Hour Later

There is now a way to serve super-cooked oats in two minutes. They will be steaming hot and flavory and fresh.

We now make a Two-Minute Oat Food. We cook it three hours by live steam under pressure at higher than boiling heat.

You have never tasted oats so well-cooked, probably—so fitted to digest.



Add ½ Cup

to two cups boiling water. The oats quickly absorb the water.



In Two Minutes

you have four dishes of oats, fresh, flavory and hot.

Taste Freshly Cooked

Ready-cooked oats have seemed impossible, for they would not taste freshly cooked.

But these Two-Minute Oats are evaporated. Their utter dryness keeps them ever-fresh. They taste when you serve them just as they tasted the moment they came from our cooker.

New Oat Flavor

Two-Minute Oat food has two great advantages.

It is cooked as oats should be—cooked to perfection by three hours of high heat.

And this high-heat cooking brings out a new exquisite flavor. It makes the oat dish more enjoyable.

Now children need never go to school without their oats. Men never need breakfast without them. This supreme food is always at your call.

Two-Minute Oat Food is entirely new in form and flavor. The product is controlled by patent exclusively by The Quaker Oats Company, as is the process.

The Quaker Oats Company

It Is Ready

Grocers now have it, and a 20-dish package costs but 15 cents.

If you want to try it before buying mail us this coupon today.

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6-Dish Package Free

In the United States Only

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1723 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.

Mail me a 6-Dish Package of Two-Minute Oat Food free.

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Continued from page 7

INSIDE

and she went out of it at the end of the Summer. That was no more than he expected her to do, and yet it left a big hollow in him.

And ever since then he had been expecting to find her again. It was a possibility that had always been with him in New York.

It was with him even now out here, going to nowhere. He would not have been greatly surprised every time the car-door opened at a station to see her walk in.

That was because he felt that there was so much that had gone unsaid between them—things which at the time were not quite ready to be said. If he should chance upon her now, it would be as though they had been together these past two years and he would say them—with his lips this time as well as his fiddle.

He did much of this sort of dreaming in the next two hours. He quite forgot all his aches and pains and even time, so that when the conductor called his station it came as a surprise. He put on his coat and took his fiddle-case and stepped out upon the platform of a country station.

WITHOUT asking any questions or without hesitating he took the first road he saw and started off through the snow. He found it more difficult than he expected merely because his legs refused to do his bidding properly.

The exercise brought back the old sharp pain in his lungs until he began to wabble so conspicuously that he was afraid of being observed. It was to escape this embarrassment that he swung off to a side road that wandered on through wooded ground where there were few houses.

He continued in this fashion for perhaps a half mile when he saw, to the left, an old farmhouse back perhaps a hundred yards from the road. His throat was parched and he turned in there for a drink of water.

Staggering up the unshoveled path, he held himself for steadiness a moment against the door-frame. At that moment he felt very badly—worse than he had felt at all before.

Yet somehow he did not seem to mind. He was conscious of his pains, as a wounded soldier is, only because of the handicap. Then he raised his hand to knock.

The door opened and he saw a young girl standing there—an amazingly beautiful young girl. It was Phœbe, looking exactly as she had looked when he last saw her. She recognized him without seeming to be in the least surprised. Holding out her hand, she said:

"Come in, Gabriel."

He stepped in, feeling quite himself, and she closed the door behind him. She led the way into a warm living-room to the right of the hall and took his hat and coat, moving with the gentle grace that was but the perfect embodiment of her thoughts.

"Mother will be down in a moment," she said as she came back. "Draw your chair nearer the fire."

He was glad to do that, more to be nearer the merry crackle of the wood in the darkened fireplace than because he felt cold. This was just the sort of house that he had always pictured her as living in.

It had ripened and mellowed from the many years that it had sheltered her forebears—all gentle people like herself they must have been. A wide wainscoting in white ran around the room, starting either side of the panels that flanked the fireplace with its shelf above.

AT THE top, a deep molding framed the walls, done in light gray. Three doors swinging on old strap hinges led into other rooms.

"You must be very comfortable here, Phœbe," he said.

"We love it, mother and I."

"It makes even a guest feel that he is part of it," he smiled.

"It is good to see you here as a guest."

He passed his hand over his forehead.

"It is very restful—very restful."

He felt contented and absolutely at ease. All his old shyness of her had vanished, and they chatted on of little things without referring in any way to the past.

He was not conscious of any past. In some form it must have existed as the basis of their present companionship, but he did not analyze it even that far. He merely went on minute after minute, utterly satisfied with the present.

When Mrs. Clarkson, a prim little old lady in rustling silk, came in he rose and took her outstretched thin hand and bowed in response to her polite words of greeting. He drew before the fire and they all sat down.

CHESTER found her delightful as she rambled on in her quaint, old-fashioned way, her bright black eyes sparkling with good humor at the occasional comments he made. Then he always glanced across to Phœbe, and she always answered him in her turn with a gay little smile. It was almost as though he had sat like this in this very room many times.

They remained here until it was time to prepare supper and Phœbe rose to do that.

"You'll let me help?" pleaded Gabriel.

He thought he saw the color in her cheeks deepen as she protested there was so little to do.

"But I want to help do that little."

She glanced toward her mother as though for a decision as to the propriety, and the latter chuckled:

"Law, child, I never yet saw a man who could help in the kitchen, but it always pleases them to be allowed to think they can."

The girl vanished into the kitchen and Chester promptly followed. He found himself in a good-sized room with the walls painted a cheerful Colonial yellow.

Two large windows opened upon a white field sprinkled with gnarled old apple-trees, their distorted branches looking as if misshapen by rheumatism. Some five or six doors opened into wood-sheds and butteries and to cellar-stairs and Summer kitchens and back again into the front of the house.

PHOEBE offered Gabriel a chair in the corner where he was well out of the way, but he ignored it and proceeded to get in the way—not deliberately, but because he wished always to keep her well within sight for the pleasure of observing her and also because he was looking for something to do.

"You'll have to let me help a little," he argued, "so that I'll have some excuse for coming out here next time."

"Then you may bring in some wood. The shed is out that side door."

He brought in wood until it rose two feet above the top of the red wood-box. He might have gone on indefinitely had she not stopped him.

He felt as if every stick he carried was a direct contribution to her comfort, and when a man feels that way, such a job is only an opportunity.

In the meanwhile she was covering a rare old mahogany table at the end of this very room—in the Summer they used the outer room for a kitchen, she explained, but in the Winter, dined here where it was warm—with bits of dainty napery and exquisite old silver with big C's engraved on the handles and choice pieces of glass.

She allowed him to fill the pitcher with water from the bricked well in the outer kitchen, where one lowered a wooden bucket with the aid of a windlass. He accomplished that task quite as successfully as the other.

In the buttery she found jam and cream and butter, and in a big stone crock milk-white bread, and in another a light sponge-cake.

"It looks like magic," he declared. "All you do is to say, 'Presto!' and whisk off a cover and find anything you wish."

"That's all—at this time of day," she laughed, "but in the morning you'll find the magician just a work-a-day cook."

"Wearing an apron?" She nodded.

"And a thingumbob on your head?"

"I'm not telling."

"It would be a pity if you wore anything on your head."

And she was foolish enough to ask why.

"Because your hair is so fine," he told her.

She pouted a little at the bold compliment, but it was worth something to see her pout. It was impossible to make anything not beautiful out of those tender lips.

SHE could only vary their curves just as roses do. When they parted they unfolded new beauties in the white teeth back of them—each of the two even rows choice as fine enamel.

She never gave him time enough sufficient to admire adequately any of these beauties. He would have had her sit still like a portrait. But so he would not have had the advantage of all the new angles which greeted him as she moved about—to say nothing of supper.

The last thing she did was to brew the chocolate, and when that was ready she said:

"You may call mother."

Gabriel went into the next room and came out with Mrs. Clarkson on his arm and seated her at the head of the table. Then as he withdrew a chair for Phœbe, he put the question point blank: "Did I help or did I not?"

"Mother has only to look at the wood-box," she answered. Mrs. Clarkson did so.

"I forgot about the wood. Of course that is a man's work any way."

On the whole Chester did not consider that as fair a recommendation as he deserved.

"I filled the water-pitcher, too," he reminded Phœbe.

"Yes, he did that," she admitted. "Will you have more sugar in your chocolate?"

He tasted of it.

"You have sweetened it to perfection," he said.

"As for me, I shall add another spoonful," declared Mrs. Clarkson.

THE supper was of all too short duration, and so was the after-task of leaving everything tidy, although before they had done it was necessary to light the lamps. Then they moved back into the living-room where they used only candles. It was then that Phœbe noticed the fiddle-case.

"Oh," she said, "you will play for us?"

"Gladly," he agreed.

He took the old violin from its bed and tuned it with a sure ear. He tucked it beneath his chin and drew the bow across the strings and began to play—not from memory, but as one might think in terms of music. He was not aware of this. He was scarcely aware of the instrument itself, but with his eyes on the hazel eyes of Phœbe he spoke to her in notes as a poet speaks in meter.

From her low seat—it looked like a seaman's chest—the other side of the fire she leaned forward with her cheeks in her hands and listened. It was something more than listening, for this strange music went deeper than any point reached through the ears. Words could not have told her what he was now telling her.

It was the singing call of one soul to another—now gentle, now fiercely passionate, now just a soft love whisper that made her glow with new desires. Then, in another strain, he seemed to satisfy these desires and left her dreamily content.

When he ceased, she sat silent, for the music continued to sing on within her. Nor did he speak. He replaced his instrument in its case and glanced at the mother. She had fallen into a drowse.

He rose and stood uncertain. He must be going, he thought, and yet he had no idea where. She settled that as if it had previously been settled by taking a candle and beckoning him from the room.

He followed into the hall where a curving staircase with dark banisters and white spindle-posts led up-stairs.

"I always let mother drowse until she wakes," she explained. "I will show you to your room."

She turned at the top into a square room

Concluded on page 34



Sturdy as your hiking boots, these well cut, well finished arctics clasp closely about your ankles and keep your feet warm in the roughest weather

ELEGANCE FROM TIP TO TOE—STORM THOUGH IT MAY

A SAUCY hat, a smart, short skirt, and feet protected by rubbers that fit snugly around the heel and outline the slender, graceful toe. Nowadays, a rainy day does not mean dejected clothing!

No longer do you dread the clumsy rubbers that make your feet look awkward and enormous. No longer need you have the consciousness that everyone is staring at your feet.

Now, indeed, they *may* stare. For you wear your nicest shoes on the rainiest day, and keep them clean and smart in rubbers so light and elastic they fit as smoothly as your gloves.

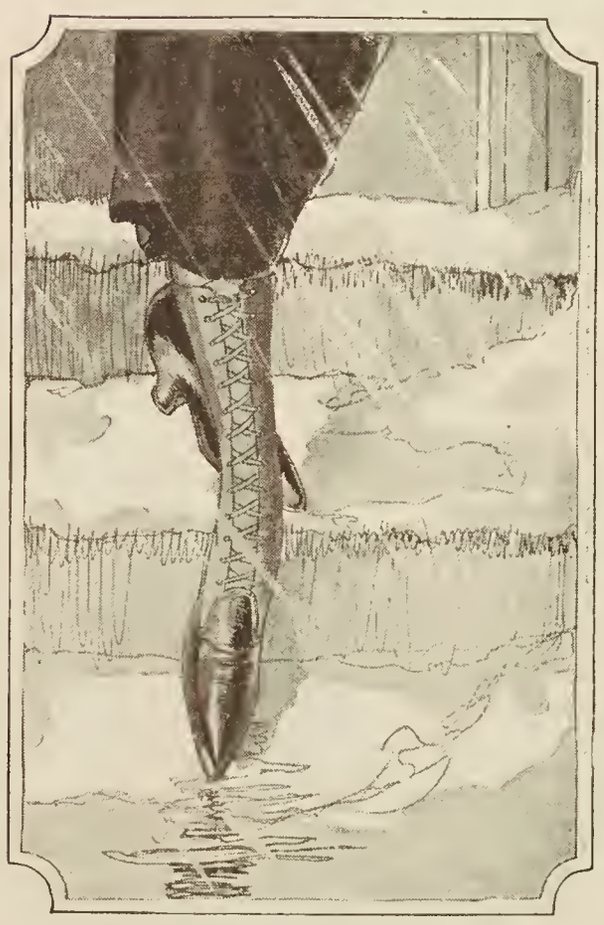
That indefinable something that is more than a machine, more than a man—the pride of the craftsman in his trade and skill—makes it possible to develop for you rubbers that are lighter and more elastic and, at the same time, so durable that they withstand the greatest wear.

Knowing that rubbers that wrinkled, rubbers that were inaccurately proportioned in toe, shank and heel, not only make your feet look awkward but wear out in half the time they should, the United States Rubber Company brought all its talent, its skill and experience to the development of rubbers that actually fit your shoes.

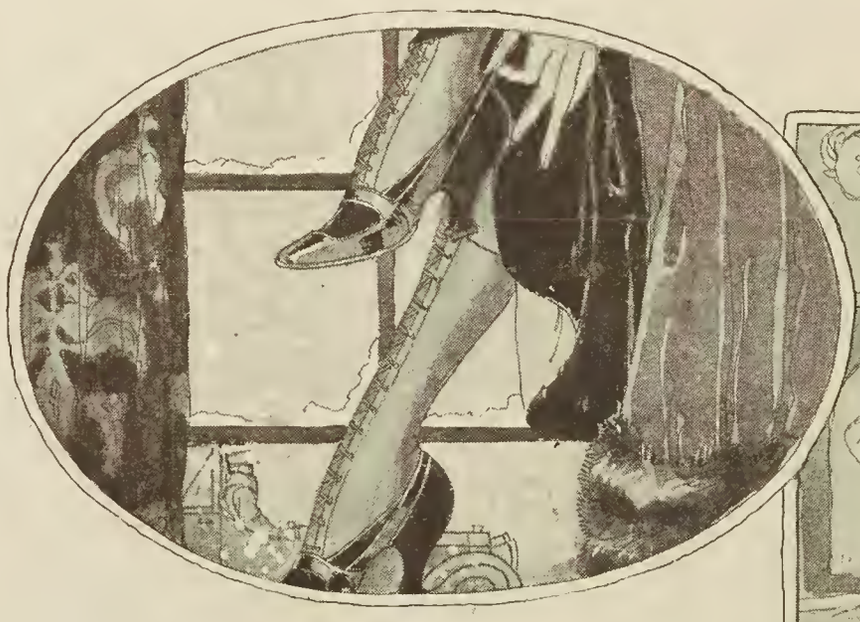
To the last little detail, fit and style have been perfected. For example, fashions in shoes are constantly studied—long before it was generally known that the short vamp and the round French toe would be worn this coming spring, these new style tendencies were being accurately reflected in U. S. rubbers. This skill and care gives you more than a better looking rubber—it gives you a light, elastic rubber that wears better because it fits the shoe closely, snugly, line for line.



It's hard to tell where the rubber stops and the patent leather begins! This sandal has the strap at the back which makes it fit any sort of heel; the front follows the seam which joins the suéde upper to the patent leather vamp



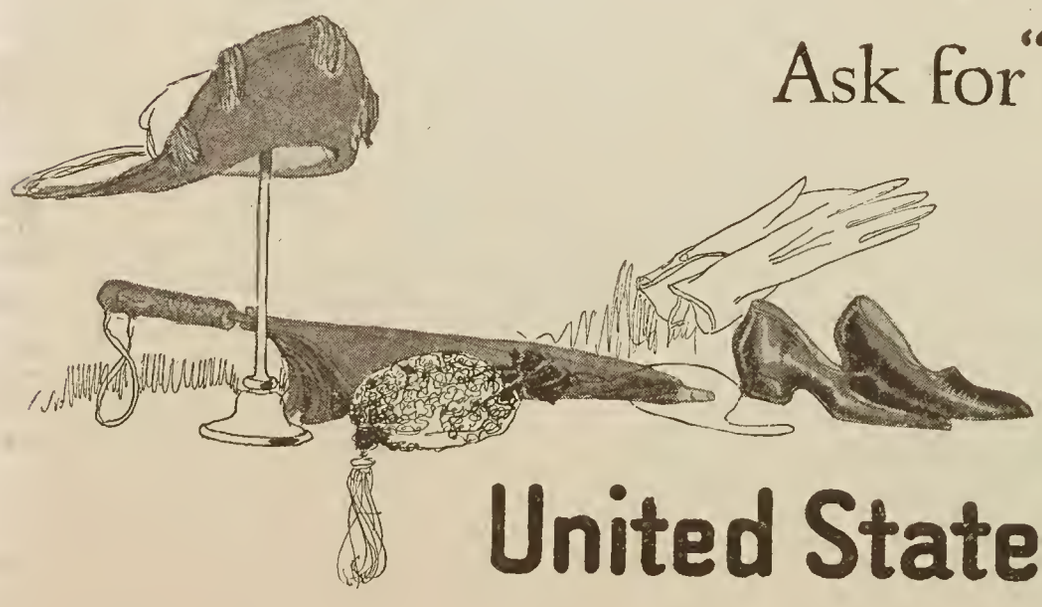
The French heel of this rubber follows curve for curve the French heel of these smart dress shoes. The high flap at the front gives ample protection against the slush



A sandal with a strap on the top to help it keep its place. It's just what you want to keep those thin soles dry as you hurry from the house to the motor car



Cut to follow the rounding instep line at the front as well as the smart military heel, this rubber is just what you want to wear with your new two-toned walking shoes



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United States Rubber Company

Concluded from page 32

INSIDE

containing a wide, sleigh-back mahogany bed. The counterpanes had been removed and the clothes turned slightly down. She left the candle on the dark dresser and retreated to the door.

"I hope you sleep well, Gabriel," she said.

"Thank you, Phœbe. What time must I be up for breakfast?"

"At eight," she answered. "Good night."

As she went out she looked back once and smiled. It brought the blood to his cheeks and left him unsteady on his feet.

Gabriel awoke the next morning with the memory of that smile still uppermost in his thoughts. He had slept without dreaming—slept so soundly that the lapse of time between her leaving and now seemed but a second.

He could have sworn that the perfume of her hair still lingered in the room. So, he thought, it would, forever, in any room through which she had passed.

He had read, somewhere among the poets, of flowers which left eternal fragrance behind them. She was like one of those.

When he came down-stairs he found the fire blazing in the open hearth of the front room and through the closed door into the dining-room heard her moving about her morning tasks. The light tread of her feet was like music.

HE TURNED to his fiddle-case, and tuning his violin close to his ear tucked it beneath his chin and sang to her a morning greeting—an impromptu, fresh as Spring. He stopped and listened for her answer. She swung open the door and stood before him, tall and straight and radiantly beautiful.

"I wish I might answer you in kind," she said.

"You do—when you come," he replied.

She shook her head.

"A song would do better."

"Our songs are but the heart expressed in music. When you come, you bring the heart itself. And if you have not a fiddle—why, you have your eyes and your smile."

"But they—they are apt to say too much or too little."

He stepped nearer her. "Too much?" he asked.

She parried with a laugh.

"You see I have said too much already. I only came to bid you good morning and announce the breakfast." She led the way to the table without giving him time to talk further.

"Mother is very lazy. She always breakfasts in bed," she said.

She took her mother's chair and he sat at her right. She served the coffee in cups of old china as delicate as egg-shells, and with it bits of crisp toast and marmalade.

So they sat for an hour, chatting and laughing over inconsequential things, but with every minute precious as fine gold to Gabriel. For it did not so much matter what she said as long as in hearing her voice and in searching her eyes he was left thrilled in every fiber of his being.

He was sorry that end had to come of it, but it was quite true, as she remarked, that Mother Clarkson could not be left all day in bed.

"You will pay my respects to her when you go up?" he said.

"Yes, Gabriel. And you will find books in the sitting-room if you care to read."

He did not care to read, but he retreated to the sitting-room and left her alone, much against his own desires. For it seemed to him that every second not in her presence was a second lost.

PACING back and forth before the fire, he tried to reason about his obsession. He had not yet called it love with his lips, but that was a mere subterfuge, and at the end of twenty paces he came out of it like a man. Stopping in his tracks, he faced the room where he could still hear her moving about and uttered the words in awe and to himself:

"Phœbe, I love you."

Yes, that was the truth—the truth both simple and grand as all great truths are. It was this which in the background of his consciousness had inspired his music; it was this which interpreted all his thoughts, all his emotions since first he saw her.

Now it was as if it had always been and he but a dullard not always to have known it. And yet he could not even now tell all it meant. He tried to get at that. Once again he repeated the words: "I love you, Phœbe."

It seemed to be conclusive—final, as if marking the beginning of some great epoch in his life. And her life, too. This did not concern him alone unless—unless she did not return his love.

This was an ugly thought to intrude at such a moment. It was something to have settled once for all.

He stepped swiftly toward the other room; but she was gone. He called her softly; but he received no response. He was seized with another great fear—that she might not return. He hurried to the stairs which led above, and creeping up on tiptoe half-way, he listened. For a moment he heard nothing but his beating heart.

Then he caught the subdued voices of Phœbe and her mother. Ashamed of himself, he tiptoed back.

This emotion he called love meant that he must always be near her—that he must never go again where she could not follow. He tried to think back a little, but he was met as by a blank wall.

He had been away from her because he had not always been here, but where he had been he could not tell. And yet somewhere, too, in that dark past he had met her.

He knew that not from memory but from instinct. She had known it, too, for when she met him she had recognized him instantly. It was a bit strange, but it was nothing to worry about because he was here now and she was here now.

Impatiently he waited for her to come down. Soon she did, and when she entered with her mother, she started a little at the new light in his eyes. The little lady looked as fresh after her rest as her daughter.

"I trust you slept well," she said to Gabriel.

"Thank you, I did. And you?"

"I always sleep well," she answered. "But I heard your fiddling."

"Did it wake you?"

"Yes. I was glad of it. It sounded like Spring and I like Spring."

"I think it must always be Spring here," said Gabriel.

"Look from the windows."

"I haven't looked out since I came. If you didn't, you'd never know the season."

"Where, then, should I look?"

"At Phœbe," he answered boldly.

She turned to her daughter and her old eyes warmed.

"Yes," she murmured. "She is like Spring."

Then she faced Gabriel.

"And so are you," she said. "That is good."

"Shall I read to you, mother?" asked the girl.

"No. Go about your affairs. I'm content to sit in front of the fire."

"Perhaps Gabriel will read," she suggested.

"No. He made such a good record yesterday helping you, let him continue if he wishes."

"But, mother——"

"Off with the two of you," she ordered.

Phœbe went out and Gabriel crossed to the mother's side and, picking up her slight hand, kissed it. He could not have told what prompted him to the act, but she looked up and smiled. Then she said:

"I am glad you are here with us, Gabriel."

"Then you know?"

"I know many things without knowing how I know them."

"You know that I love Phœbe?" he whispered. She met his bright young eyes.

"Yes," she answered, "or you would not be here." He moved his hand over his brow.

"There are some things I don't understand," he murmured.

"Is it necessary to understand everything?"

"It—it is impossible, I suppose."

"And perhaps unwise," she answered. "There is much that is dark to me, but I am very happy."

"And I—if Phœbe——"

"She has not been as happy as I have been."

HE GLANCED toward the next room where he heard her singing softly to herself.

"I think of her always as music."

"Well, there are sad tunes as well as glad," smiled the mother.

"But from now on there shall be only glad tunes—if she will," he declared passionately.

"If she will—that is for her to answer," said the mother.

"And that she soon shall," declared Gabriel.

Phœbe turned as he rushed in so impetuously. "What were you talking over with mother?" she demanded.

"You," he replied.

"Me?" she exclaimed. "What right had you?"

"The right that comes of loving you," he answered hotly. "And I only told her what she already knew."

"Mother knew that?"

"And you did not?"

She straightened herself then to her full height.

"You had never told me," she answered.

"But you knew, Phœbe. You knew long ago as I knew long ago. But of *your* love I know nothing."

"Yes, Gabriel—you knew that also long, long ago."

"Then why—why have we waited so long?"

"For now—that's all."

"For now," he repeated. "Then——"

He took her in his arms. He kissed her warm lips and she suffered it so.

"For now and all eternity," he whispered.

"Yes, Gabriel—all eternity now."

THE snow had stopped and the east wind had died down and the road-breakers were out. Simeon Perkins and George Hastings were in charge of the big wooden roller that was crushing down the snow on the side road to the left that passed the Clarkson homestead. They glanced toward the old house as they came opposite and Hastings brought the slow-moving oxen to a sudden halt.

"What in thunder is that on the door-step?" he demanded of Perkins.

"Nothing but a drift, I reckon."

"Eh? Look sharp to the right of the door."

Perkins squinted his eyes and gave a start.

"Jehoshaphat!" he cried. "Looks like a hand!"

Side by side the two men made their way through the drifts to the frozen body. It was that of a young man. A violin-case lay by his side.

"Dead!" exclaimed Perkins.

"Dead," nodded Hastings. "And he didn't die to-day, either. But what was he doin' here? Ain't no one lived here since Mrs. Clarkson died a year ago with her daughter follerin' a week later."

"Poor devil," muttered Hastings. "He looks half-starved."

"Yes, but look at the smile on his face," said Perkins. "It's—it's like he was seein' somethin' pleasant." Hastings tried the door to the empty house. It gave.

"Better put him in outer the cold till we can notify the coroner," he said.

GABRIEL glanced over his shoulder.

"What is it?" asked Phœbe.

"I felt a wind—as though a door was opened," he said.



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A KITCHEN IDYL: CORN

See article on page 37

ALL ABOUT CORN-MEAL

BY FLORA G. ORR

Home-Economics Editor

WHEN the subject of corn-meal is introduced, two friends who have agreed on every other topic may quarrel violently, particularly if their childhood homes have been in different sections of the country.

"A dodger is the same thing as a pone," says one, whereat the other bristles, and in expressing his general indignation at the first speaker's ignorance, takes occasion to remark about the carelessness of those who will say "corn-bread," instead of specifying just what kind of corn-bread they are talking about.

When a Southerner is present, a Northerner hardly dares defend his custom of adding a little sugar to his own particular well-loved johnny-cake. As for the yellow corn-meal of the North and Middle West, the Southerner greatly prefers that made from the white corn. "It is starchier," he says, "and gives a finer grain to a mush or corn-bread than does the yellow corn-meal, which is coarse and granular."

It is probable that the South does know a great deal more about good corn-meal than the North, though it is hard for the Northerner to see why he, personally, should not be allowed to enjoy his own corn-bread. From necessity Southerners have experimented more with corn-meal than Northerners have—it formed a great part of their food during the War of the States—and undoubtedly they have acquired a vast fund of knowledge and a real epicurean taste for the best which the Northerner does not have, simply because his tastes have been developed along other lines.

THE QUESTION OF MILLING

TO ONE seeking the very best corn-meal the method of milling is very important. To-day, with the steam-engine method, when the usual aim of the miller must be quantity, we are apt to get a meal less rich and less palatable than that of earlier times when the water-wheel or horse-power mill slowly turned out its three bushels of meal an hour, supplying the neighborhood with small amounts of fresh corn-meal day by day. The slower method kept the meal cool instead of heating it to the degree attained to-day.

If it were only possible nowadays to grind the corn as we needed it, we would find our breads and puddings far superior to any which can be made with degerminated corn-meal. In the milling of to-day the germ is removed from the corn in order to do away with danger of spoilage when the meal must be kept for some length of time.

The Southerner always tries to get meal ground by the slower method—"water-ground corn-meal," he calls it. Apparently there are still some of the old-style mills in the South.

If it is impossible for the Northerner to get "water-ground corn-meal," he must remember that much can be done even with corn-meal which is more quickly ground. Would it not be interesting, however, if some grocer would install a hand-mill for grinding corn-meal just as his patrons ordered it? All "the good of the grain" would be given to his fortunate customers.

TO THE RED MAN THE CREDIT

ALTHOUGH other countries have taken up the use of corn-meal, developing it in their own ways, it is now generally conceded that corn was first grown by the Indians in North America. The legend of its discovery has been picturesquely told by Longfellow in "Hiawatha."

In their primitive way the Indians parched the corn, then ground it somehow, probably between stones, and the resulting meal they mixed with water into flat cakes or into "paunes" (thicker cakes, much like the later "pones"), which they baked in the ashes of their camp-fires.

A "Natural History of Carolina," by Catesby, written in 1743, tells the story as follows:

> "The Spikes of this Corn, before they become hard, are the principal Food of the Indians during three Summer months; they roast them in the Embers, or before a Fire, and eat the Grains whole. The Indians prepare this Grain for their long marches by parching and beating it to a Powder, this they carry in Bags, and is always ready, only mixing it with a little water at the next Spring."

In colonial days a mortar and pestle were used for grinding the corn. Sometimes the stump of an oak-tree was hollowed out and inside the smooth cavity the corn was ground to a meal by a heavy pestle of hard wood tipped with iron. This coarse meal was called hominy, and it was very like the hominy and hominy grits of to-day.

They cooked it by boiling it in water and ate it with pork, ham or bacon. A common invitation to the traveler among the early settlers was to partake of "hog and hominy."

"Hominy" is a development of an Indian word meaning "parched corn." It can easily be seen how this usage of the word came about, for, as Catesby tells us, the original meal was made by the Indians from parched corn. "Hominy" was also, as it is in some sections to-day, the term applied to corn hulled by the lye of wood-ashes or potash. To distinguish it from the other hominy it is frequently called "hulled corn" or "lye hominy." With the advent of power mills a finer meal was possible.

CORN-MEAL MUSH OR HASTY PUDDING

IN THESE days when we have almost lost the art of plain living, it is hard to believe that any one ever wrote poetry to hasty pudding or corn-meal mush. And yet in 1783 Joel Barlow, in temporary exile from New England, wrote a poem of three cantos to his favorite dish:

> Thy name is *Hasty-pudding*, thus our sires
> Were wont to greet thee fuming from their fires;
> And while they argu'd in thy just defence
> With logic clear, they thus explain'd the sense:—
> In *haste* the boiling caldron o'er the blaze
> Receives and cooks the ready powder'd maize;
> In *haste* 'tis serv'd and then in equal *haste*,
> With cooling milk, we make the sweet repast.

Perhaps our lack of understanding is due to the fact that we do not know how to eat this dish. Another New Englander said recently: "People nowadays don't know how to eat hasty pudding and milk. A spoon should be dipped into the milk before it lifts the pudding, to keep it from sticking, which should then be dropped into the porringer of milk so that each spoonful will remain separate."

The Irish name for hasty pudding, "stir-about," reminds us that in these days of double boilers a great deal of time and strength is often wasted in stirring during the preparation of this dish. It is hard to make people believe it, but no stirring is necessary at any time during the process. Try this method and convince yourself.

Suppose you wish to cook one cup of corn-meal. Into the top of a double boiler put three and one-half cups of cold water and one level teaspoon of salt. To this add the cup of meal. Begin the cooking with either hot or cold water in the bottom of the double boiler. In the course of half an hour look at the mush and you will find not a lump in it, though no spoon has touched it. Some persons insist that the mush should be brought to the boiling-point for at least a moment. If this is done after it has been cooked in the double boiler, there is no danger of lumping.

Another point sometimes insisted on is that corn-meal mush, like chocolate, is improved by being "milled" or beaten with an egg-beater. This aerating should be done just as the mush begins to thicken.

The Italians call corn-meal mush *polenta* and have introduced an interesting variety into the diet by baking it and serving it with grated cheese and savory sauces.

POLENTA

MAKE a mush as for hasty pudding, cooking it as long as possible (two to four hours) to develop flavor; add to it three-fourths cup of cheese for each cup of corn-meal used and cook for one minute longer or until the cheese melts.

Turn the mixture into a greased baking-dish, sprinkle over the top one-fourth cup of grated cheese and bake for fifteen or twenty minutes. Or turn the mush into a greased rectangular pan and let it cool.

When cold and stiff, cut in square pieces, sprinkling over them the one-fourth cup of grated cheese. Then put the pan of polenta into a hot oven and bake for fifteen minutes.

ASH-CAKES, HOE-CAKES AND DODGERS

THE most primitive form of corn-bread was doubtless the ash-cake. These cakes were wrapped in leaves and covered with hot ashes. It is said that some skilful cooks prepared them successfully without the use of the leaves.

The ash-cake was wasteful, of course, both of material and of time, but this method of cooking produced a flavor which was sadly missed when more convenient methods of baking were introduced.

Daughters of the ash-cake were the hoe-cake and the dodger, alike in composition except that the latter usually contains a little added fat.

The hoe-cake was probably cooked on a hoe or on a hoe-shaped wooden instrument made for the purpose. With either of these it was possible for the baker to hold the cake close to the fire without discomfort to himself. The dodger, which is the younger sister of the hoe cake, did not come into being until after the innovation of the skillet.

With the general use of ovens it became customary to bake corn-bread instead of cooking it before the open fire or in the ashes. The lineal descendant of the ash-cake is, therefore, a delicious little corn-meal cake usually called the pone, made about four inches long and about an inch thick, carefully browned in the oven.

CORN-DODGER

SCALD corn-meal with boiling water, mix in a teaspoon of salt and a tablespoon of fat to each quart of corn-meal. When cool, form into cakes an inch thick and bake in the oven or cook on a hot griddle or skillet over the fire rather slowly so that they may the well cooked throughout. Dodgers are broken—never cut—and served with butter or gravy.

CORN-PONE

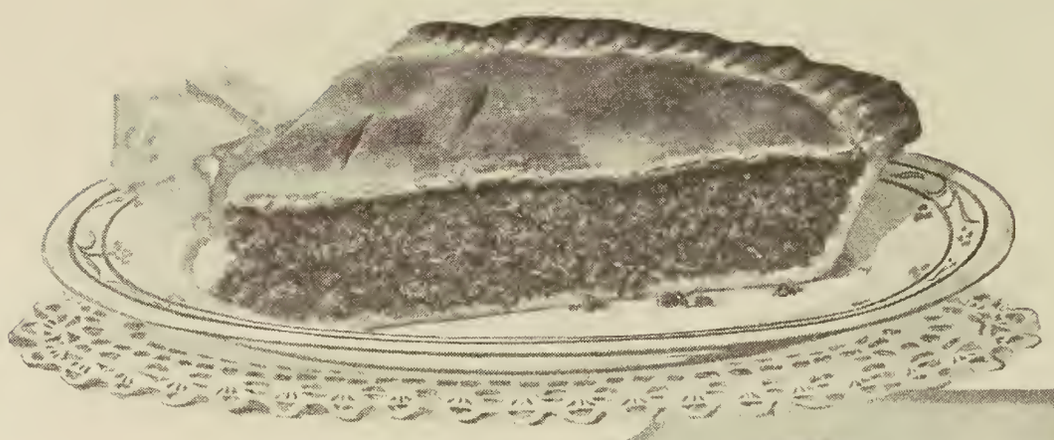
INTO a quart of boiling salted water stir enough corn-meal to make a stiff dough. Shape this dough into small cakes and bake half an hour in a hot oven. A pone should be brown on all sides.

JONNY OR JOHNNY CAKE?

WE MAY imagine that next to the ash-cake came the thin corn-bread made by spreading mush on a board and cooking it before an open fire. This board was sometimes a split clapboard, sometimes the middle portion of a flour-barrel head.

It is said by the author of the famous "Jonny Cake Papers" that all the old-time colored cooks without exception hold that the flour-barrel was made for the express purpose of furnishing johnny-cake boards, and that its subsequent application to the holding of flour was merely an afterthought. This method of cooking is adapted for use with a fire that blows about more or less, for as one part of the cake browns, the board can easily be moved or given a new tilt.

Concluded on page 59





Mince Pie

"Like Mother Used to Make"

is but one of the many filling, luscious good things YOU can make—oh, so easily!—out of savory



None Such Gems

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

The New Recipes

exhibited on this page suggest some of a wide variety of appetizing dishes.

These recipes will be welcomed by housewives who like to surprise their families with something new and tempting in the way of food.

For example, hot None Such Gems for breakfast lend a little variety to a meal too often the same. Bake enough of them. Your family will make away with them fast and come up smiling for more.

For luncheons that must be taken somewhere, Oatmeal Cookies with None Such Filling are sustaining as well as delicious. Gracious, how every bite seems to go to just the right spot!

And to the stuffing of the game that's carved at your board, a single package of None Such will add richness and flavor.

TRY THESE RECIPES

None Such Gems—Make a pie crust dough. Use gem pans, greasing pan as usual. Roll dough moderately thick. Line each gem pan with dough in the same manner as for pie, fill with None Such Mince Meat thickened with flour. Make a covering of dough. Serve hot.

None Such Salad—None Such Mince Meat, oranges, grapes, celery, marshmallows. Chill and serve on lettuce leaf.

None Such Sandwiches—Cut slices of bread very thin. Make a filling of None Such Mince Meat, to which may be added onions, celery, pimentos. Use crisp lettuce leaf.

None Such Relish—Mix None Such Mince Meat with green or red peppers and onions.

Tomatoes Stuffed with None Such—Scoop out a tomato. Mix None Such Mince Meat, celery, green peppers and onions. Fill the scooped-out tomato and serve, after chilling, on plate garnished with parsley.

Oatmeal Cookies with None Such Filling—*Cookies*—1 cup sugar, 1 cup shortening, 3 cups oatmeal, 3 cups flour, ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoonful of soda. *Filling*—None Such Mince Meat, 2 cups; 1 cup water. Boil till thick and spread between cookies.

None Such Jelly for Dessert—1 package Jiffy-Jell (either lemon, orange, or loganberry), nuts, None Such Mince Meat. Before serving, cover top with whipped cream, sprinkle with finely chopped nuts and place a cherry in center.

None Such Dressing for Duck or Other Game—Make dressing in the usual way; add 1 package None Such Mince Meat, and more apples and celery to suit individual taste.

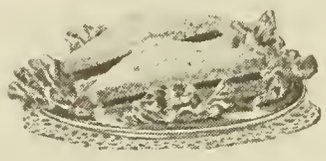
NOTE—None Such Mince Meat prepared in the same manner as for Mince Pie, should be used for all these recipes. Use according to directions on the package.

You'll find yourself trying some of the other recipes suggested on the None Such package.

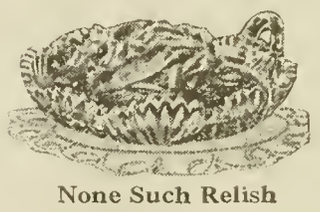
Merrell-Soule Company, Syracuse, N. Y.



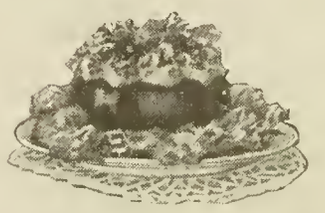
None Such Salad



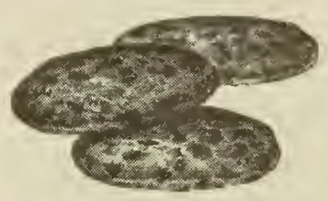
None Such Sandwiches



None Such Relish



Tomato Stuffed with None Such



Oatmeal Cookies with None Such Filling



None Such Jelly for Dessert



None Such Dressing for Duck or Other Game

A Healthful Candy-Fruit



PICK up the tongs and help yourself freely to Dromedary Dates, a luscious confection rich in sugar. In this form Nature has supplied us with a natural, healthful grape-sugar that everyone can eat.

Eat dates at meals and between meals —as a food and as a confection.

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EVEN GINGERBREAD MAY BE CUT IN FANCY SHAPES AND DECORATED

YULE-TIDE CAKES

BY FLORA G. ORR
Home-Economics Editor

THE first on this list is a purely American product, but none the less delicious because of that fact. Those who enjoy a soft cooky will be especially enthusiastic about it.

COOKIES FRUITINA

1 cup sugar
½ cup shortening
1 well-beaten egg
1 cup sour milk
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon lemon extract
5 cups sifted pastry flour
1 teaspoon salt

CREAM the sugar with the fat, add the well-beaten egg, the sour milk and soda, the lemon flavoring and the flour. Dough should be thick enough to roll. The amount of flour required may vary. Roll very thin, so thin that two cookies put together with a filling will not be too thick when baked. Cut into shapes desired, and between each two put a teaspoon of the following filling:

½ cup chopped fruit (figs, dates or raisins)
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
½ cup water

COOK these ingredients together on the stove, thickening if necessary with a little flour.

BAKE cookies in a moderately hot oven for ten or fifteen minutes.

TARTE ALSACIENNE

THIS tarte consists of ten or eleven soft thin layers put together with layers of frosting just as thick as the cake layers.

On first thought it may seem expensive, but it must be remembered that while it is only as large as an ordinary cake, it is served in small pieces much as a confection and for this reason will go five or six times as far as one might expect.

8 eggs
4 tablespoons sifted powdered sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla
3½ tablespoons pastry-flour sifted several times

BEAT the yolks of the eggs very light; add the sugar, the flour and the vanilla. Lastly cut in the stiffly beaten whites. Spread on layer-cake tins which have been rinsed with cold water; spread so thin that the mixture barely covers the tin and bake in a slow oven, not more than three hundred degrees Fahrenheit, until thoroughly done, though still soft like a griddle-cake.

Be sure that the oven is not too hot or the layers may become crisp. Should this happen to a layer it must be discarded. These layers bake very quickly and must be watched all the time. Some of the layers may be baking while you are preparing the others. Six layer-cake tins are sufficient to keep the operation running smoothly. When a layer is removed from the oven, set the tin on a damp cloth to loosen the cake.

FOR the filling between the layers of the tarte use the following:

½ pound chocolate
4 eggs
¼ cup hot water
1 cup sifted powdered sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla

MELT the chocolate with the hot water, using the double boiler, and when melted add the sifted powdered sugar. Add the well-beaten eggs and cook this mixture, stirring constantly until thick and smooth, of a consistency to spread. Then add the vanilla.

This filling is preferable to use between the layers of the cake, while the top may be frosted with a simple frosting made with powdered sugar, lukewarm water and melted chocolate. Use the pastry bag and tube for decorating the top of the cake. Cut in small squares or diamonds to serve.

This tarte may be served at teas or suppers as the last word in confections.

SWISS CRUMPETS

4 eggs well beaten
1 pint milk
6 to 9 cups sifted bread-flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon butter or butter substitute

MIX the ingredients in the order given, adding more flour if necessary to make the dough stiff enough to roll. Take one-fourth of the dough and roll as thin as possible. Cut into pieces about two or three inches square and allow to stand for a few minutes; then stretch each piece carefully until it is three times its original size and as thin as tissue-paper. Be sure to stretch the edges.

Fry in deep fat, removing each crumpet from the fat as soon as it becomes a delicate brown shade. If the fat is the right temperature, it should not take longer than one minute to fry a crumpet. As soon as the crumpets are removed from the fat and drained they should be dusted with powdered sugar.

These are called variously, "Swiss crumpets," "English butterflies," "moonshine" and "hypocrites." The Swiss always make them for the Christmas holidays and because the old wives used to stretch the pieces of dough over the knee the crumpets were often known as "knee *blätzli*," which is Swiss for "knee patches."

For making Swiss crumpets the whole family should be summoned to the kitchen, where the children vie with each other in stretching the dough, each striving to stretch a crumpet very thin without a hole appearing anywhere. When you have tried it you will realize what a really praiseworthy feat this is.

BOHEMIAN CHRISTMAS COOKIES

Yolks of 2 hard-boiled eggs
⅓ cup butter substitute
⅓ cup sugar
Yolk of one egg
1 tablespoon milk
Flour to stiffen for rolling
3 tablespoons finely chopped blanched almonds

PUT the yolks of the hard-boiled eggs through a ricer or sieve and cream with the butter substitute. Add the sugar and cream again, then stir in the uncooked egg-yolk, the milk and sifted flour. The dough should be stiff enough to roll. Cut into small round shapes with small cooky-cutters, brush these with beaten egg-white and sprinkle with almonds finely chopped. Bake in a slow oven three hundred degrees Fahrenheit.

CHRISTMAS PEPPERNUTS

2 cups brown sugar
2 eggs
1 teaspoon nutmeg
2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 cup chopped nuts
1 tablespoon hot water
1 teaspoon soda
3½ cups sifted bread-flour

MIX the brown sugar with the well-beaten eggs, add the spices, the soda dissolved in hot water and the sifted flour. Add more flour if necessary to make a dough stiff enough to roll. Roll out until the dough is about one-eighth of an inch thick. Cut in tiny rounds about as large as a quarter of a dollar and bake in a quick oven until brown. Roll at once in powdered sugar.

MOCHA CAKES

2 eggs (whites and yolks beaten separately)
1 cup sifted powdered sugar
½ cup strong coffee extract
¼ cup evaporated milk
1½ cups sifted pastry-flour
1 teaspoon baking-powder
⅛ teaspoon salt

CREAM the sifted powdered sugar with the beaten egg-yolks, add the coffee extract and the milk, then the dry ingredients sifted together. Bake in a long shallow pan, cut in fancy shapes as desired, cover the top and sides with mocha cream (powdered sugar combined with the beaten yolk of egg and coffee extract to flavor). Finely chopped nuts may be used to cover the sides, giving the effect of the French pastries.



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TREAT OLD HIGH COST OF LIVING AS HE DESERVES—WITH A COLD SHOULDER, MADAM

EAT AND BE CHEERFUL

BY ANNE O'HAGAN

O SISTER in the bonds of American domesticity, have you, like Margaret Fuller, "accepted the universe"? You remember the terse comment of Carlyle, that grim philosopher who succeeded in keeping his intellectual processes a plane or two above his ever-gnawing dyspepsia, when he heard of the New England transcendentalist's indulgence toward a cosmic system which had required her examination—even condonation—before acceptance?

"Gad, she'd better!" said Carlyle, or words to that effect.

So, again, sister subjects to conditions you think you had no part in making, have you accepted your universe? For, as the sour, clear-sighted Scotchman would tell you, you'd better!

Have you accepted the High Cost of Living?

You may have noticed that it is here!

But to admit its existence, even to admit it with abundance of words and of illustration and with a plethora of objurgation, is not to accept it. We have not accepted the buzzing mosquito beneath the bed-canopy when we groan and toss and complain and make futile passes at him. We have merely admitted his existence. But we have not accepted him until we determinedly spray the pillows with citronella, stuff it about our ears and go on with the night's business of sleeping, or until we get up, turn on the light and proceed to the annihilation of the foe of the night's business.

A DOZEN months or so ago, and for some time previous thereto, there was a war. You and I accepted that. At any rate, very few of us are to be found in Fort Leavenworth or the other places appointed for the incarceration of those who were unable to attain Margaret Fuller's state of acquiescence in the universe of the period. We accepted the war. We accepted it, so the newspapers, the four-minute men, the three-hour men, the poster-artists, the movie photographers and our own gently approving consciences all united in telling us, energetically, courageously, almost gaily—certainly magnificently. No wheat flour? Pouf! *That* for wheat flour! Watch us use rye, partake of our buckwheat cakes, let our corn-pone melt in your grateful mouths. Meatless days? Of course! And if John, James and William, Tom, Dick and Harry, didn't clamor for meatless days all the rest of their lives, after eating our rice-and-nut croquettes, our corn-and-cheese soufflés, we should miss a guess! The cook off to the munitions plant? Good for the cook—Heaven bless her! We ourselves could cook. We could cook for half the block, so that Mrs. White on the left could give her days to motor-ambulancing for the National League, and Mrs. Black on the right could take the Red Cross course in occupational therapy. Were our sweaters worn and faded? We mended and dyed them, and went on knitting socks for soldiers, helmets for sailors. Were our shoes shabby? Ah, but you should see the size of our contribution to the United War Activities fund!

Oh, how we accepted the universe in those days! Is it possible that they are over by only a little more than a twelvemonth? For here is a universe, that, as surely as night follows day, followed the one which we challenged with such spirit, with such almost-bravado. And how we are bucking it, whining in it, futilely discussing it, losing precious hours of living while we drone out unproductive, unconstructive complaints!

Are we the same women? We are in the world where, instead of thunderous war, other powerful malignities stalk, the duly begotten sons of war—social unrest, industrial disorder. Their manifestation in our houses is the High Cost of Living. And, having carried our part in the war almost jauntily, with what wasteful lamentation, what peevish jeremiads, are we, many of us, carrying our part in war's inevitable aftermath!

We meet together, three or four of us, for what used to be an hour of mental stimulation, of amusement, of recreation. We come home from the little festivity more weary than when we went. For what have we heard? "Josie says that coffee has gone up another three cents a pound since she gave her last order—that makes eighteen cents since July." "Mabel had to pay six cents for washing-soda—think of it! Six cents for washing-soda!" "Louise is desperate—she may have to give up her collie. The bones the butcher used to give away are twenty cents a pound now—twenty cents a pound!" "Margaret says that ice is a dollar a hundred—we haven't bought any lately because we've been boarding, but what can people do? It's almost cheaper to let the food spoil." "Jessie says she doesn't know what we are coming to—dish-toweling has gone to thirty-eight cents and forty cents a yard!"

And having chanted the litany of discouragement, we sink into a chair and gaze gloomily into a fireplace where we dare not light a fire because of the prohibitive cost of hickory. Utterly departed is the high-heartedness with which, so short a time ago, we snapped our fingers at sacrifice and drove discomfort from our doors with laughter. We seem to have less courage with which to face the market-lists to-day than we had to face the casualty lists two years past.

Now these lines are not penned in the vain hope of inducing a meek submission to the will of the profiteer, where he exists, or a humble acceptance of starvation as the fate allotted one by an inscrutable Heaven. On the contrary, they are written in the hope of rousing an enthusiastically cooperative spirit with Heaven against the profiteers by conserving for constructive work in the world the energy we are all dissipating by futile complaint, by constant, merely carping criticism.

Suppose two swimmers, laboriously beating their way landward after the wreck of an excursion steamer, used their scant breath to bleat to each other, across the waves: "I don't see how we are going to do it!" "I don't know what we are coming to." "I doubt if we shall ever reach shore." "The inspector that certified that old tub as seaworthy ought to be hanged." "The company that sent that boiler out ought to be indicted, every last man." "Did you know the life-belts were rotten, positively rotten?"—and so on and so on. You can estimate their chances of reaching land and of eventually being able to deal with the steamship company and the steamship inspectors in a fashion to discourage get-rich-quick dividends for the one and bribe-taking by the other for some time to come.

WHAT we housewives are doing, many of us, is wasting breath which could be advantageously stored for some future time when it might count. Just now we are in midstream and it is highly desirable that we should make the shore with as great a reserve of energy as possible. That is why this scribe, if she had any means of enforcing her will, would absolutely prohibit the bleating forth of gloomy statistics, the iterated moaning of those incompetent "I don't know what we are coming to's" and "Goodness knows what we are going to do's."

It is not altogether our own fault that so many of us are not meeting this emergency as we met the one which preceded and caused it. For that situation we were supplied copious drafts of instruction and inspiration. A paternal government stood at our shoulders, patting them from time to time. It sent its agents among us. It taught us to plant war gardens and to cook and save the produce thereof. Congress took a friendly interest in us then, and that we might have time to work among our cabbages it passed a daylight-saving bill. We couldn't make our way to our suburban trains without encountering beaming, active ladies ready to teach us to knit, if we had, by miracle, escaped knowledge of the art up to that time. Our mail was stuffed with pamphlets from our State Experiment Stations, from our Federal Agricultural Department, telling us how to use substitutes for wheat, for butter, for meat, and how to can, dehydrate and to preserve in brine the kindly fruits of the earth.

The government mentor guiding our steps through the present morass is not quite so omnipresent. But he still exists if we will take the trouble to search for him. There is a little book published with the title "How to Use Your Government." It is not an abtruse treatise on the reformation of our national political life, but a plain compendium of the ways in which the government, national, State and local, is ready to be prosaically useful to the plain citizen, male and female. The hour we now devote to moaning, one to the other, "Oh, I don't know what we are going to do—kerosene is up to twenty (or thirty or forty, maybe!) cents a gallon and peas were forty cents a quart in market this morning—aren't the Standard Oil and the farmers just awful!"—that hour we might, with far greater personal profit, devote to reading the little volume in the library and making a list of the governmental first-aids we may command through the farm agencies, the bureau of publications and the other bureaus. We should, for example, discover that our national service listed a branch called the Federal Bureau of Chemistry, and that it issues, among other less immediately appealing information, instruction upon preserving the life of leather.

OF COURSE, dear sisters, it *is* an outrage that the boots for which we used to pay seven dollars are now eighteen or whatever it may be. But we have all commented several times upon that outrage, in tones ringing all the changes from the indignant to the plaintive, and back again. Wouldn't it be an invigorating change to remark, instead, that we can double the life of shoes by applying to them when hard and dry from wear or wetting a little of that great panacea for human ills, castor oil? To pass along that bit of information and other similar bits from the Bureau of Chemistry does not, of course, invalidate one's right to a sense of unjustifiable oppression, and need not weaken one's determination to do all that she can to change conditions, so that profiteering may be done away forever. Yet it does help out the family budget, and it gives a much needed rest to various overworked forms of lamentation.

Besides all the practical help which we received during the war and which we may still receive, if we take the trouble to go after it, we used to have the great incentive to patience, to optimism, to joyful sacrifice, that comes from an appeal to a high purpose. We all wanted to do our part in winning the war. We wanted to feed our troops, to feed our Allies, to make our individual contributions of self-denial and labor to a great end. Compared to the inspiration of that purpose, which was constantly kept before us by picture, print and speech, the mere making of both ends meet in our households seems petty. No banners fly, no bands play, that we may go out joyfully to combat with the high cost of living, that we may be gay and happy as we piece and patch, contrive and sacrifice. But even though the Government has ceased to supply the standardized inspiration with which it was so lavish a little while ago, there is nothing in the world to prevent our remembering a slogan or two, and our applying them to present conditions. There was one which used to say, with a terse common sense that was superior to its poetry, "We are in it—let us win it." Why do we not pin that upon the lids of our market-baskets, the walls of our pantries, the flaps of our mending-bags, and so inject into this present combat a little of that will-to-succeed which gave zest to the one through which we lately came with colors flying?

"We are in it—let us win it." We can not win it, we women of the middle classes who have no considerable

Concluded on page 67

why make such expensive cakes?

There is really no need to use expensive butter in cakes, since you can make even the most delicate cakes taste as if made with butter, just by using Crisco plus extra salt—one level teaspoonful of salt for every cupful of Crisco.

Not only does Crisco cost only about half as much as butter, but less is required, because Crisco is 100% richness—a solid cream of wholesome vegetable oil—while butter is part water, salt and curd.



Crisco is always sold in this air-tight, sanitary container—*never in bulk.* There is nothing else like it. One pound *net weight*, and larger sizes.

You always can depend on Crisco, because it is made by a special process so that it is always the same. It does not turn rancid. It is always pure, fresh, colorless, tasteless, and odorless. White cakes, enriched with Crisco, have a snowy, light-as-a-feather tenderness that is as delightful as their delicate flavor.



When should egg whites be beaten into a cake, and when folded in?

What kind of flavoring retains its taste best through baking?

Learn the answers to these questions, also to scores of other important questions about all kinds of cooking, in "The Whys of Cooking", a book written especially for Crisco users by Janet McKenzie Hill, founder of The Boston Cooking School and editor of "American Cookery". Correct instructions for setting the table and serving meals. Many new recipes. 108 pages. Illustrated in color. Sent, postpaid, for only 10 cents in stamps. Address Department F-1, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Folks never find in other soups a flavor like Van Camp's.

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Soup is an appetizer. Its whole appeal lies in its flavor.

Here is what connoisseurs pronounce the utmost in fine flavor.

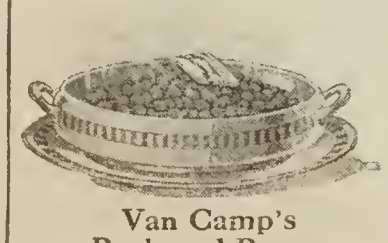
Compare a Van Camp Soup with an ordinary soup. Learn what this skill has accomplished. Then note that Van Camp's cost you no more than others.

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Other Van Camp Products Include

Pork and Beans Evaporated Milk **Spaghetti** **Peanut Butter** Chili Con Carne Catsup **Chili Sauce, etc.**

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis



Van Camp's Pork and Beans

Baked for hours at high heat, yet whole and mealy, uncrisped and unbroken.



Van Camp's Spaghetti

A famous Italian recipe perfected like the Van Camp Soups.



Van Camp's Peanut Butter

Made from blended peanuts in a way which gives delightful flavor.

Continued from page 19

HILLS OF HAN

"I sha'n't fail."

"Very well! A word more. You are not to stop at Ping Yang on your way out."

"Oh?"

"For a night only. Then go on. Go out of the province. Go back to the coast. Is that understood?"

Brachey inclined his head.

"I have your promise?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Good night, sir."

"Good night."

Doane turned to the door. But then he hesitated, turned, hesitated again, finally came straight over and thrust out his hand.

Brachey, to his own amazement, took it.

WHEN Doane had gone, Brachey called John and ordered a mule-litter for eight in the morning.

At eight the spike-studded gates swung open and an Oriental cavalcade filed into the court. There was the litter, like a sedan-chair but much longer, swung on poles between two mules, the sides covered with red cloth, the small, swinging doors in blue, bells jingling about the necks of the mules. There were five or six other mules and asses, each bearing a wooden pack-saddle. There was a shaggy Manchurian pony for Brachey to ride in clear weather. Three muleteers, two men and a boy, marched beside the animals; hardy, ragged fellows, already, or perhaps always, caked with dirt.

At once the usual confusion and noise began. Men of the inn crowded about to help pack the boxes and bags of food and water and clothing on the saddles. The mules plunged and kicked. A rope broke and had to be elaborately repaired. The four soldiers brought out their white ponies, saddled them, slung their carbines over their shoulders; they were handsome men, not so ragged, in faded blue uniforms of baggy Chinese cut, blue half-leggings, blue turbans. Into the litter went Brachey's mattress and pillow. He tossed in after them camera, note-book and "The Bible in Spain;" then mounted his savage little pony, which for a moment plunged about among the pack animals, starting the confusion anew.

Finally Brachey brought the pony under control. The cook mounted one of the pack-saddles, perching himself high on a bale, his feet on the neck of the mule. John was about to mount another, when the leading soldier handed him a letter which he brought at once to his master.

Brachey backed his pony out of the way, and with bounding pulse looked at the envelope. But the address, "Mister J. Brachey Esquire," was not in Betty's brisk little hand.

He tore it open, and read as follows:

MY DEAR SIR:

Taking time to touch and go by the forelock it becomes priviledged duty to advise you to wit:—

So-called Lookers and western soldiers of that ilk have attacked mission college Hung Chan with crop up outcome that these unpleasant fellows go to the limit in violence. By telegraph officer of devotion to his excellency this morning very early passes the tip that that mission college stands longer not a whit upon earth.

Looker soldiers acting under thumb of man mentioned during our little chin-chin of yesterday forenoon plan within twenty-four hours advance on T'ainan-fu cutting off city from eastern access and then resting on oars, jolly well taking their time to destroy mission here and secondary Christians, making a clean job of it.

Officer of devotion reports further of old reprobate plan that larger army has become nearly ready to march full tilt and devil take the hindmost on Ping Yang engineer compound fort and lay ax to the root of it. Railroad and bridges and all works of white hands will go way of rack and ruin except telegraph, that being offspring of imperial government.

And now, my dear sir, as Ping Yang is place of some strength and come on if you dare, I would respectfully recommend that you engage at once in forlorn hope and make journey post haste to Ping Yang, as we sit on kegs of gunpowder with ground slipping out from under us as the hour-glass runs.

Regretting in great heaviness and sadness of heart that civilization sees no longer light of day in Hansi Province, I beg to remain, my dear sir,

Yours most respectfully,
PO SUI-AN.

P. S. In my busy-as-a-bee excitement I have neglected to kill two birds with one stone, and inform you that Rev. Doane of this city met death bravely at 3 A.M. to-day at Hung Chan Northern Gate. PO.

The cavalcade was ready now, in line. At the head two soldiers sat their ponies. The gay litter came next, bells jingling as the mules stirred and craned their necks. Behind the litter stood the pack animals, with John and the cook mounted precariously on the first two. The other two soldiers brought up the rear. The muleteers stood lazily by, waiting. Brachey slipped Mr. Po's letter into a pocket and gazed up at the smoke that curled lazily from the chimney of the innkeeper's house next the street. Finally, brows knit as if he were at once hurt and puzzled, face white, Brachey took in the caravan—and then, with tightly compressed lips and a settling frown, he rode out into the street ahead of the soldiers.

Brachey led the way out through the Northern Gate to the mission compound. Here he dismounted, handed his reins to a muleteer, and entered the gatehouse.

Old Sun Shao-i hurried from his chair and barred the inner door. Regarding this white man he had orders from Mrs. Boatwright. Brachey, however, brushed him carelessly aside and went on into the court.

A thin, thoughtful woman came out of a school building and confronted him.

"I am Mr. Brachey," said he coldly; "Jonathan Brachey."

The woman drew herself up stiffly.

"What can I do for you, sir?"

She was stern, hostile.

"I must see you all together, at once," he said, in the same coldly direct manner; "Mr. and Mrs. Boatwright, if you please, and any others."

"Can't you say what you have to say to me now? I am Miss Hemphill, the head teacher."

"No," he replied, not a muscle of his face relaxing.

"May I ask why not?"

"It is not a matter of individual judgment."

"But Mrs. Boatwright will refuse to see you."

"I am sorry, but Mrs. Boatwright will have to see me and at once. And not alone, if you please. I don't care to allow her to dismiss what I have to say without consideration."

Miss Hemphill considered, finally went up into the dispensary, past the waiting unfortunates on the steps. Brachey stood erect, motionless, like a military man. After a moment, Miss Hemphill came out, followed by another woman.

"This is Dr. Cassin," she said; adding with a slight hesitation as if she found the word unpalatable, "Mr. Brachey."

THE physician at once took the matter in hand.

"You had better tell us what you have to say, Mr. Brachey. It will be better, I think, not to trouble Mrs. Boatwright."

Brachey went on to the house, mounted the steps and rang the bell.

The two women promptly followed.

"You will please not enter this house," said Dr. Cassin severely.

A Chinese servant opened the door.

"I wish to see Mr. and Mrs. Boatwright at once," said Brachey; then, as the servant was about to close the door, stepped within.

"You are acting in a very high-handed manner," remarked Dr. Cassin with heat; "an insolent manner."

"I regret that it is necessary."

"It is *not* necessary!"

Mrs. Boatwright appeared in a doorway.

"What does this mean?" was all she seemed able to say at the moment.

"Will you kindly send for the others"—thus Brachey—"Mr. Boatwright, any other whites who may be here, and—Miss Doane."

"Certainly not."

"It is necessary."

"It is not. Why are you here?"

"It is not a matter for you to decide. I must have everybody present."

There was a rustle from the stairs. Betty, very pale, her slim young person clad in a lacy negligée, came down.

"Will you please go back to your room?" cried Mrs. Boatwright.

"No, Mrs. Boatwright."

"Will you at least do us the courtesy to dress yourself properly?"

This Betty, her eyes straining anxiously toward Brachey, ignored.

DR. CASSIN then abruptly, speaking in Chinese, sent the servant for Mr. Boatwright and deliberately led the way into the front room, where Mrs. Boatwright's desk stood among walnut chairs and a sofa and a center-table with marble top. The others followed without a word and stood about silently until the appearance of Mr. Boatwright, who came in rather breathless, mopping his small features.

"How do you do?" he said to Brachey.

"Now, Mr. Brachey," remarked Dr. Cassin, with an air of professional briskness, "every one is present. We are ready for the business that brought you here."

Brachey looked about the room; his eyes rested longest on the physician. To her he handed the letter, saying simply:

"This was written within the hour, by Po Sui-an, secretary to his Excellency Pao Ting Chuan. Will you please read it aloud, Dr. Cassin?"

Then, as if through with the others, he went straight over to Betty, who stood by the window. Quickly and softly he said:

"Brace up, little girl! It is bad news."

"Oh!" she breathed. "Is it—is it—father?"

He bowed. She saw his tightened lips and the shine in his eyes; then she wavered, fought for breath, caught at his hand.

Soberly they listened. After beginning the postscript, Dr. Cassin stopped short; then slowly, with considerable effort, read the announcement of Griggsby Doane's death.

Mrs. Boatwright was the first to speak; gently for her, and unsteadily, though the strong will that never failed this vigorous woman carried her along without a sign of hesitation.

"Mary," she said, addressing Miss Hemphill, "you had better go up-stairs with Betty."

Dr. Cassin, ignoring this, or perhaps only half-hearing it (her eyes were brimming), broke in with:

"Mr. Brachey, you must have come here with some definite plan or purpose. Will you please tell us what it is?"

"No!" cried Mrs. Boatwright. "No! If you please, Mary, this man must not stay here. Betty! Betty, dear!"

Betty did not even turn. She was staring out of the window into the peaceful, sun-flecked courtyard, the tears running unheeded down her cheeks, her hand twisted tightly in Brachey's. He spoke now, in the cold voice that masked his feelings.

Continued on page 44

VICK'S VAPORUB

FOR ALL COLD TROUBLES

MOTHERS

can place every confidence in this "outside" vapor treatment for colds and common or spasmodic croup, because it does not upset the delicate stomachs of small children or leave any bad after-effects.

The ingredients are good, old-fashioned remedies—Camphor, Turpentine and Menthol—so combined with certain volatile oils that when applied externally over the throat and chest, the body heat vaporizes these ingredients. The medicated vapors, inhaled all night long, are carried with every breath direct to the air-passages and lungs.

This preparation comes in salve form, and its action is twofold. Externally, it is absorbed through and stimulates the skin. Internally, the vapors inhaled loosen the phlegm and open the air-passages. Fresh air, so necessary in the treatment of colds, can be let into the bedroom in abundance without interfering in the least with the action of the vapors.

THE VICK CHEMICAL CO., Greensboro, N. C.

Nothing to swallow— Apply it externally

Vick's VapoRub comes in three sizes—30c, 60c and $1.20, at all druggists



COLGATE'S



"Like roses on snow
The lassies' cheeks glow"

—Old Song.

TO keep the roses in your cheeks, give your skin the help of these two Colgate Face Creams.

A nightly massage with Charmis Cold Cream to cleanse the pores and soften the skin dried by nipping cold.

An application of Mirage Vanishing Cream for daytime and social evenings to keep the tissues soft and the pores free. A superior base for powder—and, even without powder, *free from shine.*

Protect your roses with these two Creams of Colgate Quality.



The two Colgate's Face Creams are sold everywhere in jars and tubes—Charmis Cold Cream to use at night and Mirage Vanishing Cream for daytime. Most skins need both. A trial tube of either sent for 4c or of both for 6c.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 53, NEW YORK

Continued from page 42

HILLS OF HAN

"The death of Mr. Doane makes it clear that there is no safety here. There is a chance, to-day, for us all to get safely away. I have at the gate a litter and one riding-horse, also a few pack animals. Most of my goods can be thrown aside—clothing, all that. The food I have, used sparingly, would serve for a number of us. We should be able to pick up a few carts. I suggest that we do so at once, and that we get away within an hour, if possible. We must keep together, of course. I suggest further that any differences between us be set aside for the present."

"This may not be true," said Mrs. Boatwright abruptly.

"It is from Pao's *yamen*," said Miss Hemphill.

"But it may be no more than a rumor. Our first duty is to telegraph Mrs. Nacy at Hung Chan and ask for full particulars."

"Is"— this was Mr. Boatwright; he cleared his throat—"is there time?"

Mrs. Boatwright's mouth had clamped shut. No one had ever succeeded in stampeding or even hurrying her vigorous, stubborn mind. She had, for the moment, dismissed the special problem of Betty and this man Brachey from that mind and was considering the general problem. That settled, she would again take up the Brachey matter.

"There is time," she said, after a moment. "There must be. Mr. Doane left positive instructions that we were to await his return. He will be here to-night or to-morrow morning, if he is alive."

"But—my dear"—it was her husband again—"Po is careful to explain that by to-morrow escape will be cut off."

"That," replied his wife, still intently thinking, "is only a rumor, after all. China is always full of rumors. Even if it is true, these soldiers are not likely to act so promptly, whatever Po may think. If they should, we shall be no safer on the highway than here in our own compound. And how about our natives? How about our girls—all of them? Shall we leave them? No!" She was thinking, thinking. "No, I shall not go. I am going to stay right here. I shall keep my word to Mr. Doane."

THEN she rose and approached the little group by the window. Her eyes, resting on the firmly clasped hands of the lovers, snapped fire. Her face again was granite. To Dr. Cassin very quietly she remarked, "Take Betty up-stairs, please."

The physician, obeying, made a gentle effort to draw the girl away, but met with no success.

Mrs. Boatwright addressed herself to Brachey:

"Will you please leave this compound at once?"

He said nothing. Betty's fingers were twisting within his.

"I can hardly make use of force," continued Mrs. Boatwright, "but I ask you to leave us. And we do not wish to see you again."

Brachey drew in a slow, long breath, looked about the room from one to another. Miss Hemphill and Boatwright had arisen; both were watching him; the little man seemed to have found his courage, for his chin was up now.

And Brachey felt, knew, that they were a unit against him. The fellow feeling, the community of faith and habit that had drawn them together through long, lonely years of service, was stronger now than any mere threat of danger, even of death. They felt with the indomitable woman who had grown into the leadership, and would stay with her.

Brachey surveyed them. These were the missionaries he had despised as weak, narrow little souls. Narrow they might be, but hardly weak. No, not weak. Even this curious little Boatwright—something that looked like strength had come to life in him. He wouldn't desert. He would stay. To certain and horrible death, apparently. The very nearness of the danger, the certainty of it, seemed to be clearing that wavering little mind of his. A thought that made it all the more puzzling was that these people knew, so much better, so much more deeply, than he all that had happened in 1900. Their own friends and pupils—white and yellow—had been slaughtered. The heart-breaking task of reconstruction had been theirs.

And at the same time, seeming like a thought strand in his brain, was the heart-breaking pressure of that soft, honest little hand in his. Very likely it was the end for all of them.

"Very well," he said icily. "I am sorry I can't be of use. However, if any of you care to go, I shall esteem it a privilege to share my caravan with you."

NO ONE spoke or moved. The iron face of Mrs. Boatwright confronted his.

Then Betty whispered faintly, yet not caring who might hear:

"I can't let you go."

"You must, dear."

"Then I can't stay here. Will you take me with you?"

He found this impossible to answer.

"It won't take me long. Just a few things in a bag." And she started away.

Mrs. Boatwright made an effort to block her, but Betty, without another sound, slipped by and out of the room and ran up the stairs.

Then Mrs. Boatwright turned on the man.

"You will do this?" she said, in firm, stinging tones. "You will take this girl away?"

He looked at her out of an expressionless face. Behind that mask his mind was swiftly surveying the situation from every angle. He knew that he couldn't, as it stood, leave Betty here. And they wouldn't let him stay. He must at least try to save her. Nothing else mattered.

"Yes," he replied.

Mrs. Boatwright turned away. Brachey moved out into the hall and stood there. To her "At least, will you step outside this house?" he replied simply, "No."

A little time passed. Then Betty came running down the stairs in traveling-suit, carrying a hand-bag.

Betty turned to Brachey, gave him her bag. They went out.

Outside the gate-house the little caravan waited. The mules were brought to their knees. Betty stepped without a word into the litter. Brachey closed the side doors and then mounted his pony. The mules were kicked and flogged to their feet. The two soldiers in the lead set off around the city wall to the corner by the Eastern Gate, whence the main highway mounted slowly into the hills toward Ping Yang.

Continued in the February DELINEATOR

Concluded from page 28

A LADY

known." And instantly my mind saw—though it had never been there—that immaculate kitchen, the crisp uniform, the gleam of an exquisitely clean breakfast-table. The word was a synonym. "Lady." "Clean." You can't be a lady and not be clean. It's a part of *noblesse oblige*.

On the shelf that is yours in the bathroom there should be tooth-powder, tooth-paste, a bottle of violet ammonia, pumice stone for inky or otherwise stained fingers, bath crystals if you want to be luxurious, a jar of vegetable mask to keep the pores of your face and neck cleansed and yet small (don't ever let any one steam your face to cleanse it; that's death to both the fineness of the texture and the tautness of the muscles); a small jar of nail-paste to keep the nails clean and unstained.

One firm gets out a small box with everything in it you need for the nails, very compact and of very good quality. It's impossible to keep one's nails properly without some kind of nail bleach to keep the skin under the nail stainless and without sin.

A BOTTLE of cleansing hair-tonic (with an immaculate brush or two in your dressing-table drawer) a bottle of skin astringent, a nail-brush, a bath-brush that reaches down between your shoulders, a mouth-wash, a cleansing face-cream and a skin-food.

And once every three or four weeks go to a Turkish bath, if permitted by your physician. In one of these, your own efforts to keep clean seem a little like trying to carry home the ocean in the baby's beach-pail.

When they have neatly separated you and your clothes and presented you with one lone sheet which you wrap about you like a toga and stumble over every time you forget to be careful, they put you in an oven-room and give you hot water to drink.

You have a bottle of cleansing-cream which you have brought along, and you rub that on your face and neck while you peep about at other ladies dressed in the same sketchy way you are and rejoice or despair over them. Then when you are hotter than you can bear, they lead you to a much hotter room, in fact, a room thick with steam and there you lose your only remaining friend, the toga, and stand about in a fog of steam in a strange unreal world like a purgatory with other shadowy figures in the haze until you know you've been forgotten and left there through eternity.

THEN your keeper comes back and spreads you out on a marble slab and scrubs with a kitchen-floor kind of a brush and a kitchen-floor kind of a scrub—such vigor and earnestness as you never knew existed before in a mere human. Then you are stood up and a fire-hose is turned upon you and a stream that would have saved Rome on Nero's night strikes you as if it meant every word of it and you are laved to the *n*th degree. Then you are dried and alcoholed and massaged and left to sleep amidst the other pure and undefiled.

It's wonderful! And it's fine for you if you don't do it too often, and are very careful about the kind of a place you go to.

But of course one *can* keep clean without the Turkish bath, just as one *can* be happy without owning a yacht, though one is probably a little more rested, a little more vigorous, and lives a little longer because he can get out to the deep sea far from the crash and clang of cities and renew himself.

A Turkish bath now and then, and a daily bath all the time.

Of course the nicest thing is to be born a lady. But the next nicest thing is to make one's self a lady.

Being crisply, immaculately clean is one step toward it.

SEND for the special leaflets and pamphlets that tell you how to be beautiful. They are:

Care of the Hair and Scalp.
Care of the Complexion.
Care of the Hands.
Facial Blemishes.
Rules for Maintaining Health.

Any three will be sent for a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send your request to the Beauty Editor, THE DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City.



Under the open sky, in the odorous
air of the orchard,
Bending with golden fruit, was spread
the feast of betrothal

Evangeline

The Beautiful Maid of Fair Acadie

lives for all time on the screen.

YOU have read EVANGELINE, the immortal poem of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

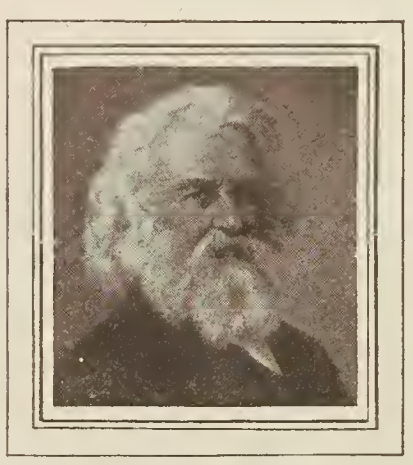
In your imagination you have pictured *Gentle Evangeline*, whose beauty Longfellow described as being like *Exquisite Music*.

You can now *see* this vision of *Celestial Brightness* and *watch* - not read - the tenderest love story ever unfolded. It is told in the WILLIAM FOX PRESENTATION of *Evangeline*, produced with the most elaborate scenery and costumes ever known to motion pictures

EVANGELINE is now being shown in the best theatres everywhere. It represents the beauty, realism and deep dramatic power of

FOX ENTERTAINMENTS.

WILLIAM FOX, President
FOX FILM CORPORATION



Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

IN response to a definite demand for the better things in motion pictures this vitally dramatic poem has been made to live and breathe and have a being which no other art or magic could contrive.

Longfellow will live as never before in the hearts of all the world through this triumph of the screen.

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PATENTED PROCESS

DEHYDRATED Fruits and Vegetables

An Astonishing Work of Science

YOUR table can now have Oregon's tree and bush ripened fruits, full flavored by nature's own methods, and crisp, fresh vegetables at any season and at a distinct saving. That is the wonder of King's Dehydration! For this patented process removes nothing but the water from these products of garden and orchard. It does not destroy the millions of tiny cells of which these luscious fruits and vegetables are composed.



Water is the chief element in these foods. Peaches contain slightly more than 88 per cent water. Stringless beans have a water content of over 87 per cent. And this is the water we take out. To restore any of King's products, simply return the moisture we have taken out by placing them in clear, cold water for a few hours.

Delicious, Economical Foods

Not only does King's Dehydration bring you zestful foods, but they are economical. You buy concentrated goodness. You pay no freight or handling charges on *water*. And there is no waste in preparing—nothing to throw away.

If your grocer is not yet supplied with King's, send the coupon for full size, trial packages. See the coupon below.

King's Food Products Company

47 Fourth Street, Portland, Oregon

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KING'S FOOD PRODUCTS CO., 47 Fourth St., Portland, Oregon.

Please send me full size trial packages of King's Dehydrated products indicated, "The Story of King's Dehydration" and the New King's recipe book. I enclose.....cents.

.....Apples—30c per carton (2 large pies or 6 large portions of sauce).

.....Loganberries—35c per carton (Enough for 5 people. Splendid for pies).

.....Peaches—35c per carton (From seven to ten dishes).

.....Prunes—50c per carton (Fifteen portions).

.....Soup Vegetables—10c per carton (Sufficient for six or eight plates of soup).

.....Spinach—25c per carton (Six to eight generous portions).

.....Squash—25c per carton (A vegetable for six people or 4 pies).

.....String Beans—35c per carton (3 pints when ready to serve).

Name.....

Street..... City and State.....

Grocer's Name..... His Address.....

Continued from page 20

THE TREE OF JOY—VII

BEYOND DEAD MAN'S LAND

"IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE"

German occupancy. And there, as you might have expected, it happened!

The ominous rattle of the machine which had been cause for such anxious concern suddenly stopped. And so did the car!

What was the matter? We were stuck in a shell-hole in the "*Kaiser Wilhelmstrasse*" in Landres.

How vexatious the delay! Oh, tho precious moments! The chauffeur was excitedly starting the motor and stopping it again. All the village came to push. Still it was useless. The machinery was broken, the chauffeur thought at length. He hammered a while and I thought it was more so.

No, we were going to start in fifteen minutes, he promised. But it was becoming more and more apparent that we should not be able to start at all.

Oh, for an American motor-corps girl, one like Katherine, whose Greek and calculus and college training applied to mechanics makes motor-cars move in France! Ours wouldn't "*marche*," as the chauffeur finally reluctantly reported. It was "*très malheureux*." And indeed it was just like that, "very unfortunate."

There we sat hopelessly, helplessly stranded in a shell-hole on the other side of civilization. Down the *Kaiser Wilhelmstrasse* the last light of day faded fast in the western sky. The villagers in consternation pressed closer to us as if in protection against all that impended.

THESE dear, simple, suffering people were themselves, I think, most overwhelmed of all at the catastrophe which had befallen their guests. The women were wringing their hands. They were, as they said, "all desolated" that this should have happened to *la dame Américaine*, THE DELINEATOR lady who had come to them all the way from over the Atlantic.

All the hospitality they had they would most gladly offer. But oh, they said, it wouldn't do at all. On the cold damp floors where they themselves slept the rats and the mice ran over one's face at night! Besides wherever an army has been there are things left behind. Plainly, if we passed the night in Landres we might find ourselves under the necessity of being "deloused" in the morning.

Even if we stayed all night in our car, should we be any nearer a solution of our predicament on the morrow? The chauffeur thought that with daylight he could accomplish his repairs. But could he? And to-night what in this shell-hole where we sat should we do?

The mayor made the only suggestion there was in *régions dévastées:* We could have the village food cart to take us anywhere that we could get. But did we think we could ride in it? Did we? We'd try!

The army horses were hitched up as quickly as possible. The cart, looking like a brown-covered prairie schooner, came rattling out of the twilight. "*Munitions de guerre*" it read, along with a coat-of-arms effect of a bursting bomb blazoned on the side. Inside was fixed a plank on which to sit.

The chauffeur, insisting the car would "*marche*" to-morrow, had decided to stay with it. The rest of us, with expressions of gratitude to the village of Landres, climbed into the conveyance offered. Again we said *au revoir*.

Night had fallen, yes, just like that, as literally and suddenly as I ever saw it come. The driver delegated by the mayor cracked his whip. Out into the darkness of the devastated regions we plunged.

It's the darkest dark there is. And a munitions cart rides the ruts in the road like an ocean liner in a storm at sea. Only, I assure you, you come down much harder on shell-torn roads than on the Atlantic. Four people clung desperately together. No one must let go lest some of the party rattle out in the rear.

We were hungry and cold. You always are colder in Europe than anywhere at home. Because over here it is a long, long time since you were warm. Our teeth chattered and we shivered and shook. It was impossible to keep our steamer-rugs about us. We couldn't bother with the bread we had. Both hands had to be all the while holding on hard.

AND now that we were off, where could we go? No one knew. Not by riding all night in a car should we reach St. Menehould now. And by munitions-cart traveling that town must be two days' journey away.

Might we possibly make Varennes again? Perish the proposition. Those boys would sleep themselves to-night on tables to give blankets and cots to their girls. We might freeze to death. But we must not intrude in our trouble on the hospitality which would be stretched to the limit to provide for their guests of the dance.

Could we hope to find any more of the American army about? There was the cemetery at Romagne, some one recalled. But there was no reply. No one liked to think about that. We rode desperately on in the dark.

The cart lunged with an awful bang into the next shell-hole. Mademoiselle, my secretary, shrieked. The driver lashed the horses. Rearing in fright they wrenched the cart out, to dash madly forward. Back and forth we rocked, now on the road, now off it. The horses at last were running away!

One final terrific jolt and everybody pitched head first in dazed confusion on the floor. The cart balanced for an indecisive instant on one wheel, then righted itself violently in the ditch where the driver had turned it to stop his horses! Yes, now he had them in hand. Finding everybody still alive, we scrambled breathlessly back on our plank again. The cart tore recklessly on.

Every little while the photographer at the end of our line looked out of the rear to reconnoiter. Were we coming anywhere? So many times we weren't that it seemed we never would. Nearly three hours had passed before at last he announced a light in the distance.

Could it be Romagne? Mademoiselle was French. But the American woman doctor touched my arm: "There will be negroes, you know, if it's Romagne."

"Why, what if there are?" asked our photographer from Dublin.

We were nearing the light. "I'll just have a look about," he said, stopping the driver.

We women restlessly waited. We were worn out and weary and wanting shelter three hours' worse than we had before.

At least ten minutes passed before our man was back. "I've brought your countrymen," he said. The relief in his voice at the prospect of sharing his responsibilities was plain.

I leaned out in the dim circle of a high electric light to scan their faces. "Are you white men?" I asked.

They laughed. "This is a camp of four thousand negroes," they said. "We are the white officers. And we're going to take care of you."

When an American man speaks in that tone of voice, you know that he will.

We climbed out with alacrity. One by one they caught us as we jumped for the ground. In the Y. M. C. A. canteen where they brought us a Georgia negro made us hot chocolate in a dish-pan on the sheet-iron stove. They found for us bread and meat and American doughnuts! A negro minstrel troup danced the buck and wing and sang "Dixie" and "The Hell of an Engineer." Was there anything more that we would like? Mr. Mack, the Y. M. C. A. secretary, offered his monthly pay-check if we needed money.

How could they be so kind when we were going to be so much trouble? That's what I've often wondered.

Of course they could bunk the man of our party in 'most anywhere. But the government has no guest-chambers. The captain, who is a doctor from Kansas, had to turn out of his quarters to make way for women wandering like this in the night on the front. It always is the captain, I understand, on whom this hospitality devolves. Mr. Mack will be happy to serve in any other capacity, but from the complicated details involved in the arrangements for retiring at night, he escapes in confusion.

A NURSE, who had arrived ahead of us on official business, had done the front before. We were glad she had. Even our woman doctor, I think, was glad.

They bundled us all in a car that chugged its way through the ruins to the officers' quarters. With a gallant sweep of the hand, the captain placed his apartment at our disposal. It was a one-room corrugated iron shack rounded over the top like a tunnel. Through the cracks in the wooden floor the grass was springing up in little green ridges. There were four army cots, Mr. Mack having sent the extra ones over from his canteen.

"Now, when you girls are in bed," said the captain, "I'll come in for the light because I need it."

We hurried all we could. The captain was whistling outside in the cold with his hands in his pockets to keep warm. He would sleep, the nurse told us, in the officers' mess, the shack next to this.

When we got ourselves tucked in under all the blankets and coats we had, the doctor called "ready." And the captain returned. He threw some last chunks of wood in the stove. "My orderly will be in in the morning to make the fire," he said.

"If you don't mind, I've got to shave to-morrow and that's the only mirror," he added, indicating about four square inches of looking-glass tacked above the improvised wash-stand.

Then he laid a loaded revolver beside the nurse's pillow. "That's a Colt automatic and Miss Kemp's a fine shot," he remarked. "I'm another," pointing to the gun in his belt. "And I shall hear you if you have to call. Good night," he said cheerily, departing with our tallow candle.

If ours had been an expedition to the north pole, I doubt if it could have been colder than we found it there in northern France. As the fire died down the wind came up, right up through the cracks where the green grass grew in the floor. Oh, for the feather beds of St. Menehould! We rolled up all we could in our coats and pulled the blankets over our heads. But we could not keep out the creeping cold.

Then what could they do in little Landres and in three hundred and fifty thousand ruined homes of France? And how had it been in those dugouts where men lived like animals in holes in the ground while for four years they struggled against each other for mastery?

AYE, we shivered. But we shuddered too. It was a ghastly, ghostly night we passed. All the woe of the world moaned in the wind here in the desert of the dead.

Outside, you know, lay the boys who had been gathered in from New York and Ohio, and elsewhere in the United States, three thousand of them in their narrow beds, and colder than ours. I had seen them when down Fifth Avenue 'neath the blue bright splendor of a New York sky they had marched away so bravely to decide the destiny of the world.

And here on the most terrible battle-fields of history, right about us here in the dark, it was done.

Continued on page 47

Continued from page 46

THE TREE OF JOY—VII

BEYOND DEAD MAN'S LAND

"IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE"

Oh, this where we were, this was the charnel place of civilization. Now the wind sweeping over the wide wastes of human happiness echoed with the cries of dying men and the griefs of living women. Now it shrieked of murder and rape and massacre. Now it wailed with the misery of millions facing cold and unemployment and hunger and disease.

Somewhere in the hillside the iron door of a dugout banged. The shack in which we lay shook. Ah, but listen! There was more than the wind of the wilderness. The foundations of the social order were rocking to-night in the hurricane of economic forces unloosed!

After all, though, they would, wouldn't they? At that other Calvary the veil of the temple was rent in twain, was it not? And this to-day is an agony of humanity more wide-spread, a sacrifice more frightful than any ever before conceived, this the price we pay for the redemption of the world. Surely beyond such crucifixion of the race there must also be a resurrection.

At last, I slept in Romagne.

I opened my eyes in the morning in a yellow diffused light that came through two small oiled muslin windows.

And the captain was shaving. From my right cheek I wiped off a soft moist fluff of lather that had flicked across from his brush where he stood before the little looking-glass rolling up white soap billows on his own face.

Everybody woke up. There was an informal good morning all around. "Get out as soon as I can, girls," the captain apologized airily as he scraped his chin. "But you'll have plenty of time to dress. Reveille hasn't sounded yet."

There was bacon and eggs and pancakes and coffee for breakfast. And roast beef with gravy and mashed potatoes and macaroni and bread and butter and jam and rice pudding and coffee for dinner. Must we really go away from here? It began to be some problem how we ever should.

That car of ours wasn't coming by from Landres. Our hosts here had out their cars one by one: there were two or three of them, none of which, with all the mechanics there were in the camp, could be made to "*marche*" to-day. Not even from all three could enough parts be assembled to put together one whole car, Mr. Mack at length reluctantly reported.

The captain pushed toward me the Louis Quinze chair salvaged from some château. "Just sit down and make yourself at home," he advised. "No use to worry. Something'll probably come along in the course of a day or so that'll be going somewhere. Then you can go too."

THE nurse took from her pocket a cute little sewing outfit, needles, thimble, thread in a case no larger than a peanut-shell. She invited all the buttons that needed assistance. And on the cot where she sat, she became right away a busy person. All the other officers hearing about a woman with a needle hurried in.

Mr. Mack sat by and stoked the little sheet-iron stove. The captain got out his battle souvenirs and entertained us with an exhibition of all the different kinds of bombs there are.

I was just getting to understand the German hand-grenade he had given me when we heard the sound of a car. A Red Cross ambulance had rolled in from *régions dévastées* on its way back to Verdun. "Sure, nothing inside. Take 'em all along," the two American doctors in charge told our captain.

The railroad was running from Verdun. We were to reach there in time for a train out to Bar-le-Duc. And from Bar-le-Duc in another day there would be a train to Paris To reach that destination, no matter in how many days, we were ready to tour France.

We did, it seemed, a good share of it. It was going to be twenty-five miles to Verdun. Lost in a blizzard, we went forty.

And for all that forty miles each of us held on tight to a swinging strap lest our brains at any time be dashed out against the roof. "How did the wounded ever stand this transportation?" I asked between bumps. "Often they didn't," tersely replied the Detroit doctor at the wheel.

What had been a light flurry of snow was increasing now. The devastated district through which we were tearing our way was growing whiter and whiter. Soon the whiteness of the wilderness was as difficult as the darkness of it had been the night before.

In the blurred landscape before us it was impossible to discover a shell-hole until pitching head first our car had plumbed its depths. The storm became a blinding blizzard in which again we rocked and swayed our way through no man's land as in a ship in an angry sea.

Inside, clinging desperately to our swinging straps, we banged violently back and forth. God knows why we weren't overturned in the ditch. Only, that outside two American men applied all their keen intelligence to keep this rearing, plunging machine on the road.

EVERY little while the doctor from New Jersey leaned perilously out from the running-board to wipe the thick white mist off the windshield. The doctor from Detroit strained and tugged at the wheel. His two hands never left it and always just as our great caravan tottered and swayed three-quarters over by a swift movement of those sure hands on the wheel we were brought suddenly upright again.

Now and then we stopped and the two doctors got down to survey the landscape. The barbed-wire entanglements stretched for miles and miles away. Every hillside was burrowed with dugouts. There were dead men enough about us. But in all this no man's land of fallen, deserted ruin there was, of course, no one from whom to inquire a direction.

In the whirling white cloud in which we were enveloped it became impossible to see the road. After a last examination and anxious consultation, the doctors climbed back in front: "Don't let it worry you at all," the doctor from Detroit said in a tone that tried to be calm and even, "but I have to announce that we've lost our way."

So it was like that, then? Darkness and night and bitter cold would soon come down over these desolate plateaux where three hundred thousand Frenchmen and seven hundred thousand Germans had died. We had now no food supplies with us. How long before a searching-party might find us? After all, with the world in so much trouble, why should it come? Of what least consequence could we be, five or six more people among missing millions? To wrap ourselves in our blankets and lie down to die would be but a commonplace circumstance paling to insignificance among the unwritten annals of the war.

BUT we weren't going to do that right away. The doctor gripped the wheel hard. And we went skidding and plunging ahead, no one could tell whither. It seemed a long while afterward that we glimpsed through the snow a railroad track. Ah, that must go somewhere! And we followed it.

Yet not for far. The very next shell-hole got us. The great ambulance with one mighty last forward lunge that made its whole frame shiver landed down deep. There it stuck fast. Not anything the doctors did could make it budge. Surely this now was our finish!

Then that blessed American army again with first aid! Out of the white landscape ahead suddenly, like rescuing angels, stepped two soldiers in khaki. "Hullo, folks," they said. "Heard your motor. Then heard it stop. Got any trouble?"

Had we? Well, those two boys, one from Tennessee and the other from Iowa, brought two more from the construction camp out there in the storm where they were repairing the railroad track. With crowbars they at last pried us out. And they set us right once more on *route nationale*, the state road, which we had lost.

Oh no, we wouldn't reach Verdun now in time to catch any train. Let me tell you we were well satisfied to reach Verdun at all.

Even though it was going to be a problem how to find any place of shelter for the night. The two doctors deliberated what they could do with us. "We don't know anywhere we can take you," they said, "but the American army hospital."

But the entire staff there, getting ready to evacuate the next day, might not be ready to entertain guests straying in unawares from the front. "Say," the doctors suggested as an afterthought, "just don't tell 'em we brought you."

They dropped us out of the darkness on the doorstep of Glorieux Hospital at ten o'clock that night.

But like any other American, the dear adjutant there took us in. And his kitchen force insisted on cooking for us a hot supper.

The building had been an old French hospital. It had cold red-tile floors and enormous high ceilings with no means for heat but the corridor stove. We slept again in army cots beneath army blankets.

The hospital was on the heights above Verdun. In the morning, after real buckwheat pancakes and coffee for breakfast, we went down into the war-damaged city. Among the relics of a past civilization, still firmly stuck in place on a building along the banks of the River Meuse, hung the advertisement of a famous American sewing-machine.

SUCH railroad service as had been resumed we found was of a fitful sort. The afternoon train, we learned, would take us only to Châlons. Almost another day would pass before we could hope for Paris.

Then we made a fortunate discovery. In the *bibliothèque*, which is the public library, a building with much tar paper for roof and much oiled muslin for windows, we found a "*Bureau des Régions Libérées*" where we could report the loss of our car. We got a relief expedition started out to the chauffeur at Landres.

And the French official in charge at the bureau canvassed the ruins of Verdun for a car by which we might continue our journey with less delay than by rail. I think it was the Y. M. C. A. that was finally found to have a car that would be going in the afternoon as far as Bar-le-Duc, from which there would be a train to reach Paris to-night. Certainly, the Y. M. C. A. would take us along.

And right away, first, they invited us to lunch. Up the high Rue La Belle Vierge we climbed, and on past the cathedral. In the Rue Porte Chatel through a hole in a crumbling wall and across a garden we found it, the canteen crowded with rows and rows of men in khaki and girls in gray. They squeezed up tighter to let us in. A Presbyterian minister from Arkansas passed us the frankfurters and stewed corn. Then we decided later whether we'd take the dessert of stewed prunes on the same plates or in our teacups.

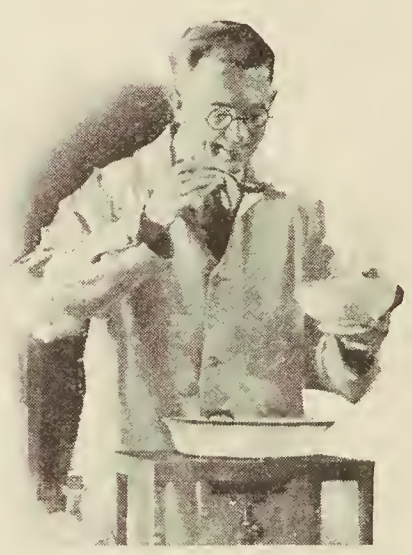
Going down the hill again in the Rue Belle Vierge, a fat man in khaki behind us made genial conversation. "Looks like folks around here have had some sort of a scrap with their neighbors," he said, surveying the scene. "Glad it didn't happen in Evanston, Illinois,"

Concluded on page 48

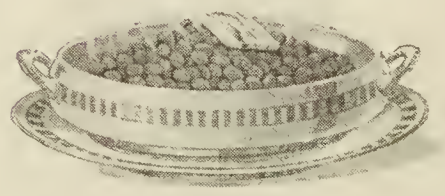


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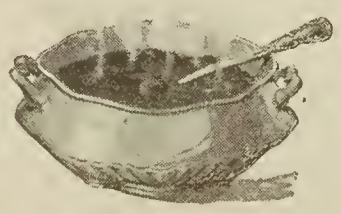
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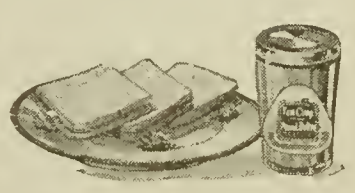
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"Voices from the Beyond"

Does death end all—if only we could be sure! The war has forced all men and women, in whom a spark of spirituality abides unquenched, to get face to face with their own souls, to scrutinize their beliefs and to find out their worth. The hope held out in "Voices from the Beyond" will be consoling to those to whom this question remains unanswered.

"Lucifer"

by Mary Brecht Pulver

What a boyhood! A father who baited him with continual epithet; an aunt who pursued him with endless texts and exhortations. But will your boy "come back" as did "Lucifer?"—for all boys run away at least once in their lives!

Ever try to get rid of a questionable bundle?

Then read:

"Kitty! Kitty!"

by Richardson Wright

You'll also want to read:

"The First Rung," *a business story*

by Marguerite Aspinwall

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Concluded from page 47

THE TREE OF JOY—VII

BEYOND DEAD MAN'S LAND

"IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE"

he added. "Or in Syracuse, New York," seconded the doctor of our party. "Or in New York City," I quickly agreed.

Before we got to Bar-le-Duc that night the Y. M. C. A. car that so kindly took us broke down just four times in transit. While the chauffeur tinkered with it we'd sit by the road ruefully regretting the nine hundred perfectly new Ford cars tied up with red tape and rusting at a port of entry in France from which they could not be moved.

Then, one last time our car gave out and couldn't be put together again. On the edge of the town we had to take up our steamer rugs and walk for a mile to a hotel. But it was a hotel.

And we'd missed our train, by now, however, so common an occurrence that it would have more surprised us to have made it. We were very glad to get rooms for the night. It no longer mattered at all that there was neither heat nor hot water. There was dinner. And in the morning there was breakfast; that is, there was coffee and a roll without butter, but with the famous Bar-le-Duc jelly we import at home from here.

It was very early—six o'clock. But that was the way with trains that were running at all. They didn't do it at the hours you'd like them to.

THIS was a town very little damaged. Some of the houses were still marked "*Abri*" or "*Cave de secours*" to indicate places of public shelter from air raids. But few of them had been actually hit. We crossed a stone bridge where the quiet waters of the Canal de la Marne flowed peacefully between winding banks set with high and stately trees in what might have been a picture. In the soft, frost-touched early morning, so lovely was the first glimpse of the gray-green Spring.

The oil lamps were still burning when we got the train in the station where the glass roof had been completely shattered by bombing aeroplanes. We reached Paris at last at noon.

In the Rue de Trevise my taxicab collided with another. I saw it coming. For a breathless instant I balanced the thought: Should I after all get over the report on the devastated village an anxious editor at home awaited? Then there was a terrific bump. And my *cocher*, extricating the cab from entangling traffic, raced on!

The easy luxury of my Paris hotel was welcome, of course. But it was best of all to be once more where the ground was not a blood-soaked shambles!

Liberty, freedom—dearest ideals! How has a heart-broken world paid your cost in suffering and sorrow! We who had read of your price in dark ages past, little had we thought to pay it in ours!

All that the youth of the twentieth century has died for may not yet be quite achieved. Four hundred million people making war, by the very momentum acquired, may not make peace without a jar in transition. Still, out of the ashes of the old world a new one is rising. The architects of it are already submitting the plans for rebuilding.

Past the rows of guns in the Champs Elysées a girl and her fortunate soldier are strolling to-day as I write. His arm is about her waist in the frank French way. I do not think they see at all the black-veiled women or the maimed men they meet. The evening sky arches shell-pink above them. Flowers bloom in poignant beauty in the gardens about them. In her eyes—as in his—heaven itself is!

Ah, little *midinette*, walk like the queen you may! The world into which at least your children's children shall be born will be a safer world to live in.

Hear, hear, parliaments in all lands planning! And it's not for devastated districts only. With so much in ruins, the rest that's wrong may as well be made right. Health measures, housing-reforms, eight-hour laws, they're making them all as fast as they can. Even there's new Democracy doing: "I can't help being born an aristocrat. But let me be a democrat," pleads an English peer.

Long live the lovers walking toward the Bois in every clime to-day. Toward Kensington Gardens as toward Central Park see them going hand in hand. Even so they walk also in Unter den Linden. Not if we could may we say them nay.

It's coming for you, little girl! After this dark Calvary of the race, the resurrection! Great tides of the world, of which the President spoke, have risen to operate for you in their majesty and overwhelming might.

"I will say such wonderful things to you. There will be such wonderful things to do," sings a playhouse chorus in Paris.

You may, too, little girl. For your feet shall be set in pleasant places beyond our Dead Man's Land.

HOW TO REMIT

CONTRIBUTORS to the relief of devastated France should send all remittances to the French-Relief Editor, THE DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City. Checks and money-orders should be made out to the French-Relief Editor.

PICKING ON THE CHURCH

Concluded from page 5

these who, having been given much, use their gifts selfishly instead of for the common good.

The church of the future will place its emphasis where Jesus placed His. It will be little curious about minor matters. But it will ask quite frankly: "Is God the senior partner in your business?" "If Jesus Christ were to visit your factory to-morrow, would He find that you are running it according to the spiritual principles He laid down?" "Do you conceive of your life as a trust and are you honestly trying to administer it in such a way that your service to the world will be in proportion to the benefits you have received from the world?"

JESUS tried hard to make it clear that true religion is a matter of the spirit—of the fundamental purposes and ideals that actuate a man's life, and not at all a matter of forms, of observing this or abstaining from that.

Yet from the very beginning the emphasis of men has been on the form and away from the spirit. It is this false emphasis that the church of the future will correct.

Its creeds, its standards and its activities will, I believe, be more simple rather than more complex. I do not object to churches running bowling-alleys and providing for all the varied social needs of a town. Indeed, I believe that in many towns the same roof that covers the church will some day cover also every organization and activity that exists for the general good. Ministers ought to have time, in addition to their preaching, to lead in campaigns for better roads and for improving the farms of their parishoners. But all of these matters are secondary. The church is first of all a temple of worship; the minister is first and foremost a prophet whose business is to lift the ideals and the purposes of his people.

Jesus of Nazareth, if He had so chosen, might have filled Jerusalem with soup-kitchens, homes for working girls, and societies for the suppression of this and that. Instead of which He founded nothing, joined nothing, was president of nothing, secretary and treasurer of nothing. He devoted His days and nights to changing the lives and firing the spirits of a little handful of men and women, and *they* changed the aspect of the world.

Let the church and its pastor lift men out of themselves, transform their character, and their purposes, and those men will automatically create a new heaven and a new earth so far as their home communities are concerned. But wo to the church that surrenders this glorious calling in its busy-ness with the lesser matters of social reform. It becomes then merely one of a half-dozen institutions, each washing the community street with its individual hose, when it should be a stream of living water, filling the reservoir from which the cleansing activities of every social organization are supplied.

Picking on the church has become a national pastime with us. It requires no courage; one incurs no penalties by indulging in it; and so we may expect the criticism to be popular always, I suppose. But I think the church is pretty nearly to the point where it can afford to turn around and say: "Now, just a minute. I've stood for this nagging a long time, and have tried to be as patient as I can. But let's look the facts in the face.

"After all, aren't most of the things that make you proud of modern civilization an outgrowth of my influence? Who started your hospitals, your social settlements, your Red Cross and your Y. M. C. A.? Who set in motion the sentiment that has made the processes of law more humane? Who has lifted the standards of business practise at home, and caused the birth of civilization on the islands of the sea? Who put into your own soul the very standards of perfection by which you are judging and condemning me?

"LOOK through history at the great men and women whose lives have set the world forward and you will find that they were either church members or the children of fathers and mothers loyal to the church. Sometimes these flaming spirits have moved too fast for me; they have leaped a generation ahead, and criticized me in their impatience. But they had their roots in me; they are flowers plucked from my branches. They may have bloomed apart in vases of their own, but let the vine be destroyed, and where will you get the flowers of the future?

"I am not perfect; I am made up of men and women just as good, on the whole, and just as bad as you. But they have this to be said in their favor, as against you, that they are inside trying to make me better, instead of merely standing outside and telling me wherein I fail. Looking dispassionately over my record, considering the eternal and priceless value of the faith committed to my keeping, isn't your place also inside with those who are trying to help?"

I say I should like to see the church quit the defensive for a while and speak out vigorously the things that are to be said on its side. It would, I think, be the kind of call to which a lot of red-blooded men and women would respond.

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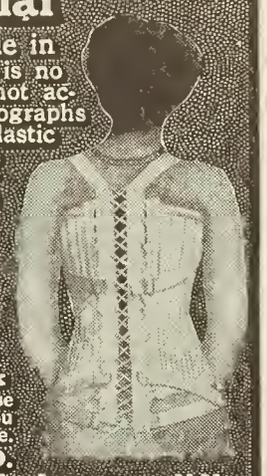
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TULLOSS SCHOOL
9370 College Hill Springfield, Ohio

Concluded from page 3

IT WON'T DO!

have learned that "it won't do" only through long and bitter experience.

Some girls deliberately "pursue" their employers, or subordinate employers, as the case may be. Parasitical, incompetent or inefficient girls want and seek for the pretty baubles, the easy hours and the extra money. And they are willing to pay the price for it. But I honestly believe that even these girls began as innocently as Marion. Being an outlaw is a very hardening process.

I KNOW of a young girl who took her first job in the office of a large war organization. She was not at all the physical type that usually becomes an outlaw. She was big and athletic and well-educated. She had been to a girls' college where the girls prided themselves on being radical.

She was radical, indeed. And before she was removed from the job, she had made "radicals" out of half a dozen other restless girls.

Her name was Phyllis. She boasted that she believed in the single code for men and women. But, said she, the code she believed in and practised was that hitherto tacitly given to men. Absolute freedom of the moral life, she said, was as essential to women as to men. No one could do free mental work and be hampered by prudish conventions. Free one must be as the birds are free.

So Phyllis proceeded to fasten her athletic self on the attention of a certain well-known, "dollar-a-year" man in the organization. He was a married man, she told me, whose wife did not understand him. He and Phyllis read Ellen Key together, and daily Phyllis took hours and hours of dictation from this man behind closed doors. She came to the office late. She left early. She wore wonderfully tailored clothes, and she drove the office manager mad, because all her unsophisticated, beauty-hungry, underpaid little fellow stenographers became rankly insubordinate.

WHEN the office manager told Phyllis she would have to go, Phyllis laughed.

"I've not the slightest objection to going. These are after, not before, the war days. We women are free now. We can get jobs anywhere."

The office manager was a woman who had been handling stenographers for twenty years.

"No one is free in this world," she said; "especially those who have to earn their living are anything but free. And the only chance that any of us women have to make good is that enough of us play the game decently and honestly to bring up the average for all of us. You are a sort of moral scab, Phyllis. You are stealing. You steal the government's money, for you aren't earning a quarter of your salary. You are stealing Mr. I——'s time and whatever remnants of honor he may have. But the person you are stealing the most from is yourself. You are stealing your own future."

Phyllis laughed and left. The last I heard of her she was working for a lawyer and was better dressed than ever. There is the man's side of it, you know. What chance has the man with the average man's attitude toward women to hold out against a girl like Phyllis?

SO, WHEN this mother or any other mother of an attractive daughter asks me about stenography as a profession, I say, "Be careful." At its best it's a wonderful profession for women. At its average there is no other profession that gives the unlimited opportunity for intimacy with the employer that does stenography. How is your daughter equipped for meeting this intimacy?

If I were you, I would have a talk with some man who employs a secretary and get his point of view. If he is a real man, he will give it to you honestly. Then I would go to some mature woman who has been a stenographer and I would get her view-point. To this I would add my own experience as a wife and mother and give it all to the girl. Then if you have already, during the years since babyhood, given your little girl a careful religious training, if you and her father have given her a sane philosophy of life and living, then, and then only, does she stand a fair chance of coming through unscarred.

How many mothers do you suppose have done this?

WINTER PASTORAL

ALL the woods and fields and skies
Are grown white together.
Come, my love, and run with me
Through the frosty weather!

We shall see the merry brook
Still and frozen over,
Like a dancing maid at last
Yielded to her lover.

We shall find the world asleep,
And the white clouds resting
In the trees like flocks of birds
Come for Winter nesting.

And the frost shall touch your face
Into wondrous flowering—
Clasp my hand and run with me
Through the snow's soft showering!

All the while we two shall know
At the white road's turning
Waits a little house for us
And a hearth-fire burning.

HILDA MORRIS.



A good complexion comes from inside

Blemishes of the skin and faulty complexions usually do not originate in the skin. They simply attest to Nature's attempt to rid the system of body poisons.

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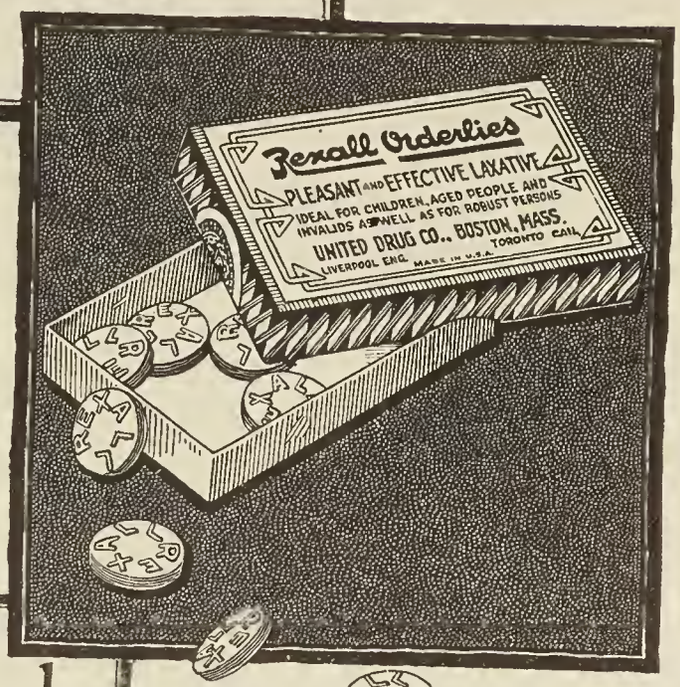
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Continued from page 12

TONY COMES BACK

A fancier of race-horses examining a colt in which he believes he has the future conqueror of the equine world, sees the bone and muscle of it, the wind, the courage, the lines of a champion. In some such way Tony looked upon Christine that first afternoon. Christy had all that our pictured colt had, and a lot more.

Then, away from the golf-course, Tony noted other characteristics—the soft, low voice, simple words, modesty that at times had almost a touch of bashfulness, good humor, a kind heart and the cleanest, sweetest thoughts he'd run across in an age. She was a serious young woman with no great amount of chatter; in a crowd she was an awfully good listener, her expression being well worth watching. Alone she talked well and she had a pleasing wit and a wholesome attitude toward life. To Tony, of long experience, she was an oasis in the desert.

It amused him to think of his playing round with a kid, and he took good care that no harm should come of it—to her—and forgot himself in the doing of it.

Tony woke up eventually. It doesn't make any difference what finally got him—it may have been the way Christy loved her father and mother and brothers and sisters, or the way her brown hair curled about her neck, or her smile, or what he saw in her brown eyes; it may have been something less tangible, such as the trust she had in him, or the comfortable feeling he had when he sat with her in the twilight without saying much of anything; or the way she looked at him when he played circles around her at auction, or the pleasure he knew she felt in playing golf well when she was with him.

But whatever it was, she got Tony good and proper; and finally Tony knew it, and just as soon as that happened he formed a resolution which showed what sort of man he was.

"I'll never let her know," he swore. 'It wouldn't be square for me to try to win her. It wouldn't be fair dealing; she's too young and I'm too old. If she were a dozen years older it would be all right—but—as it is—well, she deserves a boy with youth on him, not an old fellow like me."

IT WAS no idle resolution, it was a solemn oath to take no chances with the virgin heart of Christine or with her happiness. He formed a plan that would be easy of execution. Christine had many swains—let them help him. Slowly but surely he would drop out of her life, so gradually that it would be unnoticeable—a week, another week, a month, six months and it would be done. Christy would not miss him because of her other beaus; Winter was coming and would put an end to golf and rides, and that would help. It was very simple, Tony's plan.

The plan was very simple—but the execution of it turned out to be far from simple.

Two months of glorious Fall weather worked against the plan. "Once more, and only once," Tony swore, over and over again; but Christy's spirit was with him every moment of every day; when he woke his first thought was, "Am I going to see her to-day?" and his second "I must not see her to-day." He saw her almost every day.

Christy didn't help him; she took him for granted just as she might have taken an uncle or big brother for granted. The innocent child never gave a thought to love; she was happy and care-free; school was over and she was experiencing a glorious period of freedom before she took up her woman's work. She even teased Tony a little.

At last Tony decided that there was but one way out; he must go away; the danger to Christine was too great. That Christine should love him was impossible beyond all reasonable chance, and yet were the chance but one in a million he must not take that chance—Christine was too precious.

Go he must and at once—where, mattered not. For how long? That was hard to tell—six months, a year, five years. It was a serious matter for Tony to go away again.

That other time it had been necessary, with a fixed purpose. Now there was no such purpose, and he must go far away.

It meant that he must become a wanderer on the face of the earth, he must sacrifice his place in the world. He took account of stock—and announced that he was going traveling—westward—around the world.

People wondered why, and could not guess. Tony took good care that they should not.

He told Christine's father, casually, and Christine's father told his family, casually.

SATURDAY night came, a day of Autumn's gold and brown. There was an evening and a Sunday left and then Tony would commence his long journey. It had been a day of golf and Tony had declined invitations to dinner, for he was in no mood for festivity.

He dressed slowly at the Lanning Club and dined early, for he was hungry and there was no use waiting. He saw half a dozen boys about in evening clothes and presumed that some one was giving a dinner. He found the evening papers, a chair and a lamp, in a deserted card-room where he would be safe from interruption.

But he was interrupted; he heard voices that came through the sliding doors at the left. The voices were feminine and he could hear them quite distinctly. He looked at the clock, saw that it was a few minutes before eight and guessed that the ladies had come to the dinner-party.

Within a minute he heard Christine greeted and listened for her words.

"Old-man beau coming to-night?" some one asked.

"Not to-night," Christine said.

"Whatever will you do? I hear old-man beau is going away."

"Yes, old-man beau's going away, but I guess I'll get along."

"Horrors! Christy, what a tragedy!" There was laughter.

"Yes," Christy drawled, "he's a-goin' away from here—going to leave little me—anybody got a big handkerchief?"

Christy was sobbing hilariously.

There was more laughter, which suddenly stopped, and Tony heard Christy's voice again.

"Never more—anyway not for many a long day—will his little bowed legs waddle up to my door. 'G'afternoon, lass. Let's be on our way—mustn't keep their Majesties waiting for us chillern!' "

The voice was Tony's, deep and solemn, the blurring of the words was Tony's, the suggestion of a drawl was Tony's.

Christine's imitation brought forth screams of laughter, which abated only when she said:

"But it isn't nice to laugh at little old-man beau. He's the salt-of-the-earth and he's been awfully nice to me. Come on, let's go in."

Tony heard them go into the corridor and pass his door, chatting merrily; he heard them greet the boys and then their voices died down.

TONY slipped out of the room, got his coat and went out into the night; he went across the golf course and up the hill to the woods. Finally he sat down on the top rail of a fence, by a clearing where it was very quiet. Tony's heart was breaking.

"What a fool I've been," he muttered. "What an absolute fool."

Tears came to the eyes of Tony, who feared nothing on the face of God's green earth. Tony knew that his own youth was gone forever; he was an old man, and youth ridiculed him.

Christine laughed at him, jested with other children of her old-man beau and his little legs and his funny voice. Christine even had pity for him and he was going away so that by no possible chance might he harm Christy or make her unhappy.

Fool! Fool!

"Oh! Christy, Christy! Oh, the terrible cruelty of youth!

"But of course you couldn't understand, Christy, you would never dream that an old man could be such a fool. You'll *never* understand, little girl—unless perhaps you remember him when you, too, are old and the years bring knowledge to you. Please God that day may never come, lass, for it would make you sad and you must never be sad."

You see Tony did not blame Christy at all, even for laughing at him with the other girls.

It was nearly midnight when Tony started back to the Lanning Club, and on the way he thought for a moment that he had found some small consolation. He would not have to go away and become a wanderer on the face of the earth; he would not have to give up his place in the world, his friends and his business.

But his consolation was short-lived—he had been going away for Christy's sake; now he must go because he could not stay and face Christy and Christy's friends; he could not live in Alden branded as an old fool; he could not stay there knowing that he had made himself ridiculous.

He came within sight of the Lanning Club and saw that it was in darkness. The diners, Christy and her friends, merry children all, had gone home.

TONY walked slowly across the close-cut grass; his feet crushed crisp, dry leaves, old leaves that had fallen on the ground; he saw a tree with its almost bare branches outlined dimly against the starlit sky, a desolate tree prepared for Wintry blasts. The night was cold—with the sharp chill of Fall; the year was growing old—its youth was gone, its brilliant plumage had passed away, leaving gold and russet browns—and they, too, were fading and making way for grays, the cold barren grays of old age.

Tony had never felt old before. Tony knew down in the bottom of his heart that he had been a young man till Fate placed him side by side with Christy, who was so very young and so very fresh and pure and innocent and who, for one small instant, had been perhaps a little thoughtless.

Tony came close to the house, and tried to drive away the thought of even such a small criticism of Christine. Tony succeeded in doing that before he put his foot on the lowest of the piazza steps. Christy could do no wrong!

Tony went up the steps.

"Tony." The name was whispered. He saw a figure muffled in a cloak.

"Christine! You here—at this time of night!"

"I saw you go away from here. I left right after dinner—and came back, and I've been waiting for you out here. I knew you would come back and I had to see you—to-night."

"But it's very late for you to be here alone."

"I had to come—I saw you sitting in the room next to the one where we left our things. I knew that you had heard what we—I—said. You did hear?"

"Yes, I heard, Christy."

"And you were terribly angry?"

"Angry! No, Christy, I was simply told what I already knew."

"WHAT you knew! What did you expect me to do when they began to talk about you? Did you expect me to tell them you were breaking my heart; tell them that I loved you so that I couldn't live without you; that when you went away I wouldn't care whether I lived or died?

"Did you want me to give in before them all, break down and cry the way I've wanted to cry for days; would that have suited you better than what I did, trying not to let them know the truth?

"Why are you going away from me, when you love me? If you must go away, why don't you take me with you?"

"Christy, Christy, Christy!" There was the deepest sorrow in Tony's voice that a man may know. The awful thing that he had feared, that he had sworn to prevent, had happened—

Concluded on page 51

Continued from page 6

HOMELY IS AS HOMELY DOES

he couldn't keep the admiration out of his eyes.

"My word, no," he said. "We don't do things like that. You leave me your name and address, and I'll let you know when we want you. I think we might use you. You're a good type."

Hattie had been brought up in New England, where one is not taught to look with awe at the managers of the moving-picture industry.

"No," she said. "I'm in a hurry to get started, and if you don't take me, some other company's going to get ahead of you. What are you doing this morning?"

"Oh, there's a roller-skating scene on now," he answered. "We have all our people."

"Roller-skating," said Hattie, taking off her gloves. "All right, that suits me. You don't need to pay me anything the first time, but I'm going in that picture."

"My word!" shouted the director, throwing up his hands in despair. "Do you want me to lose my job? You can't skate, can you?"

Hattie shook her head and he looked relieved.

"That don't make any difference," she maintained stoutly. "It'll be all the funnier. I'll be a beginner, falling down and tumbling around. I'll just act myself."

Mr. Billings scratched his head in despair.

"Lord," he groaned, "don't bother me any more. Get the property-man to give you a pair of skates."

AND that is how Hattie Hibbard got her first start. Armed with a pair of roller-skates, which were about as familiar to her as quadratic equations, she marched into the studio and gazed curiously about the bare room, with the various sets here and there, and the actors with their yellow make-up, which gave the impression that the whole studio had been afflicted with the jaundice.

Then the fun began. Never will the Star Studio forget Hattie Hibbard's first appearance in the movies. They had to cut most of her part out of the picture, not because of Hattie's incompetence, but because, as the leading man said, "she simply hogged the whole show."

From the time she buckled on the skates hindside first, until, in the middle of the tense scene between the hero and the heroine, when Hattie, leaning too heavily on the door in her efforts to see everything, broke down the door and came sailing into the hero's outstretched arms, the studio reechoed with the sounds of merriment.

Even Daddy deserted his post to see Hattie rearing and prancing about the floor, like a cart-horse trying to do circus tricks. Encouraged by the impression she was making, she skated as one inspired.

Mr. Billings mopped his honest brow after it was all over.

"Come into the office," he said briefly.

In the private sanctum he cleared off a seat for her, tilted back in his own chair, and gazed at her with gratified relief.

"Say," he exclaimed after a moment's silence, which kept Hattie's heart fluttering, "where'd you learn the slap-stick bunk? You're a wiz. I didn't think there was a real comedian left in the country these days."

Hattie was tired, now that the excitement was over. Her ankles ached.

"I learned it from bitter experience," she answered grimly. "Ever read any stories about the homely girl that's the drudge of the family and gets only a few snickers for her pains? I could write one like that."

Mr. Billings grunted.

"I KNOW. Still, when it comes right down to it, you wouldn't be so bad-looking.

"There's girls in the studio that would be plain homely if they'd leave off their fancy riggin's and their vanishing creams and their permanent waves, and still they're getting away with ingénue stuff."

"I tell you what, you've got the goods. When you've had some training, Charlie Chaplin'll have to retire from business. Of course you need practise. You ain't got any art, but that's all I *have* got, and if you'll stick to me, we'll be flying our own private Zepp'lins in a few years.

"You stick to me, do you get me? I'll give you the steadiest job you ever signed up for. All you got to do is to give the cue. Say, girlie, will you?"

He placed his hand on her shoulder and gazed into her eyes with real pleading.

And right then and there, Hattie Hibbard's heart stopped beating, scared by the tumult that hand and voice had aroused. She looked up into his face and saw him for the first time. She had been too eager about her own fortune to notice him before, but now she saw him, saw him in all the glory which might surround a young prince on a prancing steed. She thought she had never seen any one so handsome.

No man had ever placed his hand on her shoulder before, no man had looked into her eyes with any kind of admiration, no man had ever asked her services in any capacity, no man had ever called her "girlie."

She looked into his eyes with the worship of a humble puppy-dog for its master, and her heart was hers no more. This man had put his hand on her shoulder, and he wanted her, yes, actually wanted her, Hattie Hibbard, whom no one had ever wanted for anything.

Then the irony of it all occurred to her. He wanted only her faults, her crudeness. He needed her because she was an atrocity, and he would never know that behind her comedy was a heart full of eager, humble emotion which beat for him alone.

"Well," she heard him say, through the conflicting emotions of pride and helplessness, "what do you say, girlie?"

"Of course I'll stick," she murmured with a gulp. "How much will you give me for being your clown?"

"Good!" he answered quickly. "I can't offer you but twenty-five at first. You ain't really worth that, till you get the edges taken off, but I'll give you that. You'll be getting a good deal more before long. You come over the first of the week and I'll put you to work right off the reel."

She thanked him absently and went back to her hall bedroom. There she sat down in the one straight-backed chair and stared at the gray, blank wall across the way.

A newspaper lay open beside her. Her eyes fell upon one stray paragraph. She leaned forward, stared at it, and then eagerly cut out the advertisement.

THE next day she took the advertisement in her hand, pinned on her black hat and set out for the street and number indicated.

"I want to speak to Madame Henry-ette alone," she announced to the uniformed boy who admitted her to the famous beauty parlor.

A few moments later she was ushered into a room where madame sat in state. Hattie advanced humbly.

"How much would it cost to make me beautiful?" she asked, coming directly to the point.

Madame Henriette gazed at her with astonished scorn, plus an eye to business. She raised her lorgnette, sighed as elegantly as was possible under her self-reducing corsets, bade Hattie turn around before her, and then described in brief the necessary alterations.

"The nose," she murmured dreamily, as if she was going off into a trance and seeing Hattie's soul shining through her body, "could easily be straightened. The hair requires careful treatment, also the skin, which is naturally a rich, creamy olive. The chin might be built out with success, the whole figure rounded by my beauty exercises and put into well-fitting corsets, and the feet improved.

"I consider your case most hopeful, and if you will advance me one thousand dollars I can assure you that one glance in your mirror after the treatment and you will not know yourself."

Hattie stood in the middle of the floor and made mental calculations.

"Thank you," she said finally. "I'll be back in seven months."

Then she turned and strode out of the door, conscious of the ripple of laughter that followed her exit past the underlings in Madame Henriette's establishment.

Seven months is a long time when you're on the front end of it, looking toward it, but somehow it passes quickly when you're as busy as Hattie was. There wasn't anything ever done in movies that she didn't do.

She did a diving stunt, clad in a misfit one-piece bathing-suit; she sat on high stone walls and fell off backward, caught from behind by nimble stage hands. She was rescued from burlesque fires twice, run over by three automobiles,

Concluded on page 52

Concluded from page 50

TONY COMES BACK

Christy in her innocence had given him her first love and he could not take it, for it was only the momentary emotion of a young girl, a thing that would, unless he prevented, work terrible harm for her.

"Christy, Christy, Christy!"

Again came the imitation of Tony's voice. "Oh, such a mournful tone! As though the world were coming to an end instead of just beginning—for us. For goodness' sake, Tony, tell me you love me. I'm not going to stay here all night waiting for you to get up your courage."

"Don't you understand—I'm——"

"I understand perfectly well—I've understood it for months—any woman with eyes and ears and any sense couldn't help understanding. You don't suppose, do you, that I'd have come here to-night if I didn't know all about it?"

"But, Christy, you are so very young and I am so very ——"

"Good Heavens! Is that it? You old, Tony? You're young, a boy, a mere child, compared with me. Which of us has had sense enough to straighten out what came so awfully near being an awful mess?

"You old, Tony! Oh, Tony, I never suspected that was it, not once. People think you're a great man, but I know better—you're a boy, just plain boy and you'll never grow up—not if you live till you're a hundred. Tony, you're a dear—but very, very foolish—sometimes." Christine sighed, melodramatically. "Well, I guess I'll have to go, Mr. Fearing."

THE time of night has nothing to do with it, nor the place, though the former was long, long after midnight and the place Tony's room. Tony stood stock still, contemplating nothing whatever.

"Oh, what a fool I was," Tony muttered. "What an absolute fool! Old! I'm so doggone young I'm ashamed of it."

As a matter of fact, Tony was—but what's the use of telling Tony's age? He was only a boy, and would never be anything else, if he lived to be a hundred.

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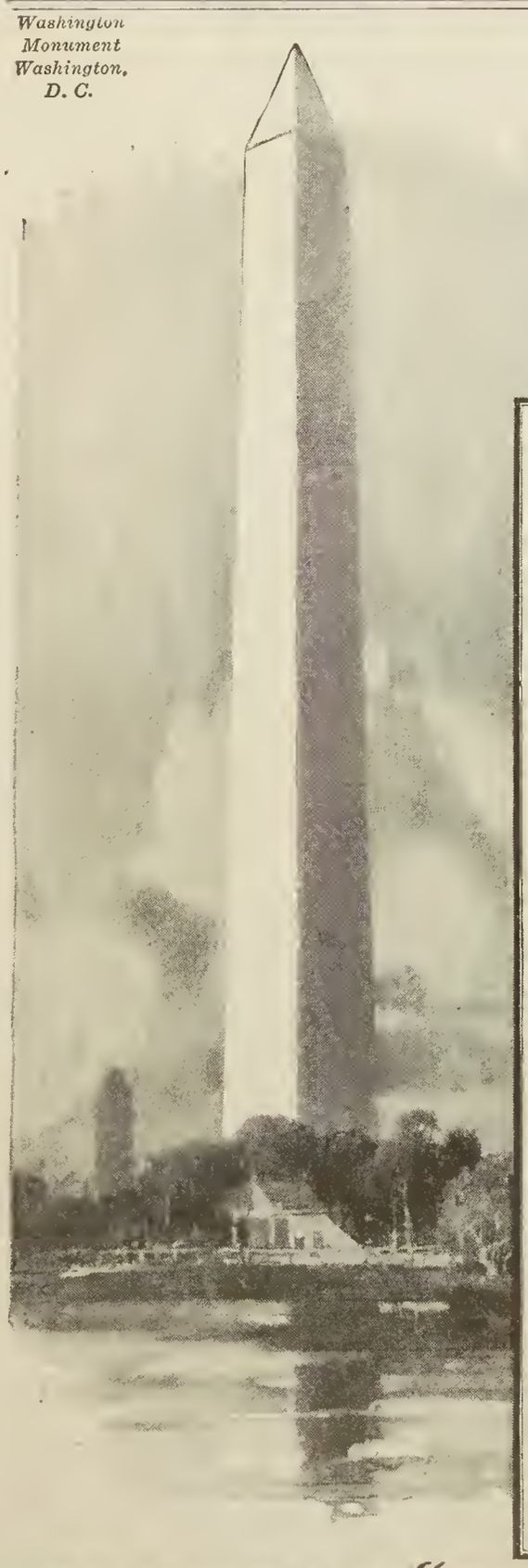
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ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"
(DERIVATIVE COMPOUND)

Concluded from page 51

HOMELY IS AS HOMELY DOES

chased by a roaring lion, and pelted with bricks from high buildings.

She did it all gladly, efficiently. Her gawky form became a part of the life of the Star Studio.

The stage hands liked her blunt ways, the actors looked at her with real admiration (possibly having heard of her salary's being raised once, twice, and twice again). Mr. Billings asked her advice, yes, actually considered her opinions worth while.

Her old sensitiveness disappeared in this atmosphere of approval, and when she went into the projection room to see reel after reel, composed mostly of herself, she glowed with the satisfaction of things achieved.

People wondered why she lived on at the not even once genteel, brownstone-front rooming-house, why she brought her luncheon, wrapped in tissue-paper, instead of patronizing the studio restaurant, and only Hattie knew what become of her monthly check.

Hattie's second visit to Madame Henriette's was an epoch in her life. When the underling learned that she was Hattie Hibbard, *the* Hattie Hibbard, he sent a messenger flying for Madame herself, and Hattie learned for the first time that it is not merely good looks which command respect, but success. The fact that she was wearing a modish tailor-made outfit and spoke with a more sophisticated manner also helped.

IT MUST be confessed that Hattie enjoyed the furor of attention that her presence called forth, and that she furtively wished that Aunt Leonore and her East Mudberry friends could see her then. With much ceremony she was installed in a reclining-chair, swathed in a huge apron, and initiated in the mysteries of massage, electric treatment, marcel wave, and beauty exercises for neck and chest. Hattie enjoyed every minute of it.

"And now, the nose?" asked madame, in her sweetest of tones.

Hattie shook her head.

"That will have to wait," she said. "It wouldn't be fair to begin on it, or the feet either, until I finish the pictures I'm already booked for. In about a month you can start."

"Say, my hair don't look so bad after that oil treatment and shampoo, does it?"

Madame went into ecstacies.

"It is *beautiful*," she exclaimed with rapture. "Miss Hibbard, your hair would be an ornament to any head. You are naturally a beautiful woman."

It was the first time the word had ever been applied to her, and Hattie may be pardoned a thrill of pride, in spite of the recollection of the thousand dollars in advance. It was interrupted, however, by the entrance of a messenger, who said that Miss Hibbard was wanted at the telephone.

She hastened to the telephone, surveying her curly hair in a passing mirror.

"Hello! That you, girlie?"

It was Mr. Billings. Hattie's heart stopped beating.

"Where are you?" he went on.

"At a beauty parlor," said Hattie.

"*What!*"

She repeated.

"*Beauty parlor!*"

Hattie had to remove the receiver from her ear for a moment. When she thought the explosion over, she replaced it.

"What the blazes do you want of a beauty parlor?" she heard him say.

"Everybody goes to a beauty parlor," said Hattie with new-born dignity.

"Well, everybody ain't you. What have they done to you; spoiled your looks completely? Just when I've got something big at last! You come right over to the studio and let me see how much damage they've done."

"But," protested Hattie, "I'm not through yet, Mr. Billings."

"Well, I'm glad of that. Come right over. I've got some news, if you haven't spilled the beans completely."

Despite Madame Henriette's protests, Hattie hurried into her hat and coat, and went over to the studio. Mr. Billings was waiting, as patiently as an excited director can wait, in his office. When she entered he rushed forward eagerly and looked at her, very much relieved.

HATTIE'S heart fell. She knew that Madame Henriette had improved her wonderfully, but she could see that her idol did not consider the treatment complete.

"Golly," he said, "you gave me a scare. Guess I got you just in time. Gee, look at your hair! Takes those beauty parlors, don't it? I told you before it was lucky you came from the country.

"Say," suddenly, "that ain't one of those permanent waves, is it? That's all right. I don't care how much you doll up between pictures. You can be curly-locks all you want when you ain't working, and I don't mind a manicure a day or all the cold-cream in Christendom, but don't you let those smooth-tongued females do anything to your nose and feet. Get me?"

"But, Mr. Billings——"

"Nothing doing. Those are your best assets. Why, your feet alone are worth a cool hundred a week."

The beauty parlor seemed miles away as she heard this unconsciously cruel praise from the lips of her hero. She looked at him with real humility in her eyes.

The director's black hair was tousled and his fat inky hands showed that he had been dipping into the laborious art of writing. He made her sit down and then he walked nervously about, throwing out his chest with pleased satisfaction, and running his inky hands through his hair, a process which left disaster in its trail along his forehead.

"Golly, I'm glad you're here," he began. "I've got the news of the season."

But Hattie did not want to hear it.

"Mr. Billings," she said timidly, "I've got something to tell you. I can't go on like this any more."

"Sure, Mike," he agreed, to her surprise. "That's what I've been telling them. I knew we couldn't keep you at this salary.

"Now, I've had a scheme up my sleeve. I didn't say nothing. You know me—goods first, gab after. Well, I've got the goods."

"You don't understand," murmured Hattie feebly. "I mean, I'm leaving."

That did not seem to astonish him either.

"Ain't I said so right along?" he answered, bringing his thumb into contact with his nose, with the result that a most unromantic smudge appeared on the latter. "Ain't I seen Dickson and Smith and the rest of the scouts out watching you? Well, whatever they've offered you, I go one better. Get me?"

"No," said Hattie bluntly.

Mr. Billings walked quickly to his desk, reached into a pigeonhole and extracted a roll of papers, which he flashed before her bewildered eyes, pounding them emphatically with his fist.

"You know Bradford, the millionaire? Sure! I knew he was interested in you; looked him up, put the proposition to him and he's all there with the dough to back us to the limit. See? We form our own company; put up a new studio, you and me.

"I've got the idea for a series—Bradford says it's great. We'll start with one of those serials; biggest thing yet. Call it the 'Haphazards of Hattie'—take-off on the 'Adventures of Adeline' and 'Pitfalls for Pauline,' you know. Gosh, we'll be the hit of the age.

"I say, girlie, it was a lucky day for us when you walked into this studio and handed me that bit of farce comedy. You're the funniest thing that ever came down the pike, and don't you fool yourself."

Hattie winced.

"Am I?" she inquired pleadingly.

"Sure, and you know it. That's the best of you, Hattie Hibbard, you got a business bean. That's where you put it all over the rest of 'em."

Hattie got up quickly and walked to the window, a funny pain creeping around her heart. She wanted to cry, she who had endured ridicule and laughter, and gloried in it.

Slowly and painfully it came to her that this man whom she worshiped could never see her as anything but a slap-stick comedian, and it was useless to try to make him.

"SAY, what's the dope? Ain't you tickled silly that Bradford's going to launch this thing?"

"Yes," said Hattie. "It just took my breath away at first. Tell me more about it."

He thumped the desk until the ink-well rattled.

Suddenly he stopped and looked at her curiously.

"Say, what're you doing hanging around a beauty parlor? That's what gets me."

Hattie flushed. Then she laughed gamely, a laugh with a tear in it.

"Just foolishness," she answered. "Even I get tired of being laughed at all the time."

To her surprise, Mr. Billings took her seriously.

"Don't you fool yourself, girlie," he said, pounding his desk again. "They ain't laughing *at* you, they're laughing *with* you, and that's all the difference in the world.

"Of course you're funny, but it's your spirit that gets them. It's full of life and bubbling over with the goldarndest good-nature ever, and that's what the people want. There ain't an old lady or a kid in the country that don't worship the ground you walk on and love you."

"I never thought of it that way," she said. "Old ladies and children! It's fine to have the love of—old ladies and children, isn't it?"

"And they ain't the only ones," he said. "Say, you and me, we—well, we hit it off pretty all right, don't we?"

"Yes," said Hattie with a smile. "We work together good, that's a fact."

"Work, nothing! I mean—oh, you know what I mean."

"I don't believe I do,"

"Ain't you ever been proposed to before?"

"No," she said honestly. "Am I being now?"

He got up awkwardly.

"SAY, I sure do get the booby prize on the love dope. Ain't you had my number all along?"

"No. Oh, Mr. Billings, you don't mean that you— *like* me, do you?"

"Sure. You've got every girl I know skinned a mile. You ain't going to throw me down, are you?"

"I don't understand," she murmured simply. "How can you love me—the homeliest woman God ever made? Look at the girls around the studio, bushels of them—so handsome they make your heart ache, and you could have any of them."

He laughed a relieved laugh.

"Is that all that's worrying you? You're a funny piece of cheese! What do you think I care about those silly fluffs?

But Hattie had burst into tears.

"Girlie, what's the matter?" he cried. "Is anything wrong?"

"No," murmured the future heroine of the "Haphazards of Hattie," "I'm just crying because I'm—heavenly happy."

Suddenly she raised her head and smiled through the tears, which were trickling crookedly down her nose—the true comedy smile that won the hearts of every audience that ever saw her.

"I'm awfully funny," she laughed. "I'm funny when I don't mean to be, and that's funnier still. Say, run and get the camera man. We've never had a scene of me crying, and you can't ever tell when we might want it."

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YOU may know apricots, as such; and you may be partial to their distinctive flavor. But—until you have discovered the enticing taste-appeal in Sunsweet Dried Apricots—until you yourself have wrought marvelous desserts with this rare fruit in your own kitchen—you will never know what a wealth of flavor, what a treasure-trove of delightful dishes, is held captive for you in this fine fruit-food!

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Here's a perfect climax to any meal—for dried apricots are, by common consent, the greatest of all pie fruits! Easy to make, too—here's how: Soak Sunsweet Apricots in warm water for 2 hours, spread uniformly in pie plate lined with thin pie dough, sprinkle with sugar and powdered cinnamon; bake in medium oven half hour.

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Continued from page 10

THE PORTYGEE

The reading itself lasted for three-quarters of an hour and Mr. Kendall's post-argument and general dissertation on German perfidy another hour after that. By that time it was late and Albert went home.

The second call was even worse, for Ed Raymond called also and the two young men glowered at each other until ten o'clock. They might have continued to glower indefinitely, for neither meant to leave before the other, but Helen announced that she had some home-study papers to look over and she knew they would excuse her under the circumstances. On that hint they departed simultaneously, separating at the gate and walking with deliberate dignity in opposite directions.

At his third attempt, however, Albert was successful to the extent that Helen was alone when he called and there was no school work to interrupt. But in no other respect was the interview satisfactory.

"What *is* the matter with you, Al?" asked Helen. "Do tell me and let's see if I can't help you out of your trouble."

Her visitor flushed.

"Trouble?" he repeated stiffly. "I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, yes, you do. You must. What *is* the matter?"

"There is nothing the matter with me."

"NONSENSE! Of course there is. You have scarcely spoken a word of your own accord since you came, and you have been scowling like a thunder-cloud all the time.

"Now what is it? Have I done something you don't like?"

"There is nothing the matter, I tell you."

"Please don't be so silly. Of course there is. I thought there must be something wrong the last time you were here, that evening when Ed called too.

"It seemed to me that you were rather queer then. Now you are queerer still. What is it?"

This straightforward attack, although absolutely characteristic of Helen, was disconcerting. Albert met it by an attack of his own.

"Helen," he demanded, "what does that Raymond fellow mean by coming to see you as he does?"

"What does he mean?" she repeated. "What does he mean by coming to see me? Why, what do *you* mean? I should think that was the question. Why shouldn't he come to see me, pray?"

Now Albert had a dozen reasons in his mind, each of which was to him sufficiently convincing. But expressing those reasons to Helen Kendall he found singularly difficult. He grew confused, and stammered:

"Well—well, because he has no business to come here so much," was the best he could do. Helen, strange to say, was not satisfied.

"Has no business to?" she repeated. "Why, of course he has. I asked him to come."

"You did? Good Heavens, you don't *like* him, do you?"

"Of course I like him. I think he is a very nice fellow. Don't you?"

"No, I don't."

"Why not?"

"WELL—well, because I don't, that's all. He has no business to monopolize you all the time. Why, he is here about every night in the week, or you're out with him, down-town, or—or somewhere. Everybody is talking about it and——"

"Wait a minute, please. You say everybody is talking about Ed Raymond and me. What do you mean by that? What are they saying?"

"They're saying— They're saying you and he are—are——"

"Are what?"

"Are—are— Oh, they're saying all sorts of things. Look here, Helen, I——"

"Wait! I want to know more about this. What have you heard said about me?"

"Oh, a lot of things—that is—er—well, nothing in particular, perhaps, but——"

"Wait! Who have you heard saying it?"

"Oh, never mind! Helen——"

"But I do mind. Who have you heard saying this 'lot of things' about me?"

"Nobody, I tell you—oh, well, if you must know, Issy Price said—well, he said you and this Raymond fellow were what he called 'keeping company' and—and that the whole town was talking about it."

She slowly shook her head.

"Issy Price!" she repeated. "And you listened to what Issy Price said. Issy Price, of all people!"

"Well—well, he said every one else said the same thing."

"Did he say more than that?"

"No, but that was enough, wasn't it? Besides, the rest was plain. I could see it myself. He is calling here about every night in the week, and—and being around everywhere with you and—and— Oh, any one can see!"

HELEN'S usually placid temper was beginning to ruffle.

"Very well," she said, "then they may see. Why shouldn't he call here if he wishes—and I wish? Why shouldn't I be 'around with him,' as you say? Why not?"

"Well, because I don't like it. It isn't the right thing for you to do. You ought to be more careful of—of what people say."

He realized, almost as soon as this last sentence was blurted out, the absolute tactlessness of it. The quiet gleam of humor he had so often noticed in Helen's eyes was succeeded now by a look he had never before seen there.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he added hastily. "I beg your pardon, Helen. I didn't mean to say that. Forgive me, will you?"

She did not answer immediately. Then she said: "I don't know whether I shall or not. I think I shall have to think it over. And perhaps you had better go now."

"But I *am* sorry, Helen. It was a fool thing to say. I don't know why I was such an idiot. Do forgive me; come."

She slowly shook her head. "I can't—yet," she said. "And this you must understand: If Ed Raymond, or any one else, calls on me and I choose to permit it, or if I choose to go with him anywhere at any time, that is my affair and not 'every one else's'—which includes Issachar Price. And my *friends*—my real friends—will not listen to mean, ridiculous gossip. Good night."

So that was the end of that attempt at asserting the divine right by the South Harniss king of hearts. Albert was more miserable than ever, angrier than ever—not only at Raymond and Helen, but at himself—and his newly discovered jealousy burned with a brighter and greener flame.

The idea of throwing everything overboard, going to Canada and enlisting in the Canadian Army—an idea which had had a strong and alluring appeal ever since the war broke out—came back with redoubled force.

But there was the agreement with his grandfather. He had given his word; how could he break it? Besides, to go away and leave his rival with a clear field did not appeal to him either.

On a Wednesday evening in the middle of September the final social event of the South Harniss Summer season was to take place. The Society for the Relief of the French Wounded was to give a dance in the ballroom of the hotel, the proceeds from the sale of tickets to be devoted to the purpose defined by the name of this organization. Every last member of the Summer colony was to attend, of course, and all those of the permanent residents who aspired to social distinction and cared to pay the high price of admission.

Albert was going, naturally. That is, he had at first planned to go, then—after the disastrous call at the parsonage—decided that he would go under no circumstances, and at the last changed his mind once more to the affirmative.

Miss Madeline Fosdick, Jane Kelsey's friend, was responsible for the final change.

ALBERT liked Miss Fosdick. It is hard not to like a pretty, attractive young lady who takes such a flattering interest in one's aspirations and literary efforts. The "high-brow chit-chats"—quoting Miss Kelsey again—were pleasant in many ways; for instance, they were in the nature of a tonic for weakened self-esteem, and the Speranza self-esteem was suffering, just at this time, from shock.

Albert had, when he first heard that the dance was to take place, intended inviting Helen to accompany him. He had taken her acceptance for granted, he had acted as her escort to so many dances and social affairs. So he neglected inviting her, and then came Issy's mischief-making remarks and the trouble which followed.

So, as inviting her was out of the question, he resolved not to attend, himself. But Miss Fosdick urged so prettily that he bought his ticket and promised to be among those present.

The Wednesday evening in the middle of September was a beautiful one and the hotel was crowded. The *Item*, in its account the following week, enumerating those present, spoke of "our new residents, Mrs. Fletcher Story Fosdick and Miss Madeline Fosdick, who are to occupy the magnificent residence now about being built on the Inlet Hill by their husband and father, respectively, Fletcher Story Fosdick, Esquire, the well-known New York banker." The phrasing of this news note caused much joy in South Harniss, and the *Item* gained several new and hopeful subscribers.

But when the gushing reporter responsible for this added, "Miss Fosdick was a dream of loveliness on this occasion," he was stating only the truth. She was very beautiful indeed and a certain young man who stepped up to claim his first dance realized this fact.

The said young man was outwardly cool, but red-hot within, the internal rise in temperature being caused by the sight of Helen Kendall crossing the floor arm in arm with Edwin Raymond.

Albert had two promised dances with Madeline Fosdick, but an "extra" he did not obtain. Mrs. Fosdick, the ever-watchful, had seen and made inquiries. Then she called her daughter to her and issued an ultimatum.

"I am *so* sorry," said the young lady, in refusing the plea for the "extra." "I should like to, but I—but mother has asked me to dance with a friend of ours from home. I—I *am* sorry, really."

SHE looked as if she meant it. Albert was sorry, too. This had been a strange evening, another combination of sweet and sour. He glanced across the floor and saw Helen and the inevitable Raymond emerge together from the room where the refreshments were served.

Raging jealousy seized him at the sight. Helen had not been near him, had scarcely spoken to him since his arrival. He forgot that he had not been near nor spoken to her.

He danced twice or thrice more with acquaintances, "Summer" or permanent, and then decided to go home. Madeline Fosdick he saw at the other end of the room surrounded by a group of young masculinity. Helen he could not see at the moment.

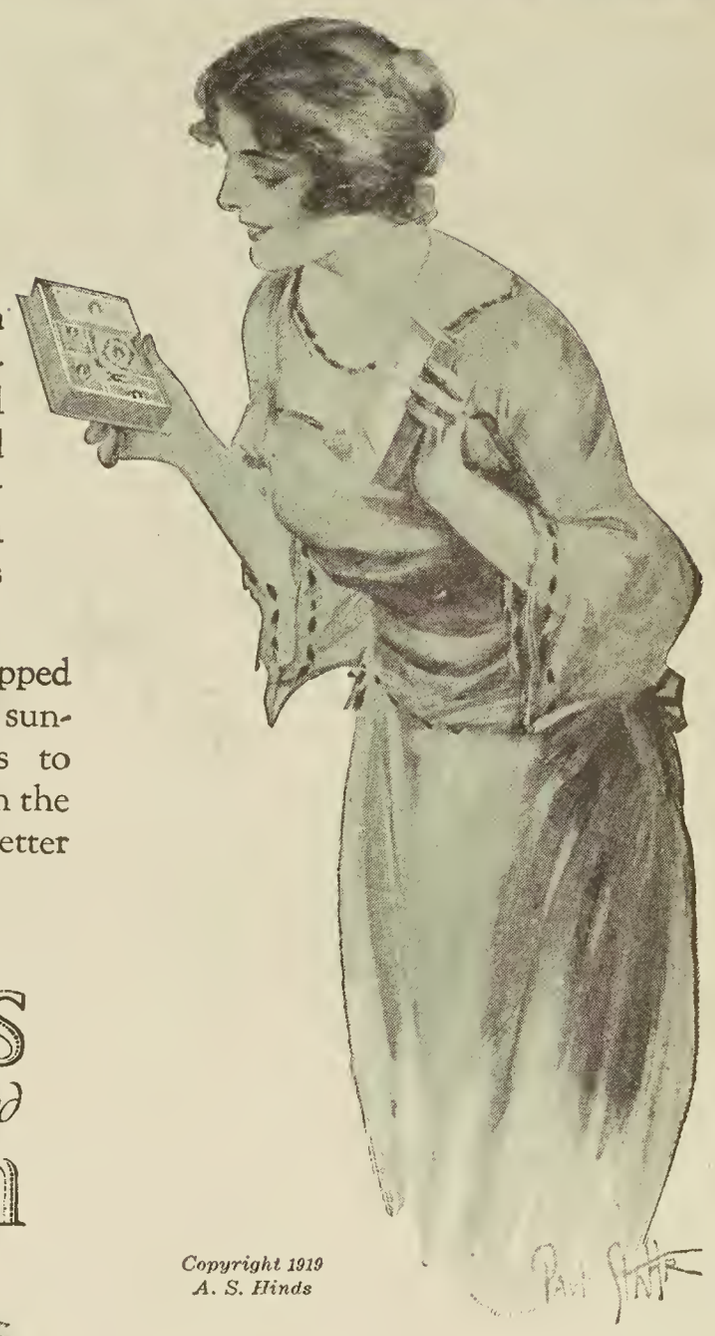
He moved in the direction of the coat-room. Just as he reached the door he was surprised to see Ed Raymond stride by him, head down and looking anything but joyful.

He watched and was still more astonished to see the young man get his coat and hat from the attendant and walk out of the hotel. He saw him stride away along the drive and down the moonlit road. He was, apparently, going home—going home alone.

He got his own coat and hat and, before putting them on, stepped back for a final look at the ballroom. As he stood by the cloak-room door some one touched his arm. Turning, he saw Helen.

Continued on page 56

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Continued from page 55

THE PORTYGEE

"Why—why, Helen!" he exclaimed, in surprise.

"Are you going home?" she asked in a low tone.

"Yes, I——"

"And you are going alone?"

"Yes."

"Would you mind—would it trouble you too much to walk with me as far as our house?"

"Why—why, of course not. I shall be delighted. But I thought you—I thought Ed Raymond——"

"No, I am alone. Wait here; I will be ready in just a minute."

She hurried away. He gazed after her in bewilderment. She and he had exchanged scarcely a word during the evening, and now, when the evening was almost over, she came and asked him to be her escort. What in the wide world——

The minute she had specified had hardly elapsed when she reappeared, ready for out-of-doors. She took his arm and they walked down the steps of the hotel, past the group of lights at the head of the drive and along the road, with the moon shining down upon it and the damp, salt breeze from the ocean blowing across it.

They walked for the first few minutes in silence. There were a dozen questions he would have liked to ask, but his jealous resentment had not entirely vanished and his pride forbade. It was she who spoke first.

"Albert," she said, "you must think this very odd."

He knew what she meant, but he did not choose to admit it.

"What?" he asked.

"Why, my asking you to walk home with me, after—after our trouble. It is strange, I suppose, particularly as you had not spoken before this whole evening."

"*I*—spoken to *you*? Why, you bowed to me when I came into the room and that was the only sign of recognition you gave me until just now. Not a dance—not one."

"Did you expect me to look you up and beg you to dance with me?"

"Did you expect me to trot at that fellow's heels and wait my chance to get a word with you, to take what he left? I should say not! By George, Helen, I——"

SHE interrupted him. "Hush, hush!" she pleaded. "This is all so silly, so childish. And we mustn't quarrel any more. I have made up my mind to that. We mustn't."

"Humph! All right; *I* had not thought of quarreling in the beginning. But there are some things a self-respecting chap can't stand. I have *some* pride, I hope."

She caught her breath quickly. "Do you think," she asked, "that it was no sacrifice to my pride to beg you to walk home with me? After—after the things you said the other evening? Oh, Albert, how could you say them?"

"Well—" He hesitated, and then added, "I told you I was sorry."

"Yes, but you weren't really sorry. You must have believed the things that hateful Issachar Price said or you wouldn't have repeated them.

"Oh, but never mind that now. I didn't mean to speak of it at all. I asked you to walk home with me because I wanted to make up our quarrel.

"Yes, that was it. I didn't want to go away and feel that you and I were not as good friends as ever. So, you see, I put all *my* pride to one side—and asked."

One phrase in one sentence of this speech caught and held the young man's attention. He forgot the others.

"You are going away?" he repeated. "What do you mean? Where are you going?"

"I am going to Cambridge to study. I am going to take some courses at Radcliffe. You know I told you I hoped to some day. Well, it has been arranged.

"I am to live with my father's half-sister, in Somerville. Father is well enough to leave now and I have engaged Mrs. Peters to help Maria with the housework. I am going Friday morning, the day after to-morrow."

He stopped short to stare at her.

"You are going away?" he asked again. "You are going to do that and—and—Why didn't you tell me before?"

IT WAS a characteristic return to his attitude of outraged royalty. She had made all these plans, had arranged to do this thing, and *he* had not been informed.

At another time Helen might have laughed at him; she generally did when he became what she called the "Grand Bashaw."

"I didn't know I was going to do it until a little more than a week ago," she said. "And I have not seen you since then."

"No, you've been too busy seeing some one else."

She lost patience for the instant. "Oh, don't, don't, don't!" she cried. "I know who you mean, of course. You mean Ed Raymond.

"Don't you know why he has been at the house so much of late? Why he and I have been so much together? Don't you really know?"

"What? No, I don't—except that you and he wanted to be together."

"And it didn't occur to you that there might be some other reason? You forgot, I suppose, that he and I were appointed on the ticket committee for this very dance?"

He had forgotten it entirely. Now he remembered perfectly the meeting of the French Relief Society at which the appointment had been made. In fact, Helen herself had told him of it at the time. For the moment he was staggered, but he rallied promptly.

"Committee meeting may do as an excuse for some things," he said, "but they don't explain the rest—his calls here every other evening and—and so on. Honest now, Helen, you know he hasn't been running after you this way just because he is on that committee with you; now don't you?"

They were almost at the parsonage. The light from Mr. Kendall's study window shone through the leaves of the lilac-bush behind the white fence. Helen started to speak, but hesitated. He repeated his question.

"Now don't you?" he urged.

"Why—why, yes, I suppose I do," she said slowly. "I do know—now. But I didn't even think of such a thing until—until you came that evening and told me what Issy Price said."

"You mean you didn't guess at all?"

"Well—well, perhaps I—I thought he liked to come—liked to— Oh, what is the use of being silly!

"I did think he liked to call, but only as a friend. He was jolly and lots of fun and we were both fond of music. I enjoyed his company.

"I never dreamed that there was anything more than that until you came and were so—disagreeable. And even then I didn't believe—until to-night."

AGAIN she hesitated. "To-night?" he repeated. "What happened to-night?"

"Oh, nothing. I can't tell you. Oh, why can't friends be friends and not— That is why I spoke to you, Albert; why I wanted to have this talk with you. I was going away so soon and I couldn't bear to go with any unfriendliness between us. There mustn't be. Don't you see?"

He heard but a part of this. The memory of Raymond's face as he had seen it when the young man strode out of the cloakroom and out of the hotel came back to him and with it a great heart-throbbing sense of relief, of triumph. He seized her hand.

"Helen," he cried, "did he—did you tell him— Oh, by George, Helen, you're the most wonderful girl in the world! I'm—I— Oh, Helen, you know, I—I——"

It was not his habit to be at a loss for words, but he was just then. He tried to retain her hand, to put his arm about her.

"Oh, Helen!" he cried. "You're wonderful! You're splendid! I'm crazy about you! I really am! I——"

She pushed him gently away. "Don't! Please don't!" she said. "Oh, don't!"

"But I must. Don't you see I— Why, you're crying!"

Her face had, for a moment, been upturned. The moon at that moment had slipped behind a cloud, but the lamp-light from the window had shown him the tears in her eyes.

He was amazed. He could have shouted, have laughed aloud from joy or triumphant exultation just then; but to weep! What occasion was there for tears, except on Ed Raymond's part?

"You're crying!" he repeated. "Why, Helen——"

"Don't!" she said again. "Oh, don't! Please don't talk that way."

"But don't you want me to, Helen? I—I want you to know how I feel. You don't understand. I——"

"Hush—don't, Al; don't please. Don't talk in that way. I don't want you to."

"But why not?"

"OH, BECAUSE I don't. It's—it is foolish. You're only a boy, you know."

"A boy! I'm more than a year older than you are."

"Are you? Why, yes, I suppose you are, really. But that doesn't make any difference. I guess girls are older than boys when they are our age; lots older."

"Oh, bother all that! We aren't kids, either of us. I want you to listen. You don't understand what I'm trying to say."

"Yes, I do. But I'm sure you don't. You are glad because you have found you have no reason to be jealous of Ed Raymond and that makes you say—foolish things. But I'm not going to have our friendship spoiled in that way. I want us to be real friends, always. So you mustn't be silly."

"I'm not silly. Helen, if you won't listen to anything else, will you listen to this? Will you promise me that while you are away you won't have other fellows calling on you or —or anything like that?

"And I'll promise you that I'll have nothing to say to another girl—in any way that counts, I mean. Shall we promise each other that, Helen? Come!"

She paused for some moments before answering, but her reply, when it came, was firm.

"No," she said; "I don't think we should promise anything, except to remain friends. You might promise and then be sorry, later."

"*I* might? How about you?"

"Perhaps we both might. So we won't take the risk. You may come and see me to-morrow evening and say good-by, if you like. But you mustn't stay long. It is my last night with father for some time and I mustn't cheat him out of it. Good night, Albert. I'm so glad our misunderstanding is over, aren't you?"

"Of course I am. But, oh, Helen——"

"I must go in now. Good night."

THE reflections of Alberto Carlos Miguel Speranza during his walk back to the Snow place were varied but wonderful. He thought of Raymond's humiliation and gloried in it. He thought of Helen and rhapsodized.

And if occasionally he thought also of the dance and of Madeline Fosdick, forgive him. He was barely twenty-one and the moon was shining.

The good-by call the following evening was, to him at least, not very satisfactory. Helen was tired, having been busy all day with the final preparations for leaving, and old Mr. Kendall insisted on being present during the entire visit and in telling long and involved stories of the trip abroad he had made when a young man and the unfavorable opinion which he had then formed of Prussians as traveling companions.

Continued on page 57

Continued from page 56

THE PORTYGEE

Albert's opinion of Prussians was at least as unfavorable as Mr. Kendall's own, but his complete and even eager agreement with each of the old gentleman's statements did not have the effect of choking the latter off, but rather seemed to act as encouragement for more. When ten o'clock came and it was time to go, Albert felt as if he had been listening to a lecture on the Hohenzollerns.

"Great Scott, Helen," he whispered, as she came to the door with him, "I don't feel as if I had talked with you a minute. Why, I scarcely——"

But just here Mr. Kendall came hurrying from the sitting-room to tell of one incident which he had hitherto forgotten and so even this brief interval of privacy was denied. Their good-by was a promise to write faithfully.

Before the end of another fortnight the season at South Harniss was definitely over. The hotel closed on the Saturday following the dance, and by October first the last of the cottages was locked and shuttered.

THE Kelseys went on the twentieth and the Fosdicks went with them. Albert met Madeline and Jane at the post-office on the evening of the nineteenth and there more farewells were said.

"Don't forget us down here in the sand, will you?" he suggested to Miss Fosdick. It was Jane Kelsey who answered.

"Oh, she won't forget," returned that young lady. "Why, she has your photograph to remember you by."

Madeline colored becomingly and was, as Jane described it, "awfully fussed."

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed, with much indignation. "I haven't any such thing. You know I haven't, Jane."

"Yes, you have, my dear. You have a photograph of him standing in front of the drug-store and looking dreamily in at—at the strawberry sundaes. It is a most romantic poso, really."

Albert laughed. He remembered the photograph. It was one of a series of snap-shots taken with Miss Kelsey's camera one Saturday afternoon when a party of young people had met in front of the sundae dispensary. Jane had insisted on "snapping" every one.

"That reminds me that I have never seen the rest of those photographs," he said.

"Haven't you!" exclaimed Jane. "Well, you ought to see them. I have Madeline's with me. It is a dream, if I do say it as took it."

She produced the snap-shot, which showed her friend standing beside the silver-leaf tree before the druggist's window and smiling at the camera. It was a good likeness and, consequently, a very pretty picture.

"Isn't it a dream, just as I said?" demanded the artist. "Honest, now, isn't it?"

Albert of course declared it to be beyond praise.

"May I have this one?" he asked, on the impulse of the moment.

"Don't ask me, stupid," commanded Jane mischievously. "It isn't my funeral—or my portrait, either."

"May I?" he repeated, turning to Madeline. She hesitated.

"WHY—why, yes, you may, if you care for it," she said. "That particular one is Jane's, anyway, and if she chooses to give it away, I don't see how I can prevent her. But why you should want the old thing, I can't conceive. I look as stiff and wooden as a sign-post."

Jane held up a protesting finger.

"Fibs, fibs, fibs," she observed. "Can't conceive why he should want it! As if you weren't perfectly aware that he will wear it next his heart and— Oh, don't put it in *that* pocket! I said next your heart, and that isn't on your right side."

Albert took the photograph home and stuck it between the frame and glass of his bureau. There came a sudden remembrance of his parting with Helen, and with it a twinge of conscience. He had begged her to have nothing to do with any other fellow.

True, she had refused to promise and consequently he also was unbound, but that made no difference—should not make any. So he put the photograph at the back of the drawer where he kept his collars and ties, with a resolve never to look at it. He did not look at it—very often.

Then came another long Winter. He ground away at the bookkeeping—he was more proficient at it, but he hated it as heartily as ever—and wrote a good deal of verse and some prose. For the first time he sold a prose article, a short story, to a minor magazine.

He wrote long letters to Helen and she replied. She was studying hard; she liked her work; she had been offered the opportunity to tutor in a girls' Summer camp in Vermont during July and August and meant to accept provided her father's health continued good. He protested violently against her being absent from South Harniss for so long.

"YOU will scarcely be home at all," he wrote. "I shall hardly see you. What am I going to do? As it is now, I miss you—" And so on for four closely written pages. Having gotten into the spirit of composition he, so to speak, gloried in his loneliness, so much so that Helen was moved to remonstrate.

"Your letter made me almost miserable," she wrote, "until I had read it over twice. Then I began to suspect that you were enjoying your wretchedness, or enjoying writing about it. I truly don't believe any one—you especially—could be quite as lonesome as all that. Honestly now, Albert, weren't you exaggerating a little? I rather think you were."

He had been, of course, but it irritated him to think that she recognized the fact. She had an uncanny faculty of seeing through his every pretense. In his next letter he said nothing whatever about being lonesome.

At home, and at the office, the war was what people talked about most of the time. Since the *Lusitania's* sinking Captain Zelotes had been a battle-charger chafing at the bit. He wanted to fight and to fight at once.

"We've got to do it, mother," he declared, over and over again. "Sooner or later we've got to fight that Kaiser gang. What are we waitin' for? Will somebody tell me that?"

In April the arbutus buds began to appear above the leaf-mold between the scrub-oaks in the woods, and the walls of Fletcher Fosdick's new Summer home began to rise above the young pines on the hill by the Inlet in the Bay Road.

In June Helen came home for a week. At the end of the week she left to take up her new duties at the Summer camp for girls in Vermont.

Albert and she were together a good deal during that week. Anticipating her arrival, the young man's ardent imagination had again fanned what he delighted to think of as his love for her into flame.

During the last months of the Winter he had not played the languishing swain as conscientiously as during the Autumn. Like the sailor in the song, "'is 'eart was true to Poll" always, but he had broken away from his self-imposed hermitage in his room at the Snow place several times to attend sociables, entertainments and even dances.

Now, when she returned he was eagerly awaiting her and would have haunted the parsonage before and after working hours of every day, as well as the evening, if she had permitted.

THE fly in his ointment, so to speak, was the fact that Helen herself sometimes laughed at him.

"Don't look at me like that, please," she begged

"Why not?" with a repetition of the look.

"Because it is silly."

"Silly! Well, I like that! Aren't you and I engaged? Or just the same as engaged?"

"No, of course we are not."

"But we promised each other——"

"No, we did not. And you know we didn't."

"Helen, why do you treat me that way? Don't you know that—that I just worship the ground you tread on? Don't you know you're the only girl in this world I could ever care for? Don't you know that?"

But she would not listen, and although she was always kind and frank and friendly, she invariably refused to permit him to become sentimental. It irritated him, and after she had gone the irritation still remained.

He wrote her as before, although not quite so often, and the letters were possibly not quite so long. His pride was hurt, and the Speranza pride was a tender and important part of the Speranza being. If Helen noted any change in his letters, she did not refer to it nor permit it to influence her own, which were, as always, lengthy, cheerful and full of interest in him and his work and thoughts.

During the previous Fall, while under the new influence aroused in him by his discovery that Helen Kendall was "the most wonderful girl in the world," said discovery of course having been previously made for him by the unfortunate Raymond, he had developed a habit of wandering off into the woods or by the seashore to be alone and to seek inspiration.

When a young poet is in love, or fancies himself in love, inspiration is usually to be found wherever sought, but even at that age and to one in that condition, solitude is a marked aid in the search.

There were two or three spots which had become Albert Speranza's favorites. One was a high, wind-swept knoll, overlooking the bay, about a half-mile from the hotel; another was a secluded nook in the pine grove beside Carver's Pond, a pretty little sheet of water on the Bayport boundary.

On pleasant Saturday afternoons or Sundays, when the poetic fit was on him, Albert, with a half-dozen pencils in his pocket, and a riming dictionary and a scribbling-pad in another, was wont to stroll toward one or the other of these two retreats. There he would sprawl amid the beach-grass or upon the pine-needles and dream and think and, perhaps, ultimately write.

One fair Saturday in late June he was at the first of these respective points. Lying prone on the beach-grass at the top of the knoll and peering idly out between its stems at the water shimmering in the Summer sun, he was endeavoring to find a subject for a poem which should deal with love and war as requested by the editor of the *Columbian Magazine*.

"Give us something with a girl and a soldier in it," the editor had written. Albert's mind was lazily drifting in search of the pleasing combination.

The sun was warm, the breeze was light, the horizon was veiled with a liquid haze. Albert's mind was veiled with a similar haze and the idea he wanted would not come.

He was losing his desire to find it and was, in fact, dropping into a doze when aroused by a blood-curdling outburst of barks and yelps and growls behind him, at his very heels. He came out of his nap with a jump and, scrambling to a sitting position and turning, saw a small Boston bull-terrier standing within a yard of his ankles and, apparently, trying to turn his brindled outside in, or his inside out, with spiteful ferocity. Plainly the dog had come upon him unexpectedly and was expressing alarm, suspicion and disapproval.

ALBERT jerked his ankles out of the way and said, "Hello, boy!" in as cheerfully cordial a tone as he could muster at such short notice. The dog took a step forward, evidently with the idea of always keeping the ankles within jumping distance, showed a double row of healthy teeth and growled and barked with renewed violence.

"Go home, you ugly brute," commanded the young man, losing patience, and looking

Continued on page 58

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Continued from page 57

THE PORTYGEE

about for a stone or stick. On the top of that knoll the largest stone was the size of a buckshot and the nearest stick was, to be Irish, a straw.

"Nice doggie! Nico old boy! Come and be patted! Clear out with you! Go home, you beast."

Flatteries and thrcats were alike in their result, which was non-existent. The dog continued to snarl and growl, darting toward the ankles occasionally. Evidently he was mustering courage for the attack.

Albert in desperation scooped up a handful of sand. If worst came to worst he might blind the crcature tcmporarily. What would happen after that was not clear. Unless he might by a lucky cast fill the dog's interior so full of sand that—like the famous *Jumping Frog*—it would be too heavy to navigate, he saw no way of escape from a painful bite, probably more than one. What Captain Zelotes had formerly called his "Portygee temper" flared up.

"Oh, —— you, clear out!" he shouted, springing to his feet.

From a little way below him, in fact from behind the next dune, between himself and the beach, a feminine voice called his name.

"Oh, Mr. Speranza!" it said, "Is it you? I'm so glad!"

Albert turned, but the moment he did so the dog made a dash at his legs, so he was obligcd to turn back again and kick violently.

"Oh, I am so glad it is you," said the voice again. "I was sure it was a dreadful tramp. Googoo loathes tramps."

As an article of diet that meant, probably. Googoo—if that was the dog's name—was passionately fond of poets, that was self-evident, and intended to make a meal of this one forthwith.

He flew at the Speranza ankles. Albert performed a most undignified war-dance, and dashed his handful of sand into Googoo's open countenance.

FOR a minute or so there was a lively shindy on top of that knoll. At the end of that time the dog, held tightly in a pair of feminine arms, was emitting growls and coughs and sand, while Madeline Fosdick and Albert Speranza were kneeling in more sand and looking at each other.

"Oh, did he bite you?" begged Miss Fosdick.

"No—no, I guess not," was the reply. "I—I scarcely know yct. Why—why—when did you come? I didn't know you werc in town."

"We came yesterday. Motored from home, you know. I— Be still, Googoo, you bad thing! It was such a lovely day that I couldn't resist going for a walk along the beach.

"I took Googoo because he does love it so and— Goo, be still, I tell you! I am sure he thinks you are a tramp, out here all alone in the—in the wilderness. And what were you doing here?"

Albert drew a long breath.

"I was half asleep, I guess," he said, "when he broke loose at my heels. I woke up quick enough then. And so you are here for the Summer? Your new house isn't finished, is it?"

"No, not quite. Mother and Goo and I are at the hotel for a month. But you haven't answered my question. What were you doing off here all alone? Have you been for a walk, too?"

"Not exactly. I— Well, I come here pretty often. This is one of my favorite hiding-places. You see, I— Don't laugh if I tell you, will you?"

"Of course not. Go on; this is very mysterious and interesting."

"Well, I come here sometimes on pleasant days, to be alone—and write."

"Write? Write poetry, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"Oh, how wonderful! Were you writing when I—when Goo interrupted you?"

"No, I had made two or three attempts, but nothing that I did satisfied me. I had just about decided to tear them up and to give up trying for this afternoon."

"OH, I hope you won't tear them up. I'm sure they shouldn't be. Perhaps you were not in a proper mood to judge, yourself."

"Perhaps not. Perhaps they might look a little less hopeless to some one else. But that person would have to be really interested, and there are few people in South Harniss who know or care anything about poetry."

"I suppose that is true. I—I don't suppose you would care to show them to me, would you?"

"Why," eagerly, "would you really care to see them?"

"Indeed I should! Not that my judgment or advice is worth anything, of course. But I am very, very fond of poetry, and to see how a real poet wrote would be wonderful. And if I could help you, even the least little bit, it would be such an honor."

This sort of thing was balm to the Speranza spirit. Albert's temperamental ego expanded under it like a rosebud under a Summer sun. Yet there was a faint shadow of doubt—she might be making fun of him. He looked at her intently and she seemed to read his thoughts, for she said:

"Oh, I mean it! Please believe I do. I haven't spoken that way when Jane was with me, for she wouldn't understand and would laugh, but I mean it, Mr. Speranza. It would be an honor—a great honor."

So the still protesting and rebellious Googoo was compelled to go a few feet away and lie down, while his mistress and the young man whom he had attempted to devour bent their heads together over a scribbling-pad and talked and explained during the whole of that hour and a full three-quarters of the next. Then the distant town clock in the steeple of the Congregational church boomed five times and Miss Fosdick rose to her feet.

"Oh," she said, "it can't really be five o'clock, can it? But it is! What *will* mother fancy has become of me?

"I must go this minute. Thank you, Mr. Speranza. I have enjoyed this so much. It has been a wonderful experience."

Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were shining. She had grown handsomer than ever during the Winter months. Albert's eyes were shining also as he impulsively seized her hand.

"Thank you, Miss Fosdick," he said. "You have helped me more than I can tell you. I was about to give up in despair before you came and now—now I *know* I shall write the best thing I have ever done. And you will be responsible for it."

She caught her breath. "Oh, not really!" she exclaimed. "You don't mean it, really?"

"Indeed I do! If I might have your help and sympathy once in a while, I believe—I believe I could do almost anything. Will you help me again some day? I shall be here almost every pleasant Saturday and Sunday afternoon. Will you come again?"

SHE hesitatcd. "I—I'll see; perhaps," she answered hurriedly. "But I must go now. Come, Goo."

She hastened away, down tho knoll and along the beach toward the hotel. Googoo followed her, turning occasionally to cast diabolical glances at the Speranza ankles. Albert gazed until the graceful figure in the trim sport costume disappeared behind the corner of the point of the beach.

Just at the point she paused to wave to him. He waved in return. Then he tramped homeward. There was deep sand beneath his feet and, later, pine-ncedles and grass. They were all alike to him, for he was traveling on air.

On the following Saturday he was early at the knoll, a brand-new scribbling-pad in his pocket and in his mind divine gems which were later, and with Miss Fosdick's assistance, to be strung into a glittering necklace of lyric song.

But no gems were strung that day. Madeline did not put in an appearance, and by and by it began to rain and Albert walked home, damp, dejected and disgusted. When a day or two later he met Miss Fosdick at the post-office and asked why she had not come, he learned that her mother had insisted upon a motor-trip to Wapatanae that afternoon.

"Besides," shc said, "you surely mustn't expect me every Saturday."

"No," he admitted grudgingly, "I suppose not. But you will come sometimes, won't you? I have a perfectly lovely idea for a ballad and I want to ask your advicc about it."

"Oh, do you really? You're not making fun? You mean that my advico is really worth something? I can't believe it."

He convinced her that it was and the next Saturday afternoon they spent together at tho inspiration point among the dunes, at work upon thc ballad. It was not finished on that occasion, nor on the ncxt, for it was an unusually long ballad, but progress was made, glorious progress.

AND so, during that Summcr, as the Fosdick residence upon the Bay Road grew and grew, so did the acquaintanceship, the friendship, the poetic partnership between the Fosdick daughter and the grandson of Captain Zelotes Snow grow and grow. They met almost cvery Saturday; they met at the post-office on week evenings; occasionally they saw each other for a moment after church on Sunday mornings.

Mrs. Fosdick was too busy with a new literary society to accompany Madeline to church on Sunday or to walk on Saturday, and the young lady was left to wander pretty much at her own sweet will. That sweet will led her footsteps to trails frequented by Albert Spcranza, and they walked and talked and poetized together. As for Mr. Fletchcr Fosdick, he was busy at his office in New York and came to South Harniss only infrequently.

The walks and talks and poetizings were innocent enough. Neither of the partners in poesy had the least idea of anything moro than being just that. They liked each other; they had come to call each other by their Christian names, and on Albert's bureau Madeline's photograph now stood openly.

Albert had convinced himself there was nothing to apologize for. She was his friend, that was all. He liked to write and she liked to help him—er—well, just as Helen used to when she was at home. He did not think of Helcn quite so often as formerly, nor were his letters to her as frequent or as long.

So the Summer passed and late August came, the last Saturday afternoon of that month. Albert and Madeline were together, walking together along the bcach.

IT WAS six o'clock and the beach was deserted. There was little wind, the tiny waves were lapping and plashing along the shore, and the rosy light of the sinking sun lay warm upon the water and the sand. They were thinking and speaking of the Summer which was so near its end.

"It has been a wonderful Summer, hasn't it?" said Albert.

"Yes, wonderful," agreed Madeline.

"Yes, I—I—by George, I never believed a Summer could be so wonderful."

"Nor I."

Silence. Thcn Albert, looking at her, saw her eyes looking into his and saw in them——

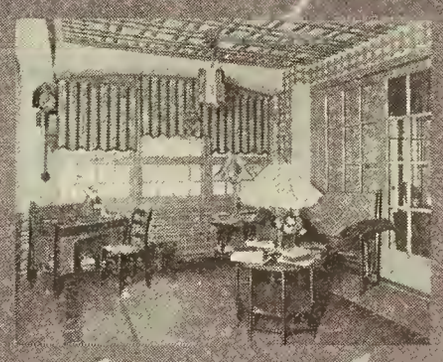
He kissed her.

That morning Albert Speranza had arisen as usual, a casual, careless, perfectly human young fellow. He went to bed that night a superman, an archangel, a demigod, with his head in the clouds and the earth a cloth of gold beneath his feet. Life was a pathway through Paradise arched with rainbows.

He and Madeline Fosdick loved each other madly, devotedly. They were engaged to be married. They had plighted troth. They were to be each other's, and no one else's, for ever—and ever—and ever.

To be continued in the February DELINEATOR

Beautiful



Birch

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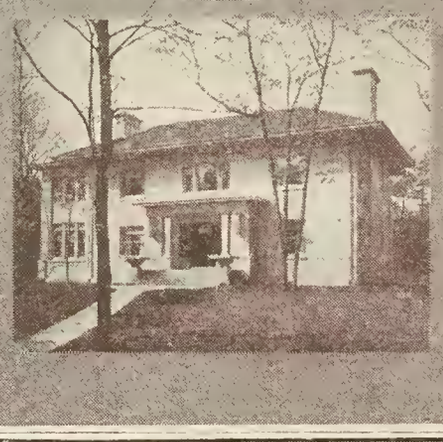
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Concluded from page 37

CORN-MEAL

According to the "Jonny Cake Papers," jonny-cake was originally made in Rhode Island as follows: The meal was first scalded with boiling water and then carefully kneaded on a wooden tray. Sufficient fluid, sometimes new milk, at other times pure water, was then added to make it of a proper consistency.

It was then placed in a layer about one inch thick on the Johnny-cake board and well dressed on the surface with rich, sweet cream to keep it from blistering when placed before the fire.

This is very similar to a cake made to-day which goes by the name of crisp corn-meal cake.

1 cup milk — ½ cup white corn-meal
½ teaspoon salt

MIX the ingredients and heat slowly until the boiling-point is reached. It is not necessary to stir. Spread on a shallow greased pan to a depth of about one-fourth of an inch and bake in a moderate oven until crisp.

This cake would be more nearly like the original Rhode Island johnny-cake if it were cooked on top of the stove in a skillet or on a griddle by browning it on one side, then turning it to brown on the other.

THE term johnny-cake seems to have been given in many parts of the South to a flat cake baked on a board, much as Rhode Island johnny-cake was. In creole cook-books, however, the name johnny-cake is given, as it is in many parts of the North, to a corn-bread made with eggs.

However the name is now used, the term johnny-cake is now believed to have been originally "journey cake," so called because a cake spread in a thin layer can be baked very quickly. In the days before telephones the traveler could not let his host know beforehand the exact time of his arrival and so the custom arose of serving thin corn-bread or journey cake to unexpected guests in private homes or taverns.

Rhode Islanders will tell you that journey cake was rechristened in honor of the Revolutionary hero, Jonathan Trumbull. In other parts of the country the change of name was said to be due to an admonition expressed in the chorus of a familiar plantation song: "Oh, Johnny, get your hoe-cake *done*."

NORTHERN JOHNNY-CAKE

2 cups corn-meal — 1½ teaspoon salt
2 cups sour milk — 2 eggs
2 tablespoons fat — 1 teaspoon soda
2 tablespoons sugar, white or brown — 1 tablespoon cold water

THERE are two ways of mixing this bread. By the first the meal, milk, fat, sugar and salt are cooked in a double boiler for about ten minutes. When the mixture is cool, the eggs are added well beaten and the soda dissolved in the water. By the other method all the dry ingredients, including the soda, are mixed together, and then the sour milk and eggs well beaten and the butter are added. If the second method is followed, the cold water is not needed.

The bread should be baked in a shallow iron or granite pan for about thirty minutes. Since the bread made by the first method is of much better texture, that method is to be preferred, except in cases where there is not time for the necessary heating and cooling of the meal.

Buttermilk may be substituted for the sour milk, in which case the fat should be slightly increased; or sour cream may be used and the fat omitted.

SPIDER CORN-BREAD

(Called by Some "Rhode Island" Spider-Cake)

POUR boiling water over one cup of finely ground white corn-meal until it forms a thick paste. Add one teaspoon fat and one-quarter teaspoon salt and sufficient cold milk to make thin enough to spread. Heat an iron griddle, grease well, and spread the paste on it about one-half inch thick. Dip a knife in cold water and smooth the top. Bake in the oven thirty minutes or on top of the stove, cooking it slowly. When brown on one side, cut in fourths and turn each piece. When brown, serve.

This corn-bread must be made of corn-meal milled from the whole grain.

SOUTHERN SPOON-BREAD

¼ cup fat and cracklings from pork, beef or chicken fat — ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup corn-meal, 2 eggs
3 cups boiling water

ADD fat and cracklings to water, and when boiling sprinkle in salt and corn-meal, stirring constantly. Cook in a double boiler one hour, cool, and add well-beaten eggs. Turn into oiled dish and bake in a moderate oven three-fourths of an hour.

NOTE: White corn-meal made from the whole grain is particularly desirable for this bread. It can be made with Northern degerminated corn-meal if it is cooked in a double boiler for an hour. Southern meal needs only to be scalded.

RECIPES for the use of corn-meal are numerous and it is with great regret that I am omitting from this article recipes such as Real Southern Corn-Bread (without sugar), New England Corn-Cake (a Johnny-cake in which some white flour is used), Custard Corn-Bread, Corn-meal Griddle-Cakes, Indian Pudding and another kinds of Spider Corn-Bread.

Any of these, however, will gladly be sent upon request. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope when you write to Miss Flora G. Orr, Home-Economics Editor, DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City.

Perhaps you have some information about the origin and use of corn-meal which you feel like passing on. If so, I shall be glad to hear from you.

I am glad

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Jeanne, one of 3,567 orphans "adopted" by the A. E. F. under *The Stars and Stripes* plan, was the mascot of Headquarters Company, Twenty-Third Infantry, a hard-fighting outfit. Some of them could scratch safety matches on their chins, and a lot of them would say "damn" on occasion. But not many days before they went into action at St. Mihiel they wrote her:

"We all hope that the day will soon be here (and it will soon come) when we have driven every Boche out of France and away back into Germany, and that we will soon have peace, so you and all the other little children of France may go out and play without fear."

Can you, as the muddled year of 1919 closes, read a chapter of hope into the future of a nation whose burdens must be borne by men who went into battle with that ideal in their hearts?

THE HOME SECTOR

a weekly for the new civilian is conducted by the former editorial council of *The Stars and Stripes*, official newspaper of the American Expeditionary Forces.

It is a magazine designed to serve, inform, interest and entertain the five million men who, in France, at home, on the sea, fought and toiled to make the world a safe place for children to play in.

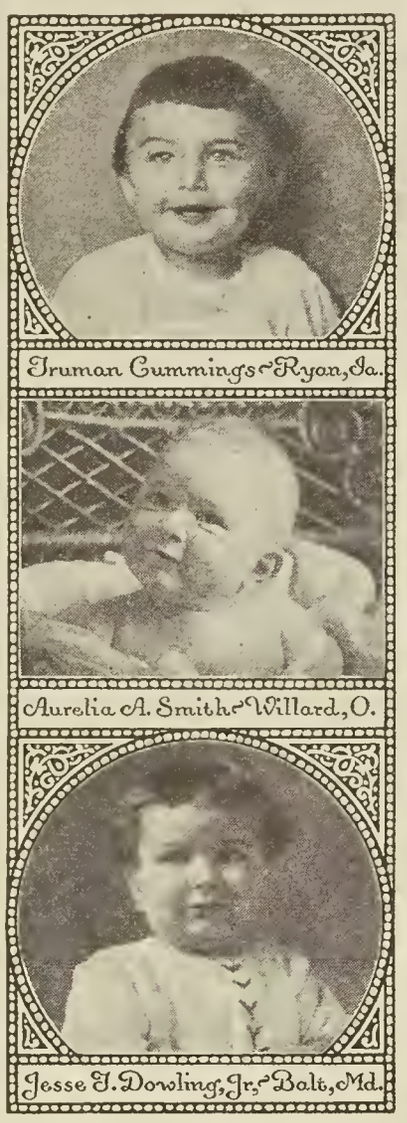
Did *you* read *The Stars and Stripes?* Did *your* boy send it to you from France? He—and you—will be interested to know that *The Home Sector* is by the same bunch, for the same bunch, in the same spirit.

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Continued from page 16

THE BOY WHO MISSED THE WAR

dare stop to talk to her. He couldn't see anything ahead of him but endless years of taking care of his mother and Ted. He was at the dead level of despair.

But he couldn't pass her armistice night. She wouldn't let him. Of course our town didn't celebrate the armistice with anything like the excitement that big towns did. But we burned red fire and shouted ourselves hoarse as we crowded around the Honor Roll on the village square. And the Sabin boy who had missed the war found scores of persons gripping his hand, persons who tried to say something appropriate about his big brothers. It was while some of the high-school athletic crowd were giving three cheers for those brothers that Hal found Peggy's arm slipped through his.

"I'm proud of *you*, too! You've been splendid!"

"Splendid! Why, I hate myself, I'm so no 'count! It's all over and I've missed out on it—just stayed home and missed it——"

She shook her head.

"You were splendid—" she insisted.

They were very young and very much in earnest and they thought they were very much in love. And it made life altogether different for Hal Sabin.

HE had honestly tried to tell his mother about Peggy but somehow he couldn't. That is, he couldn't until the night he bought the ring. But the strange thing about it was that once he had started telling he couldn't seem to stop!

He paced back and forth on the narrow veranda extolling his Peggy's charms, he kissed his mother gaily before he ran down the steps, he ran back, the dear, to whisper:

"Don't think I've stopped loving you because I've just begun with her! And she thinks that you're just quite all right!"

He was back far sooner than his dazed mother had anticipated. He strode indignantly into the wee living-room, banging the door behind him. He rammed his hands into his pockets and, with his eyes blazing, cried:

"Mother, he treated us contemptibly! I'd just given Peg her ring and she was putting it on and thanking me—and—and the door opened and he walked in! He acted like a perfect brute! He wouldn't even let her have her own ring that I'd just given her! He ordered her about as though she was nothing but a kid! Wouldn't listen to anything either of us had to say! Said Peg was going to be sent to school—*school*, mind you! And that that was where you ought to send me! That we were too young to know our own minds! You'd think to hear him talk I didn't have any education!"

His mother faced him bravely but her lips were trembling.

"My son!" she interrupted, "you haven't. Not enough for anything, really. But you're going to have! You mustn't think because mother has had to take your hard-earned money in these dreadful weeks that she's going to take it always! Mr. Bradley and I went over things pretty carefully the other night. Gordon's insurance money will be here before long, Mr. Bradley had already received your father's, he's settling things as fast as possible—it won't be more than a month before everything will be arranged. I didn't talk to you about it because I wanted to be sure things were right before I did. But there's going to be more than enough. You're going back to school right away, dear! And there will be enough that we can manage at least two years in some good technical school after you graduate from high school—at least two years and maybe more! It's not fair of Mr. Allen to think you aren't going to have the very best education mother can give you! You can pick out the school yourself——"

"SCHOOL!" he scoffed. "Why, I wouldn't go back to school if you gave me a couple of schools! I guess if I've known enough to earn our living all these months I know enough. School! Why, do you think for one minute that I'd go to school with—with what Gordon died to leave you! School! Why, you and Mr. Allen talk as if Peg and I were babies—why, Peg's——"

"Peggy must be very nearly eighteen and you won't be twenty till December——"

"But I tell you I'm old enough! I've taken care of this whole family! And I wouldn't touch a penny of yours and Ted's money! I can jolly well take care of myself—and Peggy."

"I should say that Peggy's father was perfectly able to do that——"

"Well, I'm not going to let him! Not after what he said to her—and to me—to-night! I'm going to take Peg away from there under his roof! I'll marry her the very first minute I——"

In his excited mood he looked, as Peggy had once discovered, "splendid." His mother went over to him, she stood tiptoe to put her hands on his shoulders, she kissed him.

"Of course, my dear," she said. "Only, don't you think it would be better to bring her over to spend a day with us first? She really ought to look the family over a little before she marries into it!" She hurried her words breathlessly. "Don't you think we could talk things over better—if—if we—had a little party, you and Ted and Peggy and I—she could come over for lunch to-morrow—I'll make breaded cutlets and tomato aspic and maple fudge cake——"

"*You blessed angel,*" he swung her off her feet. "Now you're talking! Why didn't you say so in the first place! Lordy, but you gave me a scare with that school stuff! Gee—but you are 'mazing! You and Peg—both—you're so funny! You both get me all stirred up—you're—you're just wonders!"

They were wonders! His mother was a wonder with frilly new collars and cuffs in honor of the occasion. And Peg was an adorable wonder in blue with a spiffy new hat. She tried to be shy and demure but she just couldn't be! She caught both Mrs. Sabin's hands in hers and fairly danced.

"You dear! I don't know how you ever managed my father! I just couldn't believe my ears when he telephoned from the office and said I could come. He said to tell you he'd send the car around at two! I don't know however you managed him because last night he was perfectly awful—I cried my eyes out last night——"

She ran over to catch at Ted's hand.

"I'll be *some* sister to you," she laughed joyously, "but I don't know just what relation that makes father to you! I guess he's your Gruff-Gruff! 'Member how you boys named him Gruff-Gruff the time he had you over because you'd set fire to our garage? Why, he was worse than that, last night! Scared me to pieces—but to-day I'm so happy that I can't breathe—your mother must be a perfect wizard!"

The "perfect wizard" served luncheon so skilfully that her excited young people did not notice that she ate almost nothing. She kissed Ted good-by casually she fairly ran to the waiting car.

"It's been your party, so far, Hal," she said as she leaned forward to speak to the chauffeur. "But Peggy's father said the ride was to be mine—that I could go wherever I pleased——"

They really were too deliciously, frivolously happy that golden afternoon to heed her in the least. They scarcely knew that she was there. But Hal flushed angrily late in the afternoon when the great car stopped abruptly before a dusty little cross-roads store.

"Mother!" he exclaimed. "You surely didn't have to come to Cousin Rus's to-day! Cousin Rus' is our family black sheep, Peg," he explained nervously. "I don't know why mother had to drag him into the end of a perfect day. You'll just naturally detest him. He's the worst old bore. Mummie—we'll take a spin up the road while you go in and listen to his troubles, you couldn't be so mean as to wish him on Peggy——"

"We'll all go in," said his mother firmly. "I particularly want Peggy to meet Cousin Rus' and Cousin 'Lisbeth——"

"Cousin 'Lisbeth is worse than Cousin Rus'," Hal whispered to Peggy. "She has asthma and store teeth."

PEGGY found them both rather dreadful.

They were at their mediocre worst that golden afternoon. Cousin Rus' had been trying to patch a leaky roof; flecks of tin-rust stuck to his moist, seamed neck, the litter from his botched job lay about the untidy dooryard and his tired wife, leaning on a lop-sided broom, whiningly apologized for the confusion. It was an uncomfortable party that sat stiffly in the stuffy side porch

"How huge that side-yard maple is!" Mary Sabin spoke as dreamily as though she hadn't a motive in the world. "Do you know that I can remember hearing my boys' grandfather tell about how he helped plant that tree?"

"Yep. He did. Spring after we was married. Him and his father druv over with it and them others in the back of a democrat wagon. He said he thought a little shade would kinda fix up the place. Gosh, they were such spindling little trees they couldn't cast no shade!"

"They're fifty-four years old now—" his wife stated succinctly and shut her dry lips.

"Well, we never did expect to see 'm live that long. We only set up storekeeping as a starter. I'd done pretty well at it the last two years of the war. I got awful big prices for every thing. It was my uncle's store—him that was killed at the battle of Shiloh and——"

Mary Sabin rose up briskly. She patted Cousin Rus' stooped shoulders.

"You and 'Lisbeth had a rather hard pull;" she was almost cheerful about their troubles. "But of course it wasn't really your fault. You—you both left school pretty young, didn't you?"

"Left school the second year o' th' war," he announced garrulously. "Had to. My father and my uncle went off to camp; I had enough schooling that I could run things. And I run 'em enough sight better than Uncle Lem ever had. Made more money that Winter than he ever thought of doing——"

Mary interrupted him again, very gently this time.

"You were married before you were twenty-one, weren't you?"

"Our combined ages was considerable under forty—" Cousin Rus' chuckled. "We weren't calculating on getting married but our folks got to stirring up about us and we made up our minds we'd show them they weren't bossing us—drove over to Boonville one night, 'Lisbeth crying every step of the way, she was so mad at her ma——"

THE little party drove home in comparative silence. They were within a mile of our town when Hal burst forth petulantly:

"You're darned unfair, Muv'! Darned unfair! Times are a whole lot different than they were after that old Civil War! And I'm not running any dinky country store! I've got a good job in an up-to-date factory and I'll probably be getting thirty-five dollars a week before the year's over! And I don't say gosh and mix up my verbs and wear broken patent suspenders!"

Mary did not seem to answer him.

"They had five babies," she murmured dreamily. "And only one of them grew up—'Lisbeth was too young to know what to do for them—they were such sickly little things. I remember hearing your grandfather say he never heard babies cry so much—they drove 'Lisbeth almost frantic!"

Peggy said nothing whatever. Not until they reached the Sabins' house. Then she rose deliberately. She gave a decisive order to her father's chauffeur.

"I'm going in with Mrs. Sabin a moment but you can wait for me." She marched up

Concluded on page 61

A DROP OF 3-IN-ONE OIL

will lighten the labor of any housewife. Here are some of the things this world-famous oil will do:—

FOR PARLOR. Try 3-in-One on piano or mahogany furniture. Removes all stains, wear marks, scratches and scars. Restores original beauty of finish. Contains no grease—no acid.

FOR LIVING ROOM. Use 3-in-One on library table, chairs, davenport, book case. Removes the grime of use and time—quickly—at little cost. 3-in-One keeps all metal-work, fixtures, etc., as bright and rustless as a new dollar.

FOR BED ROOM. Wood and metal beds cleaned and polished with 3-in-One last longer and look better. Prevents rust on grates. Oil right for hinges and locks. First and best revolver oil.

FOR KITCHEN. Oil the washing machine, coffee grinder, ice cream freezer with 3-in-One. 3-in-One prevents red rust forming inside oven of gas range or on any japanned or black parts—stops tarnish on nickel surfaces. Prevents rust on metal refrigerator shelves. Leaves no odor or grease or residue of any sort.

FOR DINING ROOM. Wring out soft cloth in cold water. Apply a few drops of 3-in-One. Go over surface of dining-room table, chairs, sideboard, buffet, china cabinet. Wipe thoroughly. Rub briskly with dry cloth. Greatest cleaner and polisher ever discovered.

FOR SEWING MACHINES. Best oil for any sewing machine. Makes whole machine work easier—quieter. Repair men "knock" 3-in-One because a little of this good oil saves many dollars in repair bills.



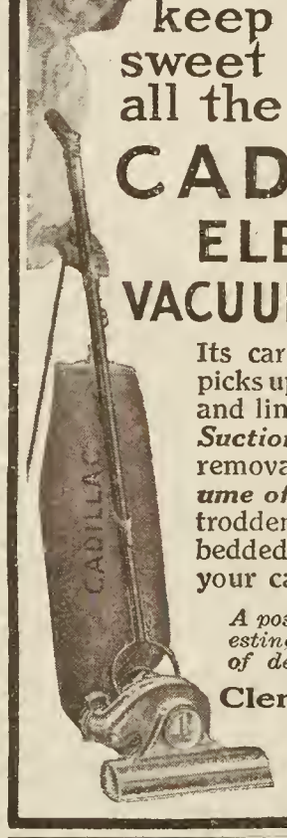
3-IN-ONE—Made in 3 sizes—1 oz. 15 cts., 3 oz. 30 cts. and 8 oz. 60 cts.

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CADILLAC
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VACUUM CLEANER



Its carpet sweeper brush picks up all the thread, hair and lint and its ***Powerful Suction*** due to the rapid removal of a ***Great Volume of Air*** draws out the trodden-in dirt that is imbedded in the body of your carpets and rugs.

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PIEDMONT
Peanut
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—makes a delicious salad dressing, is an economical shortening and fries "deep" without burning.

Ask for
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PEANUT OIL



Here is new joy in Coffee. The illustration shows all there is to the recipe: Just put a little powder in the cup, and add boiling water.

FAUST INSTANT COFFEE

And each cup of this Coffee is just as delicious as it is convenient. Equally important is the saving effected, for a cup of Faust Instant Coffee costs only a trifle more than a cent—just half the cost of coffee made the old way. And with Faust Instant you have neither waste nor grounds, you economize on fuel, and eliminate a troublesome pot.

Tea, too—Faust Instant offers the same advantages, delicious taste without waste, cheap to serve, delectable to drink. You'll never appreciate the goodness of Soluble Coffee or Tea until you have tried Faust Instant.

COFFEE	TEA	EACH
30-cup cans	100-cup cans	$0.45
60-cup cans	200-cup cans	.85
120-cup cans	400-cup cans	1.60

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Makers of Faust Chile Powder, the Seasoning *par excellence* for soups, salads, meats. At Dealers, 15c. By Mail, 20c.



Winter is hard on your skin!

But there's one sure way to protect yourself from the dusty winds and piercing cold of January—use Crême de Meridor.

It's the original greaseless cream, easily applied. A day and night cream in one. You'll see a wonderful improvement after even the first few times you use it. 25c and 50c jars at all toilet goods counters.



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Write for a free sample or send 40c for a complete Lazell Beauty Box, containing tooth paste, toilet water, talcum powder, face powder and a miniature jar of Creme de Meridor.

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Did You Know—

that LABLACHE is frequently imitated?—*Why?* It is not the strong perfume that benefits the skin. Never accept a new one when you can get LABLACHE—"Stick to LABLACHE and LABLACHE will stick to you."

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream. 65c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send 10c. for a sample box.*



BEN. LEVY CO.

French Perfumers, Dept. H

125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

Concluded from page 60

THE BOY WHO MISSED THE WAR

the flagged path to the Sabins' door and into the living-room. Not even the sight of Ted, drooping in his chair, could check her anger.

"I couldn't possibly be polite! I couldn't say I had a good time for I didn't! I've had a perfectly awful time!" Her voice seemed to be choking her. "I think you did an awfully sneaky thing to pretend to be friends with me and to take me out there where you could deliberately humiliate Hal before me! I think you're a pretty mean mother! If mothers are that way when we're grown up, I'm glad my mother died when I was little! And you haven't gotten anywhere at all—because—because I don't care if Hal has twenty Cousin Rus'es—I'm going to marry him—and whenever I please!"

A moment later the door had banged behind them both. And Mary Sabin was on her knees at her crippled boy's feet, just sobbing her heart out.

Which, incidentally, was the kindest thing she ever did, for in the tempestuous hour in which he comforted her, he discovered that he could sometimes forget he was a cripple—that there was a bit of this world that had a very real need of him!

ALL the same the two of them put in an anxious night of it. For not a word did they hear from the impetuous lovers until the next noon when Peggy's trig little heels clicked firmly up the flag-stoned path.

"Hal here?" She tried to speak casually but of course she couldn't. "Oh, Mrs. Sabin, I didn't find out till 'bout an hour ago, where he was! He stayed at Norman's last night—he's over at the factory; I 'phoned him I had to see him here—" She held out both hands impetuously. "Please, please forgive me a little before Hal comes! I probably said perfectly awful things last night! And then even before we'd got to my house I was saying such mean things about you that—that Hal—just wouldn't stand for it and off he dashed and—and—well, for 'bout two hours and eighty-'leven minutes I just howled my eyes out! Oh, I did!" She gestured charmingly. "Don't look at my eyes—they are awful! But I guess I'd been crying yet if I hadn't heard that little Hurley baby crying. It's so sick—and they couldn't seem to stop it and I could see them walking back and forth with it—and all of a sudden I remembered what you said about Cousin Rus' babies. I knew perfectly well I wouldn't know a thing about taking care of any, even one baby—" she blushed adorably. "I was just scared stiff thinking about how I'd feel if I had a sick little baby— 'Less I knew what to do for it—so—so I went over to the Hurleys and by and by—when Grace Hurley did get her baby to sleep we talked and talked—Oh, Hal!" she interrupted herself tempestuously, "Hal, I thought you wouldn't ever come! I—I was telling your mother about everything I was thinking about last night and it's—like this—I do think there couldn't be any thing awfuler in this world than being a Mrs. Cousin Rus'!"

"But you wouldn't be!" Hal's voice was so sharp that his mother winced at his anguish. His tired eyes and the bitter twist of his lips made her heart ache.

Peggy courtesied impudently.

"I'M not a-goin' to be!" Her eyes were shining. "Oh, I can't talk fast enough to tell you the rest of it—but—but—it's just bully! It's just splendid! Grace Hurley and I talked and talked—she isn't sorry about marrying Jim—not a bit! Why, they—*they just are each other*, she says! But she's awfully sorry he hasn't a better job so's they'd have more for the baby—and Jim can't get anywhere any further than he is because he simply can't do any more than he's doing. He says you get just so far over in the mac' factory—and then some college boy gets put in ahead of you. So I planned things!" She ran across the room to put her hand on Hal's shoulders and shake him tenderly. "Listen to it! It's a corking idea! I've got Dad with me—and Mr. Saunders over at the mac', too—Oh, I've had such a morning! Grace is going to come over to our house to live so's I can—sort of—well, help Grace. And Jim and you and a lot of the mac' boys are going back to high school this Fall! Don't look so funny, Hal! I guess if a married person like Jim can go, you can! You'll have heaps of fun really because you'll simply be running the athletics and the dances and everything! And you can double on classes and lab work and be all graduated together in June. And I'll be getting a hope-chest that makes the other girls green with envy! And soon's you get home from Tech or wherever you go—why, there'll be a peach of a job waiting for you—lots better than what you've got now—oh, it will be splendid—can't you see it will be lots splendider—than—than——"

SHE had him! She had him because there was the same little thrill in her voice that there had been the day that Ted came home! The same inspiring catch of breath that had stirred him on armistice night!

"It listens pretty good—" he wet his lips cautiously. "Only—I—we—we'll feel like several kinds of a darned fool when we go back to High—we've missed so much—" his voice broke wistfully.

It was Ted who really rose to the occasion.

"You good little sport!" he cried. "I'd go to kindergarten myself if you asked *me! Missed things*—" he turned to Hal. "Well, maybe you've missed a war but I'll bet you aren't going to miss much else in life—not with a girl like Peg around——"

Peggy leaned against a table limply.

"Speaking of missing things—" she announced plaintively, "I missed my dinner and I missed my lunch and—oh, please somebody feed me!"

And somebody did! Somebody fed her cold breaded cutlets and the rest of the maple-fudge cake—and some kisses!

The Perfect Light for Reading—



Style CQ 329 Price $9.50

Saves the Eyes—

THE Coleman Quick-Lite is the best light known for reading. The light has a brilliancy of 300 candle power. Can you picture just how powerful this is—brighter than 20 oil lamps set in a room, brighter even than electricity, and far cheaper than any of them!

Best of all, the light is white, mellow and restful—easy on even very sensitive eyes. Endorsed by thousands of users as the most satisfactory reading lamp ever invented. Every home should have one for regular use in library or living room, or in bed room.

Coleman Quick-Lite

Most Brilliant Light in the World

Safe. The Quick-Lite can be turned over with perfect security. The fuel cannot spill, and the lamp will burn in any position.

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15,000 Dealers sell Coleman Quick-Lite Lamps, Lanterns, and Lighting Plants. If yours can't supply you write nearest house.

THE COLEMAN LAMP COMPANY

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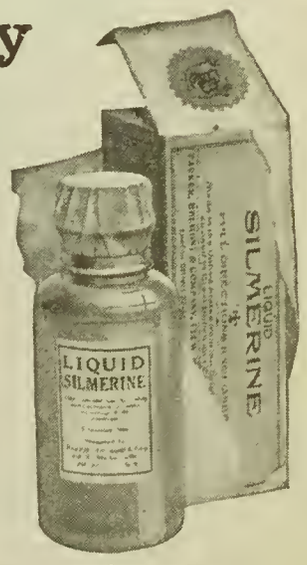
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'Tis a Crowning Glory Indeed When Waved and Beautified the Silmerine Way

By no other means can you acquire such pretty waves and curls, so perfectly natural in appearance.

Instead of the hair being dull and dead looking—as where the cruel curling iron is used—it will have that bright gloss and luster as of "hidden sunshine." Instead of being harsh, coarse or brittle, your tresses will be delightfully soft, silky and fluffy.



Liquid Silmerine

is a real boon to women of thin, straight, lifeless, tously hair, or hair with broken, split or uneven ends. Entirely harmless. Easy and pleasant to use—applied with clean tooth brush—leaves no sticky, streaky or greasy trace.

Silmerine is sold in drug stores and at toilet goods counters everywhere; $1.00 per bottle. If your dealer has none in stock, ask him to get some from his wholesaler. We do not fill mail orders.

PARKER, BELMONT & CO., 134 W. Madison St., CHICAGO



Pretty May Allison, Metro star, is one of the most popular screen actresses today. Miss Allison is a great Star Electric Massage Vibrator enthusiast and recommends it to all her friends and followers.

"The Ideal $5.00 Xmas Gift!"

says May Allison



Improve your complexion. Have your own beauty parlor.

You will find the Star Electric Massage Vibrator on sale in most drug, department and electrical-goods stores. In case you are unable to get the "Star" in your city, send Five Dollars, your local dealer's name and address to us and we will send one complete outfit direct to you, postpaid. Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 224, Torrington, Conn.



For headache, nervousness, fatigue, insomnia, indigestion.

The woman of fastidious tastes, young or old, realizes that beauty is but a natural reflection of health. Wrinkles, "crow's feet," eyes that have lost their youthful sparkle, obesity and other unwelcome facial blemishes are, to a great extent at least, brought on by what we term "the strenuous life." Muscles are sure to become weary and congested unless they get relaxation. And complexions are certain to suffer unless properly taken care of. Home electric massage is recognized as the building-up process nearest to nature's.

You'll find the Star Electric Massage Vibrator invaluable for facial massage, for hair and scalp treatments, for relieving nervous headaches, fatigue, insomnia, sore muscles—and for body development. Electric massage stirs up the blood, improves your circulation, puts new life into your system and the roses of youth in your cheeks.

Get a "Star." Complete outfit only $5. Includes three applicators, six feet of cord and illustrated booklet explaining all uses. The Star "Universal," a more powerful vibrator, costs $6. Fits any electric-light socket. Preferred by many. Make your choice today. Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 224, Torrington, Conn.

Men! Try this: After you've finished shaving, take a little cold cream, rub it over your face—then massage yourself with the "Star" for two or three minutes. It's great!





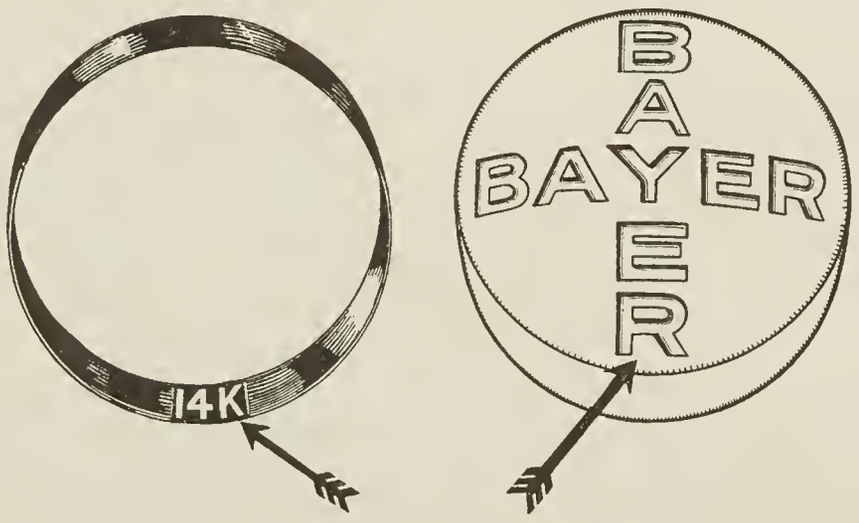
Treat your hair and scalp at home. Save that beauty-parlor money. A "Star" costs only $5 but lasts for years. Get one today and let your husband use it.

The STAR Electric Massage VIBRATOR

For Use in Your Own Home

Genuine Aspirin

Always say "Bayer" and insist upon a "Bayer package"



The "Bayer Cross" on Aspirin tablets has the same meaning as 14 Karat on gold. Both mean Genuine!

"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" should be taken according to the directions in each "Bayer package." Be sure the "Bayer Cross" is on package and on tablets. Then you are getting the genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over eighteen years.

Bayer-Tablets of Aspirin

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents—Larger packages.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Sell 20 minutes of your time?

The odd moments—time that would otherwise be wasted—Miss Grace Stanford of Kansas turns into money. Others who can give more time earn $25, $50, $100, $200 a month.

If you have some spare time, we will buy it. Experience not necessary. We furnish everything and coach you in the work.

Clip this coupon now

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Gentlemen:
I have some spare time to sell. Please send me full particulars at once.

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Continued from page 11

BETTY BELL AND THE LEADING MAN

LITTLE BY LITTLE the small shivers of excitement died away; she became conscious again of the path and the glen with its occasional strollers. The adventure with its dazzling possibilities was over; romance had brushed her with its rosy skirt and passed her by. She was an ordinary girl again, taking a Sunday afternoon stroll, alone and bored.

Betty was really very much bored. All of her high-school friends were out of town; it was hot, languid weather; home had offered no diversion; her mother was reading the Sunday advertisements of Monday's bargains; her father was asleep in the hammock, a handkerchief over his face. She had been bored enough before meeting the young man; it was infinitely worse now. At least the boredom had been negative then; now she had a sudden vision of the sort of thing she was missing.

Glancing up, she saw a new glass roof shining in the sun at the top of the rocky walls of the Glen. And because even a new greenhouse promised interest greater than any she had now, she scrambled up the steep side of the ravine.

The ascent was rocky and difficult, but she gained the top, breathless and disheveled. There were streaks of mud on her white piqué skirt; her hair had caught on sharp little branches and straggled about her hot, moist face.

IN THE clearing at the top of the bluff stood a new building, the ugliest building Betty had ever seen. It was of unpainted wood with a great many windows. The roof was of glass. A little old man was sitting on the steps, eating a very thick sandwich. Betty strolled over toward him.

"I beg pardon, but is this a new greenhouse?" she inquired politely.

The little old man seemed pleased and surprised at her politeness.

"No, this ain't a greenhouse," he said. "This is the new Victor Studio."

"A studio!" Betty exclaimed. "I don't see how they can get people to come 'way out here to get their pictures taken."

"Oh, it ain't that kind of studio," said the old man. "It ain't what you call a portrait parlor. This is a real studio, a movin'-pictur' studio."

"Where—where they take moving pictures?" Betty questioned in an awed, incredulous voice.

"Sure's taxes. New company's starting up here."

Betty looked about with reverential interest.

"Do—do you belong to the firm?" she asked.

The old man chewed reflectively for a few seconds.

"Well, in a way, yes. I'm the doorman."

BETTY could not have been more impressed if he had assured her that he was the ambassador from Spain.

"There's no way to look up the place yet," he went on. "That's why I'm hanging around on a Sunday. Kids might get in and smash up the glassware. The workmen'll be through to-morrow and the company'll start work Tuesday."

"The company? You—you mean that movie actors and actresses are coming here?"

"Sure's taxes."

"Is—is *Mary Pickford* coming here?"

"Well, no," the old man admitted reluctantly. "We ain't signed up Pickford this year. We may take her on one of these days. This year we're starring Elaine DeBonne. Ever heard of her!"

This last was not a question; it was a triumphant ejaculation. As a matter of fact, Betty never had, but she felt that if she admitted such colossal ignorance as this, the little old man would consider her illiterate. So she contented herself with saying, "Oh, Elaine DeBonne" in a tone of glad recognition, and then pausing, as one who could say more but would not.

Never before in Betty's life had she been so fascinated, so impressed. The little old man seemed inclined to be friendly, so she timidly seated herself at his side on the steps, and, her eager face upturned, fairly drank in his words of wisdom.

"Is Miss DeBonne terribly pretty?" Betty asked after a bit.

"Well, it's hard to say about that. She registers great on the screen, but she's used make-up so much she ain't quite so easy to look at, up real close. It—it sort o' takes distance to bring her out, as you might say."

The old man shook the crums from his lap.

"Her leading man, though, Virgil Darnell—say, he don't need no distance. He's what I call a *swell-looking man*. The firm'd ought to quit playing up DeBonne so hard and give him the front for a while."

IT WAS six o'clock before the fascinated Betty realized how the afternoon had flown. She rose hastily.

Just at this moment an automobile approached across the field on the opposite side from the ravine. A man alighted and came toward the studio.

At the first dazzled glance Betty knew that it was the young man she had seen in the ravine; there was no mistaking the dominant male swing of his walk. She stood as though rooted to the spot as he came up to the studio door.

"Well, Cæsar, greetings!" he said to the old man.

"Good evening, Mr. Darnell," said the doorkeeper respectfully.

So this was Virgil Darnell!

He glanced questioningly at Betty. She crimsoned. The young man looked at the old one invitingly.

"I—I can't quite remember your name," the doorkeeper fumbled.

"It—it's Elizabeth Bell," said Betty. She could not control her voice; one "it's" was shrill, high-pitched; the other was almost gruff.

"Miss Bell," said the old man, "lemme make you acquainted with Mr. Virgil Darnell."

"I'm pleased to meet you," said Betty. She wondered if it would have been better to say "honored."

"Nonsense; I'm the one who's pleased," said Mr. Darnell.

BETTY knew that this was the empty phrase of politeness, but she thrilled to the flattery of it nevertheless.

"Besides," he went on, "we've met before. We're really old acquaintances, you know."

He had remembered—Virgil Darnell had remembered!

Betty stood awkwardly silent; she could think of nothing to say and was sure that if she had thought of anything she could not have said it. Hot and cold shivers of excitement were chasing up and down her back under her middy blouse; goose-flesh rose on her arms.

The young man chatted easily. After a few minutes Betty summoned control enough for an occasional phrase. She forgot that she had been on her way home; forgot everything.

She was dazed, and would have stood without moving till the sun went down and the stars came out had Mr. Darnell not asked, "Which way are you bound?"

"D-down toward—over on—on Queen Avenue," she said.

The man glanced at her smilingly.

"Well, your street is surely well named," he said.

There was no mistaking the direct flattery of his meaning.

"I'm going not far from there," said Darnell. "Let me drive you home!"

BETTY felt herself crossing the bit of field and climbing into the roadster. She wondered if she could be asleep. This was the extravagant sort of thing one finds in nightmares.

They drove down the familiar street. Betty was divided between listening breathlessly to what Mr. Darnell was saying and hoping desperately that some one she knew would see her.

But nobody did. Of course, she could tell everybody—already she was rehearsing casual little remarks: "When I was coming home in Mr. Darnell's car—Virgil Darnell, you know." Or, "Yes, that's just what Mr. Darnell was saying the other day when he was driving me home—you know, Virgil Darnell, the actor."

She would use a bored tone, as though actors and their ilk were mere spokes in the wheel of her daily routine. If only her father and mother would be on the porch to see her dramatic arrival. But the porch was vacant; there was no dazzled, peering eyes visible in any of the windows.

They drove up to the curb and Darnell leaned over to open the door of the car. His sudden nearness made her tremble.

"When are you coming out to the studio again?" he asked in a thrilling undertone.

"T-to-morrow afternoon," said Betty.

"I'll be out there, too," he said softly.

Betty's hand had groped for the car-latch and for a moment it touched the man's. His fingers closed over hers in a quick little pressure.

The blood flamed to Betty's face. She was suddenly, inexplicably glad that her father and mother were not on the porch, that nobody had seen her arrival.

THIS was the beginning of the first surreptitious episode in the life of Betty Bell.

"But we were *introduced*," she kept telling herself, to quiet a feeling of guilt. An introduction, according to high-school standards, drew the sharp line between a legitimate acquaintance and a flirtation.

But Betty could not escape a guilty little conviction that this introduction had not been quite all that an introduction should be.

All that evening, while the Bell family went its placid Sunday-evening way, Betty's sister Anne, sitting on the front porch with Roger, her fiancé, Mr. Bell sitting on the back steps in his shirt sleeves, smoking and playing the hose on the sweet peas, Mrs. Bell assembling the laundry in readiness for the Monday morning arrival of the washerwoman—Betty was wrapped in a rosy, tingling preoccupation.

SHE decided not to tell her mother or Anne anything about Virgil Darnell. The more she considered the episode, the surer she felt that they would not approve; her mother might even forbid her going to the studio again.

It was Betty's first taste of forbidden fruit and she found it ecstatically, bewilderingly sweet. She felt suddenly very sorry for Anne and her mother. Neither of them had even known an actor.

And where had their keeping the narrow, bromidic pathway led them? Anne was content with Roger, a kind, steady, jolly young man, but as uninteresting to Betty's suddenly opened eyes as a loaf of bread. And Betty's mother had married Betty's father.

As a father, Betty was very fond of Mr. Bell; as a lover, well, she felt that her mother must have been rather limited in her choice. It seemed to Betty that a flirtation with her father must have been a temperate pleasure.

Neither her mother nor Anne, Betty felt sure, would have given the original glance over the shoulder; they would have chosen virtue instead of thrills. And her mother had married her father; Anne would marry Roger. So much for the straight and narrow path!

With their own prosaic, limited outlook

Continued on page 65



BOBBIE'S big sister suggested a League o' Nations party for his birthday, mamma and the younger folks concurred, and America is very strongly represented.

First of all, as you see, the pressing problem of the day, food for the Nations, engages the earnest attention of the different countries present.

JELL-O

plainly enough, has a unanimous vote of approval.

If diplomats could only agree as amicably on all questions as the young folks do about Jell-O, nations would never even quarrel.

And at that, Jell-O is as popular with "grown-ups" as it is with the children, there being at least a dozen reasons why it should be.

The 1920 Jell-O Book will be ready about February 1st.

Jell-O is made in six pure fruit flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Chocolate.



THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.

SNOWDRIFT
PURE VEGETABLE COOKING FAT



Taste it

And see what we mean when we say that Snowdrift is sweet and fresh. Do you hesitate to *taste* cooking fat? Perhaps you have been using cooking fat that you would hate to eat raw. Then taste Snowdrift and find out how good to eat shortening can be. Snowdrift is made entirely of vegetable oil as choice as any salad oil you ever ate. It has no flavor, because no good cook wants food to taste of the fat she used. Snowdrift is rich—much richer than butter—but so *delicate* and *fresh* that it does not alter the flavor of the food you cook with it.

Cream it

Snowdrift does not get too hard nor too soft no matter what the weather. It is always just the right creamy consistency that is easiest to use.

Smell it

Snowdrift is sweet—as you use the word to describe sweet cream. After you open the can, Snowdrift "keeps" well. The advantage is that in its airtight can, Snowdrift is fresh when you *start* to use it in your own kitchen, not already stale when you get it.

Look at it

Snowdrift is made of only the finest vegetable oil, which is always light in color, and then refined to a *purity* which makes Snowdrift *white*.

IN 1, 2, 4, AND 8 POUND AIRTIGHT TINS. NEVER IN BULK

To be sure that Snowdrift is fresh when you open the can in your own kitchen, we pack it *only* in cans as *truly* airtight as you yourself would use to put up fruits or vegetables.

SOUTHERN COTTON OIL TRADING COMPANY
New York Savannah New Orleans Chicago

Continued from page 62

BETTY BELL AND THE LEADING MAN

they would doubtless try to limit hers too. But they couldn't! With a thrill of rapture and defiance Betty dressed herself in her best—a pink frock designed for dancing-class wear next Winter—and slipped away, early the next afternoon, for the Victor Studio.

SHE had been chatting with the little old doorman only a few minutes when the long, low roadster drove across the field. Her heart pounded against her ribs: she swallowed hard. A familiar figure with a swinging masculine walk crossed the field toward her.

"How about a little spin?" asked the deep, vibrant voice.

"All—all right," said Betty. It was the only response she could think of, and that came hoarsely.

It was like a dream, crossing the uneven ground, climbing into the car. The sudden breeze that caught her hair as they started was cool and fairylike; the tree-shaded boulevard along Minnehaha Creek was the road to Arcady.

Darnell talked as they rode, principally about himself, as is the way with motion-picture actors. Betty, to whom his saying it could make a marvel of the most commonplace remark, thrilled to his confidences. He told her a great deal about his trouble with press agents; he told her confidentially that Miss DeBonne was nearly forty years old.

"She's a cat," he said. He hesitated a moment. "This sounds as though I were conceited, but I know that you will understand. One can't help noticing facts.

"She's jealous of me. She knows that I'm a bigger drawing-card than she is, and naturally the woman resents it. It makes her wild when I have the center of the screen for two minutes."

"She isn't very pretty close up, is she?" Betty hazarded sympathetically.

"No; she's too old."

SOMETHING in his quick side-glance told Betty more surely than words that he found her young and pretty and charming.

"And about publicity! Well, when it comes to press notices, she is simply beyond words. If I hadn't taken the firmest kind of stand I'd have been having my name in fine print to this day!

"You know, Miss Bell," Betty fairly gasped at the marvel of hearing him say her name, "there is something about the motion-picture game that just ruins a woman. I've never seen a motion-picture actress yet who wasn't absolutely self-centered; absolutely selfish."

He leaned just a shade nearer to Betty, his closeness rouging her brightly.

"You can't imagine what a refreshing thing it is to meet a girl who is sweet and genuine and——"

His left hand left the steering-wheel, slipped to the seat where Betty's lay. Instinctively she drew hers away, but not until the brief touch had fanned her excitement to a still brighter flame.

"What a shy little thing you are!" he said teasingly.

At first Betty had hesitated about asking him to leave her at a corner two or three blocks from her home; she was afraid the suggestion might insult him. But he did not mind; he drove the car to the curb with a flourish and his conspirator's smile added just the fillip of clandestineness to the affair.

"To-morrow?" he asked softly.

"To-morrow," said Betty.

IT WAS with a delighted sense of adventure that she slipped into the house and began to set the table, as though nothing had happened. She had never dreamed that wickedness could be so alluring.

An affair with an actor! Over her peach shortcake she looked at her mother and Anne with a feeling of pity for their limited lives.

Suddenly she would think of Virgil Darnell, his flashing smile, his deep, vibrant voice. The shortcake would become dry and tasteless. Great waves of half-choking emotion would sweep over her.

And middle age would take this away from childhood! Middle age would put up bars of convention, of bourgeoisie standards of right and wrong, barbed with surveillance and chaperonage, against this ecstatic adventuring! Middle age would, but it could not—it could not!

THE next afternoon she slipped away to the studio again, and the next and the next and the next. Her mother assumed vaguely that she went to see Marie Murphy, a classmate who lived up near Minnehaha Creek. The Victor Company had begun work, but most of Darnell's scenes were "shot" in the morning, and by mid-afternoon he would be ready for a cool ride and diversion. Betty always arrived ostensibly to call upon the old doorman, often bringing him a piece of home-made cake or pie as a tribute and an excuse.

Once while she was waiting beside him he watched her for some time in silence. At last he cleared his throat.

"Movin-pietur' actors, as a class," he said, "ain't much."

This seemed a strange generalization, but Betty let it pass.

"As a class," he went on pessimistically, "they's a rum lot."

"You mean they're generally wicked?" Betty asked with relish.

"Well, that is putting it kind of strong. They just ain't much. Now this here Virgil Darnell——"

But at that moment Darnell himself appeared.

ONLY once did Betty go inside the studio. Darnell had to "finish up an interior," so with the old doorman's consent Betty slipped in to look on.

It was a disillusioning experience. The studio was bare and dusty and hot; piles of lumber, old sets, were everywhere. The scorching sun streamed in at the big window; the director, in his shirt sleeves, his straw hat on the back of his head, was tired and cross; the tiniest fragment of a scene had to be rehearsed over and over again; the light which poured down upon the improvised stage was white and sizzling and so vivid that it seemed to fill the air like a fluid.

Miss DeBonne, resting between scenes in a stiff old kitchen chair, looked tired and haggard in the parching sunshine.

Betty was only too glad to slip down from her seat on a pile of lumber when the work was over. The cool ride was doubly wonderful that day.

IT WAS on their ninth afternoon, as they drove home toward Queen Avenue, that Darnell said:

"I'm afraid I can't see you to-morrow afternoon."

Betty's heart sank with a sudden, aching heaviness.

"We're going over to St. Paul on location; going to work part of the day there."

He paused for several minutes, then suddenly exclaimed:

"I'll tell you: St. Paul is only next door, you might say; why can't you come over on the trolley and meet me about three o'clock say? We'll have a nice ride and dinner somewhere, and I'll bring you back in the evening."

"Oh, I couldn't," said Betty. "Mother wouldn't——"

"Don't tell her," the man suggested; "that is, if it would worry her. There's enough worry in the world without deliberately causing any. Tell her you're going to dinner with some girl friend."

"Oh, I—" Betty began in protest.

"Come on; be a good little sport," the actor urged. "You're a young woman; surely you're able to decide a trifle of this kind for yourself."

This was an appeal to a tender vanity. But Betty held firm.

Never in her life before had she wanted so much to do anything. But it was too daring. After some urging the actor dropped the subject.

"Suit yourself," he said. "If you don't care enough about me to enjoy spending an afternoon and evening with me, why of course——"

He lapsed into an aggrieved silence.

Betty was silent, too, torn with an agony of regret. His attitude of resentment, his nearness, the fascination of the daring scheme—never had forbidden fruit been more tempting.

"I—I might think it over," she said timidly at last.

"Fine!" said the actor. "You think it over and decide to come. I'll give you the telephone number where you can reach me.

"Call me up when you get there and tell me where to meet you. That's my own little girl!"

ALL through dinner Betty was silent, distrait, the little scrap of paper with the telephone number, written in his hand, clutched closely, his thrilling, vibrant voice, "That's my *own* little girl!" singing sirenlike in her ears. It was almost a proposal. And Fate played into her hand.

After dinner, Mrs. Bell, running through the newspaper advertisements, glanced up from one with interest.

"Bonnell's are having a sale of misses' suits to-morrow," she said. "I declare, if it weren't Auxiliary Day I'd go over and look at one for Betty."

There were several minutes of pregnant silence. Then Betty spoke; her voice with its attempt of casualness sounded distant to her own ears.

"I—I might go over to St.—St. Paul and look at them," she said.

"That would be a good idea," said Mrs. Bell promptly. "If any of them fit you, you could have two or three sent home on approval."

BETTY could not understand the vague feeling of uneasiness that hung over her the next afternoon as she boarded the street-car for St. Paul. She was embarking upon the most daring, the most fascinating adventure of her life; everything had been arranged for her as though by Providence; the prospect looked easy, entrancing, safe. Yet a dim, mistlike feeling of unhappiness hung over her. Perhaps it was because the day was cloudy, she thought.

She tried to buoy up her spirits by thinking of Darnell, of the ride, the exciting dinner they would have together, but even the anticipation could not rid her of this queer uneasiness.

She kept thinking of her mother. There was no reason for this, yet her mother's plain, kindly face, framed in with its grayish hair kept coming before her eyes. It gave her a strange, forlorn feeling. And she could not shake it off.

IT BEGAN to rain, just a few scattered drops. The spirit of adventure, the pleasure in her wickedness seemed to be slipping away from her.

She tried to clutch at it, tried to hold fast the rosy anticipation she had conjured up. But it kept slipping.

She would see her mother finishing up a party dress in a hurry for her to wear, working in the sweet peas, setting the table for breakfast, Winter mornings—one disconnected vision after another. And the visions were all accusing. Betty's conscience, which had slumbered during the nine blithe, sunshiny days, was poking up its head like a crocus in the rain.

As the car drew near Wabasha Street, Betty's forlorn sense of unhappiness grew

Concluded on page 66



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Concluded from page 65

BETTY BELL AND THE LEADING MAN

stronger; the thrill of adventure slipped farther and farther away. She felt homesick—that was the only word that described it.

The car stopped at Wabasha Street, and Betty left it and walked into a drug-store where there was a telephone booth, walked to the romantic tryst as one on a sad errand. All the day long her sense of guilt had been growing, mushroomlike, all out of proportion; what had at first seemed a daring bit of unconventionalism now seemed a gigantic treachery.

The dampness had taken the stiffness out of her dress and all the zest of adventure had wilted out of her spirit. Excitement, gay defiance, had carried her through the nine sunshiny days of surreptitious meetings, stolen rides.

But when it came to a crisis, Betty was brought face to face with a fundamental limitation. She was not cut out for wickedness.

She slipped into the telephone booth, dropped in her nickel, consulted the folded scrap of paper.

"Summit 5159," she said mournfully.

CENTRAL'S voice sounded like her mother's; a woman crossing the drug-store outside the booth looked like her mother. Suddenly she remembered the time when Anne had been so very sick, the only time she had ever seen her mother cry.

The vague unhappiness rose like a mourning cloud; it swept over Betty, filling the little telephone booth as with a chill vapor. It was not fear, or doubt, or conscience that swept about her—it was desolation.

A voice answered at the other end of the wire. Without a word Betty hung up the receiver and walked out of the telephone booth.

The old standards, the old days, had been too strong. She had lost her nerve.

With a sense of relief that made her lighthearted and light-footed, she left the drug-store. It was raining a little, but Betty's own private cloud had lifted. Gaily she hurried over to Bonnell's, looked at the suits, and about five o'clock boarded the street-car for home.

Shaking the rain-drops from his shabby felt hat, a familiar figure boarded the car. It was the little old gatekeeper.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, recognizing Betty.

He seated himself beside her.

"Been working over here in St. Paul," he explained.

Betty nodded. They rode a little while in friendly silence.

"Was—was—were Miss DeBonne and—and Mr. Darnell there?" she asked.

He glanced at her quickly. "Sure they were.

"And his wife was with him," he added. "Just back from a trip."

"His *wife!* Mr. Darnell's wife! Why, he—he isn't married, is he? His *wife!* Why, I didn't——"

"No," the little old man agreed. "I sort of figured that you prob'bly didn't."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure's taxes."

"Why, I can't— Mr. Darnell married!"

"M'hmm. Couple of kids."

BETTY opened her lips but no words came. This last double blow, so to speak, was too much.

For some minutes neither spoke. Betty had assumed, had hoped, that Virgil Darnell might be "bad;" it had added an audacious element to the adventure. This, however, was not the kind of badness she had meant.

"So he is—a married man!" she said in a tone of slow, painful credence.

"Oh, he ain't so bad 's actors go," the old man defended him against Betty's scandalized tone. "That is," he qualified, "he's all right when she's around. Kind o' crazy about the kids. He's just the kind needs considerable looking after. When he's left alone he kind o' gets to p'noevering with the girls."

"I think," said Betty in horrified accents, "that he is the worst man I have ever known."

"Oh, no," said the old man tolerantly; "you'll see wuss before you get through; Much wuss. They ain't no real harm in Virgil; he don't do nothing really bad; he's just a kind of p'neoverer. Soon's his wife comes he drops the girls like hotcakes."

THIS prudent habit did not lessen Betty's angry disapproval.

"I think he's a wicked, deceitful man!" she insisted.

"Well, he is a bit deceitful," the old man admitted. "But I don't know's I'd say wicked. He's what you might call harmless. 'Cept, of course, a girl might get the idea he was single and get notions into her head. I—I kind of thought somebody ought to slip you the bad news."

"It isn't bad news," said Betty loftily. "I'm not at all interested in Mr. Darnell one way or the other."

"Well, no harm done," said the old man placatingly.

They rode on in silence. It takes some time for sixteen to shift from the personal to the other-personal element of an equation. But the ride from St. Paul was a long one and before she had reached Minneapolis, Betty had made the shift.

"I should think that Mrs. Darnell would be terribly unhappy," she said thoughtfully.

"Well, I reckon everybody's got somethin' to worry 'em," said the doorkeeper philosopher. "She prob'bly figgers that's her cross."

"I'd rather have any other cross in the world," said Betty. "I'd rather be poor, or sick, or—or anything."

"Well, you want to get the right man then. In getting married it makes a lot o' difference what man you get."

And with this observation the little doorkeeper of the Victor Studio slipped out of the street-car and Betty Bell's life.

IT WAS Mr. Bell's lodge night and he left after dinner; so did Anne, who was going to the theater with Roger. Betty and her mother were left sitting on the porch alone together. It had stopped raining, but the vine-leaves beside the porch were still dripping and the rain-drops splashed softly on the ground, the only sound in the silence. After a while Betty spoke.

"Mother, were you ever—crazy about a man—really crazy I mean, so it—it made you feel funny if you happened to think of him when you were trying to eat?"

"Why, I—" Mrs. Bell hesitated, then smiled slowly, reminiscently. "Law, yes. I remember once when I was awfully young and foolish I thought I was in love with the tenor of a traveling show."

"You did!"

"And then—then—oh, yes, there was one strawberry season afterward, when I—was that way."

"Was the second man queer too?" Betty asked. "Was he—married—or anything?"

"Bless you, no! I married him myself."

"You—you married—you mean that you felt that same way about *father?*"

THERE was a long, stunned silence before Betty spoke again.

"Does—do you imagine that Anne feels that way about Roger?" she asked at last.

Mrs. Bell smiled.

"I shouldn't be surprised," she said, adding after a few moments, "Roger will make her a good husband."

"Yes," said Betty thoughtfully, "that's important, too."

She swung a vine-branch till it had dropped its last bit of rain on the ground below. "Very important."

For some minutes she stared down the wet, shining street to the corner below the drug-store where Virgil Darnell had left her every afternoon.

"Yes," she said, turning to her mother, speaking as one experienced woman to another, "if I ever have a daughter, I do certainly hope, with all the wickedness there is in the world, that when she comes to get married, she'll get a *good* man!"

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of THE DELINEATOR, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1, 1919. State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared JAMES F. BIRMINGHAM, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE DELINEATOR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York. Editor, HONORÉ WILLSIE, 223 Spring Street, New York City. Managing Editor, JAMES EATON TOWER, 223 Spring Street, New York City. Business Manager, JAMES F. BIRMINGHAM, 223 Spring Street, New York City. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock.) *Owner:* THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City, N. Y. *Stockholders:* THE FEDERAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J. THE BUTTERICK COMPANY, a corporation, 223 Spring Street, New York City. GEORGE B. BLACK, 812 Lincoln Avenue, Mendota, Ill. W. H. GELSHENEN, 100 William Street, New York City. H. F. MORSE, 3 West 46th Street, New York City, N. Y. LAURA J. O'LOUGHLIN, 156 Ridge Street, Glens Falls, N. Y. MRS. ARETHUSA POND, San Remo Hotel, New York City, N. Y. ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, 280 Broadway, New York City. AUGUSTUS VAN WYCK, 149 Broadway, New York City. R. A. VAN WYCK, 149 Broadway, New York City. G. W. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City, N. Y. BEN F. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City, N. Y. MARIE A. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City, N. Y. JAMES F. BIRMINGHAM, 223 Spring Street, New York City. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) REPUBLIC OF PANAMA, Panama, Central America. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.) JAMES F. BIRMINGHAM, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of October, 1919. CECIL L. WAHL, Notary Public Kings Co. Certificate filed New York Co. (My commission expires *March* 30, 1920.) SEAL.

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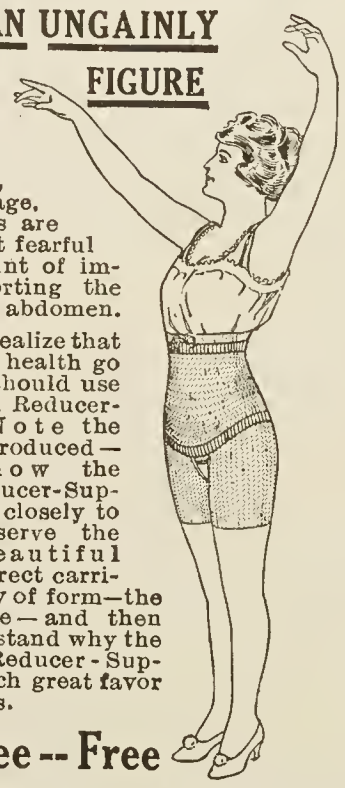
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CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING

BY HÉLÈNE GRANDET

LOOKING up from my desk a few minutes ago, I found inspiration for this study in a portrait of James Fenimore Cooper, signed by him, and placed in a panel of autographed portraits of George Washington, Martha Washington, William Cullen Bryant, Lembach, Hoffman and Canon Sheehan, which hang on a near-by wall, and watch day after day the varied labors which I carry on in sight of the busiest street of the town.

There is almost a volume to be said of the signature of the author of "The Last of the Mohicans," and quite as convincing or assuring as the simple sign-language or wood-hieroglyphics of his Indian folk. The strongest truth this signature reveals is his love of country and home, or what scientifically might be termed *inhabitiveness*.

THE lovely loops, soft and yet defined, show him to be a man who, unlike his nomadic dream-children, loves to settle and stay in one place. He has the standard of squareness, truth, strong friendships and equally intense dislikes, firmness, wit, powers of imitation and of order highly developed.

His sense of ideality is marked to a very great degree, as in the splendid Indian *Chingachgook* and the latter's son *Uncas*, he shows us the aboriginal as no other author ever has depicted primitive peoples. Cooper is what graphologists term *gentle*, and this trait, as revealed in his signature, indicates parental care, care of animal life, and in its fullest sense, a care of God's open country and the least of His creatures. Finally, to his signature he adds emphasis, by his flourish, to all its stronger traits.

I ADMIT to a liking for the flourish beneath a signature. It is an identifying feature in writing. The underlining of words in a sentence or paragraph may be intemperate, and thus partake of the vulgar, but the underlining of the signature shows such characteristics as strength, ability, attacking or defensive qualities, courage, wit, egoism, carefulness, coquetry, sensuality, ambition, prudence and half a hundred other conditions of mind, soul and heart possessed by the signer.

When we see these telltale signs under the names of Charles Kingsley, H. M. Stanley, Cornwallis, Doré, Gambetta, Hogarth, Pope Leo XIII., Patti, Coppée and Garibaldi, we may read with accuracy the characteristics and standards of this very varied and in some senses incongruous assembly of subjects.

I always feel that the complete absence of the flourish from the signature is as fatal to its strength as a copy-book type of signature is indicative of rather a negative type of character. Look then to your signature. Make it a photograph, and at the same time a conclusive estimate of evidence regarding yourself for those who read and judge.

FOR several years Miss Grandet has been a careful student of graphology.

We can not substantiate Miss Grandet's claims. We have no desire to do so. We publish this series of articles merely for the interest which our readers may find in Miss Grandet's presentation of a study in which many persons find diversion.

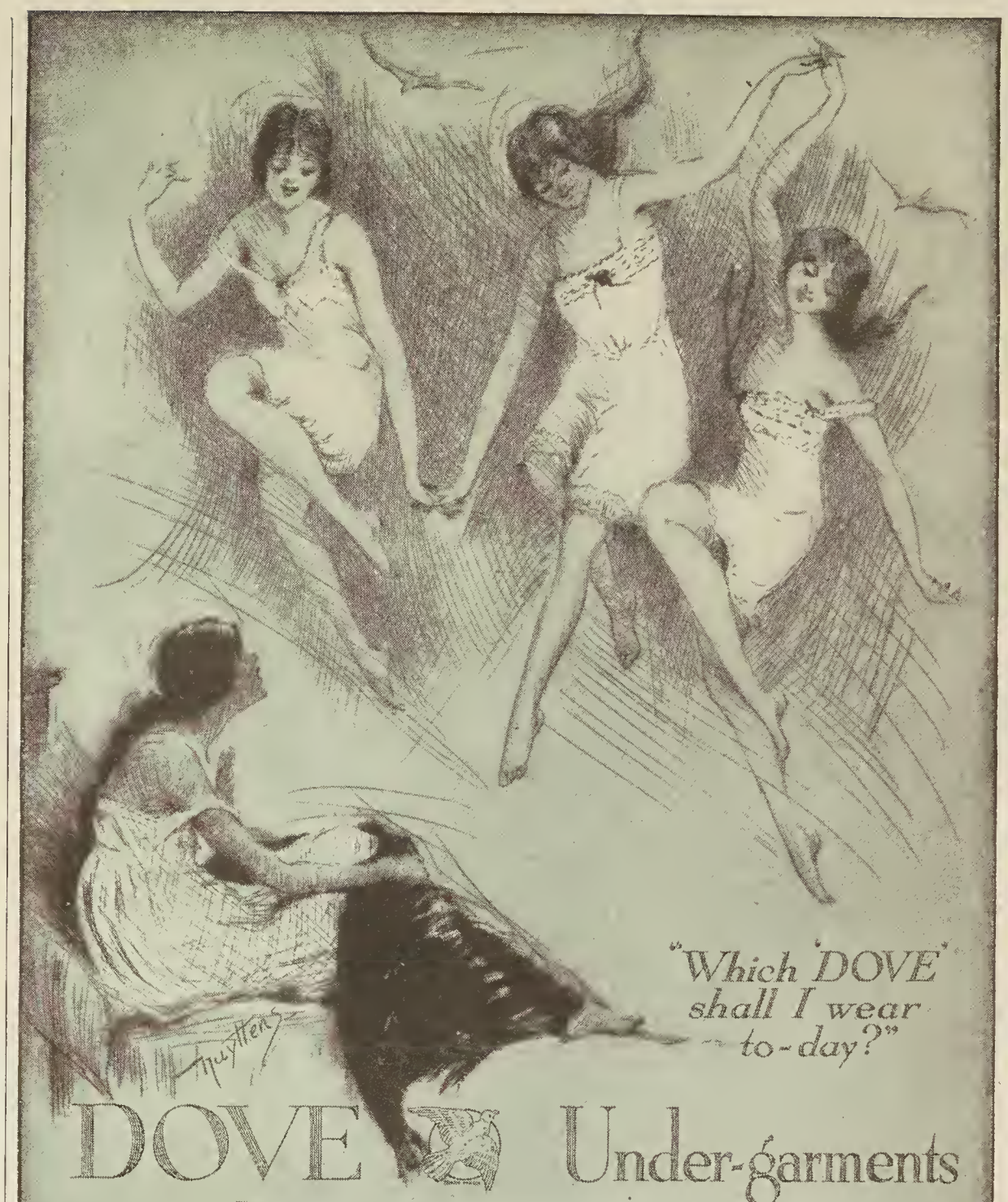
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Concluded from page 40

EAT AND BE CHEERFUL

stored-up capital upon which to draw, and whose salaried or modest professional husbands have no unions through which to enforce a demand for increases in income adequate for the increases in expense—we can not win it by growing red in the face and strident in the voice over the sins of the laboring man who keeps on putting up the price of commodities by putting up the labor cost of their production, or by vitiating our refined vocabularies with objurgations directed at those employers who add to each actual rise in the producing and selling cost of goods an extra percentage of profit for themselves. We can win it only by making up our minds that we *are* in it and that it is going to take time to get out of it, even with committees investigating and food boards again making the gesture of striking terror to the hearts of the hoarders. We are in it and we can't get out of it until all the work that has been left undone about the globe for five years of fighting has been approximately made up. Fuming won't alter that fact. The world has had a war, and the world must keep on paying for the war until the slate is clean again. There are debts that civilization can not repudiate, once it has contracted them.

COURAGE and intelligence will take us through the period of readjustment in which we are living. And when that is over, courage and intelligence may have become so habitual with us that we shall know how to deal in future with profiteers before they have actually gotten into action, and shall even be able to oppose an unbroken front to the insidious breeders of wars. But for to-day—let us, less condescendingly perhaps, imitate Margaret Fuller and "accept the universe." For "Gad, we'd better!"



DOVE Under-garments

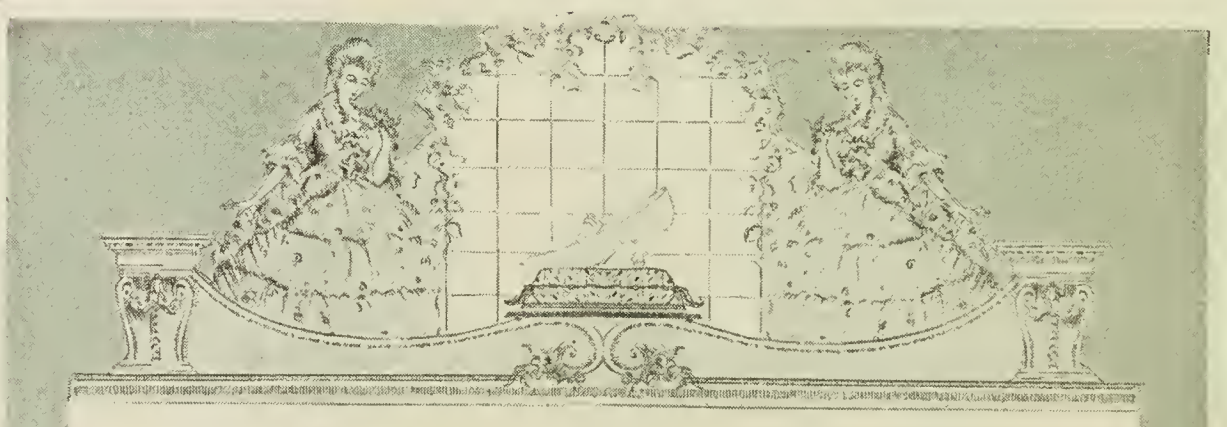
Beautiful, Well-made Lingerie

HER thoughts turn naturally from the graceful perfection of her "DOVE" Night Gown to her equally lovely "DOVE" Under-garments for the day.

Soft materials and fine stitches lend to them an air of exquisite femininity; graceful styles make them becoming, and long wear gives them the rare quality of lasting satisfaction.

Sold by Leading Stores Everywhere

D. E. SICHER & COMPANY, "World's Largest Makers of Lingerie"
45-51 WEST 21st STREET NEW YORK



**Only Its Style Is Seen—
Its Comfort Is Felt**

All women will welcome the unusual ease and entrancing style of the

Ease-All
The Shoe of
Invisible Comfort and Visible Style

Which meets all the exacting requirements of style and has these *exclusive features* of abiding comfort:

An invisible, built-in arch support that firmly, gently, holds in place the weakened muscles and misplaced bones commonly known as "fallen arches."

Specially constructed inside counters, extending forward on both sides to the ball of the foot, which prevent the overstrained pivotal bones from becoming misplaced.

This arch support and these special counters (both patented) afford quick relief to sufferers and gradually correct the trouble entirely.

The trade mark "EASE-ALL" on a shoe is a pledge of distinctive beauty and authoritative style. Here are graceful, slender lines and exquisite materials—appealing features to all women and especially appreciated by women who until now have been unable to wear styleful shoes because of arch troubles.

EASE-ALL



Descriptive circular "GETTING BENEATH THE SURFACE OF FOOT TROUBLES" sent for the asking.

EASE-ALL Shoes are shown at selected Shoe Stores.

UTZ & DUNN CO.
Makers of
"STYLE SHOES OF QUALITY"
for Women
94 Canal St., Rochester, N.Y.



THE SEASON OF LITTLE THINGS IN MEN'S DRESS

At Christmas It Is Usually the Woman Who Pays for Neckties, Socks, Et Cetera, But She Must Consider Her Husband's Tastes and Feelings

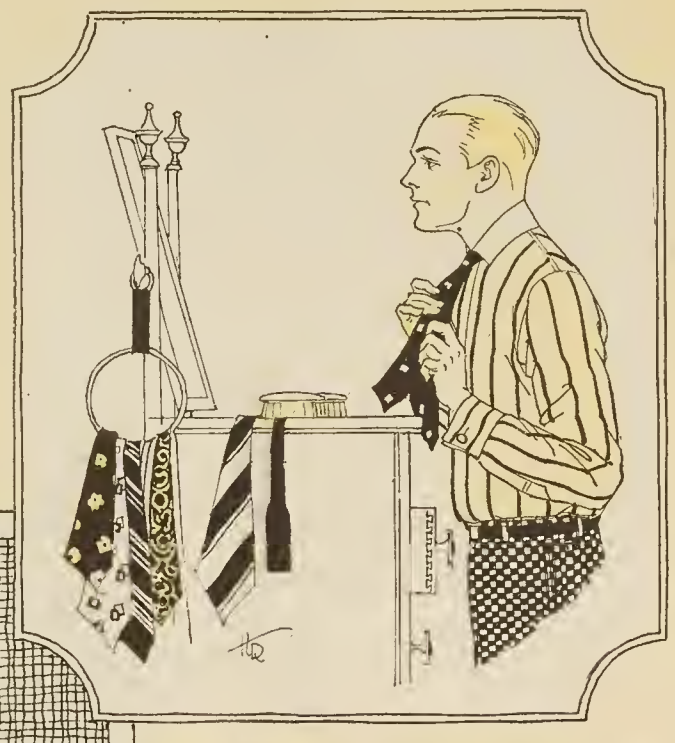
THE between-season, half-way between your Winter overcoat and dinner-jacket on the one hand and your new Spring clothes on the other, is the time to devote to accessories if you plan your clothes on a budget basis. In these striking days, when even the laundry-workers and boiler-makers are apt to walk out on us, it behooves a man to keep himself generously supplied with linen. Illustrated here are the correct shapes in hats, a new evening vest, the latest haberdashery, etc. (A word to the wives—socks, gloves, etc., make always acceptable Christmas gifts.)



For day wear most men prefer white shirts striped in a color. Both the plain shirt and the plaited shirt are correct and the cuff can be straight or the French cuff



The correct evening vest with a dinner-jacket is of black corded silk, or a black silk brocaded with small self-colored figures



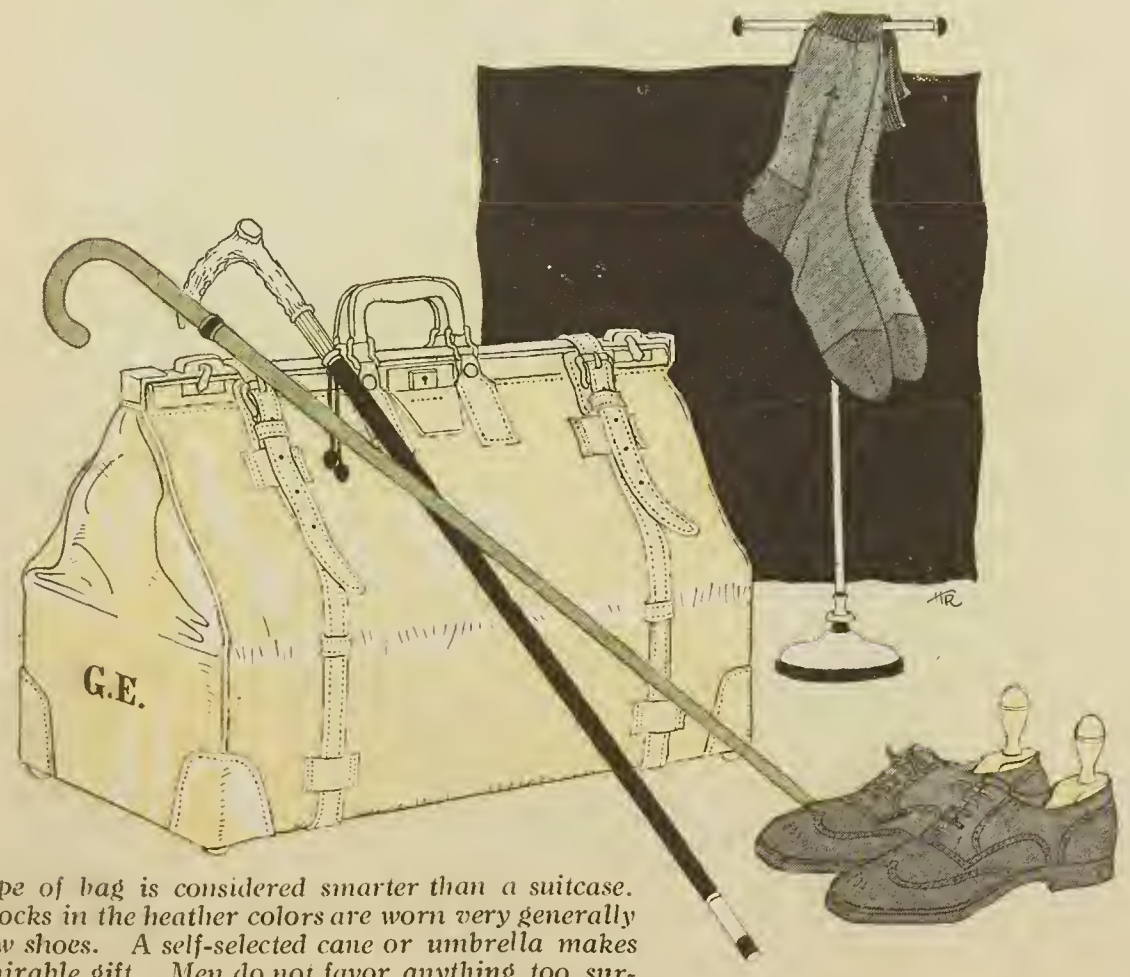
Englishmen are fond of the bat tie, but Americans, while considering it perfectly correct, prefer the four-in-hand. Crocheted silk ties are good style, and ties of striped or fancy silk or brocade are worn a great deal



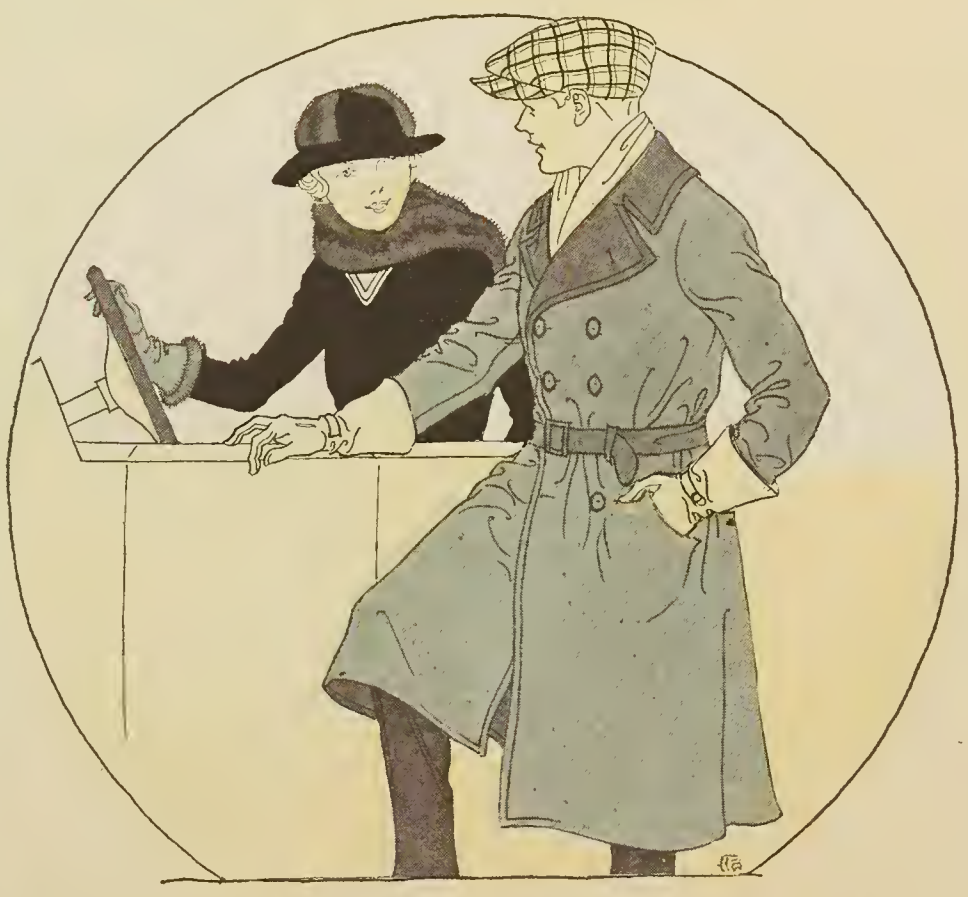
The smartest hat for ordinary day wear is the derby, but many men have the mistaken notion that it is not as comfortable or as business-like as the soft hat. The silk hat should be worn with formal afternoon and evening dress



The wing or lap front collars are popular with older men and are the correct styles for evening and for formal afternoon dress. The soft collar can be used for either sports or day wear. The turn-down collar is worn very generally with lounge suits



This type of bag is considered smarter than a suitcase. Wool socks in the heather colors are worn very generally with low shoes. A self-selected cane or umbrella makes an admirable gift. Men do not favor anything too surprising in this line



An excellent coat for motoring or general wear is made of leather on one side and gabardine on the other. It is reversible so that the gabardine side can be used for the street, the leather for the car. The gauntlet gloves are excellent for motoring

The Delineator
January 1920



By Doucet

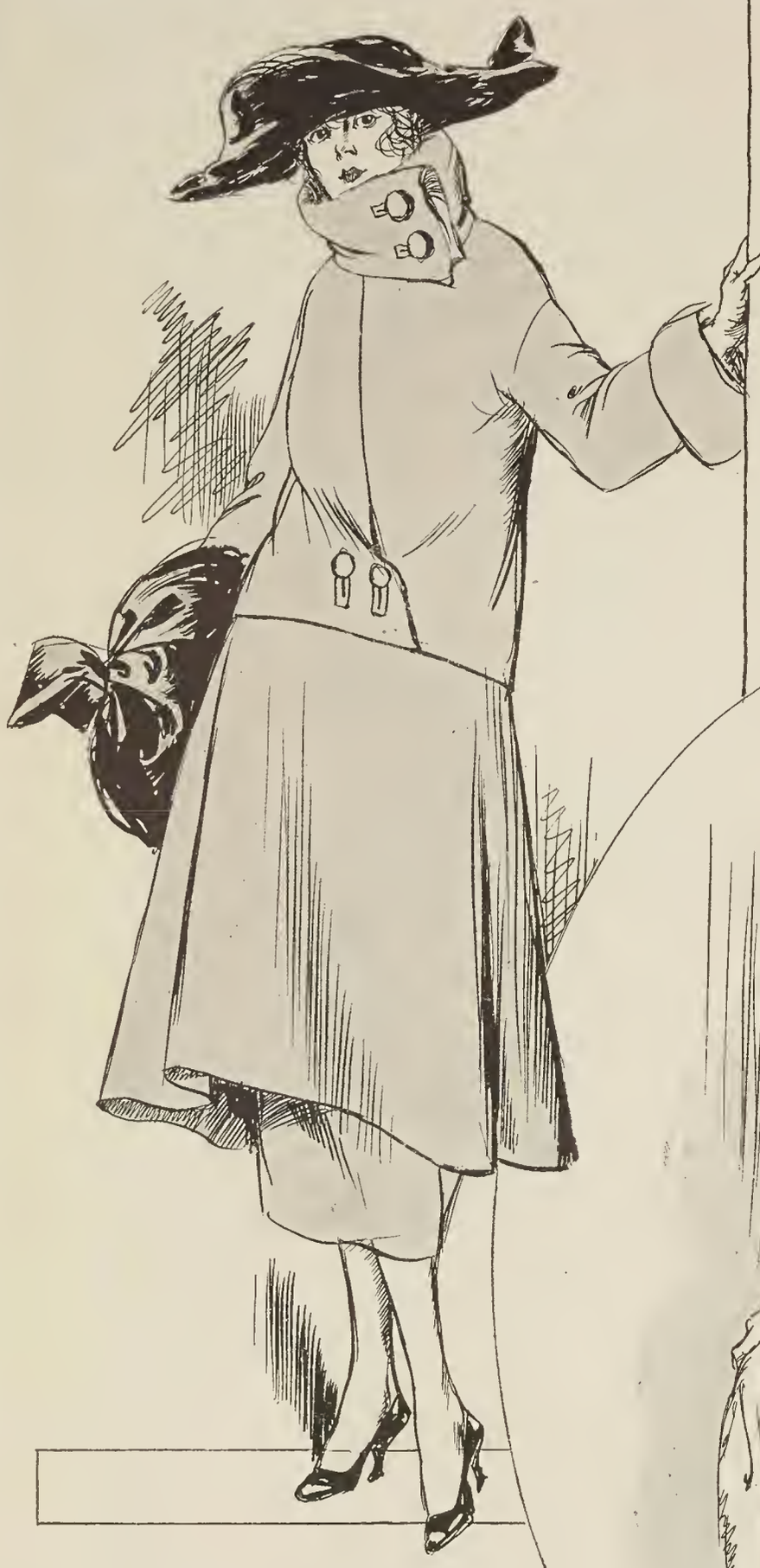
Paris, full of feminine guile, has devised a way to eat its cake and keep it, too Doucet adds to his skirts the fulness that is new, while retaining the narrow hem which is smart and becoming. An evening dress by Doucet is of "ballerine faconnée" in black with blue silk and silver flowers and braces of crystal beads, diamonds and jet. Sketched by Soulié

By Paquin

Hip draperies that have the bouffancy of paniers are used by Paquin in a dress of ivory satin with shoulder-straps of old-gold and pearls, and sides of blonde tulle. Soulié's delightful sketch serves admirably to emphasize the French use of fulness, for in so many cases it is placed at the sides. Here again the foundation skirt is short and narrow

CROQUIS PAR SOULIÉ

SHOWING MIDWINTER VERSIONS OF THE FRENCH MODE BY WORTH, PAQUIN, CHÉRUIT, FAIRYLAND, PREMET, MARTIAL ET ARMAND, CHANEL AND RENÉE.



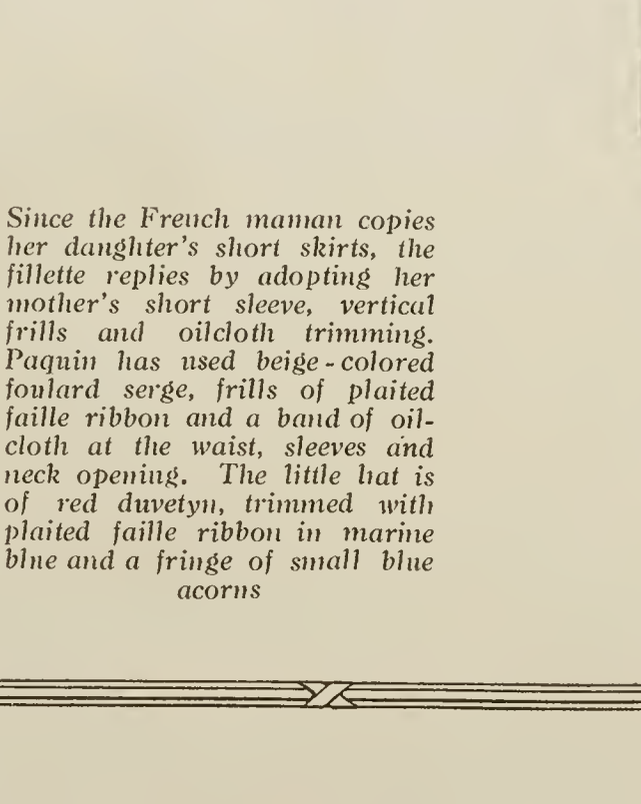
Paris after five years of self-denial is apparently in no mood for further economy. Her fur cloaks and manteaux were never as luxurious as they are to-day; and suits no longer content themselves with fur collars and cuffs but are made entirely of mole, caracul, etc. Here Worth has used black pony skin for a costume made with a short sack coat and a tunic over a narrow hem of the same fur



A costume of extreme elegance is made by Chérnit in black satin, embroidered in coral silk and coral beads, with rabats of black Chantilly lace cascading down the front, and a hem of black Chantilly lace revealing itself below a flounce of coral-colored lace



This is the way we go to parties in Paris: in rose-colored crêpe de Chine, embroidered in argent, showing a Tonkinese lady in her carriage with a linkboy running ahead with a lantern. The corsage is "posed" over an underbodice of pink-and-silver brocade and ties in a butterfly bow in the back. By Fairyland



Since the French maman copies her daughter's short skirts, the fillette replies by adopting her mother's short sleeve, vertical frills and oilcloth trimming. Paquin has used beige-colored foulard serge, frills of plaited faille ribbon and a band of oilcloth at the waist, sleeves and neck opening. The little hat is of red duvetyn, trimmed with plaited faille ribbon in marine blue and a fringe of small blue acorns

En déshabillé is a fine art in France where a Premet tea-gown is an exotic of white crêpe lined with pink satin, draped with silk lace and held together with a red rose

A charming costume of "Lancret" blue duvetyn trimmed with castor fur is made by Gabrielle Chanel. The cape is gathered to a round yoke and the dress below the low waistline is draped on the hips

For "Une tasse de thé dans l'intimité" Chéruit makes a tea-gown of muscadier red crêpe de Chine, with a coat of green satin lined with red. The slip is turned up in a Turkish hem at the bottom

Evening dress, no longer "défendu," in Paris becomes a lovely thing of silver embroidered net, bound and girdled with rose-colored satin and worn over a rose-colored slip. Martial et Armand make this dress for a young girl and wire the upper tunic to give it the extended hip

An interesting cloak by Renée shows a new trimming that is being used in Paris. Here yellow, red and green stitches and balls form a striped trimming on the collar and flared lower part of the coat. Sometimes the same effect is carried out by French knots worked in narrow silk ribbon

Dress 2105

Dress 2085
Embroidery
design 10732

Dress 2094

Dress 2091

FOR THE SOUTHERN HOLIDAY AND NORTHERN PLAYTIME

2105—A vestce and straight skirt are the lines for a lingerie frock of cotton voile, batiste, lawn, organdy, dimity or swiss. The sleeve is in kimono fashion and a camisole lining could be used. Use silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, satin, foulard or taffeta.

36 bust requires 4 yards flowered voile 40 inches wide, 1 yard plain voile 40 inches wide, including ruffles. Bottom 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust.

2085—Tuck after tuck leads to a new frock of Georgette, organdy, cotton voile, batiste, lawn, wash silk or crêpe de Chine. It slips on over the head. The body and sleeve are in one and the skirt is straight.

36 bust requires 5¾ yards organdy 39 or 40 inches wide, 2⅝ yards ribbon for a sash. Embroidery design 10732 trims the dress. Bottom 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust.

2094—A tub silk is madc with two straight peplums gathered over a straight skirt. The surplice waist, draped becomingly, has a one-seam sleeve. Use taffeta, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, charmeuse, foulard, silk crêpe or velvetecn and satin with silk crêpe peplums. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

36 bust rcquires 5 yards striped tub silk 36 inches wide, ½ yard plain silk 36 inches for collar, vestee and to trim.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust.

2091—Ruffles give the new up-and-down trimming on the inserted sidc panels of a frock. It slips on over the head. The sleeve is in one piece with the body which has a camisole lining. The skirt is two-pieced. Use cotton voile, batiste, handkerchief linen or dimity, or satin, charmeuse and faille.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards cotton voile 40 inches wide, 1½ yard organdy 40 inches wide for frills. Bottom 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust.

2102—Draped side frills trim a cotton voile frock. The waist is cut with the back coming over the shoulder. A camisole lining is offered. The one-pieced skirt is straight. Use organdy, batiste, dimity, dotted swiss, lawn, silk crêpe, silk voile and crêpe dc Chinc, taffeta, radium or charmeuse.

36 bust requires 3½ yards novelty cotton voile 40 inches wide, ½ yard organdy 40 inches wide. Bottom 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 inches bust.

2122—A velvet frock has a one-piece overdress that slips on over the head, closing on the left shoulder. The sleeve has onc seam and the straight one-piece skirt is separate. Use satin, charmeuse, taffeta, radium or crêpe meteor.

36 bust requires 3½ yards velvet 36 inches wide, 1⅜ yard material 36 inches wide for upper part of skirt. Beading design 10785 trims the dress. Bottom 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust.



Dress 2102

Other views of these garments are shown on page 88

2037—Three tiers of ruffles at the side gores is one way of getting that stand-out hip effect. The waist is made in one with the front and back panels. There is a one-seam sleeve. Use radium, gros de Londres, satin, charmeuse, crêpe meteor and crêpe de Chine. The collar is new.

36-inch bust requires 4¼ yards taffeta 40 inches wide. Bottom 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust.

2114—A tricolette dress slips on over the head. The sleeves, upper part and the front and back of the skirt are in one piece. The sides are straight pieces gathered on. A blouse body lining can be used. Use satin, charmeuse, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, stripes, checks, plaids, velveteen and serge.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards tricolette 36 inches wide, ¾ yard satin 36 inches wide. Bottom 2¼ yards.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust.

2121—Whcn tricotine is combined with satin the long body made in draped jumper effect slips on over the head, closes at the left shoulder and ties in a sash at the back. The side body is in one with the sleeve. The straight skirt is gathered.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards tricotine 54 inches wide, 1½ yard satin 35 or 36 inches wide for side body and to trim skirt. Embroidery design 10793 trims the dress. Bottom 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust.

2126—2096—A jumper with draped frills in the straight two-piecod skirt is lovely. The waist has one-seam sleeves. Use charmeuse and taffeta with silk voile and chiffon cloth.

36 bust and 38 hip require 4⅛ yards brocaded satin 36 inches wide, 1 yard Georgette 40 inches wide for sleeves, vestee and to face linings. Bottom 1⅝ yard.

Waist, 2126, for ladies 32 to 46 inches bust; skirt, 2096, for ladies 35 to 45 inches hip.

2033—The widened hip makes its appearancc in a charmeuse frock with the front of its surplice waist draped in one with the girdle. The one-piece tunic is worn over a straight foundation, also in one piece. The sleeve has one seam. Usc satin, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, moire, faille, stripes or plaids.

36 bust requires 5¾ yards charmeuse 39 or 40 inches wide, ⅝ yard contrasting 27 inches wide. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

2119—2046—A frock has a surplice draped jumper that tics at the side. The side body and sleeve are in one. The two-piece skirt is draped at the top. Use satin, charmeuse or taffeta with Georgette or chiffon cloth. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

36 bust and 38 hip require 4¾ yards faille silk 36 inches wide, 1⅝ yd. figured voile 40 ins. wide for side body and chemisette.

Waist, 2119, is for ladies 32 to 46 inches bust; skirt, 2046, for ladies 35 to 45 inches hip.



Dress 2122
Beading
design 10785

Waist 2126
Skirt 2096

Dress 2033

Dress 2037

Dress 2114

Dress 2121
Embroidery design
10793

Waist 2119
Skirt 2046

Other views of these garments are shown on page 88

FROCKS THAT DANCE AWAY THE WINTER

Frills, Panels and Pockets Add Fulness to the Smart Costume



Waist 2083
Skirt 2096

2083—2096—Tulle and charmeuse prepare for a gay season in an audaciously frilled little dancing frock. The waist is made with a draped girdle that forms its own sash. It has a lining and the sleeve drapery can be omitted. The straight skirt is cut in two pieces. Use taffeta, charmeuse or satin with tulle drapery.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 3⅜ yards charmeuse 39 or 40 inches wide, 1⅞ yard tulle 39 or 40 inches wide for sleeve drapery and frill. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

The waist, 2083, is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure; the skirt, 2096, is suitable for ladies of 35 to 45 inches hip measure.

1979—Very elegant is a new wrap that follows the fashionable silhouette. The fulness is arranged in a graceful manner at the sides, and the deep yoke comes down, giving the effective long shoulder lines that are liked so much. The wrap is suitable for evening wear in brocade, plush, satin, moire, corded silks, velveteen, and in evening shades of broadcloth, duvetyn or velours. In black plush, satin or velveteen it could also be used as an afternoon wrap.

36-inch bust requires 4½ yards velvet 48 inches wide, ⅜ yard fur cloth 36 or more inches wide.

This draped wrap is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

Draped wrap 1979

This evening waist, 1499, is becoming to ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust. The skirt, 2062, is suitable for ladies of 35 to 42½ inches hip.

2052—2051—A velvet bodice and lace flounces exemplify the new mood and mode of Winter fashion. The jumper is draped over a lining. The skirt is straight as well as the four flounces, which give the new fulness on the sides. Use silk crêpe, tulle, Georgette or lace with satin, brocade, moire or faille.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1½ yard velvet 36 inches wide, ⅜ yard material 40 inches wide, 1½ yard flouncing 40 inches wide for skirt, 1¼ yard flouncing 14 inches wide for upper flounces, 4⅛ yards flouncing 12 inches wide for three lower flounces. Bottom 1½ yard.

Waist, 2052, is for ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust; skirt, 2051, for ladies of 35 to 42½ inches hip.

Waist 1499
Skirt 2062

2088 1167—A new slip-on-over-the-head frock blouses itself smartly in a youthful way that is graceful for woman or young girl. It is excellent for tricotine, gabardine or serge, or satin, charmeuse, taffeta, crêpe meteor or gros de Londres. It can be made with a body lining.

36-inch bust requires 3⅝ yards duvetyn 48 inches wide, ⅜ yard velvet 36 inches wide, ⅜ yard material 38 or more inches wide for spat. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; also adapted to misses. Spat, 1167, for ladies and misses, should be made according to shoe size and calf measure.

2065—Plaid woolen takes a deep cut to distinction along the surpliee closing on a one-piece dress good-looking for a young girl also. It is smart in tricotine, soft twills, serge, duvetyn, gabardine, velveteen, and corduroy. There is a body lining. Bottom 1¾ yard.

36 bust requires 2½ yards plaid woolen 54 inches wide, ¼ yard fur cloth 54 inches wide, ⅜ yard satin 18 or more inches wide.

This dress is becoming to ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust; it is also suitable for misses.

2071—Flying frills on the sides broaden a frock effective in crêpe meteor, radium, faille, moire, or in serge, tricotine or stripes. The waist closes on the left shoulder and at the seam under the arm. It can be made over a camisole lining. The straight skirt is two-pieced.

36-inch bust requires 4⅝ yards faille 36 inches wide, ¼ yard chiffon 27 or more inches wide, 3⅛ yards ribbon. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

It is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

Waist 2052
Skirt 2051

2086—A dress of tricotine adopts the wide hip silhouette through the aid of deep pouch pockets. The skirt is cut in three pieces and is arranged to give the greatly liked one-piece dress lines. You could make it of gabardine, serge, soft twills, checks, velveteen, satin, charmeuse, faille or moire with or without a blouse lining. The dress closes in back.

36-inch bust requires 2⅝ yards tricotine 54 inches wide. Lower edge 1½ yard. Embroidery design 10743 trims the dress.

This dress is becoming to ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust.

2060—Almost medieval and quite lovely are the lines that distinguish a frock of cloth and velvet. The long kimono body is girdled by a bold embroidery design and the straight skirt is gathered. The dress slips on over the head, and can be made with a camisole lining. Use satin, charmeuse, taffeta, velveteen, tricotine, soft twills, gabardine, or duvetyn or broadcloth with velveteen.

36-inch bust requires 1⅜ yard cloth 54 inches wide for body, 1⅞ yard velvet 35 or 36 inches wide. Lower edge 2 yards. Embroidery design 10789 trims the dress.

It is for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust.

2097—Loose panels arrange themselves in pocket formation to give the fashionable fulness across the hips. It makes an excellent one-piece dress for a woman or young girl in satin, taffeta, moire, faille, serge, tricotine, gabardine, duvetyn, checks, soft twills or velveteen. The dress closes on the left shoulder and at the seam under the arm. It can be made with a camisole lining or without it.

36-inch bust requires 3 yards gabardine 54 inches wide. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

This dress is attractive for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; also adapted to misses.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 88

Dress 2088
Spat 1167

Dress 2065

Dress 2071

Dress 2086
Embroidery design 10743

Dress 2060
Embroidery design 10789

Dress 2097

Other views of these garments are shown on page 88



Waist 2041
Skirt 2051



Dress 2094
Bead design
10715



Dress 2091



Waist 2056
Skirt 2046

Dress 2100
Embroidery design 10781

Waist 2047
Skirt 2062

Other views of these garments are shown on page 88

LINES ADAPT THEMSELVES TO SILK AND CLOTH

Hip Drapery, Tunic and Flounce Achieve Soft Fulness

2041—2051—One of the new softly bloused dresses is made of taffeta. The blouse has one-seam sleeves and is made over a French lining. The skirt is cut with a straight lower edge and the flounces are also straight. Use satin, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 4½ yards taffeta 35 or 36 inches wide including belt, ¼ yard flouncing 15 inches wide for vestee, 2 yards edging 4 inches wide for collar and cuffs. Bottom 1½ yard.

Waist, 2041, is for ladies of 32 to 48 inches bust; the skirt, 2051, is for ladies 35 to 42½ inches hip.

2094—A double set of straight peplums are on the sides of a new dress. The surplice waist is draped over a camisole lining and the sleeve is one-seamed. The skirt is straight. Use taffeta, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, charmeuse, foulard, silk crêpe, moire, faille, stripes, checks, plaids, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards crêpe meteor 40 inches wide for front, back, sleeve and skirt, 2⅝ yards Georgette crêpe 40 inches wide. Bottom 1⅜ yard. Bead design 10715 is used to trim.

It is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

2091—A tucker in the deep neck and a panel inserted at each side give unusual lines to a dress of charmeuse. It slips on over the head, and the waistline can be adjusted by an elastic or a drawstring in a casing. The kimono waist blouses, and the skirt is cut in two pieces. Use satin, velveteen, faille, moire, or crêpe de Chine.

36-inch bust requires 3⅝ yards charmeuse 40 inches wide, 1⅛ yard material 22 or more inches wide for panel, ½ yard chiffon 18 or more inches wide. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

It is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.



Dress 2092

2056—2046—Very French in its short sleeve and hip drapery is a frock of velvet. The surplice waist is bloused in a delightful way and cut in one with the sleeves. It is made over a body lining. The skirt is cut in two pieces and the side drapery is fashionable. You could use satin, charmeuse, moire, faille, velveteen, tricotine, serge or gabardine.

36 bust and 38 hip require 4⅝ yards velvet 35 or 36 inches wide, 4¾ yards ribbon. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

This waist, 2056, is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; the skirt, 2046, is for ladies of 35 to 45 inches hip.

2100—The graceful long body and soft drapery that breaks the panel-like front and back of the skirt make a delightful afternoon dress. The skirt is four pieced and the long body can be made with or without the camisole lining. The drapery gives the smart wide hip effect. Use



Dress 2108



Dress 2105

Dress 2102

lining in tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, serge, duvetyn, checks or velveteen alone or with satin for a woman or young girl.

36-inch bust requires 2½ yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide, 2¼ yards tricotine 54 inches wide for redingote. Lower edge of slip 1½ yard.

This dress is suitable for ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust, also adapted to misses.

2105—With French simplicity and smartness comes a soft dress that is particularly pretty in silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, satin, foulard, taffeta and crêpe meteor. The kimono waist is easy to make with or without the camisole lining. Deep tucks trim the straight skirt.

36-inch bust requires 4 yards charmeuse 39 or 40 inches wide including girdle and sash end, ¼ yard flouncing 12 inches wide for vestee, 1¼ yard edging 6 inches wide for collar. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This dress is excellent for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

charmeuse, faille, satin, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine or moire alone or with Georgette, silk voile or chiffon cloth.

36-inch bust requires 2 yards satin 36 inches wide for upper part, 3⅜ yards velvet 35 or 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1¾ yard. Embroidery design 10781 trims the dress.

It is for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust.

2047—2062—Decidedly smart for taffeta, faille, satin, etc., are the draped lines of a new waist, and the puffed hip silhouette in a frock that is equal to any daytime occasion. The waist closes at the left shoulder and the seam under the arm, and can be made with a camisole lining. The skirt is in two pieces.

36 bust and 38 hip require 5⅛ yards faille 35 or 36 inches wide, ¾ yard contrasting material 35 or 36 inches wide to line cuff and sash end. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

Waist, 2047, is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; skirt, 2062, is for ladies of 35 to 42½ inches hip.

2092—A new one-piece redingote of cloth has the fashionable new, fuller lines, and the silk slip underneath is cut in two pieces. It can be made with a blouse

2102—A silk dress sponsors the new frills at the side that are especially pretty in taffeta, radium, gros de Londres, faille, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, etc. The waist can be made over a camisole lining, and the straight skirt is cut in one piece. The draped frills are extremely fashionable and give a new silhouette.

36-inch bust requires 4¼ yards faille 36 inches wide, ⅜ yard velvet 18 or more inches wide. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This dress is becoming to ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust.

2108—Tricolette is used for a delightful one-piece dress It slips on over the head, and a straight tunic softens the lines of the dress. It can be made with a blouse body lining, and the sleeve is one-seamed. Use tricolette, satin, charmeuse, taffeta, tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, checks, stripes and plaids or satin with serge.

36-inch bust requires 4⅜ yards tricolette 35 or 36 inches wide, 1⅛ yard material 35 or 36 inches wide for middle section of front and back. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

It is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

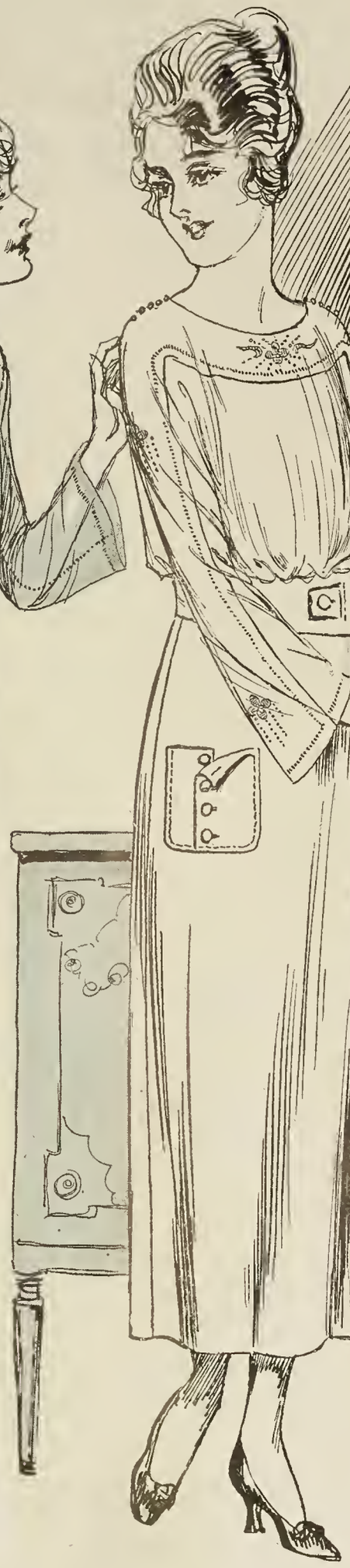
Other views of these garments are shown on page 88



Shirt 2115
Skirt 2116



Blouse 2095
Skirt 1733



Blouse 1892
Skirt 2112
Embroidery design 10779



Blouse 2080
Skirt 2127

INTERESTING FASHIONS FOR PRACTICAL USE

2115—2116—In a morning costume of striped tub silk and gabardine the mannish shirt could have a hem instead of a plait closing. The sleeve is made with one seam. The skirt is four-pieced. Crêpe de Chine and satin are good-looking with tricotine and serge.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 2 yards striped tub silk 35 or 36 inches wide, ½ yard plain silk 35 or 36 inches wide, 2⅛ yards gabardine 44 inches wide. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This shirt, 2115, is for ladies 32 to 50 inches bust; skirt, 2116, is for ladies 35 to 52 inches hip.

2095—1733—A peplum blouse of Georgette is worn with a simple two-piece satin skirt. The blouse slips on over the head and could be drawn down, but the blouse effect is new. The front is gathered to the back which comes just below the shoulder. The sleeve has one seam. Use silk crêpe, silk voile, crêpe de Chine, etc.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 1⅞ yard Georgette 39 or 40 inches wide, 2¼ yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1½ yard.

The blouse, 2095, is for ladies 32 to 42 inches bust; the skirt is for ladies 35 to 47½ inches hip.

1892—2112—Silk voile and velours are used for a new blouse and skirt costume. The blouse slips on over the head and the yoke is made in one piece with the sleeve and is nice for silk crêpe, silk voile, etc. The two-piece skirt has the slight fulness arranged at the back. Use silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine with tricotine or gabardine, soft twills, serge, checks, stripes, etc.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 1⅝ yard silk voile 40 inches wide, 2¼ yards velours 50 inches wide. Lower edge 1¾ yard. Embroidery design 10779 trims blouse.

This blouse is for ladies 32 to 42 inches bust; the skirt is for ladies 35 to 52 inches hip.

2080—2127—A blouse of crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile, etc., is worn with a straight satin skirt and has revers made in one with the collar. The effect of the front is soft, for it is gathered to the back, which comes over the shoulder. The sleeve has one seam and a shoulder yoke could be used. The one-piece skirt has a plait at either side of the front and can be made of satin, velveteen, faille, soft serge, etc.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 2⅛ yards crêpe de Chine 39 or 40 inches wide, 2⅝ yards satin 36 inches wide. Lower edge with plaits drawn out 1¾ yard.

This blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust; the skirt is for ladies 35 to 47½ inches hip.

2090—A new plaid gingham house dress has the surplice shirt-waist with the front gathered to the back, which comes over the shoulder like a shallow yoke. The sleeve is made with one seam. The slight fulness in the two-piece skirt is arranged at the back and the sides. Gingham, chambray, percale and cotton poplin are practical, fresh-looking materials.

36-inch bust requires 3⅞ yards plaid gingham 32 inches wide, ⅝ yard plain gingham 32 inches wide. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This house dress, 2090, is practical for ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust.

2111—Batiste and simplicity of line make this a dainty and comfortable combination. One can use either the round or straight outline at the top and the French open drawers are very easily made. Undergarments of this type are both pretty and serviceable made of nainsook, long-cloth, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, China silk, wash silk and wash satin. Fine lace and beading with delicate shade ribbons make a dainty garment, or a hand-embroidered scalloped edge is pretty.

36-inch bust requires 1⅞ yard batiste 36 inches wide, 4⅝ yards edging, 2⅝ yards beading. Width at bottom of leg band 20½ inches.

This combination, 2111, is for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust.

2081—One can cover herself and a heap of housework with a percale apron and cap. A new apron which looks very much like a dress slips on over the head and closes at the side. The body is cut in one piece with the sleeve and it can either be bloused or drawn down in straight effect. Gingham, chambray and percale are good materials for this serviceable type of apron.

36-inch bust requires 3½ yards percale 36 inches wide, ¾ yard contrasting percale 27 or more inches wide, ½ yard percale 36 inches wide for cap. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

Apron, 2081, is for ladies 32 to 48 inches bust.

1452—2117—Smooth is the outside life of Fashion when an all-over lace camisole and satin bloomers are the foundation. The soft camisole slips on over the head and the bloomers can be made with a petticoat flounce. These bloomers are particularly comfortable with a narrow tailored skirt. They are made of messaline, soft satin, crêpe de Chine, batiste, long-cloth or nainsook.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require ¾ yard all-over lace 36 to 40 inches wide, 3⅛ yards ribbon, 3⅝ yards narrow ribbon, 2⅜ yards satin 36 inches wide.

Camisole, 1452, is for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust; bloomers, 2117, is for ladies 35 to 49½ hip.

2078—The very gracefulness of a satin tea-gown with flowing chiffon sleeves gives one a delightfully restful and luxurious feeling. It is one of the most effective new models and is very simple to make. Contrasting satin ribbon gives a French touch of color and ties softly in front. The gown is very pretty made of crêpe de Chine, China silk or messaline with transparent sleeves of Georgette, silk voile or chiffon, or the gown can be silk voile or chiffon cloth with sleeves of the same material.

36-inch bust requires 3¼ yards satin 36 inches wide, 1¾ yard chiffon 39 or 40 inches wide for sleeves, 5 yards of ribbon. Lower edge with plaits drawn out 1⅞ yard.

This gown is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

2124—The shiny, worn sleeve need not put a dress in the discard. New sleeves of the same material can be made to fit the regulation armhole. There is the plain one-seam sleeve and the one with the dart to the elbow at the back or either type of two-seam sleeves can be chosen. The new long sleeve is a narrow one with a variety of interesting cuff arrangements.

12-inch size requires view A, A-1, ¾ yard material 36 inches wide; view B, B-1, ¾ yard material 36 or more inches wide, ⅛ yard contrasting material 27 or more inches wide; view C, C-1, ¾ yard material 40 inches wide, view D, D-1, ⅞ yard material 36 inches wide.

These sleeves are for ladies 11 to 15 inches arm measure.

2018—One can rest better knowing that the French stand-out hip effect is carried out in her soft satin tea-gown. The drapery is so simple and effective and the narrow collar and sleeve trimming in contrast are pretty. A touch of the simple, effective hand-embroidery is very rich looking. Wash satin, crêpe de Chine, Georgette crêpe and fancy silks make lovely tea-gowns, and for warmer weather dotted swiss, cotton voile and cotton crêpe can be used.

36-inch bust requires 5½ yards satin 36 inches wide, ⅝ yard contrasting satin 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

Embroidery design 10211 trims the gown.

This rest or tea gown, 2018, is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 88

Dress 2090

Combination undergarment 2111

Apron 2081

Camisole 1452
Bloomers 2117

Dress sleeves 2124

Rest or tea gown 2078

Rest or tea gown 2018
Embroidery design 10211

Other views of these garments are shown on page 88



Dress 2133

Dress 2135
Embroidery
design 10772

Dress 2137

Waist 2136; skirt 1961
. Beading design 10715

Coat 2134
Skirt 2127

Coat 2106
Skirt 1974

FITTED AND SEMI-FITTED COATS AND NEW SILHOUETTES

Tailored Severity Competes With Vestee, Plait and Drapery

2133—Velours stakes all on contrasting vestee and the smart lines of a simple dress. The waist has the vestee carried below the narrow sash belt. The sleeve is made with one seam and the use of the body lining is a matter of choice. The straight skirt is softly gathered and so conforms with the soft blouse lines of the waist. Satin, charmeuse, taffeta, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, plaid, stripes and check silk, or serge, gabardine, tricotine and soft twills are suitable materials for this model.

36-inch bust requires 2⅝ yards velours 54 inches wide, ⅝ yard contrasting material 18 or more inches wide. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust.

2135—A satin long body gives the popular vestee effect when a coatee of tricotine is worn over it. The lower part is cut in two pieces. Use gabardine, soft twills, serge, checks, satin, charmeuse, taffeta and velveteen with satin, brocaded silk, corded silk and plaid silk. Another smart combination would be plaid or check material with a coatee of serge or velveteen. It is pretty for a young girl also. A blouse body lining can be used.

36-inch bust requires 2⅝ yards tricotine 48 inches wide, 1¼ yard satin 36 inches wide for sleeves and to face long body front and armhole. Embroidery design 10772 is used to trim. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust. It is also good for misses.

2137—Braid-trimmed gabardine is the material selected for an extremely smart dress. The waist is made with the becoming surplice closing and could have a blouse body lining. The sleeve in either length is made with one seam. There are two plaits arranged at each side of the front and back of the skirt, which is cut in four pieces. It is the type of dress that can be made of serge, gabardine, tricotine and soft twills, or satin, charmeuse, faille, silk poplin, taffeta, foulard, stripes, checks and plaids.

36-inch bust requires 3⅛ yards gabardine 54 inches wide, 16 yards braid. Lower edge with plaits drawn out 2¼ yards.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 48 inches bust.

2136—1961—Satin combined with Georgette has a jumper draped into sash ends and worn over a blouse body lining with the sleeve and side body in one. The tunic, with straight lower edges, is attached to a one-piece straight foundation skirt. Use charmeuse, or taffeta with silk voile or chiffon cloth, or tricolette, satin, charmeuse, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, serge, gabardine and soft twills alone. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 3⅜ yards satin 36 inches wide for jumper skirt, 2⅞ yards Georgette 40 inches wide; beading design 10715 is used to trim.

This waist, 2136, is for ladies 32 to 46 inches bust. The skirt, 1961, is for ladies 35 to 49½ inches hip.

2134—2127—A hair-line check proclaims the distinctive lines of a new tailored suit. The coat is semi-fitting and the long line of collar and single button closing give it its style. The straight skirt is made in one piece and has a plait each side of the front to take care of the fulness. It would be a smart suit in soft serge or gabardine. The lines of the coat are good for velours, velveteen, oxford cloth, stripes, tricotine, soft twills or broadcloth.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 3⅞ yards novelty check 54 inches wide (without skirt pockets). ¼ yard fur cloth 20 or more inches wide. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This coat, 2134, is for ladies 32 to 48 inches bust. The skirt, 2127, is for ladies 35 to 47½ inches hip.

2106—1974—A more fitted line in a new suit brings out the loveliness of fur-trimmed black velvet. The fitted coat ripples at the hips in a smart contrast to the three-piece skirt. The kick plait at the back gives comfortable width without widening the silhouette. Tricotine, serge, gabardine, duvetyn, velours, broadcloth and checks would be good materials for this suit.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 5⅜ yards velvet 36 inches wide, ¼ yard fur cloth 36 or more inches wide. Lower edge 1¾ yard with plaits drawn out.

This coat, 2106, is for ladies 32 to 42 inches bust. The skirt, 1974, is for ladies 35 to 47½ inches hip.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 88



Dress 2110
Embroidery
design
10745

Dress 2088

Dress
2103

Dress 2130

Middy blouse 2123
Skirt 1466
Embroidery design 10656
Tam-o'-shanter 1477

Dress 2092

Dress 2128
Embroidery
design 10797

FOR THE VARIED ACTIVITIES OF BUSY YOUTH

2110—The use of deep pockets is a smart and most convenient way of calling the all-important hip to attention. This simple model of serge has the Empire waistline that is becoming to the small woman as well as a young girl. The back closing with its trimming is well liked, and the waist has a blouse lining. The skirt is made in three pieces and in the way it is attached to the waist gives the effect of a one-piece dress. Tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, serge, checks, velveteen, corduroy, broadcloth or satin, taffeta and charmeuse are used.

16 years requires 2⅜ yards serge 54 inches wide. Embroidery design 10745 trims the dress. Bottom 1½ yard.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years; also for small women.

2088—A blouse effect and long shawl collar and vestee all appear in a new one-piece frock that has smart, becoming lines for both women and young girls. The dress slips on over the head and it could be drawn down straight instead of bloused, but the blouse effect is new. The use of the body lining is a matter of choice. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills or satin, charmeuse, taffeta, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine and gros de Londres.

34 inches bust or 17 or 18 years requires 3½ yards serge 48 inches wide, ⅜ yard velvet 36 inches wide ⅜ yard material 18 or more inches wide for vestee. Bottom 1¾ yard.

This dress is for misses 32 to 34 bust; also for ladies

2103—Draped side frills are chosen because they give the extended hip to an afternoon frock of charmeuse. It is equally smart for the young girl and the small woman. The contrasting expanse of vestee and the long narrow collar are becoming. The sleeve has one seam and a camisole lining can be used. The skirt, cut in two pieces, is straight with the frills inserted in each seam. Taffeta, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, gros de Londres, faille, radium, moire, stripes, checks or plaids can be used. Satin and velveteen are lovely with silk crêpe frills, and serge, gabardine, tricotine, stripes, checks and plaids with taffeta.

16 years requires 4¼ yards charmeuse 36 inches wide including a girdle; 1 yard chiffon 39 or 40 inches wide for collar, vestee and cuffs. Bottom 1½ yard.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years; also for small women.

2130—Fashion says side tunics are new and the young girl proves that two are more so. This dress can be made of taffeta, messaline, crêpe meteor, radium, crêpe de Chine, plaid, checks or stripes. The simple lines are good for the small woman as well as the young girl. The soft waist has the body cut in one with the sleeves. This sleeve could be cut in a shorter length. The side tunics are worn over a straight one-piece skirt that has the Empire line. It would also be a very pretty dress with only one tunic. A camisole lining can be used if desired. If velveteen and satin are selected, the tunic should be of Georgette.

17 years requires 4⅜ yards taffeta 36 inches wide, ¼ yard Georgette 40 inches wide for frill. Bottom 1¼ yard.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years; also for small women.

2092—A serge-and-satin frock made in redingote effect is claimed by both women and young girls as being a most becoming style. The redingote is worn over a slip cut in two pieces. A blouse lining can be used under this if desired. The long narrow collar is good-looking and when made in contrast it trims the dress. Tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, serge, duvetyn, checks and velveteen can be used alone or with a slip of satin. Or charmeuse, taffeta, satin, moire or faille would make a pretty dress.

34 inches bust or 17 or 18 years requires 2⅜ yards satin 36 inches wide for front and lower part of back for slip. 2⅝ yards serge 44 inches wide. ⅝ yard material 27 inches wide for upper part of back. Bottom of slip 1½ yard.

This dress is for misses 32 to 34 bust. It is also for ladies.

2128—Hand-embroidery and graduated tucks add to the loveliness of a dainty Georgette frock. This dress has that straight, soft silhouette that the small woman as well as the young girl finds so becoming. The yoke outline is just enough out of the ordinary to make the kimono waist interesting. The use of the camisole lining is optional. The skirt is straight and has an Empire line. Net, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine and crêpe meteor are the materials used at this season For the Summer this is a charming style for cotton voile, batiste or organdy.

16 years requires 4¼ yards Georgette 40 inches wide, 2½ yards ribbon for a sash. Embroidery design 10797 trims the dress. Bottom 1⅝ yard.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years; also for small women.

2123—1466—1477—Middy blouse, plaid skirt and gay tam insure a girl smooth sailing for school hours. The blouse slips on over the head. The skirt is cut in two pieces and has the slight fulness arranged at the back. Both skirt and middy are suitable for small women as well. Serge, drill, galatea, linen and pongee blouses are nice with skirts of serge, gabardine, tricotine, checks, plaids or poplin.

16-year size for middy and skirt requires 4¼ yards drill 27 inches wide, 2⅜ yards braid; 2 yards checks 44 inches wide, ½ yard material 36 inches wide for tam for misses. Embroidery design 10656 trims the middy. Lower edge about 1⅜ yard.

Middy blouse, 2123, for misses 12 to 19 years, also small women; skirt, 1466, for misses, 14 to 19 years; tam, 1477, for ladies, misses, girls and children.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 88



2099—Flowered chiffon coupled with taffeta are adorable enough to launch the daintiest of maids on her social career. The draped jumper with its Empire line and piquant sashes carries a suggestion of mother's smartness. The skirt is gathered and straight and the underbody is made in one with the sleeve. Use taffeta, velveteen, figured silk, plaid or checks with silk crêpe, silk voile or chiffon.

13 years requires 2⅜ yards flowered chiffon 39 or 40 inches wide, ⅜ yard plain chiffon 40 inches wide for collar and cuffs, ⅞ yard taffeta 36 inches wide for jumper.

This dress is for juniors of 8 to 15 years.

2067—Being young and loving to dance one would be thrilled with an orchid taffeta that puffs out in the most approved fashion over the hip and some tiny flesh ostrich tips. The waist has a girdle cut in surplice style with an underbody that can be made in one with a sleeve. Narrow ostrich fringe softens the shoulder line and emphasizes the Empire effect. The skirt is in two pieces. Use flowered silk, faille, satin, charmeuse, moire or velveteen.

17 years requires 2⅞ yards taffeta 39 or 40 inches wide. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for misses of 14 to 19 years.

2036—Rose-weighted ribbons keep the girl with a taffeta dance-frock from walking on air. The waist has a draped girdle with a body lining for foundation and the sleeve is made in one with the side body. The straight skirt is becoming to small women also. Silk crêpe, silk voile, silk mull, crêpe de Chine or net is lovely with a girdle of satin, velvet or metal fabric.

16 years requires 3⅝ yards taffeta 35 or 36 inches wide, ½ yard contrasting taffeta 27 inches wide for girdle, 5¾ yards ribbon. Bottom 1¾ yard.

This dress is for misses of 14 to 19 years; also for small women.

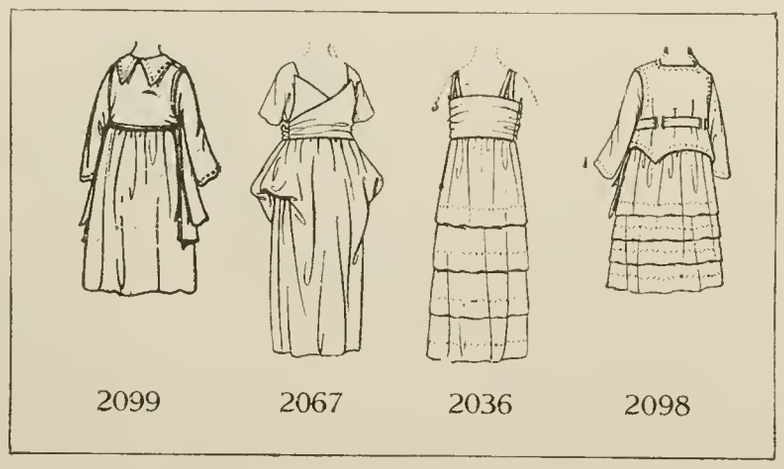
ON WITH THE PARTY

Taffeta and Georgette the Favorites

2098—Fur-edged velvet combined with Georgette is an interesting contrast worked out by fashion for a very young lady. The jumper slips on over the head and is worn over an underbody cut in one with the sleeve. The straight skirt has the new popular tuck trimming. It is a pretty dress for a girl, made in batiste, dotted swiss, plain swiss and handkerchief linen or net, point d'esprit, silk crêpe and crêpe de Chine.

10 years requires 2½ yards Georgette 40 inches wide, ⅝ yard velvet 36 inches wide for jumper and sash, 1⅝ yard fur banding.

This dress is for juniors and girls of 6 to 15 years.



2087—A taffeta frock with saucy peplum and tiny ruchings of itself stands out with pride. It is a delightful model for a little girl. The peplum is in one piece with the waist and there are two different kinds of full-length sleeves, both made with one seam. The open sleeve can be cut in shorter length also. The straight skirt could have a cuff hem. Use crêpe de Chine, velveteen or corduroy, serge, gingham, chambray, cotton poplin and linen.

11 years requires 3⅛ yards taffeta 35 or 36 inches wide including ruching and a sash.

This dress is for juniors and girls of 6 to 15 years.

2101—A flowered taffeta shows off to the very best advantage when draped in frill effect at each side. The surplice waist is also draped and has sash ends that tie at the back of the straight skirt. The sleeve is cut in one with the body in simple kimono style. Taffeta, crêpe de Chine, flowered silk, silk mull, stripes and checks are pretty and velveteen could be used if the frills are made of Georgette.

12 years requires 3⅜ yards flowered silk 36 inches wide, ½ yard Georgette 39 or 40 inches wide for collar, cuffs and plaitings.

This dress is for juniors of 8 to 15 years.

2107—When messaline is used the hips are emphasized slightly with a frilled drapery of lace. The waist is draped and the straight skirt is cut in two pieces. Use taffeta, crêpe meteor, charmeuse, gros de Londres, radium, flowered silk and crêpe de Chine, or taffeta, crêpe de Chine, charmeuse, flowered silk, velveteen, or satin, with the frill and sleeves of fine lace, tulle, etc. Lower edge about 1½ yard.

17 years requires 4⅜ yards messaline 35 or 36 inches wide, 5⅛ yards flouncing 9½ inches wide for frills, 1⅛ yard flouncing 10 inches wide for girdle.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years; also for small women.



FOR STREET WEAR AND THE SCHOOLROOM

2089—A young advocate of the straight silhouette chooses checked woolen material for a dress that closes at the side. The sleeves are made with one seam and the skirt, which is straight, has two plaits that come each side of the front and the back. It is attached so that it looks like a one-piece dress. Use serge, checks or plaids, or gingham, chambray, linen, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine or repp.

9 years requires 2 yards checked woolen material 44 inches wide, ¼ yard plain material 35 or 36 inches wide for pipings.

This dress is for girls 6 to 15 years.

2131—1436—Velours is selected for a suit that gets its hip effect by using rippled peplums. The sleeve has two seams and the skirt is cut in three pieces. It would be a smart suit for small women also and could be made of serge, checks or gabardine. The coat is pretty in velveteen, duvetyn, tricotine or soft twills. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

16 years requires 3⅝ yards velours 54 inches wide, ⅝ yard fur cloth 44 or more inches wide.

This coat, 2131, is for misses 14 to 19 years; the skirt, 1436, is for misses 14 to 19 years. They are both adapted to small women.

2132—One becomes cautious and carries an umbrella when her new velveteen coat is made on the smart blouse lines. She has selected a style that is very becoming to youngsters. The inside pockets and the cuffs are distinctive little touches, but the coat can be made without them. Satin, faille, broadcloth, gabardine, serge and velours are the favorite materials for coats of this type.

12 years requires 3⅛ yards velveteen 35 or 36 inches wide, ¼ yard material 27 or more inches wide, or fur, for collar.

This coat is for girls 8 to 15 years.

2079—A dress has its middy blouse in Balkan style. The body and sleeves are in one and the blouse slips on over the head. The straight skirt is attached to the belt or an underbody. Use serge, gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, linen or drill, or velveteen with plaid or checks, or drill with serge, or white with colored cotton. If the skirt is gathered, it can be of corduroy with a velveteen blouse.

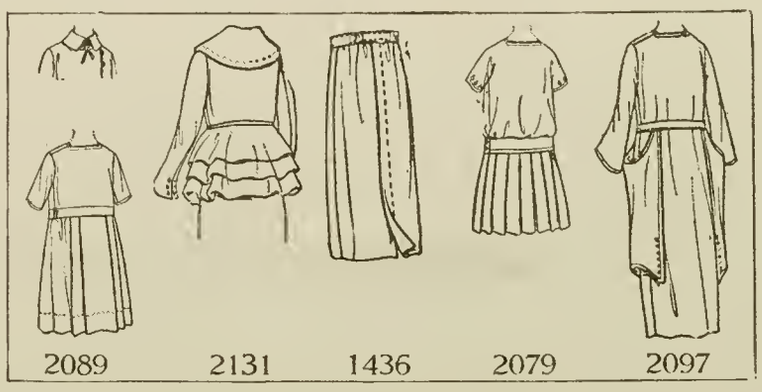
10-year size requires 1⅛ yard chambray 32 inches wide, 1¾ yard gingham 32 inches wide.

This dress is for girls 6 to 15 years.

2129—1945—A smocked broadcloth coat is worn with a bonnet-like hat. Use velveteen, cashmere or velours for the coat. The hat could have a velveteen, plush or fur cloth brim with a crown of satin, broadcloth or corded silk.

9 years requires 1¾ yard broadcloth 54 inches wide, ¼ yard fur cloth 36 or more inches wide to trim and ¼ yard material 30 or more inches wide and ⅜ yard material 36 inches wide for brim for hat in 10-year size.

This coat, 2129, is for girls 2 to 12 years; hat, 1945, is for girls 2 to 12 years.



2097—A braided serge dress is made with just a suggestion of the new hip extension in the freedom of its pocketed side panel. It is a one-piece model that would be smart in tricotine, gabardine, duvetyn, checks, soft twills and velveteen, or satin, taffeta and faille, and could be used by a woman also. It closes on the shoulder and at the underarm seam and has a camisole lining. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

32-inch bust or 15 to 16 years requires 2⅞ yards serge 54 inches wide. Braiding design 10795 is used to trim.

This dress is for misses 32 to 34 bust; it is also adapted to ladies.

2082—She not only likes the standout hip, but she emphasizes hers with a smart blanket-stitch trimming. The panel front and back are made in one with the two-piece skirt and the side body is made in one with the sleeve. The dress slips on over the head. Use serge, checks and plaids alone or with plain wool or silk. For a tub dress linen, gingham, chambray, cotton poplin and repp are used with lawn, batiste, dimity and nainsook or used alone.

12 years requires ¾ yard lawn 27 or more inches wide for side body, 2⅛ yards linen 35 or 36 inches wide.

This dress is for girls 8 to 15 years.

2113—1195—2010—9560—A ripple coat with body and sleeve in one is made of serge, Bedford cord, etc., and worn with smart hat, muff and leggings.

3 years for coat and 4 years for hat require 1½ yard broadcloth 54 inches wide, 2¼ yards fur banding; 4 years requires ⅜ yard material 27 or more inches wide, or fur, for muff, ½ yard material 54 inches wide for leggings.

This coat, 2113, is for children ½ to 5 years. The hat, 1195, is for girls 2 to 12 years; the leggings, 9560, are for children 2 to 16 years. They are also for misses. The muff, 2010, is for girls 2 to 14 years.



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Full directions for children of all ages are plainly printed on label. Mother! You must look for our name,—The California Fig Syrup Company.

Don't miss it— the new magazine— named and devoted to ROMANCE

DESIGNED TO MEET THE DEMANDS OF THE VERY YOUNG LADY



Apron 2120

2120—One can take household cares upon her shoulders at a moment's notice if she has a new sack apron to cover up her frock. This is a very simple garment to make and the results are both practical and nice-looking when gingham, chambray, percale or crossbar material is used. The smart little collar is decidedly becoming and dust-proof but the square and round cut neck are also pretty. If either of these open necks is selected the sleeve, which has one seam, is usually cut in shorter length, or omitted.

8 years requires 2¼ yards gingham 32 inches wide.

This apron is for girls 1 to 12 years.

Dress 2093
Smocking design 10744
Doll 10780



Dress 2042
Smocking design 10744



Dress 2022

Dress 2109
Embroidery design 10627

2022—At the age of eight one may not have hips but she can call attention to the straight sides of her Georgette frock by trimming them with tucks. The Empire body is in one piece with the front and back panels, and the sleeve has one seam. This little dress slips on over the head and fastens on the shoulder. Crêpe de Chine, taffeta, cotton voile, batiste, organdy or lawn would make an attractive dress.

8 years requires 2⅛ yards Georgette 39 or 40 inches wide, ¼ yard dotted net 39 or 40 inches wide for frills.

This dress is for girls 4 to 12 years.

2042—A becoming wide collar and a really ingenious sash and smocking arrangement are soul satisfying to even a most exacting young person. It is a dainty model for batiste, cotton voile, nainsook, lawn, dimity or crêpe de Chine or Georgette crêpe. The pretty fulness is taken care of by an inverted plait under the arm. The sleeve is made with one seam and the lower edge is cut straight.

6 years requires 2¼ yards batiste 36 inches wide. Smocking design 10744 trims the dress.

This dress is for little girls 2 to 10 years.

2093—Paris and Alsace join hands when a smartly frocked little girl adopts a rag war orphan. Contrasts such as gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, linen or serge with lawn, batiste, nainsook or dimity, or serge with pongee and plaid silk are pretty. The sleeve has one seam and the straight skirt could be gathered instead of plaited.

6 years requires ¾ yard batiste 35 or 36 inches wide. 1½ yard linen 35 or 36 inches wide for cuffs, belt and skirt. Smocking design 10744 trims the dress. The doll is 10780.

This dress is for girls 3 to 12 years.

2109—No matter how few the years one has reached the age of discretion when she chooses embroidered batiste. The yoke line is equally pretty with the Empire or French waistline. If the lower edge is straight, the fulness is arranged in an inverted plait under the arm. Or a gored under-arm seam is used. Use nainsook, lawn, cotton voile, dimity and flouncing.

2 years requires 1⅝ yard batiste 36 inches wide; 1⅞ yard edging. Embroidery design 10627 trims the dress.

This dress is for children from ½ to 5 years.



2120 2022 2042 2093 2109

ODD MOMENTS FOR THE YOUNGER SET

WITH FASHION ON DUTY

2125—Dreams are truly sweet when embroidered batiste is selected for the nightgown. The square yoke gives a different line to this gown. The sleeve is made with one seam. It has good lines for small women also. Nightgowns of this type can be made of muslin, cambric outing flannel, long-cloth and batiste.

16 years requires 3⅜ yards batiste 36 inches wide. Embroidery design 10548 trims the gown.

This nightgown is for misses 14 to 19 years, also for small women.

2118—The thought of the new princess slip is what finally encourages her to be up and doing. It is simple to make and very easy to launder. It buttons on the shoulder. Batiste, nainsook, cambric, lawn, long-cloth, muslin and flannel are used.

6 years requires 1½ yard nainsook 36 inches wide, 2 yards edging 4½ inches wide, 2⅞ yards insertion, 1⅝ yard narrow edging.

This princess slip is for girls ½ to 14 years.



Princess slip 2118 Nightgown 2125
Embroidery design 10548

2104—This manly nightshirt has inspired a young purloiner of cookies with a spirit of daring. It is what might be termed a regular "fella's" garment, and father finds it as comfortable as the boys do. Madras, long-cloth, muslin and flannelet are used for nightshirts.

34-inch breast or 14½-inch neck measure requlres 3½ yards long-cloth 44 inches wide.

This nightshirt is for boys of 24 to 34 breast, and for men of 34 to 50 breast measure.

Nightshirt 2104

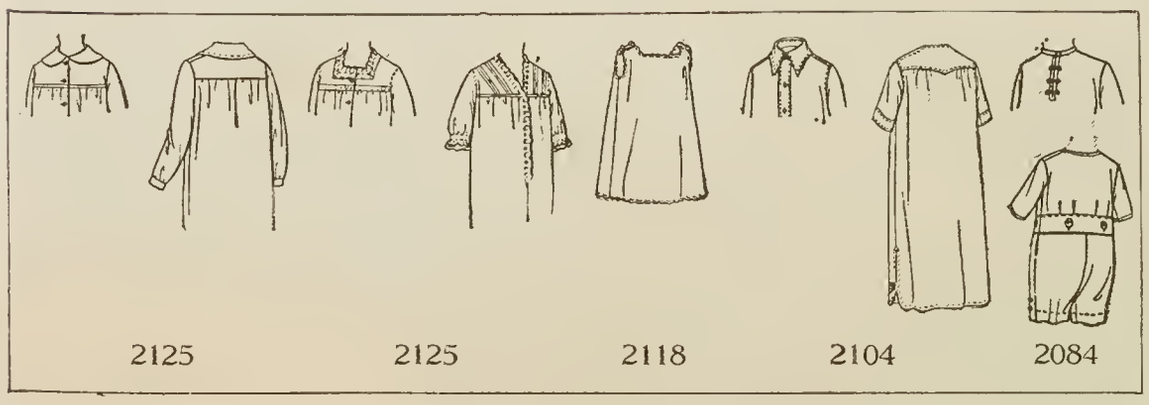
2084—It's a case of mutual admiration when jack-in-the-box greets the modern version of Oliver Twist. The boy has both a good-looking and practical garment. The blouse slips on over his head and could be made without the front-yoke facing. The trousers are straight. A chambray, madras, linen, poplin, galatea or repp blouse is worn with serge, gabardine or corduroy trousers, or you could have dimity or cotton with linen, or drill, or use repp, chambray, poplin, piqué, drill or khaki alone.

5 years requires 1¼ yard cotton poplin 36 inches wide for blouse, 1 yard contrasting poplin 36 inches wide.

This suit is for little boys 2 to 6 years.



Suit 2084



2125 2125 2118 2104 2084



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for gowns, blouses, petticoats, skirts and undergarments.
All the richness, all the soft draping qualities one can desire—
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appetizing

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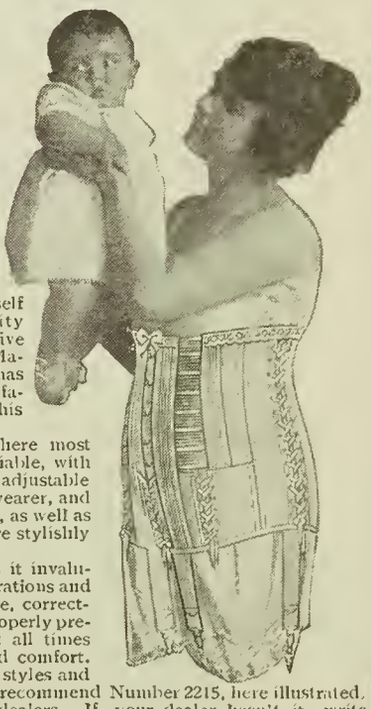
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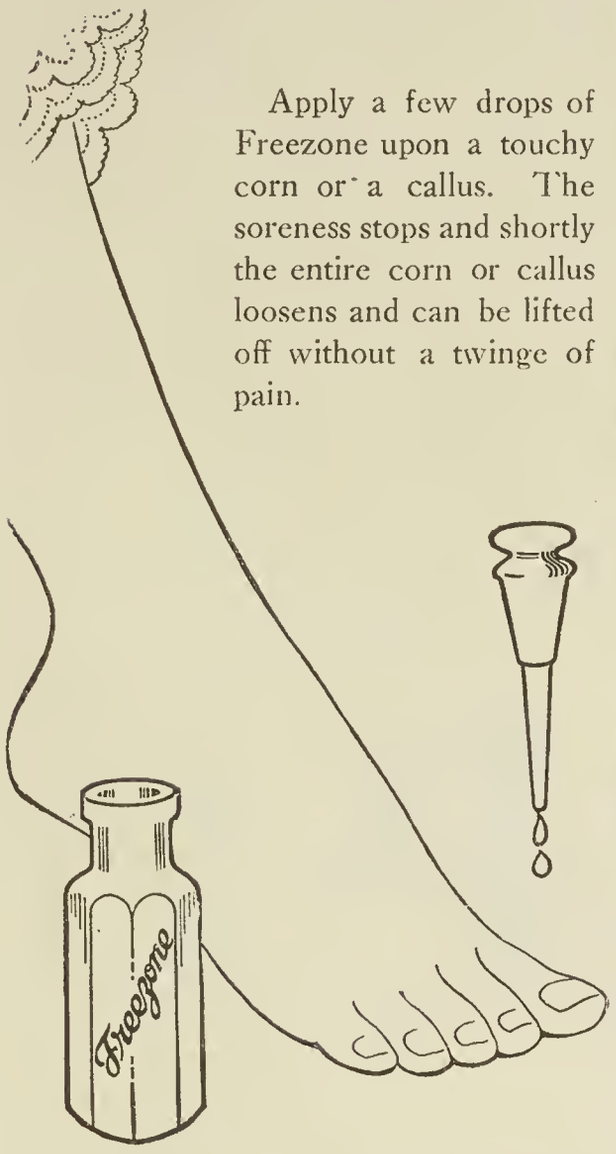
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"For a smile all the while"
Rustproof Colonial Quality *Protected Loop*

Lift Corns Out With Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they lift off

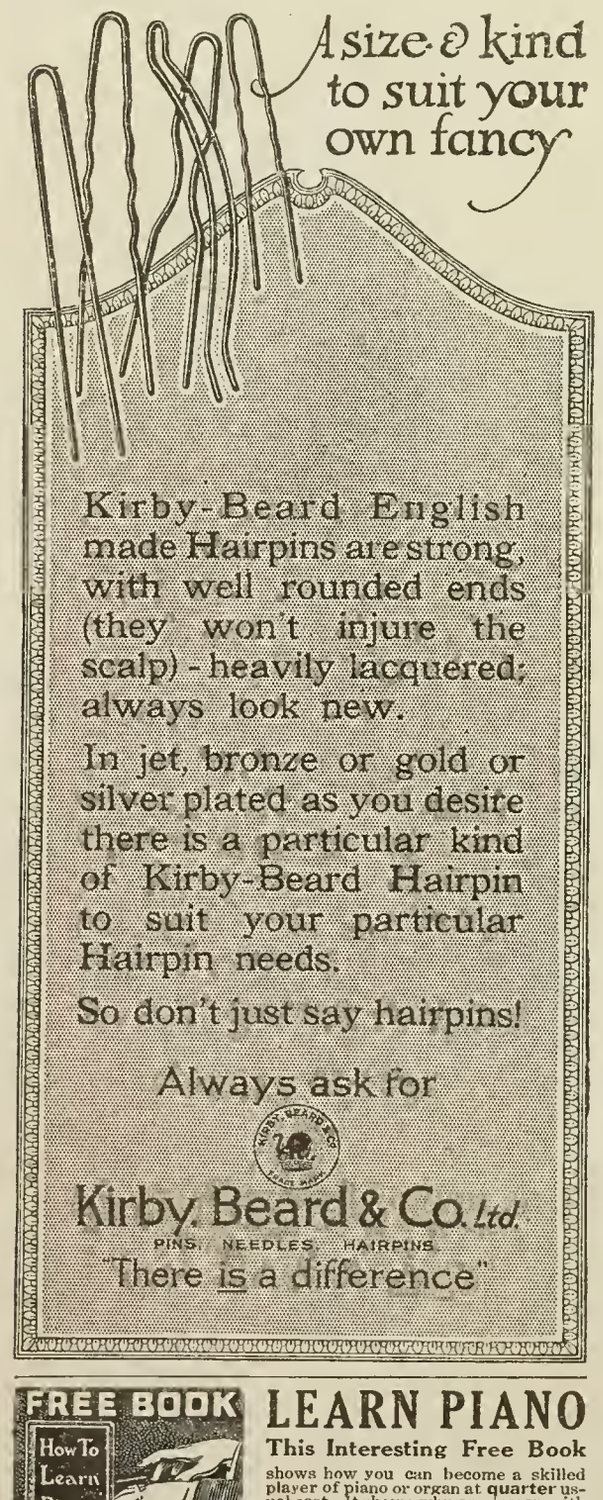


Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a touchy corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Tiny bottle costs few cents at drug stores — anywhere





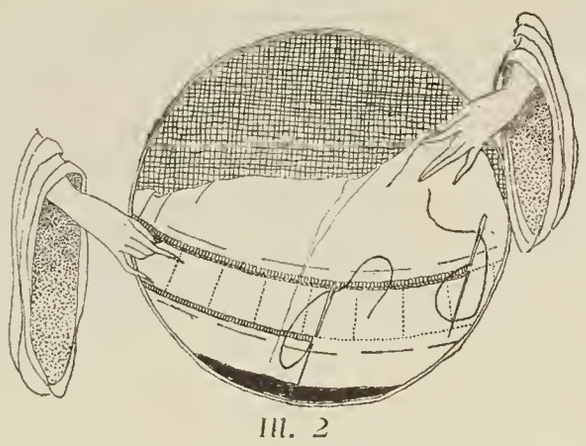
LEARN PIANO

This Interesting Free Book

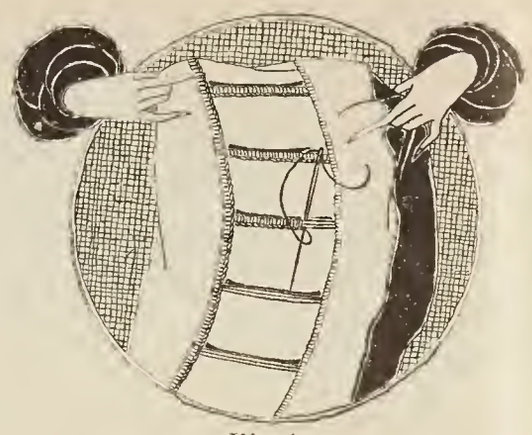
shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at **quarter** usual cost. It shows why one lesson with an **expert** is worth a **dozen** other lessons. Dr Quinn's famous Written Method includes all of the many important modern improvements in teaching music. Brings **right to your home** the great advantages of conservatory study. For the beginner or experienced players. Endorsed by great artists. Successful graduates everywhere. Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. **All music free.** Diploma granted. Write today for free book. **Quinn Conservatory, Studio X I, Social Union Bldg., Boston, Mass.**

ROMAN AND ITALIAN CUT-WORK

BY MARIE ASHLEY



Ill. 2

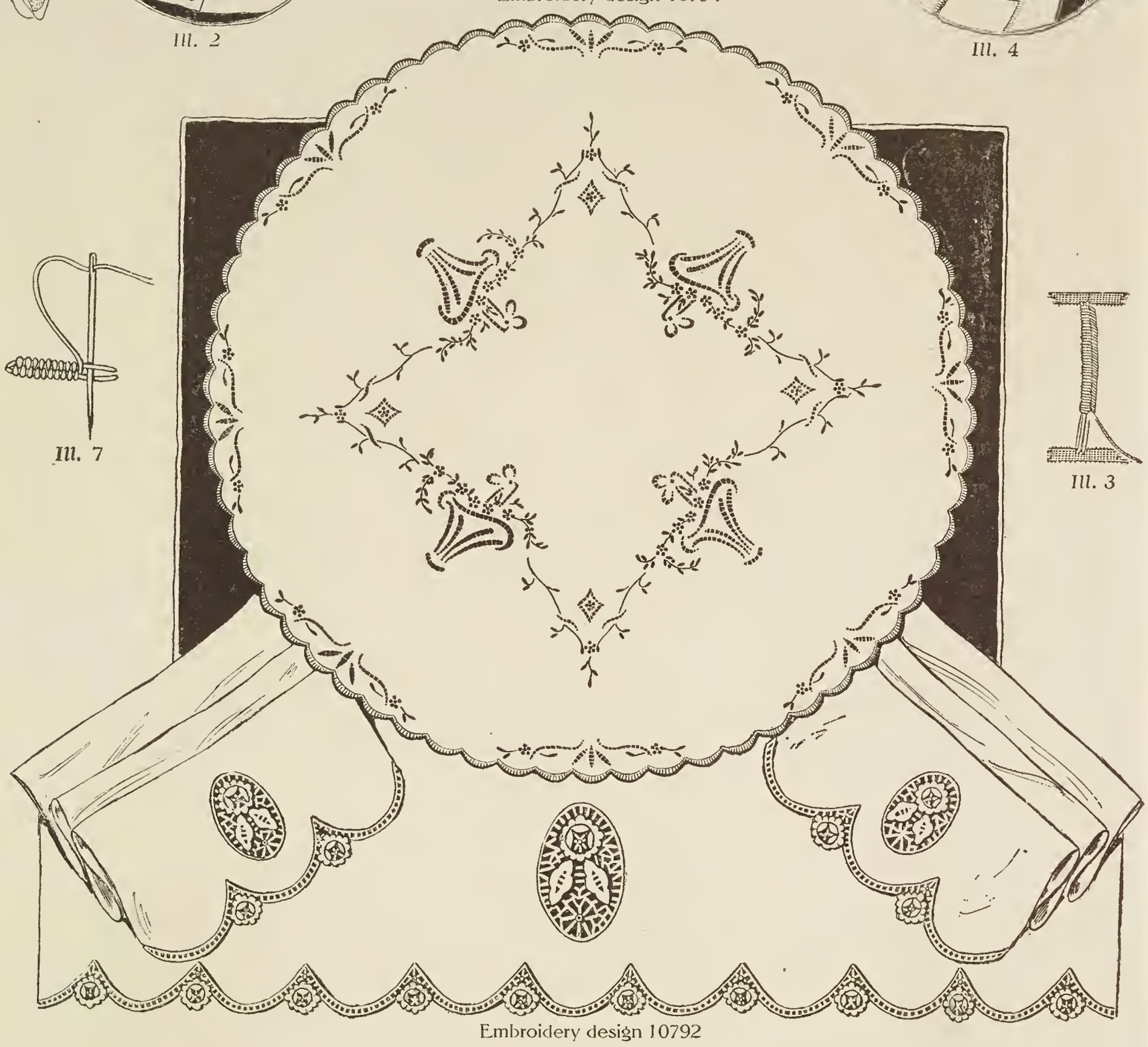


Ill. 4

Embroidery design 10794

Ill. 7

Ill. 3



Embroidery design 10792

CUT-WORK has a hard time to live up to or rather down the reputation that has been painted for it. Being unusually beautiful, the majority of women immediately jump at the conclusion that it must be difficult and do nothing from then on but admire it.

It is exceptionally lovely. In the shops you see it on the most exquisite linens and find it very expensive. It is work that takes care, but no unusual skill, with the needle.

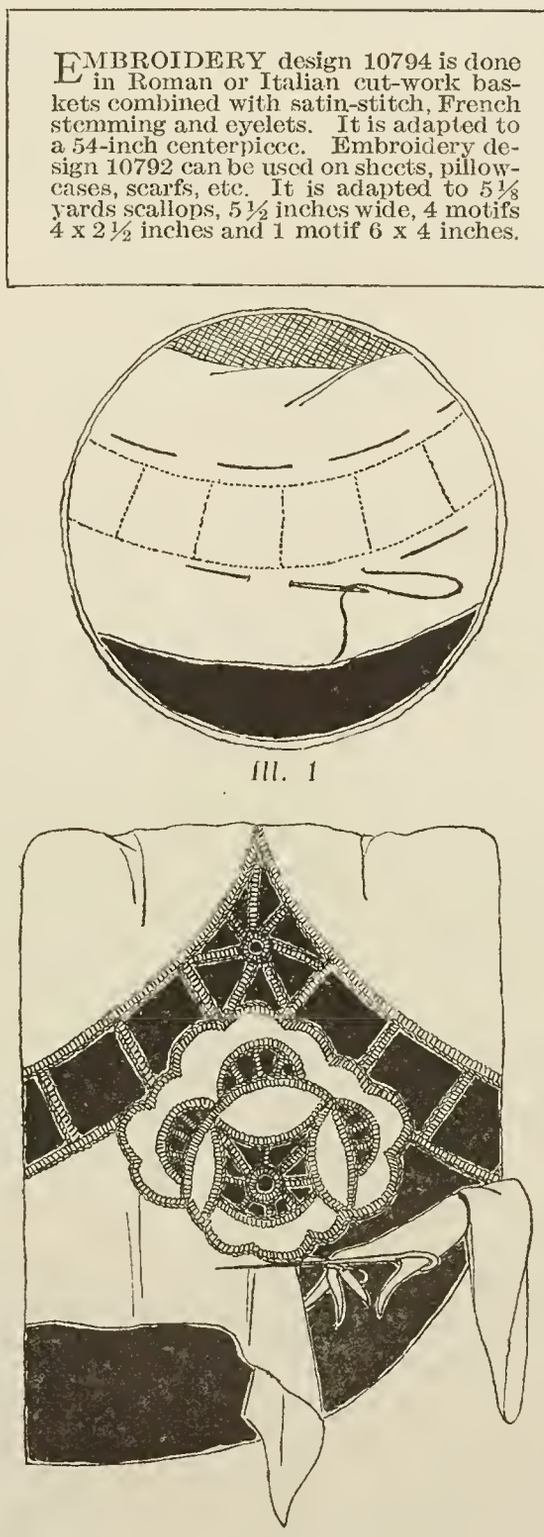
There are two kinds of cut-work. They are Roman and Italian. The first is done in buttonhole-stitch and in the latter an overcasting stitch is used. On this page I have shown a centerpiece that has cut-work baskets combined with other embroidery. There is also a very handsome set of sheets and pillow-cases that have cut-work motifs and the cut-work scalloped edge. The work wears and launders well and so is particularly good for scalloped edges and household linens.

The secret of all successful cut-work is that the work is basted to a piece of enamel cloth. If this is not obtainable, oilcloth can be used. Care should also be taken in selecting the material. Firmly woven linen is of course the best, but any firmly woven material that does not ravel easily can be used successfully. You should baste the work with small stitches close to the design (Ill. 1) so that the work can not possibly slip, and then outline with small even stitches the edges that are to be cut later.

For scallops in Roman cut-work you buttonhole the upper edge (Ill. 2), and

EMBROIDERY design 10794 is done in Roman or Italian cut-work baskets combined with satin-stitch, French stemming and eyelets. It is adapted to a 54-inch centerpiece. Embroidery design 10792 can be used on sheets, pillow-cases, scarfs, etc. It is adapted to 5⅛ yards scallops, 5½ inches wide, 4 motifs 4 x 2½ inches and 1 motif 6 x 4 inches.

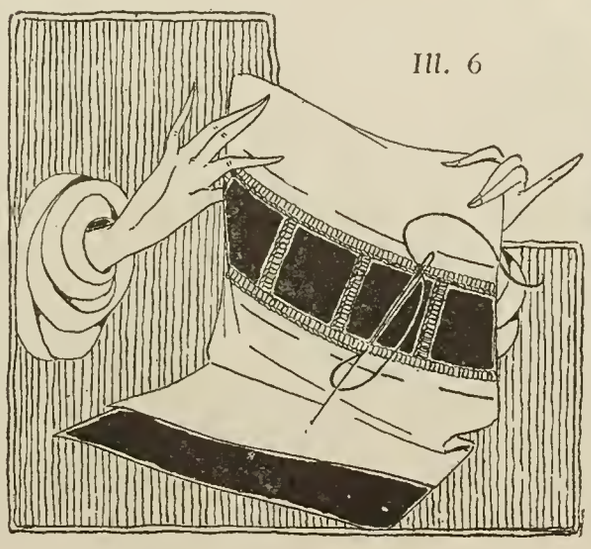
Ill. 1



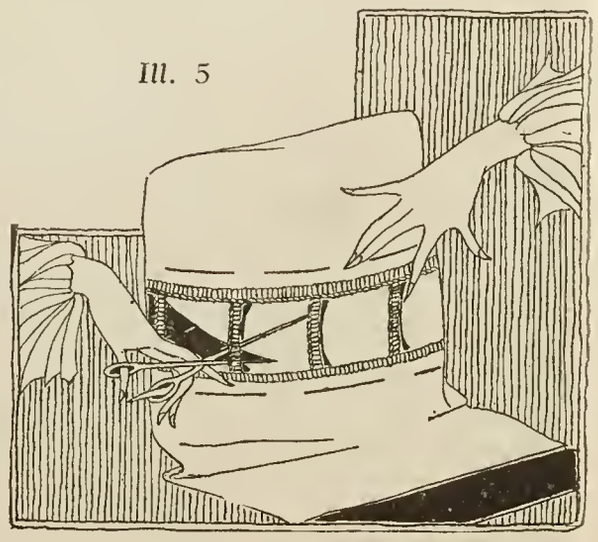
overcast the lower edge (Ill. 2). You then work the bars in the following manner: Run two threads over each line in the design, working from one edge to the other. You then buttonhole both threads (Ill. 3), taking great care not to catch the material underneath. (Ill. 4.) With a small sharp pair of scissors cut the material away underneath the bar (Ill. 5), being careful to cut close to both the buttonholed and overcast edges. When the material is cut you buttonhole the lower edge. (Ill. 6.) In the rose, buttonhole all the edges and buttonhole the bars in the same way. Then rip off the enamel cloth. Work the motifs in the same manner, buttonholing all the edges and making a buttonholed bar over each line.

If you wish to carry out the design in Italian cut-work, you proceed in a slightly different manner. You should run the edges to be cut twice and then overcast them closely. Run two threads over every line and weave them. (Ill. 7.) When the bars are completed, you cut the material away, leaving 1-16 of an inch on each side. Then with your needle you push this edge under and finish by overcasting the edge closely as you would a long eyelet.

The cut-work baskets combined with satin-stitch, French stemming and eyelets are very effective in a 54-inch centerpiece. For the cut-work in this design proceed in the same manner. The dainty scalloped edges and lacy motif that are used for the sheet and pillow-case would also be exquisite worked on towels, bureau-scarf and such. These would be lovely gifts for the prospective bride and her linen-chest. It would be the kind of work that she would no doubt have little of and something that would last her a lifetime, as any embroidery with buttonholing and overcasting for its foundation is bound to wear well.



Ill. 6

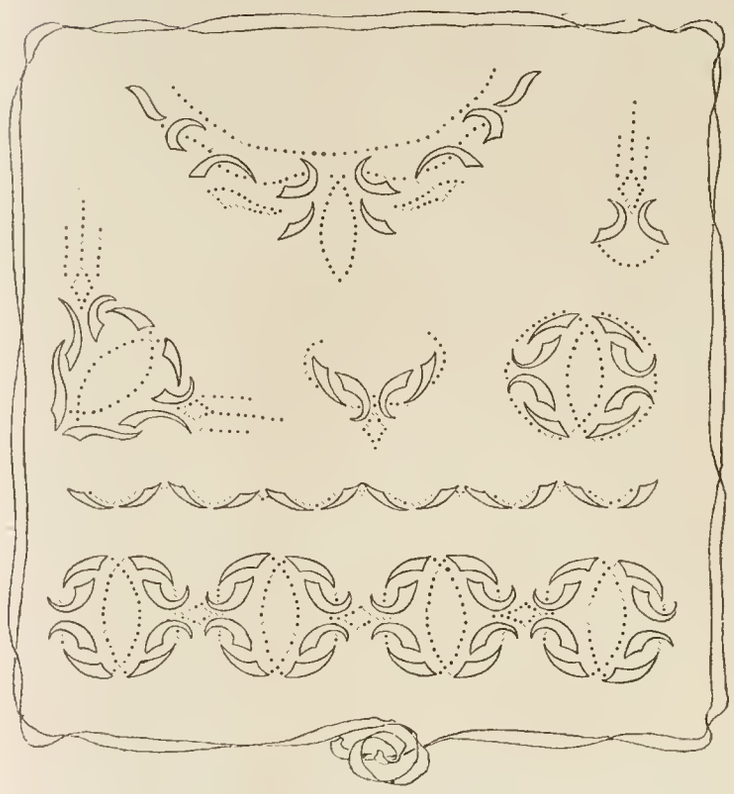


Ill. 5

EMBROIDERIES FOR NEW FROCK AND BLOUSE

French Knots Worked In Narrow Ribbon Come Disguised As Buttons

BY MARIE ASHLEY



Embroidery design 10797



Blouse 2080; embroidery design 10797

Embroidery design **10797**—A design that covers the ground effectively, has been arranged for 5½ yards of banding 3¾ inches wide, 3¼ yards of banding ⅞-inch wide, 6 motifs 4⅜ by 3⅝ inches, 6 motifs 4 by 3½ inches, 2 motifs 11¼ by 6¾ inches, 6 motifs 5 by 2⅜ inches and 4 corners 9 by 4½ inches.

Embroidery design **10796**—A new French-knot embroidery worked in narrow ribbon or heavy rope silk looks as if it were carried out in small buttons. You can use large beads. The design is arranged for 2⅝ yards of banding 18 inches wide, 3 motifs 10 by 5¼ inches and 6 corners 9 by 5¼ inches.

Embroidery design **10793**—An adaptation of the lotus flower is particularly suitable to the new Egyptian shades of red and green blue. There are 2⅝ yards of banding 18½ inches wide, 2⅝ yards of edging 3¼ inches wide, 6 corners 8 by 4 inches and 3 neck outlines 9 by 9½ inches.

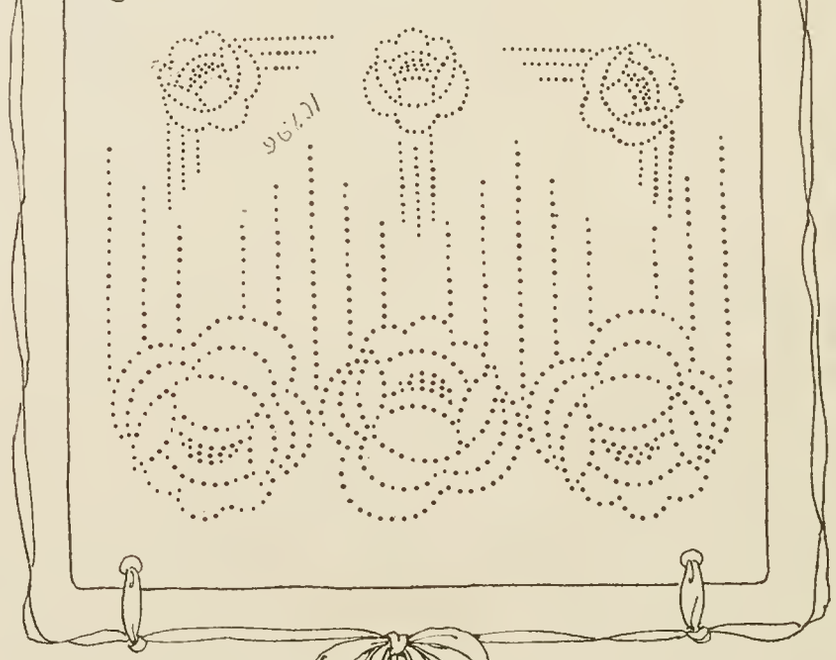
Embroidery design **10795**—This design can be carried out in braiding, couching, chain-stitch or outline. It gives you 5 yards of banding 3 inches wide, 2 corners 10 by 10½ inches wide, 2 neck outlines 10½ by 6¾ inches, 6 corners 5½ by 7½ inches, 4 motifs 5¼ by 7½ and 4 strips 9½ inches long.



Dress 2091
Embroidery design 10796



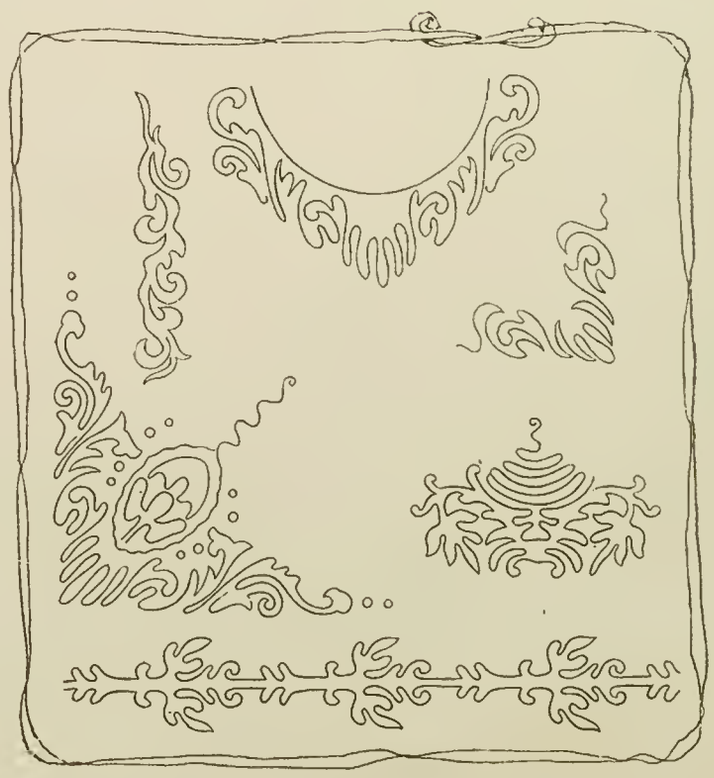
Dress 2097
Braiding design 10795



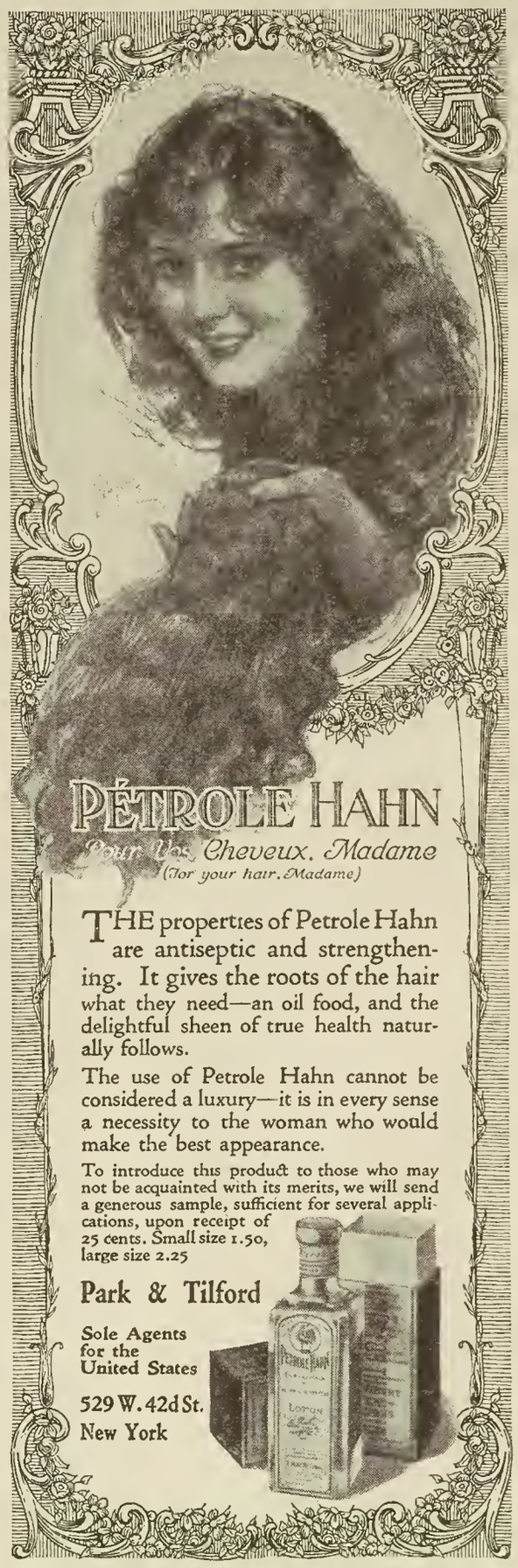
Embroidery design 10796



Embroidery design 10793



Braiding design 10795



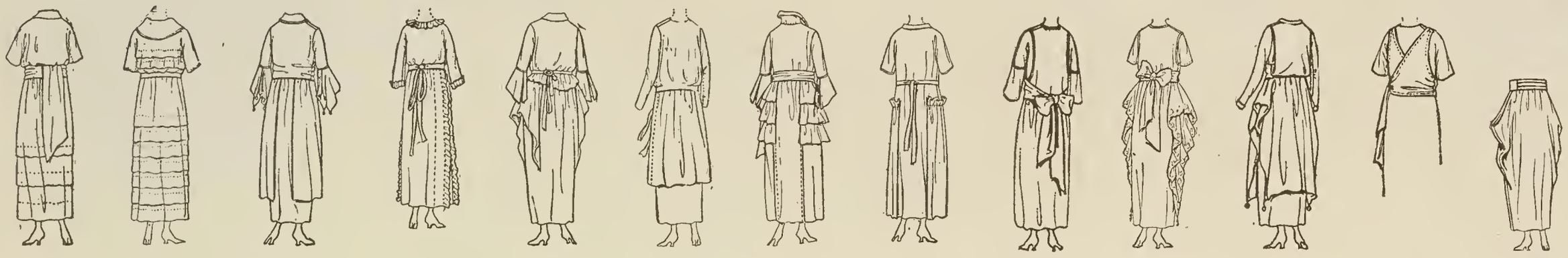


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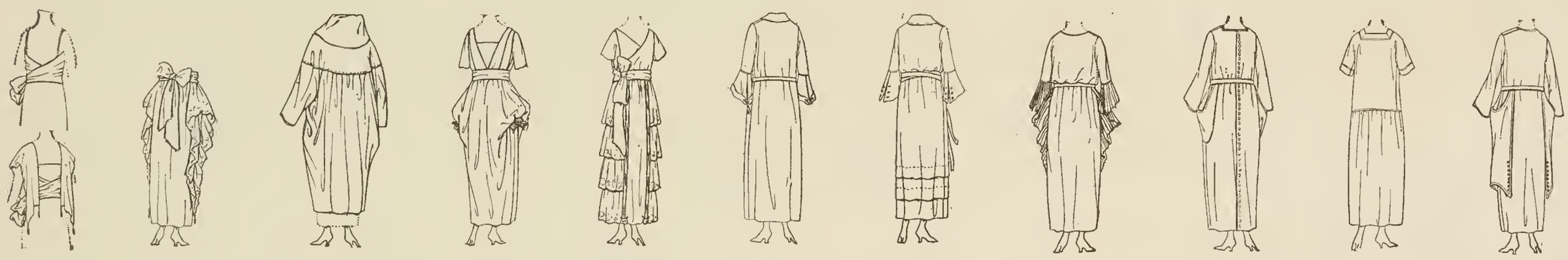
OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES ON PAGES 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80 AND 81

Other views of these garments are shown on pages 72 and 73



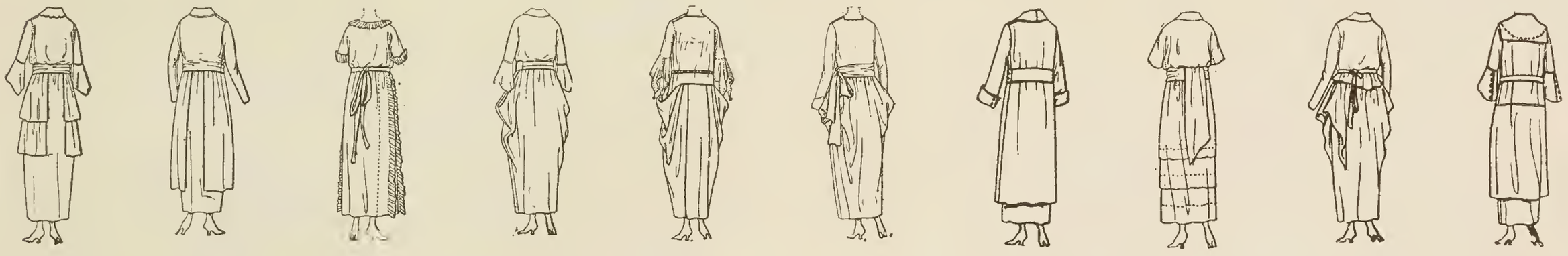
2105 2085 2094 2091 2102 2122 2037 2114 2121 2126-2096 2033 2119 2046

Other views of these garments are shown on pages 74 and 75



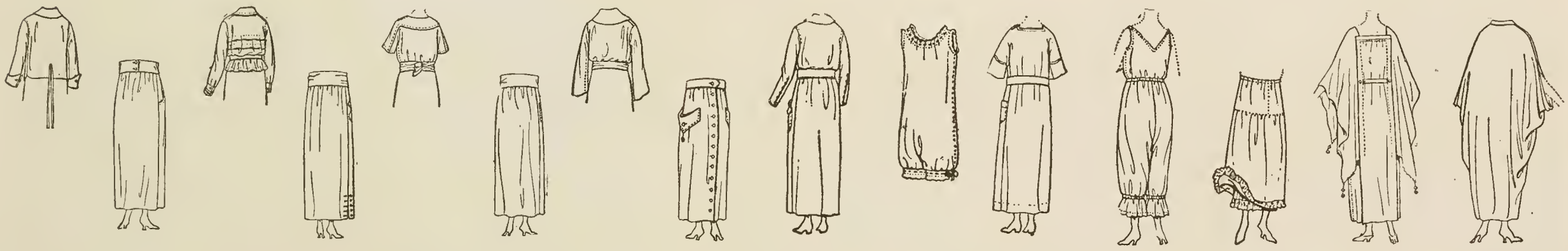
2083 2096 1979 1499-2062 2052-2051 2065 2088 2071 2086 2060 2097

Other views of these garments are shown on pages 76 and 77



2041-2051 2094 2091 2056-2046 2100 2047-2062 2092 2105 2102 2108

Other views of these garments are shown on pages 78 and 79



2115 2116 2095 1733 1892 2112 2080 2127 2090 2111 2081 1452-2117 2117 2078 2018

Other views of these garments are shown on pages 80 and 81



2133 2135 2137 2136-1961 2134 2127 2106 1974 2110 2088 2103 2130 2123 1466 2092 2128



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THE DELINEATOR

HONORÉ WILLSIE, EDITOR VOL. XCVI FEBRUARY, 1920 NO. TWO JAMES EATON TOWER, MANAGING EDITOR

With the Editor

MOTHER-HUNGER

A LITTLE colored boy of five sat in the Pullman beside a young, sweet-faced white woman. The travelers in the car were much interested in the combination, and the interest was accentuated when it was discovered that the child invariably addressed the young woman as "mother."

Curiosity, disapproval, disgust were rampant, but for hours no one seemed to care to question the very dignified young person whom the little colored boy so obviously loved. But finally an old man approached the girl:

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but you'll forgive an old man for asking you a personal question? What is your relationship to that child?"

"I am a child-placing agent and I am taking little Charles to a colored family who are adopting him."

"But he calls you 'mother,'" persisted the old man.

"All homeless children do that," said the young woman. "They will fasten the name mother on any woman who will permit it. The great majority of children that I take from institutions to our home offices for investigation and placing begin in the train to call me mother. Other workers have the same experience."

"Oh!" exclaimed the old man, the scandalmongering look dying out of his eyes. "Well, now, it's kind of pitiful, ain't it!" And he went back to report his findings to his fellow passengers.

TIME AND CHANGES

WHEN we were small we lived for a time in a town that had no circulating library. There were three churches in the town—the Catholic, the Methodist and the Baptist.

The Methodist and the Baptist each boasted of a Sunday-school library. To our childish eyes these libraries, of perhaps a hundred volumes each, were magnificent beyond words. We attended the Methodist Sunday-school until we had read its library through; then we started on the Baptist literature, finding little difference in faith and much in the type of books.

Midstream on the Baptist library our family moved from the little town to a larger one with a really fine library. Yet forever after there persisted with us the intriguing charm of those early books, the charm that clings only to the experiences that come before eight years of age. And every now and again some vague smell of May apple-blossoms, the kind the Methodist church put on the pulpit of a Spring Sunday, will bring back the *Elsie* books to us, or the *Dotty Dimple* tales, or the *Prudy* stories. And there was a tale—"Reuben Stone, the Man of the House." We would give half our kingdom to know if any one on earth but ourselves ever read that story!

We have visited some of the great libraries of the world. We heard with profound regret that the Huns had destroyed the books of Louvain. But the library that we really mourn is the long-since-scattered library of an unknown little church in a forgotten little Western town.

A PERMANENT AMERICAN MEMORIAL

YOU to whom we presented in January, Mabel Potter Daggett's seventh "Tree of Joy" article, have now been privileged to view in this remarkable series a "close-up" of Europe such as has been offered by no other publication. "Beyond Dead Man's Land," in that issue, was a thrilling dramatic chapter of Mrs. Daggett's personal experience which will convey to you a sense of the difficulties and the dangers through which she has persisted in the execution of her commission. This month, in "At the Kriemhilde Line," you will see how unerringly Mrs. Daggett has led our Butterick expedition directly to the most important spot in Europe.

The Commune of Landres et St. Georges, where the American Army broke the Kriemhilde Line, is as definitely incorporated in the annals of American history as are Lexington and Bunker Hill. Directly adjacent to it is the greatest American cemetery in Europe—Romagne, where thirty-seven thousand American boys lie in serried ranks beneath the poppy-fields.

And you see now why, in the village of Landres et St. Georges, your Town of the Golden Book, we have made your title clear to that particular sector "somewhere in France," that America can never forget.

That is why we feel that THE DELINEATOR *project accomplished by Mrs. Daggett is one of the greatest journalistic achievements of the year.*

While in France, Mrs. Daggett was able also to carry specifically to their destination some of the gifts that our readers wished to have conveyed for French relief through the American Committee for France. But to reach these, your beneficiaries, with whom she has connected you, she had to ride miles in motor-trucks and wait weeks to secure even that transportation. Any sums of money that you still wish to contribute and specifically designate for the purpose of French relief through the American Committee for France, we shall very gladly turn over to that organization. But owing to the inherent difficulties of reaching the scores of scattered little towns where their work is located, we can no longer attempt to follow those gifts and tell you the personal story of them.

With our own DELINEATOR *village the situation is different. We'll undertake to keep the line open to your Town of the Golden Book, Landres et St. Georges. Our responsibility there is personal. This little village is off on the edge of the Ardennes. It is thus quite beyond the reach of the help which the American Committee is extending in the Department of the Aisne. There was nobody to do anything for it at the time that it sent its cry across the Atlantic in a letter written by the schoolmaster direct to The Butterick Publishing Company.*

For that reason we shall hereafter concentrate here our work for French relief.

And for another reason too. Because we believe this to be the permanent center of American interest in France.

Read what Mrs. Daggett is going to write about it from month to month. We know your hearts will be touched by what she tells you. And we hope to reach your pocketbooks as well, to create a permanent American memorial for our boys over there. With this issue of THE DELINEATOR, *therefore, we announce that all contributions hereafter received for French relief, if not otherwise designated, will be devoted to the Commune of Landres et St. Georges, our Town of the Golden Book.*



Photo copyright by Wyndham, Paris

MABEL POTTER DAGGETT

BACK TO THE GROUND

WE WERE talking to a young manicurist in New York City. She buffed away and polished and trimmed and tinted. "You do it as if you liked the job," we said.

"I hate it!" she replied succinctly. "If I can get enough saved up, I'm going to buy a farm."

We were astounded. "A farm! You told me you were born and bred in New York City!"

"So I was. And I used to think I was being punished if I had to get farther from Broadway than Coney Island. But during the war I got patriotic and I took my vacation as a farmerette over in New Jersey. And say, maybe you think I didn't almost die that first week. I was so stiff and muscle-sore that I ran a temperature! But the second week I began to eat and sleep as I never dreamed of doing. One of my jobs was weaning six calves. Did you ever see a baby calf? I never had before. Say, weaning six of 'em was more of a circus than Charley Chaplin ever thought of putting over. And did you ever see the sun rise over a young woods of white birches or walk in those same woods when the moon was full and all the frogs going at once? Gee! Well, I can plow and I can pitch hay. I've just spent my third vacation on that farm."

She was silent for a moment, then she burst forth: "Say, haven't things changed, though? Before the war we girls would have jumped in the East River before we'd do manual labor. And now! Why, folks admire us for doing it. My father's just tickled to death with me. He only gets thirty-five dollars a week, but he's helping me to save. He was born in New York, too, but his father and mother and all their folks were farmer-bred. So I guess it's just what you may call it—reverting. I think I'll have a stock-farm. Those calves are the cutest things, and they bring more money than manicuring a good many hands; what?"

A GREAT WILL

MOST wills make stupid reading. But in Detroit, Michigan, not long ago, a wealthy woman died and left a will that lifts the imagination like a vision of Utopia. Suppose that other people of wealth should have like wills, and suppose at last that the State, then the nation, should adopt the idea this remarkable will embodies.

Here follow the main paragraphs:

"I hold profoundly the conviction that the welfare of any community is divinely, and hence inseparably, dependent upon the quality of its motherhood, and the spirit or character of its homes.

"Moved by this conviction, I hereby give, devise and bequeath all the rest, residue and remainder of my estate, of whatsoever kind and character, and wheresoever situated, for the founding, endowment and maintenance, in the City of Detroit, or in the Township of Greenfield, County of Wayne, State of Michigan, of a school to be known as the MERRILL-PALMER MOTHERHOOD AND HOME-TRAINING SCHOOL, at which upon such plan and system and under such rules and regulations as shall, in the judgment and wisdom of those upon whom the administration of this charity shall devolve, be adopted, girls and young women of the age of ten (10) years or more shall be educated, trained, developed and disciplined with special reference to fitting them mentally, morally, physically and religiously for the discharge of the functions and service of wifehood and motherhood, and the management, supervision, direction and inspiration of homes, and at which such girls and young women as are unable or unwilling to pay therefor shall be educated, trained, disciplined and developed without any charge therefor."

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OUR GUARANTEE: We absolutely guarantee the reliability of every advertiser in THE DELINEATOR. *If any reader incurs a loss through misrepresentation of goods in any advertisement in* THE DELINEATOR, *we guarantee that this loss will be refunded. If the advertiser does not make it good, we will. G. W.* WILDER, *President of The Butterick Publishing Company.*

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AMERICAN ROMANCES—I









ALWAYS HAS GERALDINE FARRAR BEEN BLESSED WITH CHARM AND FEMININITY. THESE PICTURES SHOW HER AT THREE, FIVE, TWELVE AND FOURTEEN. INTERESTING DETAILS OF HER GIRLHOOD ARE TOLD AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS PAGE



AS MARGUERITE IN THE PRISON SCENE OF "FAUST." HER REAL DÉBUT, MADE AT THE ROYAL OPERA, BERLIN, AT NINETEEN



Copyrighted by Victor Georg

AS SHE APPEARED IN FEBRUARY, 1916, WHEN SHE MARRIED LOU TELLEGEN, THE FAMOUS ACTOR WHO CAME TO THIS COUNTRY FIRST AS LEADING-MAN WITH BERNHARDT



Copyright by Hartsook

BOTH SHE AND HER HUSBAND ARE VERY FOND OF ANIMALS

This happy child of genius has known nothing but triumph. The first picture in the top row was taken when she starred at a Sunday-school concert; the third, when she impersonated Jenny Lind in her home town of Melrose, Massachusetts; in the fourth she had just taken part in the annual recital of her music-teacher in Boston, and the papers were referring to her as "the young girl with the phenomenal soprano voice." Before she was twenty she was a prima donna. And in moving pictures she has a tremendous following. According to her secretary, she has sent, in six months, as many as fifty thousand photographs of herself to admirers who have requested them



Photo by C. Smith Gardner

IN "THE WOMAN AND THE PUPPET," HER NEWEST MOTION PICTURE (GOLDWYN)



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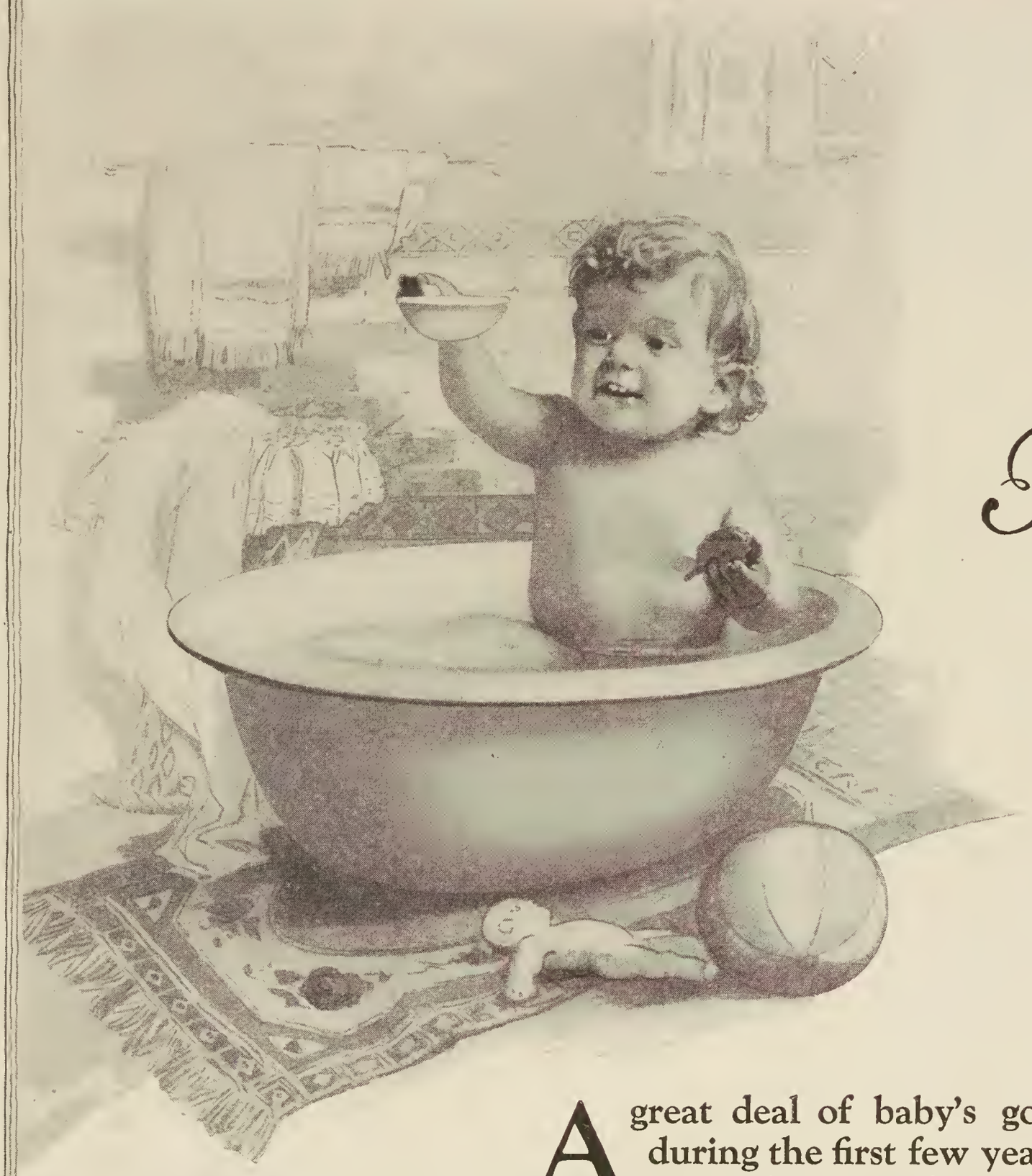
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THE TRUTH ABOUT RUSSIAN WOMEN

BY NATALIE WINTSCH-MALÉEFF, M.D.

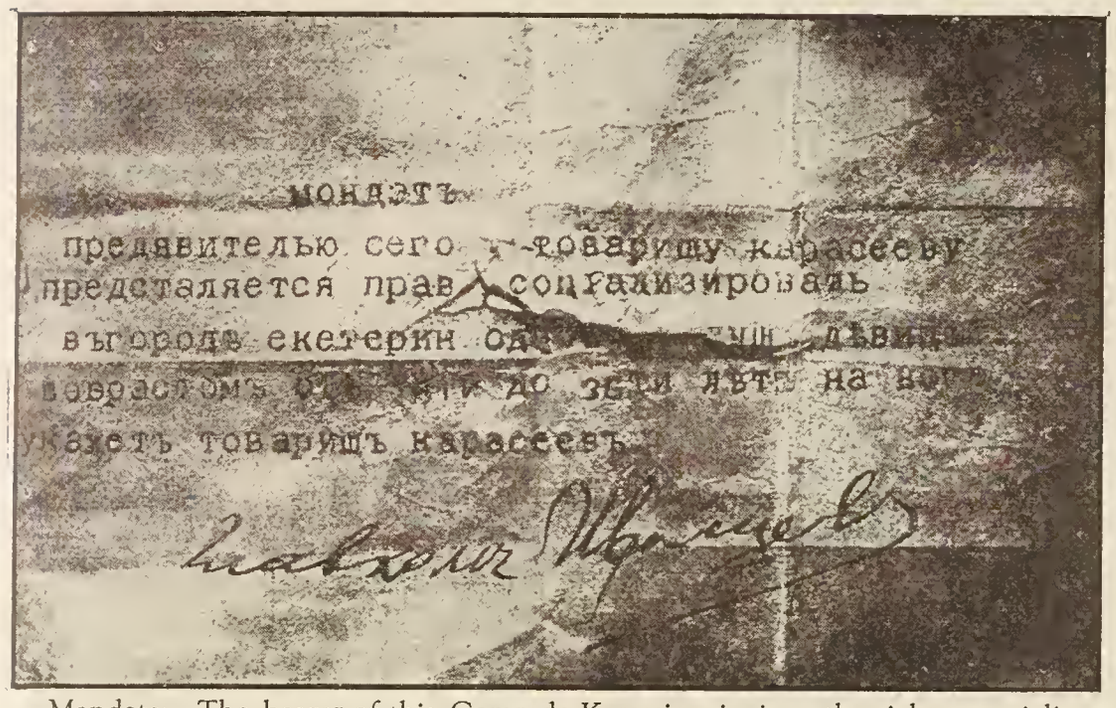


DR. WINTSCH-MALÉEFF

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mme. Natalie Wintsch-Maléeff, the author of this artiele, was born near Moscow, of a noble family. She received her preparatory schooling at Kazan, on the Volga. She studied medieine at the universities of Berne, Zurich and Lausanne, Switzerland, and reeeived the degree of M.D. at the Women's Medical School of Petrograd in* 1906.

She represents a large group of Russian women as vice-chairman of the Union of Russian Women, organized specifically to protest against the situation of women under Bolshevism, and is also Secretary of the League for the Regeneration of Russia. Both of these organizations have their headquarters in Lausanne, Switzerland. The testimony in this artiele is taken in large part from the soviet press itself. These source doeuments are reenforeed by Dr. Wintseh-Maléeff's first-hand information.

At the time this artiele was written, Mme. Wintseh-Maléeff was in New York as a delegate to the International Conferenee of Women Physieians, ealled by the Social Morality Committee of the Young Women's Christian Assoeiation. She has returned to Switzerland.



Mandate: The bearer of this, Comrade Karassiev, is given the right to socialize in the town of Ekaterinodar—girls between the ages of 16 and 36, whom Comrade Karassiev may select.

(Signed) GLASKOW IVASCHEV

SOVIET MANDATE FOR NATIONALIZATION OF WOMEN. TAKEN IN THE CAPTURE OF THE TOWN OF EKATERINODAR

IT IS unhappily perfectly true that in some communes of soviet Russia decrees were published by the soviets, placing women on the same basis as other property and abolishing their ownership. By the terms of these decrees women were removed from the category of human beings and placed impartially at the disposal of the first proletarian who came ticket in hand, to take them.

The status of women in Russia has always been strongly tinctured with the customs of the Orient. From the time of the Tatar invasion of the eleventh century, when the Mohammedan attitude toward the female was universally adopted, down to the middle of the nineteenth century, women were legally incapable of disposing of either their property or their persons. They were subject at all times to the guardianship of either father, brother or husband.

During the reign of Alexander II. women were permitted to join the revolutionary circles, where they sometimes contracted a "free marriage"; that is, a marriage legal in every respect, but purely conventional, the husband availing himself of none of his privileges, the wife free to dispose of her life and her means as she saw fit. It was by such a marriage that Sophia Kovalevskaya attained liberty to travel and study, becoming a professor in the University of Stockholm, and a world-acknowledged authority in mathematics.

About 1885 the laws were amended, giving greater freedom to women, and the necessity for the "free marriage" ceased to exist. It was not until 1897 that women were admitted to the practise of any of the professions. At that time the Women's Medical School of Petrograd was opened to women between twenty-one and thirty years of age.

There never was and never will be a feminist movement in Russia, as such a movement is understood in Europe and the United States, that is, solely by women and for their benefit. In the Nihilistic circles, the seeds of the Russian Revolution, women and men worked together in perfect equality, and no distinction whatever was made. After the revolution of March, 1917, the laws promulgated by constitutional Russia do not contain either the words "man" or "woman," but use the term "citizen," applied equally and without distinction to both sexes. Under Kerensky women occupied important positions in the administration, notably my friend, Countess Sophia Panin, who was *chef de cabinet* of the Minister of Public Instruction.

The Bolsheviki on the contrary have deprived women of the last vestige of humanity and degraded them to a state far inferior to that of the captives of Tamerlane, the scourge of medieval Russia.

The successful revolt against the Czar took place in March, 1917. By July of that year the Constitutional Government was already tottering to its fall, having been replaced in many communes by Anarchists or Bolshevik soviets. From that time, the country was divided between Anarchism and Bolshevism, with the former rapidly losing ground because it was too conservative in its tendencies, until May, 1918, when Bolshevism triumphed.

It was during that period that the first decrees socializing women appeared. In some instances they were published by Anarchistic soviets, and in other by Bolshevik soviets. The worst instances of the application of the decrees occurred in the Vladimir district.

The soviet government is now energetically denying that any general decree ever emanated from the central soviet. The difficulty of communication with soviet Russia and the terrible disorganization which reigns, have rendered the Bolshevik newspapers and placards about the only, as well as the best, sources of authentic information.

The *Krasnaïa Gazeta*, which communicates a decree of Commissary Rogatine of Vladimir, appointing a committee of women to report on the results of the nationalization of women and suspending that nationalization, says:

> It is to be feared that in the Vladimir province the decree regarding the nationalization of women led to a lamentable confusion in the juridieal notions of the inviolability of persons. A few days after the publication of the soviet's decree (which women unanimously ignored), two outsiders, whom nobody knew, arrived in the town and seized the two daughters of a non-bourgeois comrade, declaring that they had chosen them as wives and that the young girls should submit without ceremony, as they had not registered themselves.
>
> Comrades Yablonovsky and Gouriakine, who sat as judges in this claim, decided that the two young girls must submit. They were carried off and nobody has seen them since. This was done in the name of the nationalization of women.
>
> Enthusiasts for this law—naturally all men—attack whole villages, seize the young girls and demand proofs of their being not more than eighteen. In the town of Kovno a regular campaign, the only equivalent of which is the Trojan War, was carried on by parents to avenge their daughters.
>
> In Krasnia, the register of nationalized women was opened on December 1, 1918, but on February 9, 1919, only two women, both over forty and unmarried, registered themselves as willing to aeccpt the first husband the State sent along.

The following decree, which may be considered as typical, appeared in the town of Saratof in March, 1918. The same decree was promulgated at Ekaterinburg, where it was applied for a short time until the arrival of the Czecho-Slovak army brought relief to the sorely afflicted district:

> In agreement with the decision of the soviet of deputies of soldiers, peasants and workmen of Cronstadt, the private ownership of women is abolished.
>
> Considering that social incquality and legitimate marriages having been until now a monopoly of the bourgeoisie, thanks to which the best examples of all that is beautiful were the property of the bourgeoisie, the normal continuation of the human race has been prevented. These reasons have induced the organization to issue the present decree:
>
> 1. From March first, the right of possessing wives between the ages of seventeen to thirty-two is abolished.
>
> 2. The age of women to be decided by the birth certificate, passport, witnesses, and in default of documents by a committee which will judge according to appearances.
>
> 3. This decree does not include women who have more than five children.
>
> 4. The former possessors retain the right of making use each of his wife without waiting his turn.
>
> 5. In case of resistance by the husband he will lose the right of privilege given by the preceding paragraph.
>
> 6. Women by virtue of this decree are taken away from private possessors and become the property of the nation.
>
> 7. Distributing women and carrying this decree into effect devolves on the Anarchist Club of Saratof. Three days after the publication of this decree women destined to be made use of by the nation are required to present themselves at the address indicated and to furnish the required information.
>
> 8. (A) Until the committee for the realization of this decree be formed, the citizens themselves are required to take the management.
>
> (B) Every citizen noticing that a woman does not report herself at the address indicated by the decree is required to give information of such to the Anarchist Club with the address, name, first name and the name of the woman's father.
>
> 9 Men citizens have the right * * * * * subject to the following rules:
>
> 10. Any man wishing to make use of a piece of public property must be the bearer of a certificate from a factory committee, from a trades union or from a soviet of workmen, soldiers and peasants, declaring that he belongs to the working class.
>
> 11. Each working-man member is obliged to contribute two per cent. of his earnings to the public fund. The committee in charge will place these funds (specifying the names and lists) in State banks or other institutions for the benefit of "popular procreation."
>
> 12. Men citizens not belonging to the working class must pay L. st. ten a month in the public fund if they wish to enjoy the same privilege as the proletariat.
>
> 13. The branch of the State bank is obliged to begin the contributions to the fund for national procreation.
>
> 14. Each woman marked out by this decree as national property will receive L. st. twenty-three monthly from the national fund.
>
> 15. All women during pregnancy are freed from their State duties during four months, three months before and one month after child-birth.
>
> 16. The children are sent to an institution to be brought up from the age of one month; they are educated until seventeen at the expense of the public fund.
>
> 17. In case of twins the mother receives a bounty of L. st. twenty from the public fund.
>
> 18. All citizens, men and women, are under the obligation of watching their health carefully.
>
> 19. Those who are guilty of infecting others with venereal disease are considered responsible and will be severely punished.
>
> 20. Women having lost their health may demand a pension from the soviet.
>
> 21. The Anarchist leader will be at the head of the technical temporary measures to be taken so that this decree may be realized.
>
> 22. All those who refuse to recognize and to apply this decree will be declared enemies of the people and opposed to Anarchism and will be severely punished.



Drawing by Matania
Photo by N. Y. Herald Service

STARVING PETROGRAD: 1919

Similar decrees were placarded at Samara on January 1, 1918, and at Tashkend on May 11, 1918.

It has been contended that this decree, promulgated by local soviets of Anarchists, proved nothing against the Bolshevik Government. This explanation has no value, for at the time Bolsheviks and Anarchists worked together. The separation, or rather the absorption of the Anarchists by the Bolsheviks, took place later.

In Ekaterinburg no decree was officially published, but in February, 1918, the conditions much resembled decreed nationalization. The Red Guards, in the presence of a Bolshevist commission, visited a college of young girls during class hours. They chose several of the most beautiful among the pupils and carried them off sobbing. They were seen no more.

On March, 1918, M. Stoutchka, president of the Bolshevik Government in Lithuania, issued a proclamation regarding the nationalization of women. His decree enjoins free love without distinction for all women between seventeen and forty-five years of age.

According to the *Journal des Débats*, January 20, 1919, which obtains its information from the Bolshevik newspaper, *Iiwestia*, of Vladimir, the bearers of tickets simply exercise the right of choosing a women, according to a decree, of which the following are the principal clauses: In the first place a guarantee is given to every young girl

Concluded on page 68

Purity

IT is not luck nor chance that makes every cake of Ivory Soap so pure.

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"I DON'T WANT ANY BREAKFAST," HE BEGAN AGAIN. "I WANT ——"

LUCIFER

BY MARY BRECHT PULVER

MARY BRECHT PULVER IS ONE OF THE FEW WOMEN WRITERS WHO CAN MAKE A MAN OR BOY CONVINCING. IF YOU KNOW HER STORIES OF WOMEN, TOO, YOU KNOW SHE IS SHOWING UNMISTAKABLE SIGNS OF BEING A REALLY GREAT WRITER. OTHER STORIES BY MRS. PULVER WILL APPEAR IN EARLY NUMBERS

IF ONLY, thought Edgar, Aunt Letitia did not come up to reason with him, as usual.

Ordinarily, it was hard enough to listen to her. To have her sitting beside one on the edge of the bed, smelling faintly of liniment, stroking one's hand with her rough finger-tips, hearing her kind, pained, cracked old voice uttering its endless homilies and clichés: "Know thyself"; "The way of the transgressor is hard"; "He that ruleth his spirit"; "We have only your interests at heart"; "You are your father's only son——"

How many times had he listened to 'em all! Sitting here on the edge of his pine bed, staring under set brows at the red-and-brown-lozenge wall-paper, at the whity-gray spot made where the Spring thaw had seeped in under the clapboards, at the network of fine cracks in the green window-shade near the left edge that looked like the Mississippi River system. Strange, that with his mind sunk in sheer misery, these dull minutiae always sprang upon his attention, enlarged and elaborated, until every least contour carried significance. And all the time the cracked, gentle voice going in his ear, and the kind, prickly old fingers gnawing at his hand until he could feel an electric current stir like the crackle in a cat's back:

"—we love you, Edgar. You are your father's only son. He has only your interest at heart. You know that—don't you?"

"Yes'm," sullenly.

"And we want to see you grow into a fine, strong, manly man—a noble man, like your grandfather or your dear Uncle Anderson. I never knew a finer boy. You believe, don't you, that we love you—and seek your welfare? Oh, Edgar, self-government is what you need—better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city——"

Such earnestness, such conviction in a frail old lady in neuralgia flannels. What did she know of the taking of cities—an aged saint concerned all her life with alms and jams and sock-mending? And speaking like a William Hohenzollern.

"And believe aunty, there is nothing in this world like being at peace with oneself. And we can only do it if we watch—'my soul, be on thy guard.' Oh, Edgar, the penalties of a wild, unrestrained nature! How many, many men have lost their immortal souls this way! You must try to curb yourself—" And so on, and so on.

The sagging bed, the Mississippi, the blue veins upward-jutting in the magnetic old hand, the faint odor of Hoover's Balsam Rheumatism Lotion. What an often-rehearsed scene! What a boyhood! A father who baited him with continual epithet, an aunt who pursued him with endless text and exhortation.

Not that Aunt Letitia was not right in the main.

They loved him. He doubted it as little as he doubted that he was his father's only son. He knew what passion actuated their words. With what infinite longing they tried to snatch their brand from the burning. Futile longing! Could they not see it—realize? He was "born bad," that was all. To no avail Aunt Letitia's pleading, her surprise each time at his situation, that look of shocked reproach.

"*Oh, how hast thou fallen, Lucifer, son of the morning!*"

It was no use, her trying to make him "good." He had never been able to follow straitly in the path they had prescribed. His mutiny had begun so long ago, he no longer recalled the inception. Only he knew his life, short as it was, had been a series of disordered outbreaks—continual disappointments. A perverse devil occupied him. His father said so—and it was very likely true.

Not that his life had been wholly bad. There had been spells of model conformity; long periods when he had moved in exemplary fashion.

Yet even then he had been aware of something in suspension. He had been aware that his father and aunt knew it—expected the tension to break. There had been long weeks, when he had lent himself meekly to his aunt's

Continued on page 79

THE PORTYGEE

BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Author of "Shavings," "Cap'n Eri," etc.

THE remainder of that Summer was a paradisical meandering over the cloth of gold beneath the rainbows. Albert and his Madeline met often—very often, very often. Few poems were written at these meetings. Why trouble to put penciled lines on paper when the entire universe was a poem especially composed for your benefit? The lovers sat upon the knoll amid the sand-dunes and gazed at the bay and talked of themselves separately, individually, and, more especially, collectively. They strolled through the same woody lanes and discussed the same satisfactory subjects. They met at the post-office or at the drug-store and gazed into each other's eyes. And, what was the most astonishing thing about it all, their secret remained undiscovered. Undiscovered, that is to say, by those by whom discovery would have meant calamity.

It was serious enough with the principals, however. To them it was the only serious matter in the world. Not that they faced or discussed the future with earnest and complete attention. Some day or other—that was of course the mutually accepted idea—some day or other they were to marry. In the mean time here was the blissful present with its roses and rainbows and here, for each, was the other. What would be likely to happen when the Fosdick parents learned of the engagement of their only child to the assistant bookkeeper of the South Harniss lumber and hardware company was unpleasant to contemplate, so why contemplate it? Upon one point they were agreed—never, never, *never* would they give up each other. No power on earth—which included parents and grandparents—should or could separate them.

Albert's conscience troubled him slightly at first when he thought of Helen Kendall. It had been in reality such a short time—although of course it seemed ages and ages—since he had fancied himself in love with her. Only the previous Fall—yes, even that very Spring—he had asked her to pledge herself to him. Fortunately—oh, how very fortunately—she had refused and he had been left free. Now he knew that his fancied love for her had been merely a passing whim, a delusion of the moment. This, *this* which he was now experiencing, was the grand passion of his life. He wrote a poem with the title "The Greater Love," and sold it, too, to a sensational periodical which circulated largely among sentimental shop-girls and clerks.

THE PEOPLE

CAPTAIN ZELOTES SNOW: Of South Harniss, Mass., ex-sea-captain; dealer in hardware and lumber. He carefully conceals from the common view the great disappointment of his life—the runaway marriage of his daughter, Jane, with an opera-singer named Speranza. Captain Snow never saw his daughter again, and she died within a few years. When Speranza died his seventeen-year-old son, Alberto, had to go to his grandfather Snow's home.

MRS. OLIVE SNOW: Captain 'Lote's wife.

LABAN KEELER: Bookkeeper for Captain 'Lote.

RACHEL ELLIS: Housekeeper for the Snows. She is in love with Laban, but will not marry him while he drinks. They have been betrothed for eighteen years.

ISSACHAR PRICE: Helper at the lumber-yard.

HELEN KENDALL: The minister's daughter.

ALBERTO MIGUEL CARLOS SPERANZA, the "PORTYGEE": Captain 'Lote's grandson, who finds it hard, after the life of a fashionable boarding-school and New York, to settle down with a family of "rubes" and go to work in the hardware-shop.

MADELINE FOSDICK: Daughter of one of those millionaire city-folks who come to South Harniss in the Summer.

THE STORY SO FAR

Alberto became "Al Speranzy, the poet" to the inhabitants of South Harniss before long. His grandfather could not bring himself to regard the son of a "Portygee" with anything but distrust, even though he was "Janie's boy." His literary ambitions were considered very trifling. In the course of time, however, the old gentleman and Al worked out an agreement—work in work hours and poetry other times—till Al is twenty-one. Helen Kendall has Albert's devotion, but she is too sensible to be "engaged." Al vows eternal fidelity to her and for a time writes her long and frequent letters. But Madeline Fosdick became a great help with Albert's poetry. They spent long hours on the shore together getting inspiration. It was not long before they were engaged.

He and Madeline had agreed that they would tell no one—no one at all—of their betrothal. It should be their own precious secret for the present. So, under the circumstances, he could not write Helen the news, and the correspondence lapsed.

September came far, far too soon—and came and ended. And with it ended also the stay of the Fosdicks in South Harniss. Albert and Madeline said good-by at their rendezvous by the beach. It was a sad, a tearful, but a very precious farewell.

"You will write—oh, ever and ever so many poems; won't you, dear?" begged Madeline. "You know how I love them. And whenever I see one of your poems in print I shall be so proud of you—of *my* poet."

Albert promised to write ever and ever so many. He felt that there would be no difficulty in writing reams of poems—inspired, glorious poems. The difficulty would be in restraining himself from writing too many of them. With Madeline Fosdick as an inspiration poetizing became as natural as breathing.

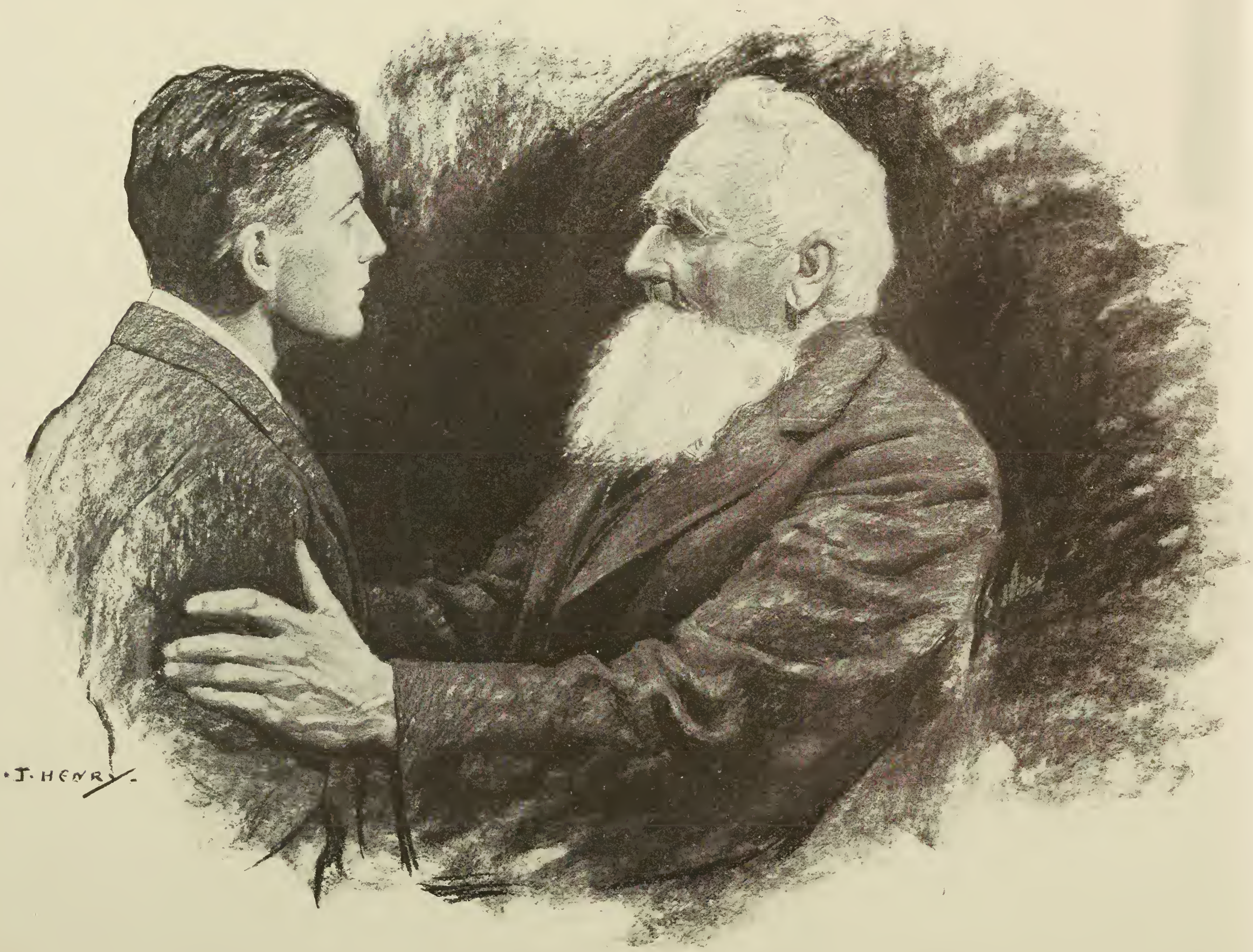
Then, which was unusual for them, they spoke of the future, the dim, vague, but so happy future, when Albert was to be the nation's poet laureate, and Madeline, a Mrs. Laureate, would share his glory and wear, so to speak, his second-best laurels. The disagreeable problems connected with the future they ignored, or casually dismissed with, "Never mind, dear, it will be all right by and by." Oh, it was a wonderful afternoon, a rosy, cloudy, happy, sorrowful, bitter-sweet afternoon.

And the next morning Albert, peering beneath Z. Snow & Co's. office window-shade, saw his heart's desire step aboard the train, saw that train puff out of the station, saw for just an instant a small hand waved behind the dingy glass of the car-window. His own hand waved in reply. Then the raucous voice of Mr. Price broke the silence.

"Who was you flappin' your flipper at?" inquired Issachar. "Girl, I'll bet you! Never saw such a critter as you be to chase after the girls. Which one is it this time?"

Albert made no reply. Between embarrassment and sorrow he was incapable of speech. Issachar, however, was not in that condition; at all times when awake and sometimes when asleep, Mr. Price could, and usually did, speak.

"Which one is it this time, Al?" demanded Issy. "Eh? Crimus, see him get red! Haw, haw! Labe," to Mr. Keeler, who came into the office from the inner room, "which girl do you cal'late Al here is wavin' by-bys to this mornin'? Who's goin' away on the cars this mornin', Labe?"



"ALL RIGHT, MY BOY, THEN GO—AND FIGHT. I'D BE ASHAMED OF MYSELF IF I HELD YOU BACK A MINUTE"

Laban, his hands full of the morning mail, absently replied that he didn't know.

"Yes, you do, too," persisted Issy. "You ain't listenin', that's all. Who's leavin' town on the train just now?"

"Eh! Oh, I don't know. The Small folks is goin' to Boston, I believe. And George Bartlett's goin' to Ostable on 'count business, he told me. Oh, yes; I believe Cap'n 'Lote said that Fosdick woman and her daughter were goin' back to New York. Back to New York—yes—yes—yes."

Mr. Price crowed triumphantly. "Ah-ha!" he crowed. "Ah-ha! That's the answer. That's the one he's shakin' day-days to; that Fosdick girl. I've seen you round with her at the post-office and the ice-cream s'loon. I'm onto you, Al. Haw, haw! What's her name? Adeline? Daddiline? Madeline—that's it! Say, how do you think Helen Kendall's goin' to like your throwin' kisses to the Madeline one, eh?"

The assistant bookkeeper was still silent. The crimson, however, was leaving his face and the latter was paling rapidly. This was an ominous sign, had Mr. Price but known it. He did not know it and cackled merrily on:

"Guess I'll have to tell Helen when she comes back home," he announced. "Cal'late I'll put a flea in her ear. 'Helen,' I'll say, 'don't feel too bad now; don't cry and get your handkerchief all soakin', or nothin' like that. I just feel it's my duty to tell ye that your little Albert is sparkin' up to somebody else. He's waitin' on a party by the name of Padeline—no. Madeline—Woodrick—no, Fosdick—and—' Here! Let go of me! What you doin'?"

That last question was in the nature of a gurgle. Albert, his face now very white indeed, had stridden across the office, seized the speaker by the front of his flannel shirt and backed him against the wall.

"Stop," commanded Albert between his teeth. "That's enough of that. Don't you say any more!"

"Eh? Ugh! Ua-gg! Leggo of my shirt."

Albert let go, but he did not step back. He remained where he was, exactly in front of Mr. Price.

"Don't you say any more about—about what you were saying," he repeated.

"Eh? Not say any more? Why not? Who's goin' to stop me, I'd like to know?"

"I am."

"I want to know! What'll you do?"

"I don't know. If you weren't so old I would— But I'll stop you, anyhow."

Albert felt a hand on his arm and heard Mr. Keeler's voice at his ear.

"Careful, Al; careful," it said. "Don't hit him."

"Of course I sha'n't hit him," indignantly. "What do you think I am? But he must promise not to mention—er—Miss Fosdick's name again."

"Better promise, Is," suggested Laban. Issachar's mouth opened, but no promise came forth.

"Promise be darned!" he yelled furiously. "Mention her name! I'll mention any name I set out to and no Italyun Portygee is goin' to stop me, neither."

Albert glanced about the office. By the wall stood two brimming pails of water, brought in by Mr. Price for floor-washing purposes. He lifted one of the pails.

"If you don't promise, I'll duck you," he declared. "Let go of me, Keeler; I mean it."

"Careful, Al; careful," said Mr. Keeler. "Better promise, Is."

"Promise nawthin'! Fosdick! What in time do I care for Fosdicks, Madelines, or Padelines or Dandelines or——"

His sentence stopped just there. The remainder of it was washed back and down his throat by the deluge from the bucket.

Overcome by shock and surprise, Mr. Price leaned against the wall and slid slowly down that wall until he reclined in a sitting posture upon the floor.

"Crimustee!" he gasped, as soon as he could articulate. 'I'm—awk—I'm drowned."

Albert put down the empty bucket and picked up the full one.

"Promise," he said again.

Laban Keeler rubbed his chin.

"I'd promise if I was you, Is," he said. "You're some subject to rheumatism, you know."

Issachar, sitting in a spreading puddle, looked damply upward at the remaining bucket. "By crimustee—" he began. Albert drew the bucket backward; the water dripped from its lower brim.

"I—I—darn ye, I promise!" shouted Issachar.

The next day Albert and Issachar made it up. Albert apologized.

"I'm sorry, Issy," he said. "I shouldn't have done it, but you made me mad. I have a—rather mean temper, I'm afraid. Forgive me, will you?"

He held out his hand and Issachar, after a momentary hesitation, took it.

"I forgive you this time, Al," he said solemnly; "but don't never do nothin' like it again, will you. When I went home for dinner yesterday noon I give you my word my clothes was kind of dampish even then. If it hadn't been nice warm sunshine and I was outdoors and dried off considerable, I'd 'a' had to change everything, underclothes and all, and 'tain't but the middle of the week yet."

After Madeline's departure the world was very lonely indeed. Albert wrote long, long letters and received replies which varied in length but never in devotion. Miss Fosdick was obliged to be cautious in her correspondence with her lover. "You will forgive me if this is not much more than a note, won't you, dear?" she wrote. "Mother seems to be very curious of late about my letters and to whom I write and I had to just steal the opportunity this morning."

He wrote many poems, all dealing with love and lovers, and sold some of them. He wrote no more letters to Helen. She, too, had ceased to write him, doubtless because of the lack of reply to her last two or three letters. His conscience still troubled him about Helen; he could not help feeling that his treatment of her had not been exactly honorable. Yet what under the circumstances could he do? From Mr. Kendall he learned that she was coming home to spend Thanksgiving. He would see her then. She would ask him questions. What should his answer be? He faced the situation in anticipation many, many times, usually after he had gone to bed at night, and lay awake through long, torturing hours in consequence.

But when at last Helen and he did meet, the day before Thanksgiving, their meeting was not at all the dreadful ordeal he had feared. Her greeting was as frank and cordial as it had always been, and there was no reproach in her



"DON'T YOU SAY ANY MORE ABOUT—ABOUT WHAT YOU WERE SAYING!"

tone or manner. She did not even ask him why he had stopped writing. It was he, himself, who referred to that subject, and he did so as they walked together down the main road. She interrupted one of his blundering, stumbling sentences in the middle.

"Never mind, Albert," she said quietly. "You needn't explain. I think I understand."

He stopped and stared at her. "You understand?" he repeated. "Why—why, no, you don't. You can't."

"Yes, I can, or I think I can. You have changed your mind, that is all."

"Changed my mind?"

"Yes. Don't you remember I told you you would change your mind about—well, about me? You were so sure you cared so very, very much for me, you know. And I said you mustn't promise anything because I thought you would change your mind. And you have. That is it, isn't it? You have found some one else."

"Why—why, well, by George!" he exclaimed. "Helen—how—how did you know? Who told you?"

"No one told me. But I think I can even guess who it is you have found. It is Madeline Fosdick, isn't it?"

His amazement now was so open-mouthed as well as open-eyed that she could not help smiling.

"Don't! Don't stare at me like that," she whispered. "Every one is looking at you. There is old Captain Pease on the other side of the street; I'm sure he thinks you have had a stroke or something. Here! Walk down our road a little way toward home with me. We can talk as we walk. I'm sure," she added, with just the least bit of change in her tone, "that Madeline won't object to our being together to that extent."

She led the way down the side street toward the parsonage and he followed her. He was still speechless from surprise.

"Well," she went on, after a moment, "aren't you going to say anything?"

"But—but, Helen," he faltered, "how did you know?"

She smiled again. "Then it *is* Madeline," she said. "I thought it must be."

"You—you thought— What made you think so?"

For an instant she seemed on the point of losing patience. Then she turned and laid her hand on his arm.

"Oh, Al," she said, "please don't think I am altogether an idiot. I surmised when your letters began to grow shorter and—well, different—that there was something or some one who was changing them, and I suspected it was some one. When you stopped writing I *knew* there must be. Then father wrote in his letters about you and about meeting you, and so often Madeline Fosdick was wherever he met you. So I guessed—and, you see, I guessed right."

He seized her hand.

"Oh, Helen!" he cried. "If you only knew how mean I have felt and how ashamed I am of the way I have treated you! But, you see, I—I *couldn't* write you and tell you because we had agreed to keep it a secret. I couldn't tell *any one*."

"Oh, it is as serious as that! Are you two really and truly engaged?"

"Yes. There! I've told it and I swore I would never tell."

"No, no; you didn't tell. I guessed. Now tell me all about her. She is very lovely. Is she as sweet as she looks?"

He rhapsodized for five minutes. Then all at once he realized what he was saying and to whom he was saying it. He stopped, stammering, in the very middle of a flowing eulogium.

"Go on," said Helen, reassuringly. But he could not go on under the circumstances. Instead he turned very red. As usual she divined his thought, noticed his confusion and took pity on it.

"She must be awfully nice," she said. "I don't wonder you fell in love with her. I wish I might know her better."

"I wish you might. By and by you must. And she must know you. Helen, I—I feel so ashamed of—of——"

"Hush, or I shall begin to think you are ashamed because you liked me—or thought you did."

"But I do like you. Next to Madeline there is no one I like so much. But—but, you see, it is different."

"Of course it is. And it ought to be. Does her mother—do her people know of the engagement?"

He hesitated momentarily. "No-o," he admitted, "they don't yet. She and I have decided to keep it a secret from any one for the present. I want to get on a little further with my writing, you know. She is like you in that, Helen; she's awfully fond of poetry and literature."

"Especially yours, I'm sure. Tell me about your writing. How are you getting on?"

So he told her and, until they stood together at the parsonage gate, Madeline's name was not again mentioned. Then Helen put out her hand.

"Good morning, Albert," she said. "I'm glad we have had this talk; ever so glad."

"By George, so am I! You're a corking friend, Helen. The chap who does marry you will be awfully lucky."

She smiled slightly. "I think there won't be any such chap," she said. "I shall always be a schoolmarm, I imagine."

"Indeed, you won't," indignantly. "I have too high an opinion of men for that."

She smiled again, seemed about to speak, and then to change her mind. An instant later she said:

"I must go in now. But I shall hope to see you again before I go back to the city. And, after your secret is out and the engagement is announced, I want to write Madeline. May I?"

"Of course you may. And she'll like you as much as I do."

"Will she? Well, perhaps; we'll hope so."

"Certainly she will. And you won't let my treating you as—as I have, make any difference in our friendship?"

"No. We shall always be friends, I hope. Good-by."

She went into the house. He waited a moment, hoping she might turn again before entering, but she did not. He walked home, pondering deeply, his thought a curious jumble of relief and dissatisfaction. Of course the relief predominated; it was good to have the ordeal of meeting and explanation over and to know that it had not broken the friendship between them. But the very fact that it had not broken that friendship was—well, not exactly flattering to his pride, which was used to flattery. He was glad Helen had seen her duty and given him over to Madeline, but he felt a trifle piqued to think she had done it with such apparent willingness. If she had wept or scolded, it would have been unpleasant, but much more gratifying to his self-importance.

December came and Christmas ,and then January and the New Year, the year of 1917. In January Z. Snow & Co. took its yearly account of stock and Captain 'Lote and Laban and Albert and Issachar were truly busy during the days of stock-taking week and tired when evening came. Laban worked the hardest of the quartette, but Issy made the most fuss about it.

Labe, who had chosen the holiday season to go on one of his periodical "vacations," was rather white and shaky and even more silent than usual. Mr. Price, however, talked with his customary fluency and continuity, so there was no lack of conversation. Captain Zelotes was moved to comment.

"Issy," he suggested gravely, looking up from a long column of figures, "did you ever play 'Door'?"

Issachar stared at him.

"Play 'Door'?" he repeated. "What's that?"

"It's a game. Didn't you ever play it?"

"No, don't know's I ever did."

"Then you'd better begin right this minute. The first thing to do is to shut up and the next is to stay that way. You play 'Door' until I tell you to do somethin' else, d'you hear?"

One forenoon about the middle of January Captain Zelotes himself stopped in at the post-office for the morning mail. When he returned to the lumber company's building he entered quietly and walked to his own desk with a preoccupied air. For the half-hour before dinner-time he sat there, smoking his pipe, and speaking to no one unless spoken to. The office force noticed his preoccupation and commented upon it.

Albert and his grandfather walked home to dinner together as was their custom, but still the captain remained silent. During dinner he spoke not more than a dozen words, and Albert several times caught Mrs. Snow regarding her husband intently and with a rather anxious look. She did not question him, however; but Rachel was not so reticent.

"Mercy on us, Cap'n 'Lote," she demanded. "What *is* the matter? You're as dumb as a mouthful of mush. I don't believe you've said aye, yes or no since we sat down to table. Are you sick?"

Her employer's calm was unruffled.

"No-o," he answered with deliberation.

"That's a comfort. What's the matter, then; don't you *want* to talk?"

"No-o."

"Oh," with a toss of the head. "Well, I'm glad I know. I was beginnin' to be afraid you'd forgotten how."

The captain helped himself to another fried "tinker" mackerel.

"No danger of that around here, Rachel," he said serenely. "So long as my hearin's good I couldn't forget—not in this house."

When they got back to the office, Captain Zelotes turned to his grandson. "Come in here, Al," he said. "I want to see you for a few minutes."

Albert followed him into the inner office. He wondered what in the world his grandfather wished to see him about in this very private fashion.

"Sit down, Al," said the captain, taking his own chair and pointing to another. "Oh, wait a minute, though! Maybe you'd better shut that hatch first."

The "hatch" was the transom over the door between the offices. Albert, remembering how a previous interview between them had been overheard because of that open transom, glanced at his grandfather. The twinkle in the latter's eye showed that he, too, remembered. Albert closed the "hatch." When he came back to his seat the twinkle had disappeared.

"Well, grandfather?" queried the young man, after waiting a moment. The captain adjusted his spectacles, reached into the inside pocket of his coat and produced an envelope. It was a square envelope with either a trade-mark or a crest upon the back. Captain 'Lote did not open the envelope, but instead tapped his desk with it and regarded his grandson in a meditative way.

"Al," he said slowly, "has it seemed to you that your cruise aboard this craft of ours here had been a little smoother the last year or two than it used to be afore that?"

Albert, by this time well accustomed to his grandfather's nautical phraseology, understood that the "cruise" referred to was his voyage as assistant bookkeeper with Z. Snow & Co. He nodded.

"I have tried to make it so," he answered. "I mean I have tried to make it smoother for you."

"Um-h'm, I think you have tried. I don't mind tellin' you that it has pleased me consid'ble to watch you try. I don't mean by that," he added, with a slight curve of the lip, "that you'd win first prize as a lightnin' calculator even yet, but you're a whole lot better one than you used to be. I've been considerable encouraged about you; I don't mind tellin' you that either. And," he added, after another interval during which he was apparently debating just how much of an admission it was safe to make, "so far as I can see this poetry foolishness of yours hasn't interfered with your work any to speak of."

Albert smiled. "Thanks, grandfather," he said.

"You're welcome. So much for that. But there's another side to our relations together, yours and mine, that I haven't spoken of to you afore. And I have kept still on purpose. I've figgered that so long as you kept straight and didn't go off the course, didn't drink or gamble, or go wild or the like of that, what you did was pretty much your own business. I've noticed you're considerable of a feller with the girls, but I kept an eye on the kind of girls and I will say that so far as I can see, you've picked the decent kind. I say, so far as I can see. Of course I ain't fool enough to believe I see all you do, or know all you do. I've been young myself and when I get to thinkin' how much I know about you I try to set down and remember how much my dad didn't know about me when I was your age. That—er—helps some toward givin' me my correct position on the chart."

He paused. Albert's brain was vainly striving to guess what all this meant. What was he driving at? The captain crossed his legs and continued:

"I did think for a spell," he said, "that you and Helen Kendall were gettin' to understand each other pretty well. Well, Helen's a good girl and your grandma and I like her. 'Course, we didn't cal'late anything very serious was liable to come of the understandin', not for some time, anyhow, for with your salary and—well, sort of unsettled prospects, I gave you credit for not figgerin' on pickin' a wife right away. Haven't got much laid by to support a wife on, have you, Al?"

Albert's expression had changed during the latter portion of the speech. Now he was gazing intently at his grandfather and at the letter in the latter's hands.

"Haven't got much to support a wife on, Al, have you?" repeated Captain Zelotes.

"No, sir; not now."

"Um. But you hope to have by and by, eh? Well, I hope you will. But *until* you have it would seem to older folks like me kind of inky navigatin' to—to— Oh, there was a letter in the mail for you this mornin', Al."

He put down the envelope he had hitherto held in his hand and, reaching into his pocket, produced another. Even before he had taken it from his grandfather's hand Albert recognized the handwriting. It was from Madeline.

Captain Zelotes, regarding him keenly, leaned back again in his chair. "Read it if you want to, Al," he said. "Maybe you'd better. I can wait."

Albert hesitated a moment and then tore open the envelope. The note within was short, evidently written in great haste and agitation and was spotted with tear-stains. He read it, his cheeks paling and his hand shaking as he did so. Something dreadful had happened. Mother—Mrs. Fosdick, of course—had discovered everything. She had found all his—Albert's—letters and read them. She was furious. There had been the most terrible scene. Madeline was in her own room and was smuggling him this letter by Mary, her maid, "who will do anything for me, and has promised to mail it. Oh, dearest, they say I must give you up. They say—oh, they say dreadful things about you. Mother declares she will take me to Japan or some frightful place and keep me there until I forget you. I don't care if they take me to the ends of the earth, I shall never forget you. I will never—never—*never* give you up. And you mustn't give me up, will you, darling? They say I must never meet you again. But you see I have—and I shall. Oh, what *shall* we do? I was *so* happy and now I am miserable. Write me the minute you get this, but oh, I *know* they won't let me see your letters and then I shall die. But write, write just the same, every day. Oh, what shall we do?

"Yours, always and always, no matter what every one does or says, lovingly and devotedly,

"MADELINE."

When the reading was finished, Albert sat silently staring at the floor, seeing it through a wet mist. Captain Zelotes watched him, his heavy brows drawn together and the smoke-wreaths from his pipe curling slowly upward toward the office ceiling. At length he said:

"Well, Al, I had a letter, too. I presume likely it came from the same port even if not from the same member of the family. It's about you, and I think you'd better read it, maybe."

Albert held out his hand for the second letter. "I'd like to have you understand, Al, that I don't necessarily believe all that she says about you in this thing," added the captain.

The second letter was, as Albert had surmised, from Mrs. Fosdick. It had evidently been written at top speed and at a mental temperature well above the boiling-point.

Mrs. Fosdick addressed Captain Zelotes Snow because she had been given to understand that he was the nearest relative, or guardian, or whatever it was, of the person concerning whom the letter was written and therefore, it was presumed, might be expected to have some measure of control over that person's actions. The person was, of course, one Albert Speranza, and——

Mrs. Fosdick proceeded to set forth her version of his conduct in sentences which might almost have blistered the paper. Taking advantage of her trust in her daughter's good sense and ability to take care of herself—which trust it appeared had been in a measure misplaced—he, the Speranza person, had sneakingly, underhandedly and in a despicably clandestine fashion—the lady's temper had rather gotten away from her here—succeeded in meeting her daughter in various places and by various disgraceful means and had furthermore succeeded in ensnaring her youthful affections, et cetera.

The poor child actually believed herself in love with him, wrote the poor child's mother. "She protests ridiculously that she is engaged to him and will marry him in spite of her father or myself or the protests of sensible people. I write to you, therefore, assuming you likewise to be a sensible person, and requesting that you use your influence with the—to put the most charitable interpretation of his conduct—misguided and foolish young man and show him the preposterous folly of his pretended engagement to my daughter. Of course the whole affair, *correspondence included*, must cease and terminate *at once*."



IT WAS THEIR OWN PRECIOUS SECRET

Continued on page 85



I TOOK IN MOST OF WHAT WAS HAPPENING DURING THE EVENING

THE FIRST RUNG

BY MARGUERITE ASPINWALL

AN UNUSUAL BUT PERFECTLY POSSIBLE STORY OF A GIRL'S BUSINESS BEGINNINGS —A GIRL WHO USED HER WOMAN'S BRAINS AND WAS NOT ALWAYS TRYING TO DO A SOLEMN IMITATION OF A "CONSERVATIVE BUSINESS MAN"

A PICTURE can be helped or marred by its background, and it is foolishness to contend that backgrounds do not count as much in real, every-day life. It was believing in that theory that put my feet on the first rung of the ladder at the top of which is success.

At the time all this happened, however, even the first rung looked a hopelessly long way off. I had come on to New York from a small up-State town armed with a fair working knowledge of stenography as a matter of daily bread and butter, and an elaborate plan for studying at art school at night, and eventually arriving at the point of dispensing with the stenography, and taking up with a studio of my very own, and any number of commissions for portraits in its stead. All of which only goes to show that I was still judging life and my own abilities by the standards of Wynnesboro.

As a beginning, I got a position as secretary to the manager of the new Hotel Van Dyke, where I earned eighteen dollars a week, and was lucky enough to have a little room given me, rent free, on the top floor of the hotel, so that I should be on hand at any hour when Mr. Graham, who was an incredibly busy man, had time to dictate and run over the day's affairs with me. For the other part of my plans, I found a good evening art class, where I enrolled myself for three nights a week, and fell to work at both jobs with plenty of energy and determination to succeed.

I soon caught hold of my routine of work with Mr. Graham, and before long he got into the way of consulting me on lots of minor points, and leaving a good deal to my judgment. But though the teacher in the art class had many pleasant words of appreciation for my perseverance, I never seemed to turn out any work that stirred either him or the rest of the class to excitement or hopeful prophecy.

Things had gone on like this for about six months, and though I'm not the kind that goes up to the mountain-peaks of hope one day and down into the chasms of despair the next, I was beginning to get a little tired and despondent over the outlook.

It was about this time that the Merrills came from Montana to spend the Spring months at the Van Dyke, and took two of the largest and most expensive suites in the hotel, and had them thrown into one big apartment.

They were—according to reports, which were pretty substantially backed up by the looks of things—just about made of money. Mr. Graham went around with a grin like a schoolboy's after the first week, every time their names were mentioned.

There were three of them, father, mother and daughter, but they spent money enough, and made fuss enough in the hotel, to have taken care of a lively family of eight or ten.

Mr. Merrill—George B.—was a lean, gray, silent man who grunted little short, dry grunts in place of conversation, and generally let himself be led about by his womenfolk after the fashion of most of our get-rich-quick American men. Mrs. Merrill was short and fat and placid, fond of her husband, and proud to the point of adoration of her pretty, spoiled daughter. It was daughter who was commander-in-chief of that party, you could see with half an eye. Both her father and mother thought the sun rose and set and warmed the earth through Miss Kathleen Merrill. They had come East mainly and entirely to show Miss Kathleen to a waiting world, and for some perverse reason she seemed not to have found the world as satisfactory, or perhaps as appreciative, as it had appeared under the enchantment of long distance.

Once or twice, passing them in the halls, I caught discontented little scraps of conversation between the young lady and her mother, carried on anxiously by mother, and crossly by Miss Kathleen, hingeing principally upon the comparative desirability of hotel life and setting up housekeeping; Miss Kathleen favoring having a house of their own, and Mrs. Merrill pleading in rather an alarmed manner her ignorance of New York ways and servants.

I didn't say anything to Mr. Graham because I hated to bother him. I knew how he had set his heart on their staying through till Summer, and perhaps liking it well enough to come back the following Winter. The Van Dyke was a new hotel, and he was anxious to build up a big, rich, Western patronage. But I thought about the matter a good deal, and made up any number of plans for straightening it out—plans were my strong point in those days, since they were about the only pleasures cheap enough not to strain my pocketbook. Then one morning I overheard quite a long conversation between Mrs. Merrill and Miss Kathleen that set me to planning in earnest, and started my own affairs to looking up quite unexpectedly as a result.

The housekeeper, Mrs. Simmonds, was ill that morning, and I had gone up to the linen-room to check up some special system of hers for giving out the bedding, towels, etc. I had just finished my work, and was standing by the partly opened door going once more over the list I was holding, when I heard voices out in the corridor.

"I give you fair warning," said one, that I recognized as Miss Kathleen's from her little Western burr, "that I'm about fed up with this hotel stuff. If you and poppa won't rent a furnished house somewhere up on Fifth Avenue and let me have a good time entertaining in the way I like, I'd rather go back to Red Hole. Honest to goodness, I would."

I didn't mean to listen, but they stood still right outside the linen-room door, to finish their argument, so what could I do, short of stuffing my fingers in my ears?

Besides, I thought maybe I could get a hint of what was wrong, and tip Mr. Graham off to set it right for them. I knew he'd do anything within the possibilities to keep them.

Mrs. Merrill spoke sort of soothingly.

"Honey, don't get so excited about it," she said in her nice, comfortable voice. "You know your poppa and me'll do whatever's really for your happiness. Didn't we come East for only that? But ain't you having a gay time right like we are now? Haven't you been to the theater every night this week, either with us or some of your new friends? Ain't you giving a theater-party tomorrow night, with supper afterward at any hotel you choose? We haven't been four weeks in Noo York yet, and haven't you a beau of the swellest young man in town? Poppa says his family is right at the top of the Four Hundred, and dear knows we've seen his name and his ma's often enough in the society column. We'd never had the chance of meeting him, strangers like we are here, only for poppa and his pa having that business deal together."

"Oh, I know all that, momma," Miss Kathleen said fretfully, and made a soft little noise as if she had stamped her foot on the thick carpet. "I know we'd never have met Perry Smythe—it's a ridiculous name; goodness knows plain Smith is bad enough—without poppa's business deal. And I know, too, because I've got eyes in my little head, and know how to use them, that old Smythe, having got the worst of that deal, and poppa the best, would like to see Perry marry poppa's daughter, and keep all that money in the family. That's all right as a business proposition—I'm good enough for that. But as a social proposition, how do I stack up alongside of Perry Smythe's girl friends that he's been introducing to me in the last few weeks?"

"Why, darling!" I heard poor, bewildered Mrs. Merrill say, half crying. "My dearest baby, they can't any one of them hold a candle to you for looks, or clothes, or money, if it comes to that. Poppa could buy their fathers several times over, and they know it."

It sounded as if Miss Kathleen stamped her foot again.

"I may be all that, but I haven't their manners, or their little chattering, silly talk, or their *ease*," she cried resentfully. "And they've got all the advantages on their side. The—the background is all theirs. If I had that young man out in Red Hole in our big house, with our horses to ride him over the country and show him I know *that*, anyhow, as none of these dressed-up dolls understands the

Continued on page 98

HILLS OF HAN

BY SAMUEL MERWIN

Author of "The Passionate Pilgrim," Temperamental Henry," etc.

MOST of the day, advised by Brachey, Betty kept closed the swinging litter doors. The little caravan settled into the routine of the highway, the muleteers trudging beside their animals. The gait was a steady three miles an hour. Brachey's Chinese servant John rode his packsaddle hour after hour, until six o'clock in the evening, without a word. Just behind him, the cook, a thin young man with dreamy eyes, sang quietly a continuous narrative in a wailing, yodeling minor key.

Before the end of the first hour they had lost sight of T'ainan-fu and buried themselves in the hills; buried themselves in a double sense, for wherever water runs in northwestern China the roads are narrow cañons. At times, however, the way mounted high along the hillsides, on narrow footways of which the mules all instinctively trod the outer edge. Brachey found it alarming to watch the litter as it swayed over some nearly perpendicular precipice. For neither up here on the hillside nor along the path nor in the depths below was there a sign of solid rock; it was all the red-brown earth known as loess, which is so fine that it may be rubbed into the pores like talc or flour and which packs down as firmly as chalk. Along the sunken ways were frequent caves, the dwelling-places of crippled, loathsome beggars, with rooms cut out square, and symmetrical doors and windows.

In the high places one might look across a narrow chasm and see, decorating the opposite wall, strata of the loess in delicately varied tints of brown, red, Indian red and crimson, with blurred, soft streaks of buff and yellow at times marking the divisions. The hills themselves were steep and crowded in, as if a careless Oriental deity had scooped together great handfuls of brown dice and thrown them haphazard into heaps. Trees were so few—here and there one might be seen clinging desperately to a terrace-wall where the narrow fields of sprouting millet and early shoots of vegetables mounted tier on tier to the very summits of the hills—that the general effect was of utter bareness, a tumbling red desert.

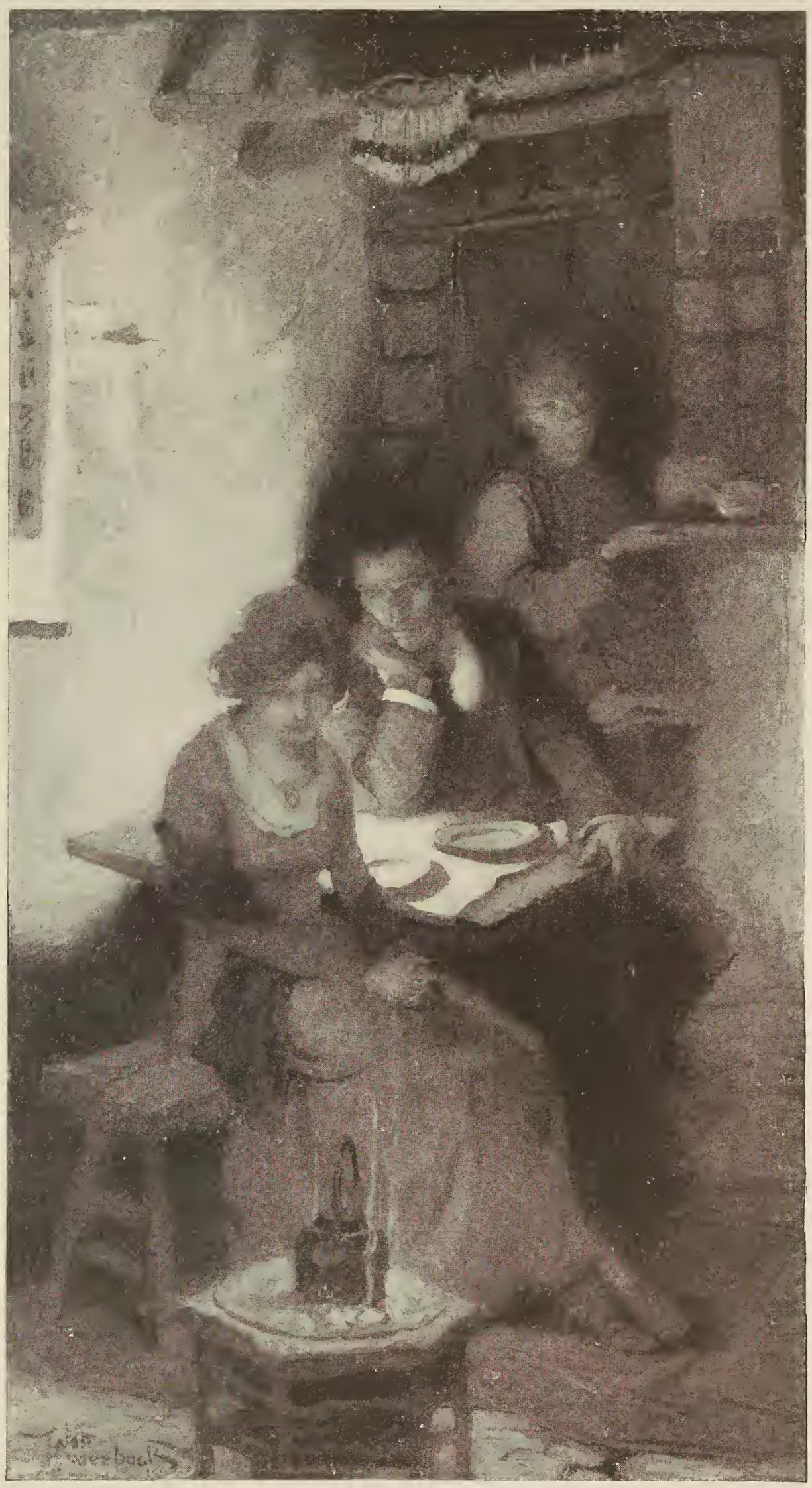
Much of the time they were winding through the cañons or twisting about the hillsides with only an occasional outlook wider than a few hundred yards or perhaps a half-mile, but at intervals the crowded little peaks would separate, giving them a sweeping view over miles of shadowy red valleys. At such times Betty would open one of her windows a little and lean forward; riding close behind, Brachey could see her face, usually so brightly alert, now sad, peeping out at the richly colored scene.

Frequently they passed trains of camels, or asses or carts, often on a precipice where one caravan hugged the loess wall while the other flirted with death along the crumbling earthen edge. But though the Hansean or Chihlean muleteers shouted and screamed in an exciting confusion of voices and the Mongol camel-drivers growled and the ponies plunged, no one was lost.

Nearly always the air was heavy with fine red dust. It enveloped them like a fog, penetrating clothing, finding its way into packs and hand-bags. At times it softened and exquisitely tinted the view.

At long intervals the little caravan wound its slow way through villages that were usually built along a single narrow street. In the broader valleys the villages, gray brown and faintly red like the soil of which their bricks had once been molded, clung compactly to hillslopes safely above the torrents of Spring and Autumn, each little settlement with its brick or stone wall and its ornamental pagoda gates, and each with its cluster of trees about some consequential tomb rising above the low roofs like plumes of pale-green April foliage.

"Hills of Han," copyrighted, 1920, by Samuel Merwin.



A SENSE OF BEING BORNE SWIFTLY ALONG ON A MIGHTY WAVE OF FEELING

THE PEOPLE

BETTY DOANE: The daughter of a missionary, who has returned to China after being educated in America. She is too young, too essentially artistic to fit into the serious, earnest life of the compound at T'ainan-fu

GRIGGSBY DOANE: Betty's father, a man strong in every way

JONATHAN BRACHEY: An erratic young journalist, who was on the liner when Betty crossed the Pacific. He fights it, but he falls deeply in love with her, and she with him. Just before they land he writes her that he is married, and that though his wife had left him, he does not intend even to see Betty again. He will not spoil her life, he says. That is the last she sees of him then

MR. AND MRS. BOATWRIGHT: Missionaries at T'ainan-fu

MR. PO: Young China, who befriends Brachey when Brachey runs up against Chinese authority in T'ainan-fu

THE STORY

There is much unrest in northwestern China because of foreign concessions, and a young Chinaman, whom Betty met on the boat, commits suicide on the land of a French mining-company, as a conventional Chinese form of protest. Doane hears of trouble at another mission station and starts off afoot to see what he can do, after getting the promise of the local government to send soldiers after him. He finds the mission destroyed, also the body of a white engineer. In the Chinese inn where he spends the night, is a woman from the seaport, who had come up with the murdered engineer. Griggsby Doane's doubts and troubles come to a tragic culmination in his yielding to her cheap charms. In the morning he sends a letter to the heads of his church at Shanghai, telling them the whole affair and asking to be relieved from his post

While he is away Brachey turns up, in spite of all his promises to himself, in T'ainan-fu. Boatwright has to help him out of passport difficulties, including incarceration in a native jail. Betty and Brachey have a short and poignant meeting on the stairs at the mission, and later several interviews on the tennis-court. When the news of Doane's death and of fighting in many places comes, Brachey overrides Mr. and Mrs. Boatwright's prohibitions and calls the whole mission together to offer them his caravan for escape. They all refuse to leave their posts. Betty has no reason for staying. The news of her father's death has made her realize that Brachey is the one person she can turn to. She decides to go with him to Ping Yang. On the way out of town a ragged muleteer joins the caravan. It is Mr. Po

Nowhere was there a sign of the disorder that was ravaging the province like a virulent disease. Brachey was aware of no glances of more than the usual passing curiosity from slanting eyes. He saw only the traditional peaceful countryside of the Chinese interior.

This sense of peace and calm had an effect on his moody self that increased as the day wore on. Life was turning unreal on his hands. His judgment wavered and played tricks with memory. Had it been so dangerous back there in T'ainan? Could it have been? He had to look steadily at the ragged, trudging figure of the erstwhile elegant Mr. Po to recapture a small degree of mental balance. He had brought Betty away. He saw this now with a nervous, vivid clarity for what it was, an irrevocable act. It had come about so naturally and simply; it had felt inevitable, yet now at moments, unable to visualize again the danger that had seemed terribly real in T'ainan, he felt it only as the logical end of the emotional drift that had carried the two of them far out beyond the confines of reason. It was even possible that Mrs. Boatwright's judgment was the better.

But Betty couldn't go back now; they had turned her off; not unless her father should yet prove to be alive, and that was hardly thinkable. Anxiously during the day, he asked Mr. Po about that. But Mr. Po's confidence in the accuracy of his information was unshakable. So here he was, with a life on his hands, a life so dear to him that he could not control his mind in merely thinking of her there in the litter, traveling along without a question, for better or worse, with himself; a life that perhaps, despite this new spirit of consecration that was rising in his breast, he might succeed only in injuring. Brooding thus, he became grave and remote from her.

In his distant way he was very considerate, very kind. During the afternoon, as they moved up a long valley, skirting a broad watercourse where peach and pear trees foamed with blossoms against the lower slopes of the opposite hills, he persuaded her to descend from the litter and walk for a mile or two with him. He felt then her struggle to keep cheerful and make conversation, but himself lacked the experience with women that would have made it possible for him to overcome his own depression and brighten her. Once, when the caravan stopped to repack a slipping saddle, he asked her to sketch the view for him. It was his idea that she should be kept occupied when possible. He always corrected his own moods in that disciplinary manner. But just then his feelings were running so high, his tenderness toward her was so sensitively deep, that he spoke bruskly.

They rode on through the sunset into the dusk. The red hills turned slowly purple under the glowing western sky, swam mistily in a world-wide sea of rose and gold and soft flame.

Betty opened her windows wide now; gazed out at this scene of unearthly beauty with a sad, deep light in her eyes.

THEY rode into another village. A soldier galloped on ahead to inspect the least objectionable inn. He reappeared soon, and the caravan jingled and creaked into a courtyard and stopped for the night. John dismounted and plunged into argument with the innkeeper. The cook set to work removing a packsaddle. Coolies appeared. The mules were beaten to their knees. Brachey threw his bridle to a soldier and helped Betty out of the litter. Then they stood, he and she, amid the confusion, her hand resting lightly on his arm, her eyes on him.

Here they were! He felt now her loneliness, her sadness, her—the word rose—her helpless dependence upon himself. She was so helpless! His heart throbbed with feeling. He couldn't look down at her, standing there so close. He couldn't have spoken, not just then. He was struggling with the impractical

thought that he might yet protect her from the savage tongues of the Coast; from himself, even, when you came to it. The depression that had been pulling him down all day was turning now, rushing up and flooding his tired brain like a bitter tide. He shouldn't have let her come. It had been a beautiful impulse; her quiet determination to give her life into his hands had thrilled him beyond his deepest dreams of happiness, had lifted him to a plane of devotion that he remembered now, felt again, even in his bitterness, as utter beauty, intensified rather than darkened by the tragic quality of the hour. But he shouldn't have let her come! Mightn't she, after all, have been as safe back there in the mission compound? He couldn't make the danger seem real. What was the matter? It had been real enough in the morning. He hadn't thought of her coming on with him alone. That had simply happened. It was bewildering. Life had swept them out of commonplace safety, and now here they were! And nothing to do but go on, go through!

"Oh, I left my bag in there," he heard her saying, and himself got it quickly from the litter.

Then John came. The "number one" rooms were to be theirs, it seemed; Betty's and his. If only he could talk to her! She needed him so! Never, perhaps, again, would she need him as now, and he, it seemed, was failing her. Silently he led her up the steps of the little building at the end of the courtyard and into the corridor; peered into one dim room and then into the other; then curtly, roughly ordered John to spread for her his own square of new matting.

Her hand was still on his arm, resting there, oh so lightly. She seemed very slim and small.

"It's a dreadful place," he made himself say. "But we'll have to make the best of it."

"I don't mind," he thought she replied.

"Perhaps we'd better have dinner in here. It's a little cleaner than my room."

She glanced up at him, then down. "I don't believe I can eat anything."

"But you must."

"I—I'll try."

"I'll ask Mr. Po to come in with us. He is a gentleman. And perhaps it would be better."

"Oh, yes," said she, "of course."

"Here's John with hot water. I'll leave you now."

"You'll—come back?"

"For dinner, yes."

With this he gently withdrew his arm. As she watched him go, her eyes filled. Then she closed her door.

Brachey found Mr. Po curled on the ground against a pack-saddle, smoking a Chinese pipe.

He rose at once, all smiles, and bowed half-way to the ground. But he thought it inadvisable to accept the invitation.

"I hate to be a fly in the ointment," he said, with his curiously dispassionate quickness and ease of speech, "but it's really no go. Our own men would play the game of thick-and-thin blood-brother, but to village gossipmonger I must remain muleteer and down-and-out person of no account. It's a sight safer for each and every one of us."



"THERE IS NO MORE OIL ON FIRE OF PROVINCE DISCONTENT"

BETTY tried to set the dingy room to rights. John had laid a white cloth over the table, and put out Brachey's tin plate and cup, his knife, fork and spoon, an English biscuit tin and a bright little porcelain jar of Scotch jam that was decorated with a red-and-green plaid. These things helped a little. She tidied herself as best she could; and then waited. She hoped Brachey would come soon. For a time she sat by the table, very still, hands folded in lap; but this was difficult, for thoughts came—thoughts that spun around and around and bewildered her—and tears. The tears she would not permit. She got up; rearranged the things on the table; moved over to the window and through a hole in one of the paper squares watched with half-seeing eyes the coolies and soldiers and animals in the courtyard. Her head ached. And that wheel of patchwork thoughts spun uncontrollably around.

For a little time then the tears came unhindered. That her father, that strong, splendid man, could have been casually slain by vagabonds in a Chinese city seemed now, as it had seemed all day, incredible. His loss was only in part personal to her, so much of her life had been lived on the other side of the world; but childhood memories of him rose, and pictures of him as she had lately seen him, grave and kind and (since that moving little talk about beauty and its importance in the struggle of life) lovable. Her mother, too, had to-day become again a vivid memory. And then the sheer mystery of death twisted and tortured her sensitive imagination, led her thoughts out into regions so grimly, darkly beautiful, so unbearably poignant, that her slender frame shook with sobs.

The old sensation of rootlessness, too, was upon her. But now it was complete. There was no tie to hold her to life, only this man on whom, moved by sheer emotion, without a thought of self, yet (she thought now) with utter unreasoning selfishness, she had fastened herself.

Mrs. Boatwright had called her bad. That couldn't be true. She couldn't picture herself as that. Even now, in this bitter crisis, she wasn't hard, wasn't even reckless; simply bewildered and terribly alone. Emotion had caught her. It *was* like a net. It had carried her finally out of herself. There was no way back; she was caught. Yet now the only thing that had justified this step—and how simple, how easy it had appeared in the morning!—the beautiful sober passion that had drawn her to the one mate, was clouded. For he had changed! He had drawn away. They were talking no more of love. She couldn't reach him; her desperately seeking heart groped in a dim wilderness and found no one, nothing. His formal kindness hurt her. Nothing could help her but love; and love perhaps was gone. So the wheel spun on and on.

She saw him talking with the ragged but indomitably courteous Mr. Po. He came back then to the building they were to share that night. She heard him working at his door across the narrow corridor, trying to close it. He succeeded; then stirred about his room for a long time; a very long time, she thought.

Then John came across the court from the innkeeper's kitchen with covered dishes, steaming hot. She let him in; then, while he was setting out the meal, turned away and once more fought back the tears. Brachey must not see them. She was helped in this by a sudden mentally blinding excitement that came, an inexplicable nervous tension. He was coming; and alone, for she had seen Mr. Po shake his head and settle back contentedly with his pipe against the pack-saddle. That was the strange fact about love: it kept rushing unexpectedly back whenever her unstable reason had for a little while disposed of it; an unexpected glimpse of him, a bit of his handwriting, a mere thought was often enough. Sorrow could not check it; at this moment her heart seemed broken by the weight of the tragic world, yet it thrilled at the sound of his step. And it couldn't be wholly selfish, for the quite overwhelming uprush of emotion brought with it a deeper tenderness toward her brave father, toward that pretty, happy mother of the long ago; she thought even of her school friends. She was suddenly stirred with the desire to face this strange struggle called living and conquer it. Her heart leaped. He was coming!

His door opened. He stepped across the corridor and tapped at her door. She hurried to open it. All impulse, she reached out a hand; then, chilled, caught again in the dishearteningly formal mood of the day, drew it back.

For he stood stiffly there, impeccably clad in black with smooth white shirt-front and collar and little black tie. He had dressed for dinner.

She turned quickly toward the table.

"John has everything ready," she said, now quite as formal as he. "We may as well sit right down."

For a time they barely spoke. John had lighted the native lamp, and it flickered gloomily in the swiftly gathering darkness, throwing a huge shadow of him on the walls, and even on the ceiling, as he moved softly in his padded shoes about the table and in and out at the door.

Betty's mood had sunk, now at last, into the unreal. She seemed to be living through a dream of nightmare quality—something she had—it was elusive, haunting—lived through before. She saw Jonathan Brachey distantly, as she had seen him at first, so bewilderingly long ago on a ship in the Inland Sea of Japan. She saw again his long bony nose, wide, frank mouth, coldly reflective eyes, firmly modeled head. And he was talking, when he spoke at all, as he had talked on the occasion of their first meeting, slowly, in somewhat stilted language, pausing interminably while he hunted about in his amazing mind for the word or phrase that would precisely express his meaning.

"There is a village a short distance this side of Ping Yang, Mr. Po tells me"—here a pause—"not an important place. Ordinarily we should pass through it about noon of the day after to-morrow. But he has picked up word that a Looker band has been organized there, and he thinks it may be best for us to—" and here a pause so long as to become nearly unbearable to Betty. For a time she moved her fork idly about her plate, waiting for that next word. At length she gave up, folded her hands in her lap, tried to compose her nerves. After that she glanced timidly at him, then looked up at the wavering shadows on the dim walls. It was almost as if he had forgotten she was there. He was interested apparently in nothing in life excepting those words he sought—"to make a détour to the south."

Betty drew in a deep breath. She felt her color coming slowly back. The best thing to do, she decided, was to go on trying to eat. He had been right enough about that. She must try. It was, in a way, her part of it; to keep strong. Or she would be more hopelessly than ever fastened on him. It seemed to her as never before a dreadful thing to be a woman. Tears came again and she fought them back, even managed actually to eat a little.

"It will mean still another—" Another what? She waited and waited. " — another night on the road, after to-morrow. I am sorry."

She had lately forgotten the slightly rasping quality in his voice; though it had been what she had first heard there. Now it seemed to her that she could hear nothing else. What blind force was it that had thrust them so wide apart; after those ardent, tender, heart-breaking hours together at T'ainan; wonderful stolen hours, stirring her to a happiness so widely beautiful that it touched creative springs in her sensitive young soul and released the strong, eager woman there? This, the present situation, carried her so far beyond her experience, beyond her mental grasp, that she could only sit very quiet and try somehow to weather it. She could do that, of course, somehow. One did. It came down simply to the gift of character. And that, however undeveloped, she had.

Now and then, of course, clear thoughts flashed out for a moment; but only for a moment at a time. She sensed clearly enough that his whole being was centered on the need of protecting her. It was the fineness in him that made him hold himself so rigidly to the task. But it was a task to him; that was the thing. And his reticence! It was his attitude—or was it hers?—that had made frank talk impossible all day, ever since their moment of perfect silent understanding facing Mrs. Boatwright. He had felt then, with her, that she had to come, that it was their only way out; but now he, and therefore she, was clouded with afterthoughts. They had come to be frank enough about their dilemma, back there at T'ainan. But from the moment of leaving the city gate and striking off into the hills, they had lost something; something vital. And with

every hour of this reticence, this talking about nothing, the situation was going to grow worse. She felt that, even now; struggled against it; but found herself moving deeper, minute by minute, into the gloom that had settled on them. And back of her groping thoughts, giving them a puzzling sort of life, was excitement, energy, the sense of being borne swiftly along on a mighty wave of feeling—swiftly, swiftly, to a tragic dim place where the withered shadows of youth and joy and careless laughter caught at one in hopeless weakness and slipped off unheeded into the unknown.

They came down at last to politeness. They even spoke of the food; and he reproved John for not keeping the curried mutton hot. And then, without one personal word, he rose to go. She rose, too, and stood beside her chair; she couldn't raise her eyes. She heard his voice saying, coldly, she thought:

"I will leave you now. You must——"

She waited, holding her breath.

"——you must get what sleep you can. I think we shall have no trouble here."

After this he stood for a long moment. She couldn't think why. Then he went out, softly closing the door after him. Then his door opened and, with some creaking of rusty hinges and scraping on the tiles, closed. And then Betty dropped down by the table and let the tears come.

SHE heard little more for several hours; merely a muffled stirring about, at long intervals, as if he were walking the floor or trying to move a chair very quietly. The cot on which she now so restlessly lay was his. She couldn't sleep; he might as well have it, but would of course refuse.

She listened for a long time to the movements of the animals in the stable. Much later—the gong-clanging watchman had passed on his rounds twice at fewest; it must have been midnight—she heard him working very softly at his door.

He was occupied some little time at this. She lay breathless. At length he got it open, and seemed to stand quietly in the corridor.

Then, after a long silence, he opened as carefully the outer door that had on it, she knew, a spring of bent steel, like a bow. After this, he was still; standing outside perhaps, or sitting on the top step.

For a moment she indulged herself in the wish that she might have courage to call to him; to call him by name; to call him by the name, "John," she had no more than begun, that last day in the tennis-court, timidly to utter. Her whole being yearned toward him. She asked herself, lying there, why honesty should be impossible to a girl.

Why shouldn't she call to him? She needed him so; not the strange, stilted man of the day and evening, but the other, deeply tender lover that breathed still, she was almost sure, somewhere within the crust that encased him. And they had been honest, he and she; that had turned out to be the wonderful fact in their swift courtship.

But this was only a vivid moment. She made no sound. The warm tears lay on her cheeks.

After a little—it rose out of a jumble of wild thoughts, and then slowly came clear; she must have been dozing lightly—she heard his voice, very low; then another voice, a man's, that ran easily on in a soft nervelessness, doubtless the voice of Mr. Po.

She thought of making a sound, even of lighting the little iron lamp; they must not be left thinking her safely asleep; but she did nothing; and the voices faded into dreams as a fitful sleep came to her. Nature is merciful to the young.

DURING those evening hours, Brachey sat for the most part staring at his wall. Finally at the very edge of despair—for life, all that night, and the next day and the next night, offered Brachey nothing but a blank black precipice over which he and Betty were apparently plunging—he gave up hope of falling asleep in his chair (important though he knew sleep to be, in the grisly light of what might yet have to be faced) and went out and sat on the steps; still in the grotesquely inappropriate dinner costume.

A shape detached itself from the shadows of the stable door and moved silently toward him.

Brachey welcomed the opportunity for a little man-talk, if only because it might, for the time, take his mind in some degree out of the emotional whirlpool in which it was helplessly revolving.

"You've heard no more news," he asked.

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Po, with his soft little laugh. "There is no more oil on fire of province discontent."

"From your letter I gathered that you are not so sure of Pao."

Mr. Po did not at once reply to this; seemed to be considering it, gazing out on the moonlit courtyard.

"It is no longer a case of cat and mouse," Brachey pressed on. "Something happened last night at the *yamen;* am I right?"

"Oh, yes."

Brachey waited. After a long pause, Mr. Po shifted his position, laughed a little, then spoke as follows:

"In afternoon yesterday the old reprobate, Kang, sent to his Excellency letter which passed between my hands as secretary. He said that in days like these of great sorrow and humiliation agony of China, it is best that those of responsible care and devotion to her welfare should draw together in friendship, and therefore he would in evening make a call on his Excellency to express friendship and speak of measures that might lay the dust of misunderstanding and whatnot."

"Hmm!" Thus Brachey. "And what did *that* mean?"

"Oh, the devil to pay and all! It was insult of blackest nature."

"I don't quite see that."

"Oh, yes. He should not have written in arrogant put-in-your-place way. His Excellency most graciously gave orders to prepare ceremonial banquet and presents of highest value, but in his calm eye flashed light of battle to death. You see, sir, it was thought of Kang to show all T'ainan and near-by province who was who, taking bull by horns."

"Hmm! I don't know as I— Well, go on."

"In particular his Excellency made prepare great bowl of sweet lotus soup, for in past years Kang had great weakness for such soup made by old cook of faraway Canton who attach to his Excellency a devil of a while ago."

"And so they had the banquet?"

"Oh, yes, and I was privileged to be in midst."

"You were there?"

"Oh, yes. Banquet was of great dignity and courteous good fellowship."

"I don't altogether understand the good fellowship."

"China custom habit differs no end from Western custom habit."

"Naturally. Yes. But what was Kang really up to?"

"I'm driving at that. After banquet all attendant retinue mandarins withdraw out of room except secretaries."

"Why didn't they go too?"

"Oh, well, it was felt by Kang that his Excellency might put it all over him with knives of armed men. And his Excellency had not forgotten tricky thought of Kang in eighteen ninety-eight in Shantung when he asks disagreement but very strong mandarins to banquet and then sends out soldiers to remove heads in a wink while mandarins ride out to their homes when all good nights are said."



WIVES

VII.—MRS. JOSHUA SCOTT

"A PREACHER shouldn't strive for worldly goods,"
Said Mrs. Joshua Scott, "for when he does
The Lord shows clearly that it isn't right
By taking away the little that he has.
I know. My Joshua is a splendid preacher
And a grand man. But he has just one failing—
Wanting to make more money than he has—
That way he's just like other men, my dear.

"He's tried all sorts of ways of getting it—
I mean, of course, ways that a preacher could—
There's things my Joshua could never do!
But you know what I mean. He's bought plantations
Down in the South where he has never been
And ranches in the West he's never seen
Except on maps in booklets from the city.
They never brought him anything but taxes.
One time he bought a fancy recipe
For hair-restorer, for the agent said
That any one who would make it in his home
Could get rich in a year just selling it.
But when poor Joshua showed it to our druggist
He said it was copied from a medical book
In the library down-town. So there you are!
Any one else could make it just as well.
And one time Joshua paid a hundred dollars,
Five dollars a month, five down, for some big books
That promised health and wealth and worldly fame
To any man who'd practise what they told.
And for a while he walked about the house
Saying things over and over to himself,
But nothing ever came of it—not a thing.

"Well, now I'll tell you what I wouldn't tell
Another living soul, how Joshua
Happens to have some money in the bank
Of the two thousand Aunt Maria left him
When she had 'flu' last year, and passed away.
It was this way. I saw the danger coming
When Joshua got some folders from the city
Telling how folks make good with copper mines.
I knew I had to take a stand right then
For the children's sake, for something made me feel
I was the one to do it. So one day
When Joshua said the agent would come down
To talk about the Gila Copper Project
I felt a call to do the work of the Lord.
I knew it was my place to interfere,
Although I hope I'm not the sort of wife
That has to run her husband all the time!

"Just half an hour before that fellow came
I sent my Joshua down to the cellar
To get a bucket of apples for Sunday pies.
When he was down—well, I just turned the key,
And when the agent came, why there he was!
I saw that agent and I said to him:
'No, you can't see my husband, not to-day,
Nor any other day if I can help it.
I hope the Lord is taking care of him.
You ought to be ashamed to tempt a preacher
With all this talk of money and success.
You ought to stay up with your city folks,
Heaven help 'em. *No*, you can't see Joshua Scott!'

"That's what I said. But don't you ever tell."

—*Marguerite Wilkinson.*

"You mean that Kang's men beheaded all his dinner guests, because they disagreed with him?"

"Oh, yes." Here Mr. Po grew reflective. "Kang is very queer old son of a gun—very tall, very thin, very old, with face all lines that come down so"—he drew down his smooth young face in excellent mimicry of an old man—"and he stoops so, and squints little sharp eyes like river rat, so. A mighty smart man, the old reprobate! Regular old devil."

Mr. Po laughed a little. "My bosom friend Chih T'ang slipped himself in to me and explained in whisper talk that *yamen* of his Excellency was surrounded by western soldiers of that old Manchu devil. And within *yamen*, up to third gate itself, swarmed a crowd of Manchu guard of Kang. It was no joke, by thunder!"

"I shall say not," observed Brachey dryly. "You were going to tell me what Kang was really up to."

"Oh, yes! I will tell that post-haste. When all had gone except four——"

"That is Kang, and his Excellency, and two secretaries?"

"Yes, of whom it was my honor to be absurdly small part. Then Kang explained with utmost etiquette courtesy to his Excellency that letter had but yesterday come to him of most awful import and very front rank.

"And his secretary handed cool as you please letter to me and I to his Excellency. It was letter of Prince Tuan to old Kang giving him power to have beheaded at once his Excellency."

"To behead Pao?"

"Oh, yes! And Kang said in neat speech then that no one could imagine his heart-sick distress that one in power should wish great headless injury to dear old friend of long years and association government.

"To him he said it meant hell to pay. And he asked that his Excellency pass over from own hand infamous letter to be destroyed on spot by own hand of himself with firm resolve.

"But his Excellency smiled—a great, great man!—and said for letter of Prince Tuan he felt only worshipful respect and obedience spirit, and he gave letter to me. and I delivered it to secretary of Kang, and secretary of Kang delivered it to old Manchu himself. Then Kang with own hands tore letter to bits and dropped bits in bowl, and his secretary asked me to have servant burn them, but I put on courteous look of attention to slightest wish of his Excellency and do not hear low word of secretary to old devil.

"And then Manchu reprobate with great courtesy makes farewell ceremony and goes out to his chair and altogether it's a pretty note."

Brachey, in his deliberately reflective way, put the curious story together in his mind.

"Kang, of course, sent to Peking for that letter," he said.

"Oh, yes!"

"It was, in a way, fair warning to Pao that the time had come for action and that Pao had better not try to meddle."

"Oh, yes—all of that. When he had gone Pao was sad. For he knew now that Kang had on his side heavy hand of Imperial Court at Peking.

"And then, late in night we have word from *yamen* of Kang and other word from observing officers of his Excellency that western soldiers make attack at Hung Chan and that Reverend Doane is killed at city gate. Old Kang express great regret consideration and shed tears of many crocodiles, but they don't go."

"And Pao found himself powerless to interfere."

"Oh, yes! And so then I had audience of his Excellency and with permission of his mouth sent letter to you.

"His Excellency formed opinion right off the reel that it is not wise to send warning to mission compound, and that if I send word to you my head would not longer be of much use to me in T'ainan."

"Need they know of it at Kang's *yamen?*"

"There can not be secrets in *yamen* of great mandarin from observation eyes of other mandarin. Nothing doing!"

"Oh, I see. Spying goes on all the time, of course."

"Oh, yes! So I say farewell with tears to his Excellency, and in these old clothes of great disrepute, I"—he chuckled—"I make my skiddoo."

From within the rags about his body he drew a soiled roll of paper.

"It has occurred to me that at Ping Yang time might roll around heavily on your hands and then, if you don't care what fool thing you do, you might bring me great honor by reading this silly little thing. It is the lecture of which I spoke lightly once too often."

Absently Brachey took it.

"But why can't old Kang see," he asked—"and Prince Tuan, for that matter—that if they are to start in again slaughtering white people, they will simply be piling up fresh trouble for China? Pao, I gather, does see it."

"Oh, yes; his Excellency sees very far, but now he must sit on fence and wait a bit. Kang, like Prince Tuan, is of the old."

"Didn't the outcome of the Boxer trouble teach these men anything?"

"Not these men. Old China mind is not the same as Western progress mind——"

"I quite understand that, but——"

Mr. Po was slowly shaking his head. "No, old China mind dwells in different proposition. It is hard to say."

TOWARD morning, before his lamp burned out, Brachey read the lecture to which Mr. Po was pinning such great hopes. It seemed rather hopeless. There was humor, of course, in the curious arrangement of English words; but this soon wore off.

Later, sitting in the dark, waiting for the first faint glow of dawn, and partly as an exercise of will, he pondered the problems clustering about the little, hopeful, always aggressive, settlements of whites in Chinese Asia.

Mr. Po's phrases came repeatedly to mind. That one—"Old China mind dwells in different proposition."

Mr. Po was touching there, consciously or not, on the heart of the many-tinted race problems which this baffingly complex old world must one day either settle or give up. The inertia of a numerous, really civilized and ancient race like the Chinese was in itself a mighty force, one of the mightiest in the world.

Men like Prince Tuan and this Kang despised the West, of course. And with some reason, when you came down to it.

For along Legation Street the whites dwelt in a confusion of motives. They had exhibited a firm purpose only when Legation Street itself was attacked. By no means all the stray casualties among the whites in China were avenged by their governments.

In the present little crisis out here in Hansi, it might be a long time—a very long time indeed—before the lumbering machinery of government could be stirred to act in an

Continued on page 56

"KITTY! KITTY!"

BY RICHARDSON WRIGHT

HARRISON awoke with a thick and impenetrable grouch.

This was unusual, seeing that it was Thursday. Thursday was his day for New York. He had been going to New York on Thursday for years, and the family suffered the weekly interruption of seven-o'clock breakfast and half-past-eight dinner with good grace. On Thursday morning they also conceded him the right of way to all bathroom privileges, and an unwritten law forbade the boys having pillow-fights or the baby crying. If she did cry she was not to be comforted.

But on this Thursday the baby began tuning up shortly after dawn and by six o'clock a lusty battle-royal was being fought in the boys' room. Harrison left the bedroom, making uncomplimentary remarks to his wife about her children and thumped up-stairs to the boys' room, viciously snapping the business end of a belt. But his troubles had only started. When he came to shave, there was no hot water and the razor acted as if some one had been whittling lead pipe with it. He dressed hurriedly and went downstairs. There he found that the cook had overslept and the table was not yet set for breakfast. Under his breath he said what he thought about Bridget and went out into the garden. Perhaps the sunlight would make him forget.

As he passed through the hall it gave him a sense of satisfaction to see his own possessions ready and in order. On the hall bench was his brief-case and best overcoat and derby. He put them there last night. He always laid out his things the night before. His sense of order came from a long line of Quaker ancestors, he claimed. A Quaker ancestor is as necessary to a well-regulated Philadelphia household as a bathroom. Of course, David Wistar Waln Harrison—for his name read singularly like a family tree—wouldn't have put it quite so frivolously.

He stepped into the garden and the morning sunshine brightened his face. It was not an unusual face; in fact, Harrison looked not unlike the sort of man you see in cartoons as *The Public*—middle-sized, threatening forty, and serious of mien, as befits one who takes the manufacturing of gas-engines in dead earnest.

The sunshine was glaring along the gravel walk and lifting the mist from lawn and flower-bed. As he strolled up the path between the orderly vegetable rows of the kitchen-garden and out by the wicket gate to the stretch of lawn beyond the garage, the sunlight warmed his back comfortably.

At the gate he turned to look at the house. He was glad he had insisted on Dutch Colonial. Mary had wanted Italian stucco—women always do—but he prevailed, and three years ago when they finally built on Conestoga Road it was a Dutch-Colonial house. He was satisfied, too, with the way the grounds were laid out—the stretch of lawn in front of the house and the tall privet hedge encircling the property. There was rhythm in the curve of the drive as it rolled in past the side porch, did a turn-around and swept on by the kitchen door to reach its destination in the garage at the rear of the grounds. Between the house and the grounds was the patch of green drying-yard and the kitchen-garden; to the other side, fenced in with low wickets over which sprawled pink ramblers, was another stretch of lawn bordered with roses and rhododendrons and evergreens. The privet hedge enclosing this back garden was quite new, but in time it would grow to sufficient height to afford privacy from the Gribbinses, who lived next door and were too friendly. They were newcomers to Conestoga Road, and Harrison recalled their ancestry was rather vague—something to do withwhisky; grandfather a distiller, or something like that.

He turned and strolled along the borders, stopping now and then to examine the roses. The dew was still on them, a pearly shower on stem and opening bud and gossamer cobweb. Harrison was proud of these roses. He had spent a great deal more money than he should in collecting choice varieties and with his own hand planted and cared for them. Roses are an inoffensive hobby, he felt. They don't lead to bad companions or late nights.

"That Tennessee Belle looks fairish healthy," he murmured. "Gloire de Dijon seems a little discouraged. If I were doing it over, I think I'd set out fewer Richmonds. Too much pink. Ought to have some old-fashioned moss-roses, too. Hello! Who did that?"

The ground around one of the Gloire de Dijons had been scratched and the lower stems



IT MADE QUITE A NEAT BUNDLE, BULKY, BUT EASY TO CARRY

chewed. He straightened up and rubbed his pate reflectively. "Dog must have been in here, drat it!"

At that moment a fuzzy Persian cat crossed the path, its great tail swaying proudly. It was Babylon, the Gribbinses' pride and joy, which for two consecutive years had brought home the blue ribbon. Harrison watched it go into the roses again.

"I wonder if that cat—" Babylon was chewing a stem of his Madame Pantier. "Scat!" He stamped his foot.

Babylon continued chewing the stem. Harrison picked up a stone and threw it toward him. The cat did not budge. He picked up a larger stone. "Get out of here!" he cried, flinging the stone with all his might.

As the stone left his hand Babylon turned. It struck him full-face between the eyes. He let out an agonizing howl and tumbled over.

"Hope I haven't hurt the little beggar," Harrison said, stepping cautiously between the roses. Because of his Quaker blood David Wistar Waln Harrison did not concede anger among his vices, certainly not murderous anger. Had he thought of it, he would have been quite surprised at this outburst. When he reached him, Babylon was lying very still. He prodded him with his foot. The cat did not respond.

"I can't have killed him!" He laid his hand over where he thought a cat's heart should be. No beat. He straightened up, his face ashen. "My word! I've killed the Gribbinses' cat! What, in Heaven's name——"

There was no time to waste. He glanced at his watch. Almost seven o'clock. Breakfast would be ready in a minute. He must make the 7:35. There'd be no time to explain to the Gribbinses. He picked up Babylon and ran with him into the garage. No, he couldn't leave him there. The boys would surely find him. Perhaps he could— Ah! That was the idea! He found some old sheeting in the work-table. Hastily he wrapped the cat in it and then in heavy paper. It made quite a neat bundle—bulky, but easy to carry. He found a parcel-handle and clipped it on the string. Then he went quickly back to the house and placed it beside his hat and brief-case.

With scarcely a word to the family he rushed through breakfast.

"You've oceans of time, dear," his wife protested, glancing out at the hall clock.

"I mustn't miss the 7:35," he muttered through a mouthful of toast. "Very important business in New York."

"But you never start this early," she persisted as he rose from the table.

THE family trailed after him into the hall. Although Saturday was the usual day for allowances, he gave each of the boys a quarter and insisted on his wife taking five dollars and lunching in town. She kissed him and the boys presented cheeks sticky with marmalade.

"What's in the bundle, dad?" David, Jr., asked.

"Nothing."

"Yes, David, I was wondering," his wife said.

"Just something that I'm taking over to New York to get fixed," he answered curtly, slamming on his hat and heading for the door.

"Oh!" From her tone it was evident that she felt his failure to explain.

"I'll be back on the 8:10," he called as he went down the steps. In a moment he was out on the drive. Thank Heaven, he'd escaped with it!

As he passed the Gribbinses' the front door opened and Mrs. Gribbins, all pink, blond and fluffy, stepped onto the porch.

"Kit-ty! Kit-ty!" she called in a strident, before-breakfast voice. "Kit-ty! Babylon! Kit-ty!"

Harrison tried to look unconcerned. He raised his hat and hurried on.

He knew but few people on the platform, and these he avoided as he stepped to the farther end to think. Two things fought for the supremacy of his attention. The first was: how he, descendant of peace-loving Quakers, a man without a temper, could so far forget himself as to kill a helpless, innocent dumb animal. The pricks of conscience were very sharp. Indeed, his remorse would have sickened him had he not been faced with the other problem—how he could get rid of it.

The brakemen on these trains knew him, so he had better not leave it in the seat. They might see him depart without the bundle and take it back to Conestoga Road, where the station-master would send it up to the house. The cat would certainly be out of the bag then. He smiled grimly at his joke and resolved to wait for the New York train.

The porter on the eight o'clock was an old friend. He took Harrison's brief-case and bundle, assuring him that he had saved his usual seat. Harrison settled back in the smoker-chair and crackled out the paper.

At first he found difficulty getting interested in the news. Babylon leaped and howled in his subconscious mind. But by the time they passed Trenton he was finally absorbed in Mr. Wilson's speech. Calm settled on his soul. He was aware of neither time nor Babylon until the porter came for his bundles. He made an effort to protest, for he had intended tipping the porter to take the cat. But the effort came too late. The porter was halfway down the aisle. There wouldn't be a chance at the station—too much hurry and confusion.

He tried to dismiss Babylon from his mind by submerging himself in his day's schedule. There was a full day ahead, an important day. If he could manage to put across this deal, Harrison & Parrish would have enough

Continued on page 70



BEFORE HARRISON COULD STOP HIM, YOUNG DAVID TORE AWAY THE PAPER

A NEW TYPE OF BEAUTY: AMERICAN

BY DOWNING JACOBS

MRS. A. LION HUNTER, who had just been introduced to the Famous Illustrator, took quick aim for a pot-shot and pulled the trigger.

"Oh, Mr. Mann," said she, "I am so glad to meet you! I simply adore your stunning American girls. They are so true to life—so typical! You must have a perfectly wonderful model!"

"Oh, no," replied the Famous Illustrator unenthusiastically; "nothing like that. Still Miss O'Brien is a quiet little worker and she holds the pose."

"O'Brien! But that doesn't sound a bit American!"

"No, she's not. Her mother was English, or maybe Scotch. Her father is an Irishman. She was born in Belfast."

"Belfast! And do you always use an Irish model when you do an American girl?"

"Oh, no; not always." The Famous Illustrator's eyes twinkled. "I sometimes use Miss Schumacher. Her people came from Alsace, but I think she is partly Scandinavian. She looks as if she had stepped right out of—Holland. The fact is, Mrs. Hunter, when an American artist has to do a foreign type, no matter what it may be, Scandinavian, Italian, Czecho-Slovak, Armenian, or what not, he can, if he wants to, find a model of that nationality waiting at his door, but if he has to do an American girl—well, he hasn't time to page the American girl. He wades right in."

"Exactly," broke in Professor High Brow, who had been listening to the conversation with an amused expression. "It merely goes to show that there is no such thing as an American type."

The Famous Illustrator turned toward the professor with a puzzled look.

"No such thing as an American type?"

"Why, no—except the American Indian. The rest of us, barring the negroes, are pretty much all Europeans, and of comparatively recent importation, too. One out of every seven Americans was born in a foreign country; another one out of every seven is the offspring of foreign-born parents; while in cities like New York and Chicago only one person out of every five is of purely native stock—and that native stock is a curiously mixed and uncertain quantity, to begin with."

"Oh, yes, Professor Brow," interrupted Mrs. Hunter, with an encouraging glance toward the Famous Illustrator, "we all admit that we Americans are dreadfully mixed, but isn't that true of the Spanish, too? Yet no one would deny that there is a Spanish type."

"Ah, yes," replied the professor, "but in Spain the mixture occurred centuries and centuries ago. In England, too, there was intermixture of races, but not since the Norman Conquest. Since then there has been amalgamation and the evolution of a composite national type, but with us the intermixture has been too great and too recent. There has been little amalgamation. Statistics of immigration prove conclusively that there is no distinct native American stock, so how can there be an American type? While it is a matter of common observation that blonds and brunettes are of frequent occurrence even in the same family."

"Well, as for statistics," remarked the Famous Illustrator slowly, "you have the advantage of me, professor, but aren't statistics a little misleading? We hear a lot about the invasion of America by the Italians and a horde of other peoples from the south and east of Europe, but to what extent have they made any real impression on America and Americans? Haven't they lived pretty much to themselves, and aren't most of them just waiting to shoot right back to the old country as soon as the opportunity permits? As for experience," he smiled, "I have had a little experience with the American girl myself."

"And you think there is a type?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Blond or brunette?"

"Oh—medium. Complexion fair rather than otherwise, but less so than the Scandinavians or the English."

"And the hair?"

"Medium, too—generally brown."

"And eyes?"

"Well, medium again. Not extremely light blue or altogether black."

The professor shrugged his shoulders.

"You are talking about your own personal ideal of the American girl, not about a type."

"Possibly, but at least an ideal based on experience."



Composite photo by Peter A. Juley

THE AMERICAN GIRL OF THE FUTURE

She is as beautiful as any of the nine types on the opposite page from which her photograph was made, but different from them all. America is developing a new type. Have you seen her yet?

OF COURSE, apart from the question of type, even Professor High Brow would admit that there is such a thing as the American girl. We have only to read or listen to what foreigners have to say of us to realize that she is one of our most distinctive institutions. No matter how prosaically or lackadaisically they may discuss our other institutions, when they come to speak of American women they exclaim with one accord, "Ah, but here is something definite, tangible, thoroughly characteristic, altogether admirable, exquisitely charming, something that exists nowhere else in the whole world!"

But much as the foreigner has to say of her charm and air of style, her ease of manner, her independence and initiative, her intelligence, ready sympathy, and good-fellowship, when it comes to discussing the American girl as a physical type, we are apt to find his statements somewhat vague and unenlightening, if not purely negative. "Never the same," remarks one of them, "and never like her sister." As for ourselves, when we try to picture to ourselves a distinct type of American girlhood, or, better, to find among the many individuals that we encounter in our daily walk and conversation one that is truly representative, we are apt to find ourselves curiously baffled. If by chance we succeed in our quest, to our own satisfaction, and venture an opinion, we are almost sure to have our judgment furiously assailed by Friend Wife or Friend Husband.

Of course, even in countries like Norway, for example, and Spain, where the population is more or less homogeneous, and where a national type can be determined with scientific accuracy, it is rarely that one meets with an individual that perfectly represents the type. It follows as the cat the mouse that in America with its heterogeneous population we can not expect to find a perfect "type" on every street corner.

Nevertheless there are those like the Famous Illustrator who are firmly convinced that there is an American type, or at least that something like a national type is rapidly evolving. In the absence of scientific data on the subject (such as tabulated statistics as to color of hair, eyes and complexion, height, shape of face, head, etc.) probably the best way to arrive at a conclusion is to consider a few of the principal European types, comparing them with our own idea of the typical American girl.

Scientists are now inclined to classify Europeans into three great racial groups, namely, the Teutonic or northern group, consisting of tall, long-headed blonds, best represented by the Scandinavians; the Alpine or Middle-European group, round-headed peoples of medium height and medium to dark color, best represented by the French and the Russians; and the Mediterranean or southern group, short, long-headed brunettes, best represented by the Italians.

Starting, by way of extreme contrast, with the latter, we find the Italian type as far removed from our own as can well be imagined. "The effect she had upon one," writes Maurice Hewlett, in his "Road in Tuscany," "was that of a moonlight night, compact as that is of ivory pallors and velvet darks, at once clear and cold," and even so, *Livia* was a north Italian, and not of Naples or Capri or Sicily, famous for their dark brunettes. For in Italy, as in many other European countries, there is intermixture of races, and a varying type from north to south. Only in the vicinity of Rome has the ancient Latin type remained in anything like its purity—clear-cut, regular features, "finished and impenetrable as cameos," complexions of pure ivory, eyes large, dark, profound. In the north there is intermixture of northern blood, and a consequent tendency toward blondness; in the south, a varying infusion of Greek, Saracenic and African blood, an intermixture of dark strains that has been going on for centuries, and that has produced the type so familiar to us in America—full, oval faces with melting curves, eyes of deepest brown to black, clearly marked eyebrows and long eyelashes of black, complexions dark almost to nigrescence. For our Italians are largely from the south of Italy, seventy-five to eighty per cent. of them, and the girls of southern Italy, with all their beauty, are as distinct from the typical American girl as the Oriental.

Of the Spanish girl we see but little in the United States. "French beauty," says Mr. Henry T. Finck, in his "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty," "appears to be visible to French eyes only. Opinions differ as to the Italian. Of the Spanish the opinion of all nations is the same."

But here, again, we find a type as far removed from the American girl as the Italian. As in Italy, there are blonds in Spain as well as brunettes, eyes of brown or gray, and hair of brown or even of a lighter hue, as well as black, but these are but the exceptions that prove the rule, and nowhere else in Europe is the national type so uniform as it is in Spain—the long, oval face, and features delicately formed; the clear, transparent, dusky skin; dark, glossy hair, flashing black eyes, and eyelashes and brows of black. A southern, almost an African type, this, and one of exquisite contrasts, made all the more piquant by the ever-present rose or carnation and the careful dressing of the dark hair.

Probably in no country of Europe does one find such a variety of peoples as in France—tall, blue-eyed or gray-eyed blonds in the north, short, dark-eyed, swarthy brunettes in the south, round-headed people of medium height and color in the center, and in Paris a little of everything.

Many races and peoples have met and mingled on the soil of France, or settled there in isolated districts, with the result that while the French as a whole are tempered by a primitive Celtic element, in the south they are largely of Mediterranean stock, kindred of the Spanish and Italians; in the north, especially in Flanders, closely related to the Dutch and other Teutons, and elsewhere also mixed.

Consequently, the French type of girlhood is somewhat blurred and indistinct. We can not speak of it with the same definiteness and universality that we speak of the Italian and the Spanish.

Generally, as we know her, she is short or medium in stature, dark of hair and eyes, rather round of face, medium to dark in complexion, and irregular of features. As a rule, her face in repose is plain and unattractive, without the wonderful contrasts of color and harmony of line and contour that characterize the Spanish, the English, and, if we may say so, the American.

True, her charm and animation are irresistible and universal. If she were beautiful as she is charming, the

Concluded on page 72







HERE'S THE AMERICAN GIRL

In her component parts, so to speak. Our girls are composed of "sugar and spice and everything nice," done up in racial packages and then exquisitely blended in various combinations by our American life.

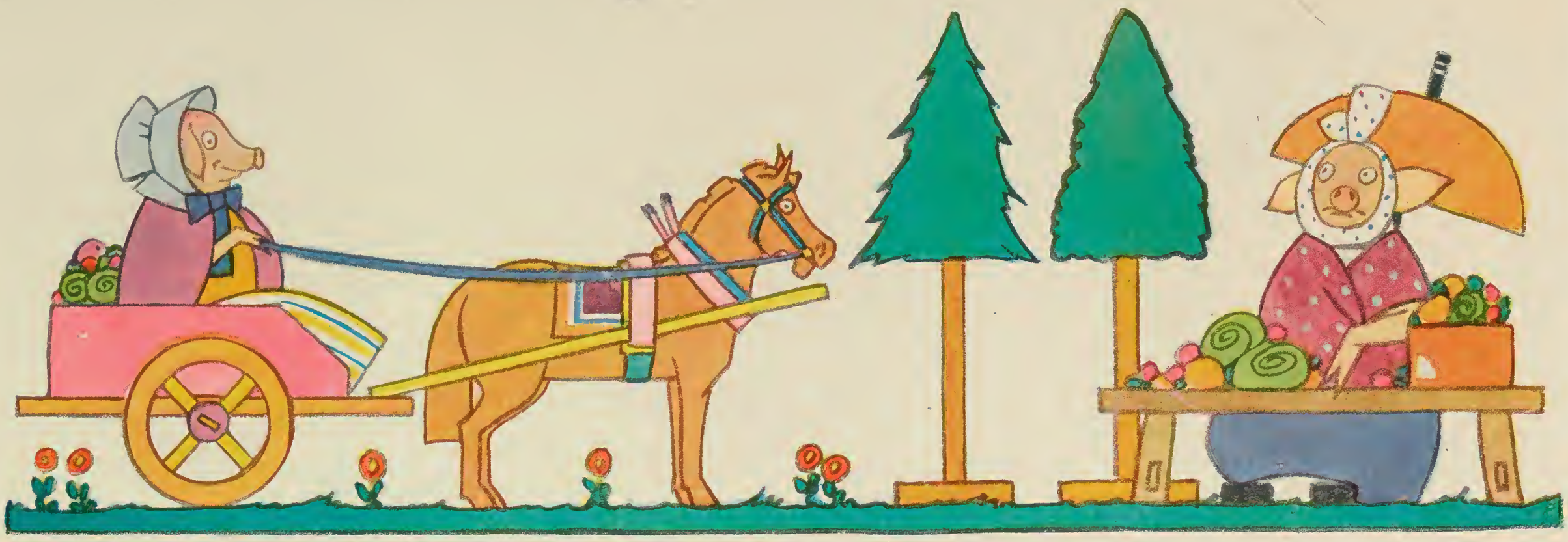
In the upper left-hand corner, for example, is the daughter of Italy as she comes over here to get into the picture. On her right is the Dutch girl, who began coming over nearly three centuries ago; then in order, the French girl, the Irish girl, the Scotch girl, the English girl, the Spanish, the Scandinavian and the Jewish.

Trace in the remarkable and very beautiful composite photograph on the opposite page, the features of these different faces as they blend in the perfect American type.

THE STORY OF THE FIVE LITTLE PIGS

By Robert McQuinn

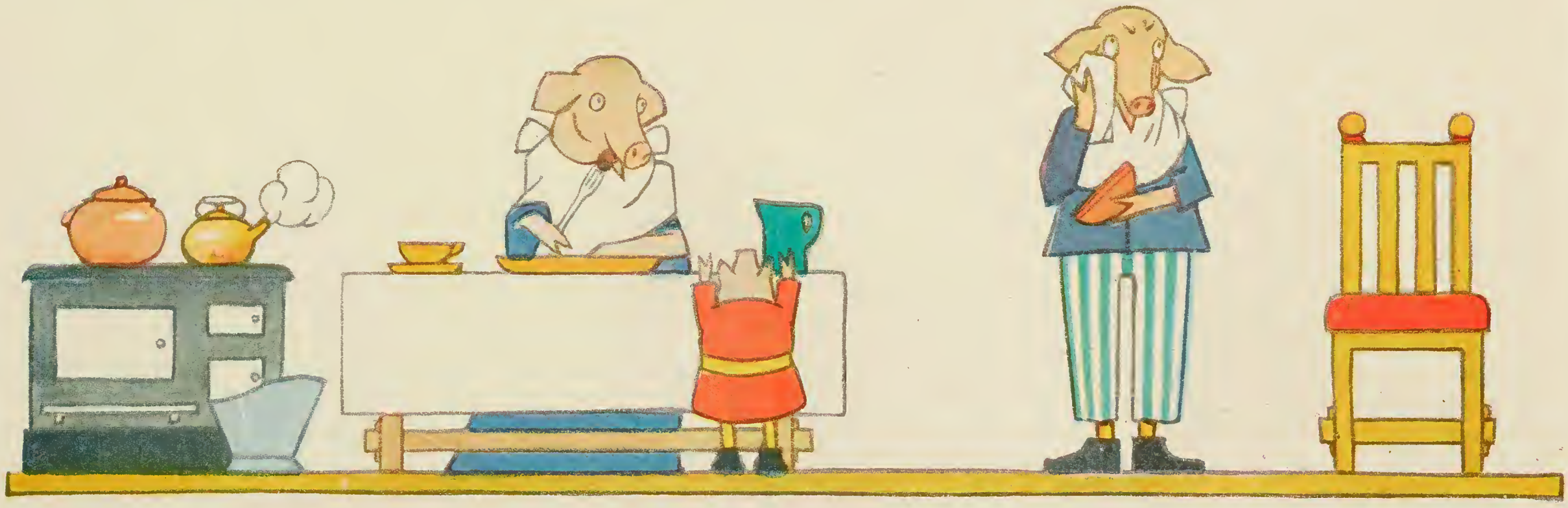
Directions for enlarging these pictures to be used for frieze and other nursery decoration will be found on page 42



This little pig went to market



This little pig stayed at home



This little pig had roast beef

This little pig had none



This little pig cried "Wee, wee!" all the way home



OLD PETER STOPPED AND EXAMINED THE FILM OF DUST

THE BIRTHDAY TALE

BY RUTH FARGO

THIS IS THE STORY THAT NORINE HEARD ON HER BIRTHDAY EVERY YEAR -- A THRILLING STORY OF AN ADVENTURE SHE HAD WHEN SHE WAS A PIONEER BABY. MORE WESTERN STORIES FOR GIRLS BY MRS. FARGO ARE COMING.

THE biggest adventure Norine Narr ever had, happened when she was a baby.

She would never have known a thing about this most wonderful adventure—because it happened before she could remember—if Hunter Joe, who was Norine's father, had not taken it into his head to tell Norine about it on each succeeding birthday night, sometimes twisting it this way, sometimes that, as a born story-teller has a perfect right to do, being but a kind of poetic license; told it just after supper when the dishes were all done, and the fire burned its brightest in the great, sooty, stone fireplace.

Norine would settle herself on the home-made hard little stool by Hunter Joe's knee, and her eyes would grow bigger and bigger, though long ago she had learned the story backward, knowing the end from the very beginning. But then, the story was always sure to have a new dress (Hunter Joe was a marvelous story-teller), and no matter what new and radiant raiment this birthday tale put on, it had one only and invariable ending.

"And *so*," Hunter Joe would say, "*if* Peter Benschotten's old half-blind mare hadn't gone dead lame right in the middle of the morning just when he was hauling hay, and *if* Peter hadn't brought her to the barn and washed down her lame leg with good strong arnica, and *if* he hadn't happened to glance into the shorts bin just as he was putting away the arnica bottle and noticed that the shorts he fed his best Durham cow was about gone, *why*——!"

Very solemnly Hunter Joe would take his big black pipe from his mouth, and pause, and look at Norine. And the little girl would catch her breath just as though she had never heard the story before, instead of knowing it backward, end to beginning, and open her cherry-ripe mouth to pour forth all the questions she had been saving up for a whole year—questions concerning this most wonderful adventure of hers that had had to happen when she was too little to remember anything about it at all.

You see, Hunter Joe never told this tale except on Norine's birthday night. It was a sort of birthday present, because any other sort of a birthday present had never been heard of in the place where Norine lived, which some folks said was the Other Side of Nowhere, but which really was only away out in Oregon, across Pleasant Prairie, where Norine's mother had lived when *she* was a little girl, around Sugar-Loaf Mountain, up over Sitkum Summit, and down, down, down, to the very back door of the big booming ocean—and Norine's mother *never told it at all!*

Once Norine wondered *why*, since mother had been there when *it* happened, and father had not. But father told the tale so wonderfully well that she soon forgot to wonder.

Always, when Hunter Joe, born story-teller, had brought the tale to its creepy climax, so that Norine, from very excitement, could scarcely sit still on her little, hard, home-made stool, Norine's mother would shudder, and pull the curtains closer, and pile pitch-pine on the fire till it flashed and flared and flamed, and all the shadows skulked into the corners, or hid behind the table, or back of the old couch, or deep down in the wood-box.

You see, Inola Narr (who was Norine's mother) had only lived a twelve month or so at Hunter Joe's house in the hills—she was just eighteen—and she still had the little blue-eyed, china twin dolls which she had brought with her on that trip from Pleasant Prairie, around Sugar-Loaf Mountain and over Sitkum Summit. Most of the time they were hid away in a paper-lined soap-box, where she kept her treasures.

The morning of the Biggest Adventure, perhaps because Hunter Joe had been away from home four whole days, nothing could drive away the ugly, impish gnomes of utter loneliness. Besides, Inola Narr had already tidied up everything about the house, twice over, which couldn't take long anyway, since there was only the kitchen and the other room—unless one counted the loft overhead, where corn, and catnip, and ground-cherries, and carpet-rags were stored.

And she had sorted through the little lean-to cupboard to see if the wild-strawberry jam, and the salad jell, and the red huckleberries were keeping as they should keep, though she knew perfectly well that they were before she looked. She had put away safely the jerked venison and had ready the trout to fry, all in a minute, should Hunter Joe happen home. She had soaked and soused the dish-towels to a snow white and spread them to dry on the myrtle clump by the kitchen door—the very same myrtle clump which Hunter Joe had tried to kill three different Springs by chopping it up and building a chip fire over the spot where it grew. But the myrtle clump did not seem to mind; it rested a bit, and then went right on growing just the same, only it sent up a dozen little upright shoots instead of just one or two. When Inola came there to live it had become a beautiful, rounded, glossy-leaved bush with tiny white flowers and bitter green nuts (Hunter Joe said they were good for hogs), just such a beautiful bush as your own Uncle Judge Jones would give a hundred dollars for if he could have it in his front yard.

So upon this hundred-dollar bush Inola Narr spread her dish-towels to dry. Then she stood very still and looked at the sky-line. She didn't know what else to do. Everything was done. If everything had *not* been done, the Biggest Adventure would never have happened.

But everything *was* done. And the baby was sleeping as sound as sound! So the baby's mother stood still and looked at the sky-line. She felt as lonesome as lonesome. Then she turned slowly about on her heel, all the time staring at the tumble of white clouds over the tall tops of the trees. There wasn't a break anywhere in that great green circle. Not anywhere. The great firs swept straight up to the sky. And then it was that Inola Narr felt like she had been dropped down into a deep, green well, and all the world was outside! And she just *had* to get out! No matter what happened!

Perhaps that was because she hadn't seen a neighbor woman for weeks, and weeks, and weeks—because neighbor women were about as scarce as hen's teeth on the other side of Sitkum Summit. Perhaps it was because she was a wee bit homesick; anyway, she said right out loud to the wild crab-apple tree:

"I'm going to walk up to the post-office. Mrs. Benschotten'll be glad to seo me—I'm going to go!—this ver-y min-ute!"

All of which sounds exceedingly commonplace, I am sure, *only* the post-office was seven miles away, and not a house between; and, for a road, just the skimpiest kind of a team-track which trailed jerkily through the great, thick, dark, dismal forest where the sun had a perfectly horrid time getting through the dank, green, grudging growths of things, and more things, in order to dry up the Winter mud.

But Norine's mother never thought of that. She bundled up Norine all in a great hurry—only baby didn't want to be bundled up. She started in to cry. But Inola

Continued on page 103

VOICES FROM THE BEYOND

BY THE REV. SAMUEL McCOMB, D. D.

AUTHOR OF "THE FUTURE LIFE IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN INQUIRY"

IT IS the merest truism that the war has caused a profound upheaval in the life of humanity. We see it in the social, economic and industrial spheres. Everywhere man is discontented, feels the past an incubus, challenges new tradition to justify itself, and amid confusion, passion, selfish ambition, is seeking to create a fairer and juster civilization than that which ended in such a bloody catastrophe.

Need we be surprised then, if it has gone deeper still, even to the very roots of man's spirit and life, compelling him to confront still more the old questions as to the meaning of his existence, stirring within him fresh longings for light in the mighty problems of Life and Death? The nine millions and more of our fellow men in the full flood of their being suddenly flung out of life into death, cut off amid circumstances of unimaginable horror in the fulness of manly vigor, with all the glorious prizes of love and work before them—where are they? and how fare they in that dim realm beyond our mortal ken? Have they been hurled over the brink of annihilation? or do they behold new and diviner prospects, able to remember, to think, and to plan and to work as of old? Does death end all?

This is the question that will not down. Wives, mothers, sisters, friends, smitten with a grief that darkens the world and takes the zest out of existence, yearn for some direct, undeniable message from the Beyond, some assurance that all is well with the loved and lost. And not these alone, but multitudes who had never thought seriously about the purpose or meaning of the human drama have been shocked out of their indifference by the crash of fallen hopes, the shattering of all that to them seemed solid as the granite rock. The war has forced all men and women in whom a spark of spirituality abides unquenched, to get face to face with their own souls, to scrutinize their beliefs and to find out their real worth.

There is no more important, as there is certainly no more urgent, question than this one this article will attempt to answer. What rational grounds are there for the conviction that our loved ones who have passed from us still live on, in all that is essential to personal conscious existence, having memory, thought and will? Can we believe that for them it is an "ampler day divinlier lit," not homeless night?

If only we could be persuaded that affection outlasts the grave, that the partings caused by death are but passing episodes in a life of unbroken union with those near to us and most dear, there is nothing which we could not endure with courage and high resolve. If only we could be sure! For ourselves, perhaps, we do not care so much; but we think of brave men and we long to know what their status is in "the undiscovered country." And over all our thinking there is this dark shadow of a terrible misgiving. As William Watson laments:

> "*There* is, O grave, thy hourly victory
> "And *there*, O death, thy sting.

When we examine our minds and the minds of those about us as to their attitude toward the question: If a man die, shall he live again? we discover at least four typical reactions: 1. Dogmatic denial. 2. Agnostic refusal to say "Yes" or "No." 3. Belief based on authority, or 4. Affirmations based on experimental evidence.

First, the way of dogmatic denial is that championed by the late Professor Haeckel and his English disciple, Mr. Joseph McCabe. In his famous book, "The Riddle of the Universe," the former writer maintains that the belief in the immortality of the soul is a dogma which is in "hopeless contradiction with the most solid empirical truths of modern science." Modern knowledge has brought forward proof, physiological, histological, experimental and pathological, which, it is alleged, demonstrate this treasured faith to be a mere superstition. Professor Haeckel rejected the label "materialist," but his theory is indistinguishable from materialism, for he asserted that as thought is a function of the brain, the dissolution of the brain carries with it the dissolution of all mental functions, just as the destruction of the stomach implies the destruction of digestion.

But it can not be too often asserted that this is a mere dogma, supported solely by superficial phenomena. There is no *proof* that it is true. All the so-called "proof" amounts to is that at death consciousness ceases to manifest itself, but that it is non-existent there is no warrant whatever for asserting. As a matter of cold fact, science, using the word in the ordinary sense, has nothing to say one way or another. So far as her pronouncements are concerned, you are free to believe as you choose. Indeed, if from one point of view, she appears to make it harder to believe in the life after death, by showing the close interdependence of thought and the gray matter of the brain; from another point of view, she has made it easier; for she discloses the universe as a storehouse of forces and elements, more subtle and complex by far than the dreams of the old-world physicists had ever conceived; and the Swedenborgian teaching that just as the eye was made in the darkness to see the light of this world, so the spiritual body we are making now by our thoughts and acts will be the new body, however difficult to apprehend, can not be deemed impossible.

In brief, the materialist denies the survival of the soul because he, first of all, denies that there is any soul to survive. But men to-day regard all dogmatisms, even of a scientific sect, with suspicion and impatience.

THE AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE POSSESSES VERY UNUSUAL QUALIFICATIONS FOR THE DISCUSSION OF PSYCHIC PROBLEMS. HE IS A SCHOLAR AND A SCIENTIST OF RECOGNIZED STANDING, AND HIS WARMLY SYMPATHETIC NATURE WAS DEEPENED AND STRENGTHENED BY HIS LONG MINISTRATIONS IN CONNECTION WITH THE FAMOUS EMMANUEL CLINIC IN BOSTON. HE HAS RECENTLY MADE PERSONAL INVESTIGATIONS OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA

The second type of mental reaction is agnostic refusal to assent or deny. "You tell me," says the agnostic, "that there is a life beyond the grave. Well, but how do you know? There may be and again there may not be. The materialist denies a future life; the spiritualist asserts it; but both sides are forgetful of the limitations of knowledge. As for me, I am not ashamed to say, 'I do not know.'" The agnostic can plead in his favor that if there is a world beyond, it is *beyond* and therefore we know nothing about it as we know about the world which is here and now.

Now, it must be admitted that the modesty and plausibility of this view commend it, at the first blush. An excellent philosophy—if only it would work! But here precisely is its fatal weakness. It does not and can not work. For surely it is obvious that man survives death or he does not survive it; that is, either this life has an organic and vital relation to another, or it ends in sheer nothingness; and is it not equally obvious that our thoughts, desires, plans will be affected in one way by the one hypothesis and in another by the other?



THE WISHING-STONE

THE WISHING-STONE

Do you remember the Wishing-stone
By the hidden garden-door,
Where we wished for the things we wanted most
Under the sycamore?

Remember the ribbon of sunlight drawn
Across its weathered breast,
And how it shone on your tangled hair
A halo for the blest?

You wished for velvet gowns and rings
And a kitten white as milk;
And I for fame, and apple pies,
And a hat of glossy silk.

But most of the wishes fled in air—
Yet the best came true, that we
Should live and love in the Wishing-house,
You, and our bairns, and me!

Archie Austin Coates

And yet at the root of much formal agnosticism on this question there is a deep-seated and heroic faith. In my student days I heard the inventor of the word "agnostic," the late Professor Huxley, assert before a learned and critical audience that man must oppose the order of the world and hold to the absolute value of goodness and self-sacrifice, of truth and beauty, even though that order is ruled by brute force and aggression. There are not a few who follow in the scientist's footsteps and prove themselves worthy of immortality.

The third mental attitude is one of faith based on tradition or intuition. Belief in survival, while not religious in its origin, has sunk its roots deep in religion and has drawn thence its tenacity and power. All the higher faiths, sooner or later, reach the great idea. Even Buddhism, often quoted as a religion without God and immortality, offers to the great majority of its adherents not blank annihilation but a state of bliss so wonderful that all language fails to define it and breaks down in sheer contradiction.

But it is Christianity that is especially the religion of immortality. To those who accept in unquestioning faith the Christian story as it has come down to us in the New Testament the doubts and fears of other men seem unaccountable. The Founder of the Christian religion made belief in a life beyond the presupposition of all his teaching. He did not so much argue for it as simply assume it. Apart from the belief of the early Christians that their Master had escaped the bonds of the grave and appeared in visible form to hundreds of His followers, Christianity, as we know it, would not be in existence.

But we are living in a very different world from that of the first century. The pictures of heaven and hell which satisfied ancient men no longer appeal to us. The authority of the Bible has been transferred from the letter to the spirit and we read the Good Book to-day in the light of critical scholarship. The weakness of all beliefs based on tradition is that in the hour of need they have a tendency to break down; they fail us often when we need them most. Must we then lose all interest in a life beyond the present and throw up the question as insoluble?

On the contrary, we must transform the tradition into a living conviction. If the old pictures of post-mortem existence fail to satisfy us, we must frame new pictures in harmony with our growing knowledge and moral insight. If science shows the interdependence of brain and soul, we must become equally scientific and by experiment prove that mind can function at a distance apart from the physical organism. Moreover, why should we despair of some word or revelation of the Infinite Spirit to meet our need to "equalize the development of spiritual forces to the development of material forces so that man may not forget in the presence of mechanical wonders that there are two worlds: the one enclosed in the other—the world of bodies and the world of spirits"?

One thing the war has achieved for all men to see. It has proved that *we have overestimated Death.* The King of Terrors summoned his myrmidons from the utmost bounds of his domain—pestilence, disease, physical and moral outrage, horror upon horror before which flesh and blood might well recoil—and yet our heroic soldiers have faced them all, often with a smile, and rose in victorious energy above them. Why? Because, as one said to me once as I was sympathizing with him on his sore wounds received in a trench in northern France, "We can suffer quite a lot for an ideal." In other words, something greater than themselves laid hold of them and made them more than conquerors over the worst man's cruel ingenuity could devise.

Evidence is not wanting that in the supreme moment when these heroes surrendered their lives, the spirit-world was opened to them and they saw the forms of loved ones standing beside them to welcome them to their new home and to heal the pain they had endured. Now it is clear that if all who have suffered bereavement realized that Death is simply an episode in the history of the body, like birth or like the change that repeatedly transforms the atoms of the physical organism throughout life; and further, if they realized that the other world is near to us and most real, despair would pass into calm and patient waiting for reunion with those whom they have loved and whom they still love.

It is here that a warning voice may well be lifted against the serious dangers of indiscriminate recourse to "psychics," "clairvoyants," "crystal-gazers," "psychometrists" and other practitioners of the occult. It is a natural impulse for one in the anguish of irremediable loss to yearn for an authentic word from the Unknown whither the dear one has gone. But in nine cases out of ten no message purporting to come through a medium not under scientific control can be relied upon.

This does not mean that all professional mediums are frauds and wilfully deceive, but it does mean that their trade interests tempt them to eke out whatever elementary psychic force they may possess by shrewd guessing, "fishing" for a clue, or in the case of the better sort, that their sympathies lead them to stretch a point in favor of the sitter's ardent wish. Moreover, the psychologist warns us to be upon our guard against the tricks of the subconscious mind; and only experts are competent to distinguish between the product of the subliminal activity and what may reasonably be regarded as the work of a disembodied intelligence. Table-tipping, the ouija-board, the planchette, automatic writing, may, and often do reveal in the most amazing way things long since forgotten by the operator; but it would be a mistake to conclude that of necessity an outside intelligence is producing the phenomena. These mechanisms in the great majority of cases simply tap the subconscious reservoir of memories, desires, hopes or fears, which each one carries within himself. To believe that without scientific scrutiny and analysis we have genuine communications from discarnate minds is to surrender to the crassest of superstitions. It is to deceive one's self about the most sacred things of life.

Especially is this true of dark séances. To-day wherever the would-be medium insists on darkness as essential to the manifestation of spirit forces, you may take it as certain that ninety-nine times out of a hundred trickery is at work. It is well known that darkness induces in most persons a pathological state which leaves them at the mercy of chance impressions. When a number of persons

Continued on page 61

OXALIS

BY

MARY AGNES BROWNELL

CINDERELLA DID NOT EXPECT EVER TO GET AWAY FROM HER ASHES AND POTS AND PANS. ROXY WAS ALWAYS HAVING HER HOPES RAISED—AND THEN BEING DISAPPOINTED. POOR RELATIONS SHOULDN'T MIND SUCH THINGS, OF COURSE, BUT THEY DO.



"WELL, I DECLARE! WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT!"

"I GUESS you'll have to water the oxalis, Roxy; it's hard for me to climb chairs. Now, just the least mite—don't tip the basket! Did you ever see anything prettier than those pink blooms?"

"It's like wood-sorrel," said Roxy. "Little pink flowers pecking out of leaves in the woods. I expect they're out now, Cousin Luella."

"They are something like," agreed Luella; "wood-sorrel's a sort of poor relation of oxalis."

Roxy was a poor relation of Luella's. Charlie West, Luella's husband, was Roxy's cousin, and he had insisted upon the girl's coming out to them on the death of the elderly relative with whom she had been staying while she finished her schooling. It was just till she could pass her examination and receive her commission as a regularly accredited school-teacher. But by now all the best schools had been taken, and even if Roxy passed her examination, she might have to wait for a chance vacancy. Or even till another year.

Roxy never knew how to take Luella. Sometimes she was kind—as when she allowed Roxy to sprinkle her basket of oxalis. Luella was jealous. Jealous of Charlie; jealous of her flowers; jealous of Roxy. It was this spirit of jealousy that led her at times to say little cutting things in an unconscious, dispassionate manner.

Roxy stepped down from the chair. Her white cheek was splotched with a painful color, variegated like the veined oxalis petals. An inevitable comparison existed between the young girl and the flower: there was their common delicacy, and yet their luxuriant bloom; the sensitive color; a peculiar pungent quality of removal—a sort of bitter-sweet of pathos and reserve. She never answered back.

"Mebbe you'd like to walk down to Beahm's Grove this afternoon," said Luella. The mean little moment had passed. "The violets come out thick there every Spring."

Roxy said gratefully: "I would like to. But I must study. I'm to Stocks and Bonds. I don't understand them very well. I thought maybe some evening Charlie might explain them to me."

The old jealousy of kin sprang up in Luella. She said shortly: "Charlie's too busy to be bothered. He'd ought to have his nights free. I wouldn't ask him if I were you—I'd be independent."

Little splotches of color mottled Roxy's cheek. And yet to herself she seemed all the time safe and free and at a distance—as if the real heart of her dwelt in a different medium from this uncertain, grudging hospitality. She had not known it would be this way. And even now she could go away. She could clerk; but that would hurt Charlie. Charlie had been hurt enough as it was. She even felt a curious pity for Luella, whose very jealousy defeated her and made her one against a silent two.

ROXY had been at her cousin Charlie's a month when the word came of Estelle's visit. Estelle Walmer was Luella's cousin. Luella was not jealous of her own relation—only of Charlie's; and loud rang the praises of this particular cousin from the day of the announcement of her intended visit.

She was pretty and smart and independent. She had a school. She was very popular and had a way with her. The beaus she had! Not a young man saw her but was crazy about her. There never was such a girl—never! They must fix up the spare chamber. The draperies must be done up, and the bedspread and the dresser-scarf; and the drawers lined with fresh paper; and the closet vacated. (Roxy had been allowed the use of the closet, since her room contained none.) The woodwork must be washed and the walls wiped; the pictures must come down and their backs be dusted.

Roxy stood upon a chair, descending from time to time to immerse anew a great sponge. Her fingers ached with the polishing. Their tips were rosy as drenched petals. She washed and rubbed and moved, a little at a time, all round the room destined for Estelle.

Luella stood in the middle of the floor and directed:

"There's a smudged place there, Roxy—no—over a little farther—I wouldn't have Estelle see anything like that for a pretty! All the Walmers are master housekeepers!"

The last thing was the windows. Roxy turned the windows into transparencies, their great oblongs reflecting a shifting glimmer of branches. Then she hung the curtains. It was a plain, fine little room. The Wests had not been able to buy new furniture. This was very old—Charlie's mother's, who had herself received it from her mother's time. There was a crystalline quality about the room—flawless.

Luella surveyed it critically: "If I could've managed that swell-front dresser and a brass bed like's in Rutter's window—but we couldn't and that's all about it! Mebbe another year—when we're alone——"

Estelle came with a blare of trumpets. She was a plump damsel, and fair. She had heavy, rather stiffly undulating hair not unacquainted with tongs; a large, broad, efficient brow above a blue, assured gaze. Her mouth was wide and good-humored, and displayed teeth set a little fan-like in the upper jaw. They were brilliantly white and perfect.

Estelle was attended by a trunk of opulent proportions, a suit-case, a hat-box, a bag, and an arm-load of magazines, candy-boxes and flowers, the latter by now a little drooping.

She put back a flowing, patterned veil as she advanced to Luella and Charlie, who had come down to meet her. Her smile revealed the brilliant white fan of her teeth. She breathed prosperity, capability and style, although by now her attire showed the day-long association of dusty plush and cindery air. Like her flowers, she was not quite fresh.

Roxy had put the last perfect touches to Estelle's room. Her heart seemed to go out to this unknown guest on a warm little wave of greeting. Estelle was older than she. She hoped that she and Estelle would become friends. What a difference it would make! Estelle would understand, coming here, a little strange. And then Estelle was a teacher. She would know all about those troublesome stocks and bonds.

She set a glass, the finest and simplest container, brimmed with violets from Beahm's Grove, upon Luella's too ornate shelves. She had found time, with all the rest, to gather them specially for Estelle.

Now, the table set, everything ready, just waiting for them to come, she kept a darting lookout for a first glimpse of this new intimate. Beneath the checkered blue of the all-over gingham apron was a little last year's lawn—white, showered with petal-pink, and girdled with a narrow black-velvet ribbon. Her cheeks were petal-pink, and beneath the silver-blond hair her eyes were very blue and wide and happy.

"Oh, and this is Roxy. How're you, Roxy?" had been Estelle's slightly offhand greeting. It might not have been quite so offhand, had not Luella given her the cue.

Up-stairs in the shining guest-room Luella had said, while Estelle bathed her face and smoothed her hair:

"Just look at that glass! That's some of Roxy's doings. Violets in a drinking-glass! And the house running over with vases! I'll take 'em down when we go. She won't interfere in the least with your visit, Estelle. She's not officious, thank goodness!"

So Estelle had said, "How're you, Roxy?" And Roxy had not been officious. But Charlie had got his puzzled look. Charlie liked everybody to feel familiar and happy, like himself.

That night Luella said to her husband, "We must have some of the young folks in for Estelle."

"Sure!" he agreed. "It'll be nice for both the girls."

Luella's thin lips seemed to click. But there were bounds beyond which she dared not go.

The next day Estelle, regretting perhaps the despised violets, suggested a stroll with Roxy to the modestly celebrated Beahm's Grove. The flecking, petal-like color came out on Roxy's cheek. She said—who was usually too reserved for ecstasies:

"Oh, Estelle! I'd love to!"

But it appeared that Luella had instant need of a certain paper pattern which she had inadvertently left at the dressmaker's in quite the other part of town.

"Well, let's walk there, then," offered Estelle, in her dense, good-humored manner.

"I think some of the young folks will likely expect to call this afternoon, Estelle," objected Luella.

"Oh, all right. Some other time, then," agreed Estelle, with her flashing, fan-like smile.

Roxy knew by now that time would never come.

They had the young folks in for dinner and the evening. The two clever Carrol girls—Mamie, the married one, and her sister Margie; and Minnie Weaver, who was just back from school; Minnie's brother, Wilbur; Ray Sutton and Ed Morris. Luella had it all worked out—just the right number—partners. Estelle, Marge Carrol, and Minnie Weaver; Wilbur, Ray Sutton and Ed. Mame Oldham and her husband would balance Luella and Charlie. Though several years older than the girls, they were still regarded as young married folks.

Roxy knew Marge Carrol. Marge had come to see her once, and she had returned the visit. Marge was always pleasant and cordial and busy. Roxy did not know the others, and could never have dreamed that one of the young men had studied with more than passing interest

Continued on page 93

A MIDDLE-WESTERN HOUSE

THE FIRST IN OUR SERIES OF HOME-TOWN HOUSES

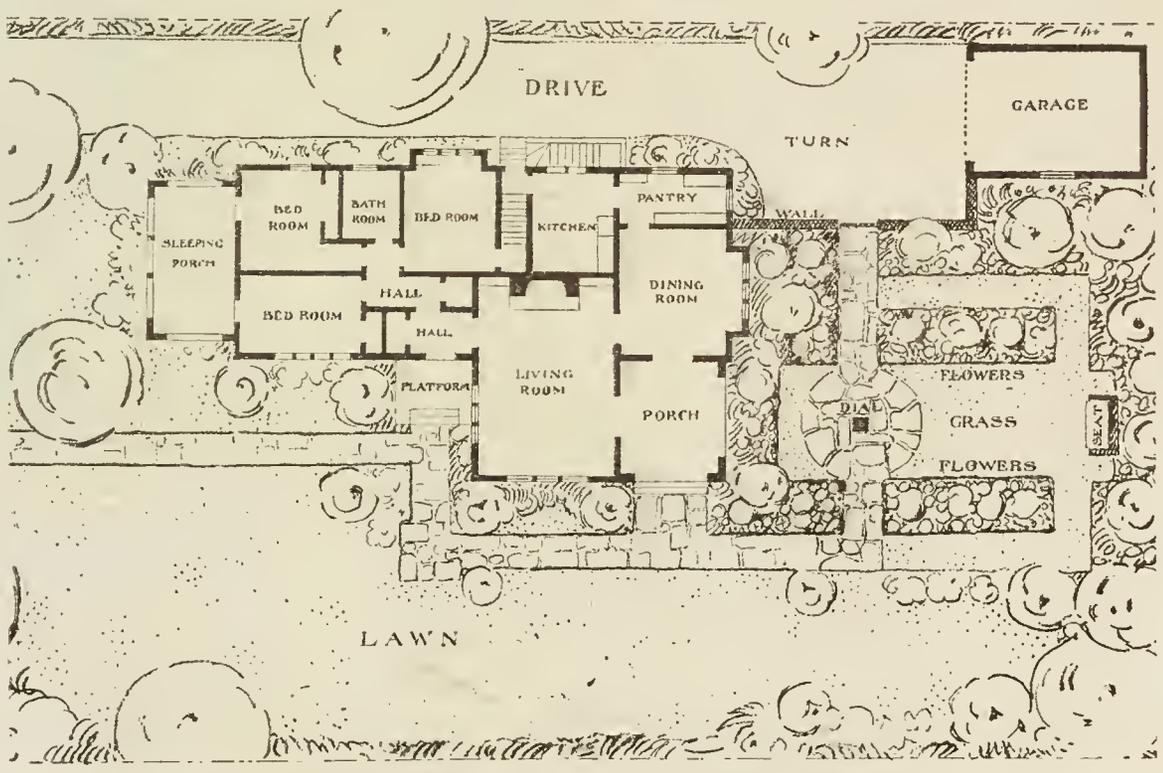
Charles H. Hammond, Chicago, Architect; William Pitkin, Jr., Cleveland, Ohio, Landscape Architect



The drawing above pictures the front of the Middle-Western house, revealing its character, proportions, etc. The setting here is merely conventional, and not the landscape-gardening needed. Drawings which suggest appropriate decorations and furnishings for three of the rooms are given on the opposite page.



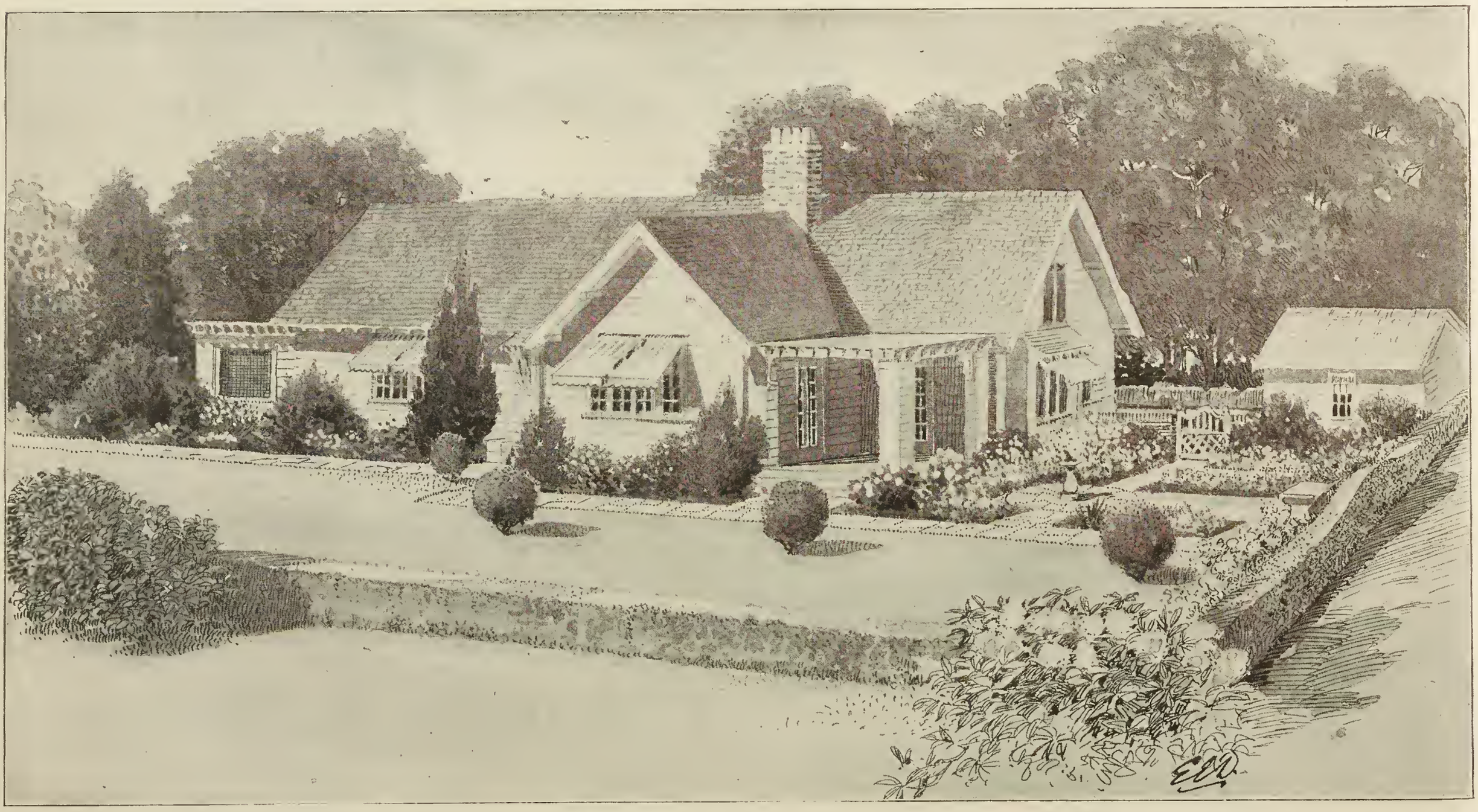
DETAIL: THE SUN-DIAL AND ITS SETTING



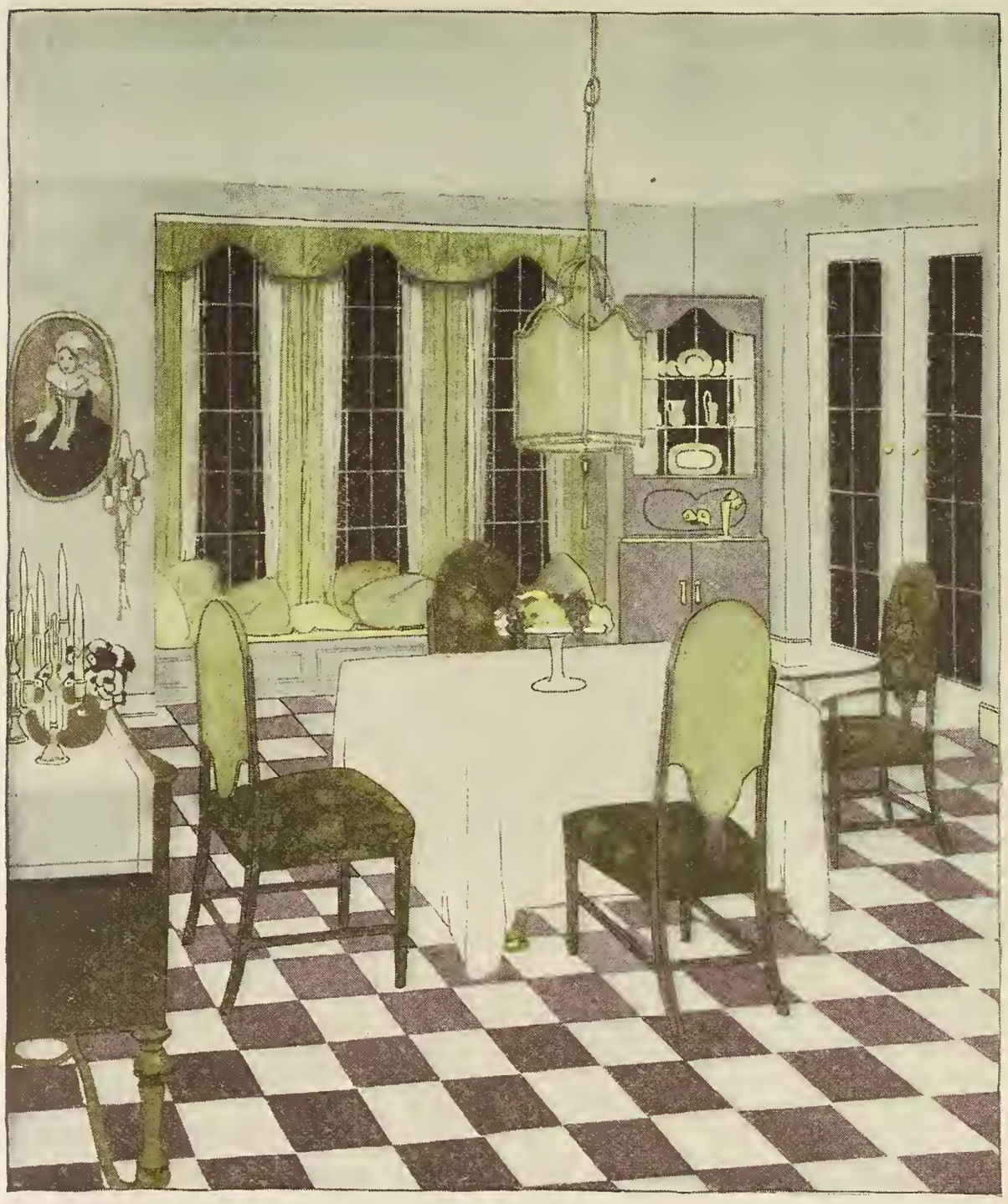
AN APPROPRIATE GROUND-PLAN FOR THE MIDDLE-WESTERN HOUSE FOR A LOT 50 BY 100 FEET IN SIZE



DETAIL: A BENCH IN THE GARDEN



A drawing of the Middle-Western house with the landscape-gardening planned for it. See article on page 55 of this issue. A planting-list which carries out the plan will be sent on receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Write to Home-Town Houses, care of THE DELINEATOR. In the March DELINEATOR our "Home-Town House" will be a Dutch Colonial house.





SPACIOUS, YES; AND LOVELY, TOO

LOVELY and livable are the interiors shown here of the Middle-Western home displayed on the opposite page. These suggestions for furnishing the living-room, dining-room and bedroom of the Middle-Western home have been made by August Hencke, an interior decorator of note. The interiors here displayed have the distinction of the elaborate homes of the rich and yet are entirely within the means of families of moderate incomes.

The dining-room has a black-and-white square-tiled floor such as can be simulated in some of the handsomer grades of linoleum. The paneled walls and French doors are of a light gray. The formal treatment of the hangings, in straight lines and with the scalloped overdrape, lends dignity and gives the room its real character. That character is carried out further in the plain, formal chairs and in the formally set sideboard. Chairs and sideboard are a dull black, the chair being upholstered in handsome dull-green brocade.

The many-cushioned seat of the bedroom has a delightful setting under the three-casement windows, hung with taffeta and gracefully lined with tie-back curtains. Twin beds show the Colonial influence in their design and in the frilled covers extending to the floor. Between them is a night-table with electric candelabra, which can easily be reached in the night to snap on the light. A large green rug with a gray-and-white edge is an unobtrusive but decided accent in the room. A low chair upholstered in flowered chintz stands near the table at the foot of the bed, and before the dressing-table is a comfortably cushioned seat.

In the spacious living-room is a pervading air of comfort. An open-beam gabled ceiling, rough gray plastered walls, and a brick fireplace remind us happily of the era of big, commodious rooms, but without any of the disadvantages of those bygone and barren rooms. On either side of the fireplace are set-in bookcases; and the fireplace is flanked, too, by tall candelabra and high-backed chairs of the Rennaissance period. Facing the fireplace and backing the big table is a davenport covered with an old-gold and gray taffeta material. On the long table is a covering of dull gold. The rug is quietly toned and the over-stuffed chairs in the foreground are done in a specially woven fabric of gray, white and gold.

The decorations outlined here are not inflexible. A different rug, another style of curtains, less formality in the dining-room, may be desired. These ideas are suggestive only, and to be modified to suit the tastes and needs of various kinds of families.

Probably no room in the house so adjusts itself to the family's personality as does the living-room. Here the widest range of variation is apt to occur.



THIS IS THE DELINEATOR TOWN OF THE GOLDEN BOOK

THE TREE OF JOY—VIII

AT THE KRIEMHILDE LINE

"IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE"

BY MABEL POTTER DAGGETT

FLAMING poppies now everywhere red spattered the fields of France. Only a year before it had been blood!

"That was a hell of a barrage we put over on Hill 230," a colonel in Paris had told me one night at dinner.

So I wrenched my skirt loose from a prong of the barbed-wire entanglements of the Kriemhilde line on a Summer's day, to survey with care the scene of one of the greatest battles of all time.

It was here the lifting clouds of smoke from American gunpowder on November 1, 1918, revealed to view an obscure little village that will now shine through the annals of the ages.

You will find the new guide-books red-starring it for tourists to see. Publishers already are printing it in history along with Bunker Hill and Lexington and Gettysburg. Future school-books are going to chronicle it as crucial in the destinies of the race. So to be enshrined for all the world to know, is this which shall be our own DELINEATOR Town of the Golden Book.

In one of its patched and mended houses, where the great forces of the universe sweep in swirling tides about her door-step, a woman sits and sews again this day on her little girl's dress. Lea Vauchelet hasn't the least idea that the pen of the historian is trained on her. But no more, we may suppose, had Molly Pitcher or Priscilla Alden.

The clear, bright, blue light of June, 1919, shines on Hill 230. And as I look about, plainly it appears that what the colonel said is so.

Right over the edge of these poppy-fields lies the little shot-to-pieces commune of Landres et St. Georges, in one of the few remaining houses of which Lea Vauchelet is sewing. It was through the narrow, stone-paved street of St. Georges that the American Army drove the Germans out of France. On that day was fired more ammunition than was exploded in the whole first year of the war.

Along that winding road in the foreground wild rose-bushes hide the hollows where machine-guns nested a year ago. See now a heavy automobile truck that lumbers by. It is carrying the bodies of American soldiers gathered from the hillsides where they fell. No less than eighteen hundred of them came in like that last night to find their last resting-place in the vast cemetery that lies a few kilometers beyond here.

I lift my field-glasses toward Romagne, where they are planting the graves and putting the finishing touches on the great World War. Up yonder hillside there under the sky toils the long-stretched line of a United States labor battalion. Over his bent shoulder each man of them is carrying a cross, a cross to be set on an American grave. Crosses like these in serried rank, row after row, shine white against the blue horizon of France. Calvary!

Its agony of the world dissolves in the mist before my eyes. I drop the glass to pick up from among the poppies at my feet what is the fragment of some soldier's diary, four sheets dated from another June. On a rain-soaked, sun-dried, mud-spattered page he says:

> Here is my third Sunday in hell. Wonder what the folks back home are doing now. This must be about 11 P.M. in Brooklyn. To relieve my depression I have written two letters, one to my sweet little kiddie and one to my loving mother. I'd give anything to see the folks again if only for a few hours. When ever will this damned war be over so that we can go home again——

Sweet little kiddie in Brooklyn, I wonder has he ever come home to you? Anyhow, it seems that he had found out what war is. Just as the colonel in Paris had told me. Just as General Sherman of another generation had so famously paraphrased it.

In the awful stillness, in the sorrowful sadness of this battle-field, there can be no doubt about it. Even in this June after, the very listening echoes seemed still repeating the horrors they had heard when the guns shrilled terror here.

Why, this very barbed wire, as it tore my dress, had torn the flesh of living men! It was against these entanglements that our glorious Rainbow Division went to their death by the thousands. Somebody loved them every one—sweet little kiddies and mothers in Brooklyn, you know. Fathers and husbands and lovers and sons they were back home, these who came to be heroes on Hill 230.

"You'll find the shell-holes up there so thick," the

Continued on page 95



THESE ARE AMERICAN SOLDIERS, THE 320th FIELD ARTILLERY, WHO HELPED TO TAKE IT FROM THE GERMANS

"I make the puzzle clear
By putting Campbell's here
The greatest little solver ever known
And I know an empty spot
Where I'll put it piping hot
To solve a little puzzle of my own."





It's your puzzle, too—

Choosing the right food day after day and meal after meal to tempt the appetite, please the taste, keep the family in vigorous condition through the trying winter months.

No easy problem.

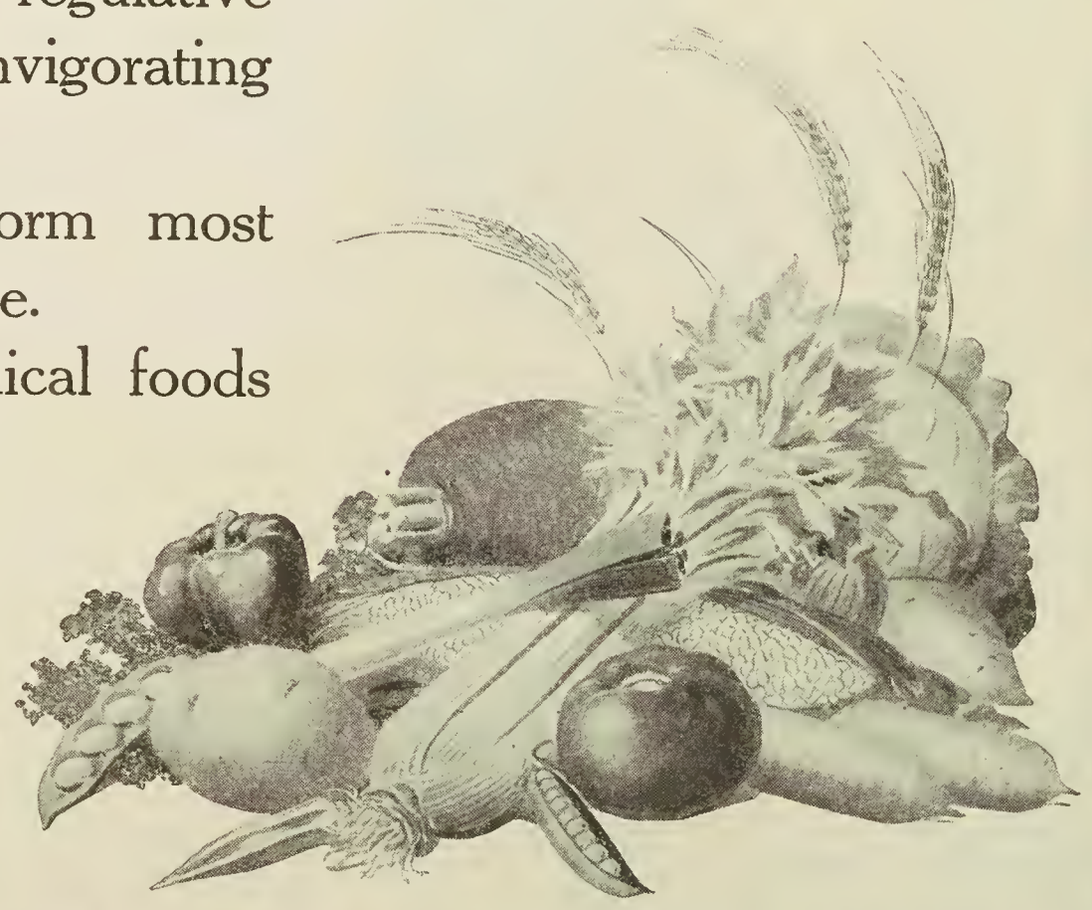
But you find a wonderful puzzle-solver for this situation in

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

It provides the very elements most needed—the iron of the green vegetables, the regulative salts, strength-giving cereals, and an invigorating meat stock made from selected beef.

All these are combined in a form most inviting, most nourishing and digestible.

And it is one of the most economical foods you can buy.



21 kinds 15c a can

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



THE GREAT VICTORY PARADE PASSING UNDER THE FAMOUS ARCH OF TRIUMPH IN PARIS

AFTER THEY'VE SEEN 'PAREE'

A New Power of Achievement Is Brought to Your Community

BY BRUCE BARTON

THE boys are home from war; but the records of the War Risk Insurance Bureau prove that thousands of them haven't quite decided yet that they are going to stay. The addresses in the Bureau's files keep changing; men move from the little towns to the near-by cities, and drift back to the little towns again.

The question, "How are you going to keep them down on the farm After They've Seen 'Paree'?" is a very real and vital question.

And the answer is that we will never keep them down on the farm or back in the home town unless we provide something that will appeal to the new power of achievement that they have discovered in themselves. If the town is dead, they will not stay; for they have seen life, flaming and athrill. If the town is content to be the same old place it used to be, it will lose them gradually, for they are not the same men they used to be, and never will be the same.

"Men are nothing," said Montaigne, "until they become excited." He meant that the things we do from a sense of duty or as a matter of dull routine are insignificant in comparison with our achievements when a great enthusiasm has stirred us.

The men who went to France have learned that in the most impressive school in the world. They will be happy in proportion as they find at home something really worth being excited about. This is what the war has done to nearly five million of our men.

And what has been the effect of the war on our communities? Six or seven years ago a certain town in Missouri wanted to raise sixty thousand dollars by a bond issue to erect a new high school. The bonds were voted, and an attempt was made to market them locally, but with no success. It was too large an amount, people said. The place to get money was in the big cities where financiers and financial institutions congregate. "You can't expect a little place to furnish a sum like that; we're people of moderate means, and it's away beyond our power."

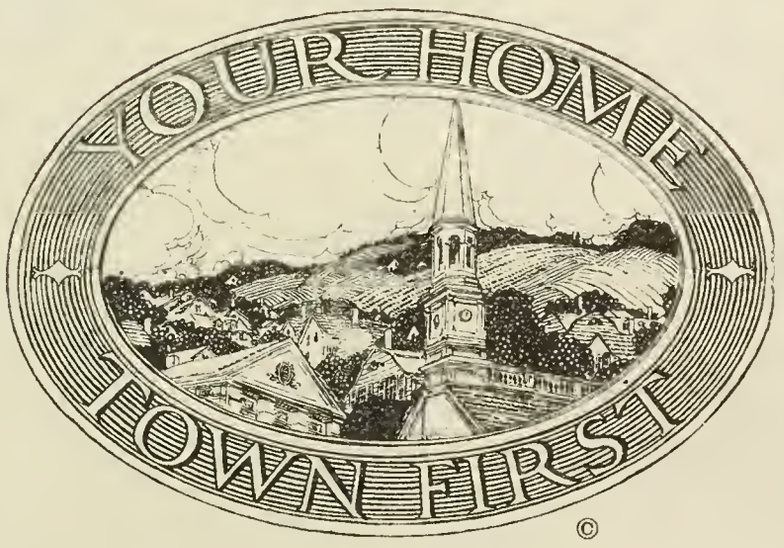
So the bonds were taken to Chicago and sold on a basis that will yield a very attractive profit to the purchasers. The little town had successfully passed its problem on to stronger, more willing shoulders.

WHEN MEN BECOME EXCITED

THEN came the war; and in the period between the entrance of the United States and the Victory Loan two years later that poor little helpless village raised more than one million dollars and invested it in Liberty Bonds.

Sixty thousand was too much ten years ago; but a million was well within the possibilities under the stimulus of war!

In Massachusetts a village grew panic-stricken when its first Liberty Loan quota was announced. "Impossible!" the people cried. "What can the committee have been thinking of?" In desperation the local managers looked up the names of former residents of the village, some of whom had moved to the cities and acquired wealth, and sent out appealing letters to them.



Then a strange thing happened. It was told about town that a rival community five miles distant had passed its quota and was trying for a fifty per cent. oversubscription. In the stores and on the Common conversation took a new turn; men's faces showed a fresh determination. Before answers had come to the first letter, another letter was dispatched to the former residents of the village.

"We have found we do not need your help," it said. "Milltown can carry her share."

In Illinois a community whose churches have not been painted for ten years; whose school-teachers are underpaid, and whose Board of Trade is comatose, roused itself and went away over the top in response to every single war-time demand.

Instances of this character could be repeated for page after page. What do they mean? Simply this, of course: we learned in the war the truth which William James sought earlier to teach us in his great essay "On Vital Reserves." All of us—individuals and communities alike—live most of our lives at little more than half our capabilities: there are reservoirs of capacity within us of which we are wholly unaware. Along comes an emergency—a war or a great emotional appeal—and we amaze ourselves with performances utterly beyond our ordinary powers.

"Compared with what we ought to be we are only half-awake," James says. "Our fires are damped, our drafts are checked. We are making use of only a small part of our mental and physical resources." But a great excitement, a great enthusiasm, an unprecedented call upon our effort comes, and instantly our commonplace lives take on heroic stature.

THE ROAD AHEAD

AFTER this fashion thousands of communities found their "second wind" in the great war; and millions of men, now home again, discovered unsuspected qualities of achievement and of leadership within themselves. As Cromwell, who was a country squire until war stirred him to large things; as Grant, who had failed at a half-dozen enterprises, learned his real strength at the call of battle, so many and many a man to-day feels himself capable of deeds that lay wholly beyond his horizon when he marched away.

What's going to happen then? What sort of use will be made of all this store of new-found strength?

Will the community which was dead before the war sink back again into its grave, after so glorious a resurrection?

Will all this increased man-power freshly awakened be allowed to fritter itself away for lack of program and direction?

What can a community do to continue on the plane of larger thought and more significant achievement to which the war enthusiasm carried it?

Three very simple things it can do, it seems to me.

First of all it can survey its needs. The Greeks had a proverb—"know thyself." It is by no means as popular an injunction with us as it ought to be. We have rather formed the habit of knowing everything else first and ourselves last of all. We have study-classes in this and that great social problem; but nobody knows what to do about the boys after school is out.

Our working knowledge of the Orient is pretty fair; we know quite definitely what the League of Nations should do in Turkey; and meanwhile the roads seem quite a bit worse than they were last year, and the town hall is shabby for the lack of paint.

The appeal of the specific is tremendous; show men a definite thing to do and tell them how and when, and they will do it.

SET THE NEW QUOTA HIGH

THE second obvious thing is to number our forces. Every town has leadership undiscovered and unused. The war campaigns demonstrated that in startling fashion. In one New Jersey city the chairmanship of the campaign committee was thrust upon a prominent merchant who had never exercised the slightest activity for the public good in his whole career. He wriggled and tried to escape, but they held him fast. Then he protested that the quota was impossible, but no one would listen to his protests.

Finally, because there was nothing else to do about it, he set to work. As he worked his enthusiasm mounted; he carried his own town over the top, and before the campaign was over he was offering to visit other towns and show them how to do it.

It will be a real calamity if that city allows that merchant to hide himself behind his desk again now that the war is over. Almost every town has some such war-made leader. Find them out; and let each single man and woman have his or her specific task. That is the second obvious step. And the third essential is to set the quota high.

Let's see what we need, find our leaders, and set a quota for ourselves that is manifestly impossible. Then let's take a deep breath and go to it. That's the only sort of program that stirs enthusiasm. And we've got to find something that men can be enthusiastic about if we're going to keep them contented back home "After They've Seen 'Paree.'"

BOYS LEARN TO KEEP HOUSE



OF THE SEVENTY-EIGHT CHILDREN WHO ENROLLED IN SALEM'S BREAD-MAKING CLUB, TWO-THIRDS WERE BOYS

SCHOOL children of Salem, Massachusetts, have tackled the much-talked-of high cost of living problem in a thoroughly practical way. Under the guidance of Miss Christine M. Newton, who conducts the Household Thrift Center, the boys and girls of the city have been organized into clubs where they are taught household work in all its phases—including actual baking and cooking.

Bread clubs have been formed under the direction of the Massachusetts Agricultural School and seventy-eight applicants, both boys and girls, enrolled. Strange as it may seem, there are more boys than girls who are members of the bread club, meaning two classes of boys and one of girls.

The club requirements are: To complete sixty hours of work, send in a report, exhibit at a contest, and write a story of experience. Not only is bread-making taught, but the members of these clubs are taught how to do all sorts of household tasks which can be properly done by children from ten to eighteen years. Every student who completes this course receives a club junior extension pin at the close of the contest.

CLASS FOR KINDERGARTENERS

A CLASS for kindergarten teachers is conducted where the members may learn about food for children of tender years. In the course they are taught the value of fruits and vegetables; milk and its uses as a food; bread and cereal grains; how to make up a well-balanced school lunch; and a summary of the course in which a dinner for a five-year-old child is prepared and served. In this way the teacher may be able, perhaps, to teach the mother of the child who comes under her care and help her to understand the proper kinds of food for the little one in order to get the best results.

Supper clubs are gaining in popularity at the household thrift center, and a House of Seven Gables class meets Monday evenings and a class of nine young women meets Tuesday evenings. The purpose of these clubs is to teach how to prepare simple but wholesome suppers inexpensively.

Special efforts are being put into the organization of these clubs and all young women are urged to join. The cost is very little, ten cents per lesson, and with the lesson comes the little supper which follows and a pleasant evening's amusement at the Common Rooms afterward for those who wish to remain.

INSTRUCTION IN COOKING

IT IS especially recommended for girls who from force of circumstances have to eat at restaurants, for in this way they can receive some real instruction in cookery, have a home-cooked supper and enjoy the company of other girls and women. The supper clubs can be formed for any evening except Monday and Tuesday, and any girl or woman in Salem is made welcome.

A group of South Salem ladies some time ago formed themselves into the Saltonstall Training-class, meeting on Thursday nights at one of the schools to learn about war-time foods and substitutes. With the coming of peace they decided to continue this work, and some most instructive and enjoyable lessons have been given.

CLUBS STARTING EVERYWHERE

BREAD clubs of this kind are being formed by the Federal and State Governments throughout the country, and everywhere the project is meeting with great popularity, particularly among the boys to whom the work is novel as well as interesting. From the number enrolled in these clubs apparently the young people realize how necessary good bread is for health and enjoyment.

YOUR HOME TOWN FIRST ©

Last year eighteen thousand five hundred and eighty-three young people in the boys' and girls' clubs learned the art of making bread.

UTILIZING WASTE HEAT

AS A result of the activity of the Conservation Committee of Dane County, Wisconsin, heat of a laundry in Madison has been made to serve a community dryer with excellent results. The building used for the drying of the vegetables and fruits was detached from the laundry itself, but in it was installed the usual form of laundry dryer with the difference that instead of the rods on trolleys, which carry clothes to the dryer, trays were used with great success.

The orders for the corn thus dried were in excess of the ability to fill them. Successful experiments in the drying of fruits that would otherwise have gone to waste were tried out through the use of a reducing-valve which controlled the heat to the minimum needed for the process.

BOY SCOUTS SAVE A TOWN

THE Boy Scouts of Wier City, Kansas, inaugurated a movement which has extended not only throughout the State but spread to other States and even to England. Casting about for a program that would meet their idea of twentieth-century chivalry, they decided that they would try to save the lives of the babies of the community through a well-organized clean-up campaign on a wide scale.

In regular squads they raked and hoed and cleaned up the filthy corners of the town. The refuse was piled on the curbing and was collected by the town's street-cleaning department and later incinerated.

Wier City was saved that year from its annual scourge of diphtheria. Then the boys went before the city authorities, appealed for the passing of a model sanitation ordinance and won out.

As a result of their activity, clean-up campaigns were carried on by children in forty different towns and sanitation work has been given a permanent place in the Boy Scout Manual.

THIS WOMAN KNEW HUMAN NATURE

OUR town has a large foreign population that works in the mills. The homes in the mill district are dirty and ill-kept and the children poorly cared for.

Our Woman's Club thought it could make itself useful by visiting these homes and teaching them up-to-date methods of housekeeping. Imagine our surprise when we found our efforts bitterly resented by the very people we wanted to help. Then one of our members had a bright idea.

"Of course they don't want us to invade their homes, any more than we would want people to interfere in our home affairs! Let's change our tactics. Let's offer a prize for the best-kept home in each block."

THE idea worked like a charm. We have inspection days, during which a committee visits each home to determine the prize-winner.

Then the prize-winning home is thrown open so that all the neighbors may come in and inspect it. You would be surprised at the change this simple little idea has made.

The whole section is cleaner and healthier and the housekeepers who formerly spurned our offers of help are now hungry for suggestions and ideas that will help them win the prize.

We have learned an important lesson from this little incident, and we are glad to pass our experience along to others.

MRS. B. R. E., Michigan.



Away goes the washtub

YOU don't need it when you have a 1900 Cataract Electric Washer, with its magic figure 8 movement! For this magic movement of the 1900 makes it the *perfect* washer.

By means of it, the hot soapy water swishes through your clothes in a figure 8 movement; and *four times* as often as in the ordinary washer.

The swinging, reversible wringer also works electrically and can be swung from washer to rinse water, to blue water, to clothes basket without moving or shifting the washer an inch.

Then there is the roomy copper tub with its planished lining—not a single part in the tub to cause wear and tear on the clothes. Everything from fine underwear and waists to heavy blankets can be successfully washed in the 1900.

It works easily and smoothly, too, and at a cost of less than 2c an hour. In 8 to 10 minutes out come your clothes, spotless and clean.

Our Special Trial Offer

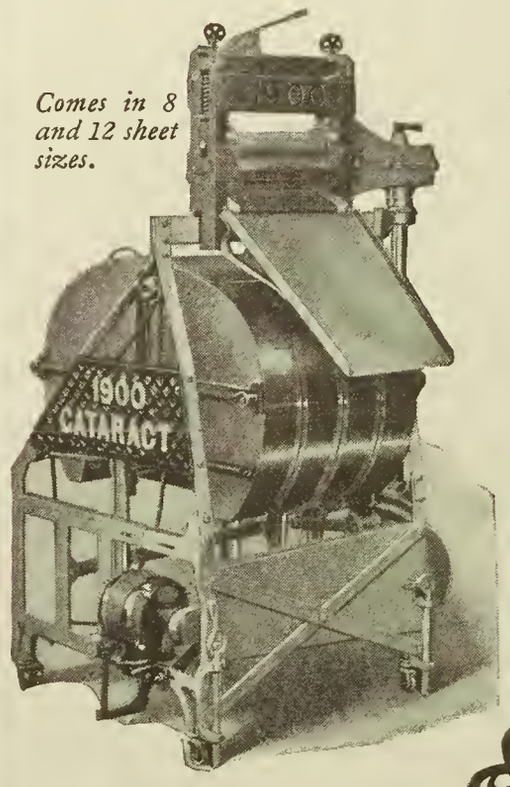
You may prove to yourself that the 1900 is the perfect washing machine. There is a 1900 dealer near you who will gladly demonstrate a 1900 Cataract Washer right in your own home. Then if you wish, you may start paying for it on terms to suit your convenience. Remember, we also have washing machines operated by hand and water power.

Write us today for the name of the nearest 1900 dealer, and a copy of the book "George Brinton's Wife." It's a story you will enjoy. Molly, his pretty little wife, had troubles of her own until she interrupted a bridge party, and then things began to happen.

1900 CATARACT WASHER

1900 WASHER CO., 208 Clinton St.
Binghamton, N. Y.

Comes in 8 and 12 sheet sizes.



Just connect it with the electric light and off it starts.

Canadian Factory and Office
CANADIAN 1900 WASHER CO.
357 Yonge St., Toronto



The water swirls through the tub in a figure 8 movement four times as often as in the ordinary washer.

1900 WASHER COMPANY
208 Clinton Street, Binghamton, N.Y.

Please send me the name of the nearest 1900 dealer, and a copy of the story "George Brinton's Wife."



NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY AND STATE _____



SMALL daughter is proudly bringing in the cheese drop biscuits, all hot and crisp and delicately brown, right from the oven!

Mother mixed the batter this morning and put it away in a cool place. It took only a few minutes to bake them just in time for Mother's tea!

You can keep batter all day or over night when you use Ryzon, the Perfect Baking Powder. Absolutely pure, accurate and dependable, Ryzon, used according to Ryzon directions takes all uncertainty out of your baking.

Ryzon Cheese Drop Biscuit

1 level cupful (¼ pound) flour
¼ teaspoonful salt
3 level teaspoonfuls Ryzon
1 level tablespoonful (½ ounce) butter or fat.
8 level tablespoonfuls (½ cup) grated cheese.
½ cupful (1 gill) water.

Mix like drop baking powder biscuit. Bake twelve minutes in hot oven. Sufficient for twelve biscuits.

Ryzon is packed in full 16 ounce pounds—also 25c and 15c packages. The new Ryzon Baking Book (original price $1.00), containing 250 practical recipes, will be mailed, postpaid, upon receipt of 30c in stamps or coin, except in Canada.



The Ryzon level measure

GENERAL CHEMICAL CO.
FOOD DEPARTMENT
NEW YORK

TO THINE OWN SEX BE TRUE

BY JOSEPHINE STRICKER

Secretary to the late Colonel Roosevelt

YOU must remember that in all that I have been saying on how to succeed in business I have not been talking to the casual-minded girl. I have not tried to give a few clever rules to girls who look on a job as a stop-gap to marriage. This girl does not interest me.

My interest is in tho young woman who plans her business career as seriously as does a young man; who wants, even if she marries, to continue her work, and who is eager to give tho best of her brain to her business advancement.

To such a young woman I want to say that she must not be deflected from her purpose by appeals from other professions; that they are the more interesting. Acting, drawing, music, writing, all have the charm of excitement and variety, we are told.

But as a person who has had a long business career, let me say that taking a vital part in a real, growing business has enough adventure, hair-breadth, hair-raising adventure in it to satisfy even a girl with movie-actress aspirations.

But you do not get this adventure by chewing gum, powdering your face till it looks as if you had dipped in the flour-barrel, and keeping one eye on the clock. This adventure comes by choosing your business carefully and then throwing into it "your life, your fortune and your sacred honor."

And this brings me to the subject I want to talk to you about in this article. It has to do with loyalty. I have said several times in this series that loyalty was one of the most important qualities of a first-class business woman, and I want to enlarge on that statement.

Of course when I say loyalty you at once take it for granted that faithfulness to the "boss" is my idea. But it is only one part of my idea. Your first and greatest loyalty is to yourself as a *woman*.

Women of to-day in going into business life are going against the traditions and the conventions of the ages. Time has shown that when a man and a woman are thrown together constantly and with entire freedom from watchful eyes immorality nearly always results.

IT IS round about this fact that nearly all our conventions for social intercourse have grown up. Women are defying these conventions now, and it remains to be seen whether or not they can prove them to be unnecessary.

Certainly, at present, tho outlook is not encouraging. For I firmly believe that, particularly in our large towns, for every girl who with high aspirations and honest purpose is pursuing her business profession there are three girls whose sole idea is to "work" the boss and the other men about them for money or for worse. And the decent-minded, decent-purposed girl who is fighting to get ahead must do so with the questionable reputations of those other three girls hanging about her neck.

These other three girls are disloyal not only to their employers, but they are disloyal to themselves and to other women in this great economic upheaval that is so profoundly important to the world.

The disloyal girl has a queer idea. She thinks men, all men, like to have sex dragged into every relation in life.

This is not true. There are a good many low-minded men in business, and even the common, garden variety of man is usually responsive to advances from young girls.

But—even though this is true—this same average man would prefer to have sex and his business entirely divorced. I could cite countless episodes in proof of this.

I REMEMBER a man of thirty who had been remarkably successful in business saying to me:

"Outside of business I like the fluffy-ruffle woman best. But my work is very exacting. It takes every ounce of mental energy I possess to put it over.

"I want my secretary to be a very plain woman, well groomed and very tailor-made in type. I want her as impersonal and cool as ice. I can't afford to waste one thought during the day on the charms of a little lally-gagging female stenographer. Trig and homely, that's the ticket!

"But after office hours, I'm mentally fagged. Then I want to take a girl to dinner and the theater and I don't want any impersonal highbrow. I want a giggling little fluffy-ruffle—a lally-gagger, if you please, who will chatter continuously and expect only an occasional grunt from me."

What I said in response to this tirade doesn't matter. The point is that this young man was speaking for the average business man.

This is not saying that if little Miss Lally-gag got a job in his office he would not respond to her. He would. But the first advances probably would be hers. And with every advance she would be injuring the cause of the woman in business.

A business man of wide experience read my article, "It Won't Do, My Dear," published last month in THE DELINEATOR, and said that he agreed with it in every detail.

"But," he added, "you did not touch on one very important matter concerning girls in business, and that is, their manner of dressing. Will you please tell me why women expose their bodies as they do?

"My stenographer, as far as I know, is a decent girl, but she dresses like a demi-mondaine. She wears a thin kind of waist that I can see her underclothes through and she has the neck of her waists cut so that if I go to her desk to give an order or as she stoops over her note-book I can see her naked bosom half-way to her belt.



Paul Thompson

Is Miss Stricker a bit severe? But she knows! This is the fifth in her series of talks to business girls and women. She wants to be of help, personally, to girls, and gladly answers questions that are accompanied with a stamped envelope.

"I can pass over the rouge put on so thick you could scrape it off with a trowel and the powder so thick it gives her a deathly pallor, but what's the idea women have of exposing their breasts to the gaze of the boss and the office boy and the elevator man? It isn't my stenographer alone. Practically every girl in my office and other men's offices dresses the same way.

"AND as if the low-cut neck wasn't enough, when they go out they wear these knitted things that fit like a glove so that you see every contour of their bodies. Why does a supposedly decent girl want the bums on the street to comment on the size of her bust?

"Don't tell me girls are the modest sex! They haven't any modesty.

"But if they think they are making any permanent headway for the sex in the business world by such stunts they are bitterly mistaken. No matter what advantages the men take of these alleged business women's immodesty, the women needn't be flattered or think they are making a success of but one kind of business, and that business is the oldest and rottenest in the world."

Disloyalty again, you see! Disloyalty to the great cause of the woman as a wage-earner. It is so unfair!

A head of a large factory recently gave an order discharging every woman stenographer in his employ. I know him well and I asked him what on earth he meant by such an act.

"Well," he said in reply, "my business is such that I employ a great many young fellows, from office-boy age to the cub fresh from college, in my office. I have found that a pretty stenographer is just about as demoralizing to a crew of young men as a Bolshevik delegate is to a crew of workmen.

"AND when you get a dozen young girls, dressing and talking as they do nowadays, into an office, it gives office efficiency a decided setback. I thought the matter over, and after careful observation I decided that tho girls would have to go. I can hire the girls cheaper and they tend to be more faithful in details than boys of the same age.

"On the other hand, they take a less intelligent interest in the business and only with very rare exceptions does one of them have any idea of rising and growing with the business. So I cleared them all out, and my office is a quieter, more businesslike and efficient place as a result. No more women secretaries for me!"

There were, of course, a number of things I might have said in pointing out to this manufacturer that he was short-sighted, but I did not try. I merely said that I wished I might have had a talk with the group of girls he discharged.

I would have told them that they had dealt a hard blow to the cause of the business woman and that had they had the good of the cause and of themselves at heart they would have seen to it that such a step never would have been necessary.

For hard and unfair as it is, the control of such a situation as obtained in the manufacturer's office is always in the hands of the women. They can make or mar the moral tone of such a place as they will.

So much for moral loyalty. Now as to the business loyalty. I know a woman who earns a salary of seven thousand five hundred dollars a year as private secretary to a man whose business is notoriously yellow.

The woman herself is honest. That is, she would not steal money or jewelry. She became this man's secretary when the business was small. When she discovered that the man was intellectually dishonest, she had some bad half-hours with herself.

The salary at which she began was good—thirty-five dollars a week. Her employer was pleasant and treated her always with courtesy and respect.

But his deals were curious affairs—strange manipulations of stocks and queer underhanded methods of "getting something on" somebody. Miss R. was expected to lie for him whenever he considered it expedient.

The result of her first bad half-hour was that Miss R. went to her employer and emptied her heart to him. He was not angry. He was distinctly touched and very fatherly. He talked to her for two hours and quite explained away her doubts, so that she went back to her desk happily.

The second bad half-hour, six months later, resulted in her handing in her resignation, which was not accepted. Instead, her salary was doubled.

A year later came a third bad half-hour and this was her last, for a block of most lucrative stock lulled Miss R.'s conscience to permanent rest and she has reached middle age without again attempting to change her job.

I knew her when she first went into the business world. She was keen, but sweet and unsophisticated.

I still see her occasionally. She is keener than ever, but as hard as nails and as cynical as she is hard. She has been disloyal to her own honesty and she will never know real happiness.

This matter of office lying is as interesting as it is complicated. I sometimes think that the telephone has made more liars than any other single agency. Any one can call on the telephone, and it is so much pleasanter to say, "Mr. Jones is not in," than it is to give the truth: "Mr. Jones is in, but he doesn't care to talk to you."

Perhaps with the recording angel little lies like these do not count heavily. But office lying seldom ends with telephone fibs. A great many men who would not stoop to telling business or personal lies themselves expect their secretaries to do this for them. It takes a great deal of courage for a girl who is absolutely dependent on her job for her bread and butter to jeopardize it by refusing to do office lying.

YET office lying certainly leads to personal lying. You can't get the habit of lying for your boss and not get the habit of lying for yourself. My suggestion is that you tell your employer so, and if he is the right sort of a man he will not force you to keep up the practise.

There is still another form of loyalty to one's self. You will observe that the manufacturer told me that he could get women for his office work cheaper than he could men.

That fact is true the world over, and women in justice to themselves should not stand for it. A part of your general efficiency as a worker should be to see that you are properly compensated for services rendered.

No employer respects a worker whom he knows he is underpaying. Turning the other cheek in business is another name for business suicide.

Again and again as I write these articles there comes to me the realization of how deeply complicated is the life of a business woman. Our mothers know nothing of it.

I know one woman, an insurance broker, who has earned an average income of over five thousand dollars a year for the past twenty years. During that period she married and is the mother of three splendid children.

She keeps her home running in good trim, is at home in the late afternoons and Saturdays and Sundays when her husband and children want her. She has kept fine and sweet through it all. She stands in my mind as the very finest type of modern womanhood.

Can you think of a single man who leads a life so complicated? I can not. She epitomizes to me all that I have tried to say of the larger aspects of loyalty for the business woman.

MISS STRICKER sympathizes with the girls who are confronted with unexpected and puzzling situations in their business life. She is deeply interested in their individual problems. Write to her about *your* problems. Out of her wide experience and broad understanding she can advise you well. Address her care of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City, and enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

OUR CHILD-HELPING DEPARTMENT

SHALL WE TELL THE TRUTH TO ADOPTED CHILDREN?

BY CAROLYN CONANT VAN BLARCOM

SHALL we tell our adopted child that we are his foster-parents? Or shall we continue the illusion that he is our own child; fearing through every day of the long future that our tissue of kindly meant falsehood will give way and that he will somehow learn the truth?

As long as this vexing question remains unanswered, there is little hope for peace of mind either night or day, as many foster-parents testify in their enquiring letters to us.

The constant wish running through them all is to find a course which will give the greatest comfort and happiness to the adopted child.

Those who have spent many years endeavoring to bring love and opportunity into the lives of lonely little children feel that it is wisest and kindest to tell these children the truth from the beginning. A very tender relation may be created by starting very early to inform the adopted child that he was taken into that particular home because he was so loved and so needed. If the child knows no other relationship, he will accept this one as a matter of course, just as he accepts all other conditions that make up the background of his life.

We are publishing the following account of one adopted child's experience as told by herself, upon the advice of some of the country's leading children's workers. They believe that the point made by this adopted child is important and should be pondered by foster-parents.

It is probable that this woman's experience is an extreme one and that the average child of more stable temperament would suffer less acutely than did she.

But this is certain: that the sudden cutting away from under the feet of any individual of a foundation upon which he has been resting with perfect confidence and trust throughout his entire life can not but give a serious shock. And as the author of this story demonstrates, this shock may be disastrous in its effect.

There are still other unfortunate results of concealment not touched upon in this article, but which are of equal importance. And so we urge upon those who are offering the warmth of normal home life to love-hungry little children that the entire relationship be open and matter-of-course and crystal-clear in its frankness. There can be then no lurking thought in the minds of either parents or child that there is room for any feeling but tenderest pride and gratitude.



Normal home life is the supreme need of these three Canadian orphans
They are Protestants and all have good health and bright minds
The baby, a cheerful, gay-spirited little fellow, is eleven months old and a brunette
The child to the left is a healthy, well-developed, lovable boy three years old, of medium coloring
The little mulatto is two and one-half years old, well developed, lovable and attractive

THE ADOPTED CHILD SPEAKS

I WAS an adopted child. No, I should come nearer the truth by saying I *am* an adopted child. For no one who has ever gone through the experience can ever to the end of life be anything else.

Undoubtedly some of you are planning now to take into your homes these unplaced children, who would otherwise have to struggle up to the sunshine of life through the rigid chill of an institution, and I know well that what you are intending to do is a generous and beautiful thing if you can live it through understandingly. But it seems to me that it is a problem which has been hushed and falsified much too long, and I want to tell you as nearly as I can how I have felt about it.

Surely there was never a more happy childhood than was mine. Born with the great gift of a joyous temperament, and believing, as I did, that my parents were my own, it was seldom that anything shadowed my days. My father was a well-to-do merchant and we lived in the suburbs of a large city where we had moved when I was a baby and where we had few acquaintances.

Playmates were not encouraged, but this was no deprivation; my days were far too well filled with interesting activities of my own planning. An aunt, who had taught school, made her home with us and attended to my education.

In this way it was possible for me to reach the age of fourteen without ever having dreamed that my relationship to my father and mother was not the normal one. My parents were naturally fond of children, and I know that their endeavor to keep me in ignorance of the fact that I was not their own was, in a great measure, prompted by the tenderest solicitude for my happiness. But the reckoning came.

A family from the town where my parents had formerly lived moved into our neighborhood. There was a daughter about my age, and she and I formed one of the swift friendships of childhood. She had heard me discussed by her elders, and with a young girl's romantic curiosity regarding such a situation she told me the truth.

I did not doubt what I was told because at once there rushed in, as corroboration, memories of many occasions when I had realized some quality of secrecy in the manner of my elders.

To my mother, after a few days of misery and hidden tears, I went with this trouble, and she could not do otherwise than tell me just how it all was. I understood how she and my father had wanted to make me their own, and no one knew as well as I with what an agonized ache I longed to be their own.

Now that I am growing old and can look back upon sorrows, I am still sure that nothing has ever happened to me, and nothing that ever can happen, could have the power to cast me into such a bottomless pit of utter despair as did this strange, unwelcome knowledge. It was as if the whole world had been swept out from under me and I belonged nowhere at all. Though each child would, of course, take the situation according to temperament, I am sure any child, when such a revelation came, would suffer a shock the severity of which it is hard for the normally situated to realize.

At about this time I was put into a public school and adapted myself easily. Perfectly satisfied with the assurance of my foster-mother that my own parents were dead and that I came of reputable people, I can remember not a moment of distress, when I was thrown into daily contact with other children, as to how my associates might regard an adopted child.

It was the one realization that my parents were not mine, and perhaps could not love me as other children were loved, that brought down upon me such suffering as no child should have to endure, so I escaped the torture by denying to myself the fact. Passionately I put from me the thought; passionately I set my heart upon making what I longed to *have* come true, *come* true.

Another obsession of mine was the idea that I had no real claim upon my guardians. Am I giving you a glimpse of the subjective conflicts which ensued? Soul warfares, the more devastating because hidden. Outwardly I was a happy, normal, active and I think fairly useful young woman. But I was inwardly never at rest. Lovers came and went, or were sent, but unable to adjust my own inner life I seemed equally unable to embark upon a new one.

At last there came to our community a portrait-painter. The best of his youth was still before him, his dreams were limitless, his ideals of the highest. We two seemed to feel for the first time that we should spend our lives together; not so my parents. How trust their daughter to a man who had only his gifts and his visions? For the first time in my life I dared to be wholly myself. I married my painter and entered upon the first relationship which was honestly and utterly my own. Just like other people at last!

And then, when life was really mine and I could start square, I broke. Blessed with a husband whose sympathy was exquisite, whose devotion was unwavering; having a companionship more perfect than I had dared to dream could exist, and really happy at last, as I had almost given up ever being, I was incapable of the readjustment. The terrific overemphasis I had put upon being my parents' own child had made it almost impossible for me to let go of them and be myself, my husband's wife. I suffered a severe nervous breakdown that lasted for years.

And, finally, I recovered. Physicians did their best for me. I read and studied and thought, and when I grew slowly to an understanding of what I had been so blindly struggling against, I got well.

Through the perspective of the years, I hope I can write of it without that undue stress of feeling which so warps judgment. We have two children of our own, we have lost one, and I think I know to the full what motherhood means. As I grow older, there grows within me, more and more, a feeling of having been greatly blessed because, though my cup of life was strangely fashioned, I have drunk it deep, and have come to the time when I can call it good.

My foster-parents are both dead or this could never have been written. My love for them is lasting, though with it must always go the wish that we might have begun our life together on a basis of absolute frankness. As it was, the fabric was shot through with fear, and fear destroys.

So that is the gist of what I want to say to those who plan to take into their homes children who are not of their flesh. In every phase of the relationship be as fearless as you can. There will be the dread of bad heredity (and no one believes in the force of heredity more firmly than I), but the human race has astonishing powers of regeneration.

Since this has been so often proved, it should not be so difficult to have almost as much confidence for the future of your adopted child as you would have for one of your own. He may not develop in just your way, but given the chance to develop, the odds are with him. If you are afraid, your fear will influence your conduct, and react adversely upon the child.

But above all, if I were now to undertake the mothering of an adopted child, I should begin as early as it could understand to tell it the truth about its parentage. Should the facts be sad, there is always a way of softening, without too greatly distorting them.

No matter what the child's parentage may have been, rightly taught it will have no cause for shame. Every one knows the credit that is given to the man or woman who has made good in spite of unfortunate birth. Teach your adopted child to respect its individuality, and that by virtue of its own development alone can it rise or fall.

You will not be trying to make either yourself or the child believe that you love it in precisely the same way as though it had been born of your marriage union. There are many ways of loving and all good, when they have an admixture of the salt of common sense.

This adopted child of yours who knows the truth about its birth will love you, never fear, and it will be grateful. More grateful, if you also realize that in taking this child you are literally taking as well as giving. You are putting into your home the rejuvenating sunlight of childhood. You are justifying your own existence, so far as you can, by assuming your share of parenthood. You are guarding yourself against a lonely old age. To me, the bond seems a rarely beautiful one, when all its obligations and implications are fearlessly and generously faced.

So far as you can, help your adopted child to build its life foundations upon a soil of truth from which they can not be swept away.

Be careful, then, when you take a little child into your guardianship, be very careful how you lay heavy fingers upon those sensitive fibers which strike deep into the very roots of his being. To him it is a question terrifically vital: *who he is.*

Whatever else you may fear, be afraid of nothing so much as of avoiding the truth.

THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER

Just a group of noisy children
At the noontide hour of play,
But one was standing quite apart
With a shy appealing way.
Her face was fair to look upon
And in her large dark eyes
There shone a look of patient love
Tinged with a sweet surprise.

One caught the others' tone of sneer
As we grown-ups sometimes do:
"Oh, she's that new adopted girl
Just took by Misses Drew,
She calls them Pa and Ma, you know,
But she haint got no right."
And then into her face there came
A flush of conscious light.

"They took her from the County House
Where her Pa and Ma had died,"
And then her face was lighter with
A glow of tender pride.
"Your Pa's and Ma's took you," she said,
"Because they had to do it,
But mine because they love me so,
And that's all there is to it."

How well she told the story then
Of that richly heaven-born love
Which reaches out beyond its own
Where the lone and helpless move,
And into hearts of shielding faith
With the light of Hope aglow
They bring these babes of other lives
Just because they love them so.

—A. M. *Wilcox*



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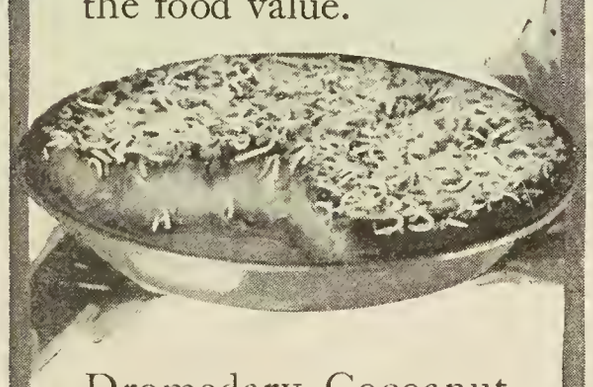




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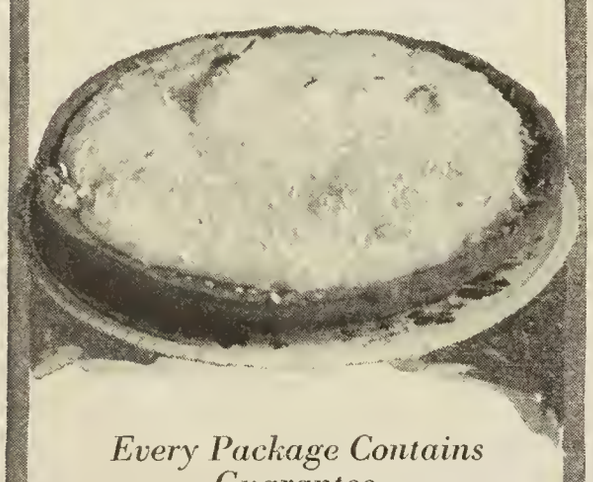
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ANNA CASE, AN ALL-AMERICAN SOPRANO

SINGING THE WORDS

BY ANNA CASE

Miss Anna Case has been often called America's All-American Soprano, and rightly; not only is she a native of this country, but her entire musical training was obtained here.

From early girlhood, Miss Case, without wealth, influence, or social position, made her career alone. Beginning as an organist in a village church, she rose to the position of prima donna at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. In Festival, Concert, and Recital, she is a favorite throughout the United States and Canada.

Aside from her emotional beauty and sympathy in singing, her enunciation is of a perfection that makes each word understood.

A list of helpful records illustrating Miss Case's article will be sent upon request. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope to William Armstrong, Music Editor, DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City.

IF THE words of a song are not enunciated clearly, people might as well be listening to a violin. To hear only the melody means that half the value of the song is lost. It is the words that have inspired the composer to write his music. Then why not hear them? Otherwise, no matter how beautiful the voice, no matter how well the notes are given, the singer fails, because the listener can not understand what it is all about.

I have seen people in an audience yawn, and even knit, because the singer before them on the stage was singing only notes, notes, notes, without uttering more than an occasional intelligible word. That singer's failure was due not to any lack of beauty of voice, but to inability to enunciate. If clearly given, the words hypnotize an audience into listening.

Very often we find singers whose voices are quite modest in pretensions, and yet who please better than others far more gifted, simply because every word they sing is understood. Frequently clear enunciation is a natural gift that has merely to be improved upon, but it can be learned. To succeed in the true sense, every singer needs it.

In the first place, to give a song properly and with effect, one must throw oneself into its mood. Always, in singing a song that is gay, sad, or full of longing, I try to show that especial kind of emotion demanded, and just as I have felt it in my own experiences. We have all joyed, longed and sorrowed; we must try to portray in our songs, according to their mood, those very emotions that we have felt in life.

When I sing a ballad telling of a girl who is waiting for her lover, or sadly saying goodby to him, I become in imagination that girl herself. It is a matter of self-hypnotism through exercising the imagination and remembering my own feelings in the situation portrayed in the song.

BOTH on the records and before an audience, I try to make the people feel what I feel. That feeling is increased by coloring put into the voice, which adds musical meaning to the song; that is, the tone accompanying each important word must describe exactly what that word means. For instance, if the word be "lonely," let the tone express sadness; if the word be "gay," then let the tone be bright and joyous: if it be "love," let the tone be tender. By this I do not mean any exaggeration, for exaggeration makes a song ridiculous, but absolute, simple naturalness of the kind that one would use in speaking those same words with sincere expression.

In a song the poet gives us words that tell a little story of life or some incident descriptive of an emotion. Then the words of the song should be sung as one would tell a story or describe an incident. I call it inward action, the going through a scene in one's mind. And if one does not feel a song intensely while one is singing it, one can not make one's listeners feel it.

BUT no matter how faithfully the mood of a song be portrayed, or how sincerely one feels it, if the words are not enunicated with complete clearness, the song is a failure. Therefore the singer's first duty is to strive for clear enunciation.

I will tell you a secret in getting clear enunciation, as I have worked it out through practical experience. It is very simple, yet I have found it, like most simple things, more effective than all the complex rules invented. And it is this: attack the word clearly, and, if the final syllable is to be heard, end it clearly.

By attacking the word I do not, of course, mean to begin it violently, but to begin it clearly and with decision. No matter how softly a word is sung, that certainty and decision in beginning will carry. In most cases faulty enunciation is due to carelessness in pronouncing the final syllable. Finish the word as you begin it, then none can mistake its meaning.

IN FOLLOWING this plan, be careful of one thing: do not make your words in a phrase "choppy" by separating them sharply. That is, do not separate the words so that each stands all alone, when they are to be sung on a single breath, and are marked on the music to be bound together smoothly. In that case glide almost imperceptibly from the note on which one word closes to the note on which another word begins.

The finest guides that you can have to illustrate these important points that I have mentioned, are good records of songs in English. Carefully selected records of this kind will illustrate precisely what I have told you. Listen to such records intently; note how each word is begun and ended clearly; how the first syllable of a word is attacked and the last one ended; and how smoothly the words follow one another.

HAVING fixed well in your mind the enunciation in a song, take the printed music and sing the words through as you have heard them; then listen to those words again on the record and compare what you have heard with your own enunciation. When several songs have been thus learned, you will find improvement in all others that you may take up later. By degrees, the habit of clear enunciation becomes a fixed one.

Not only will listening to good records help in the direction mentioned, but in another great one, of which I have spoken—the expression. By studying the expression, the color that great singers put into the tone to bring out full meaning of the words, and the care they take to portray the mood of the song, you will get from good records the true principles of right interpretation. No teacher could give you better illustrations, for they embody the result of years of thought and of study by those who have devoted their whole lives to singing.

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But though the rain beat into the wagons it rode in, though it may have stood on floors that were far from immaculate, though it was lifted and rolled about by humans of anything but model personal habits, and was quite likely inspected and given up as hopeless by small creatures even less desireable—in spite of all this, it came to your grocer's store in its original delightful purity.

Your grocer can show you; or, if you wisely and economically buy in original barrels yourself, you know it already.

But—suppose it did ***not*** come WALLED IN by a barrel? What if a thin piece of cloth or paper was its only protection against all those undesirable contacts? ***What then?***

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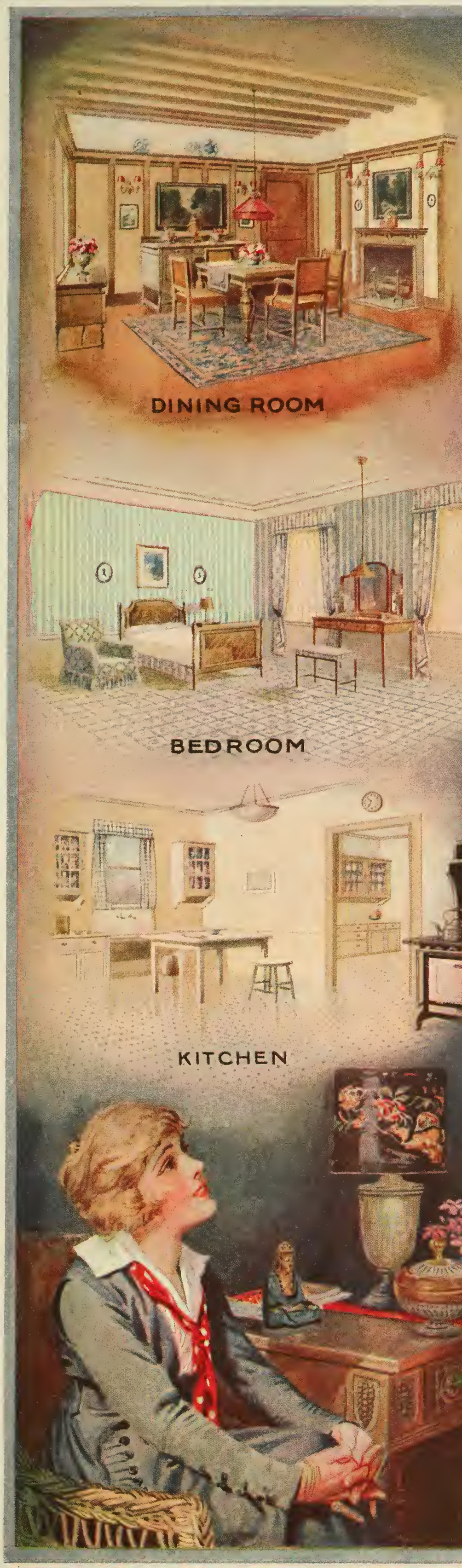
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BLABON ART Linoleums

SCIENTIFIC HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

Arranged by FLORA G. ORR

Home-Economics Editor

These hints were gathered from literature of the Illinois College of Agriculture. All the bulletins mentioned may be obtained free of charge by the women of Illinois, by writing to the Division of Publications, Illinois State College of Agriculture, Urbana, Illinois. These particular bulletins are not available to women in other States but every State has its own College and College bulletins.

If you are not an Illinois woman, but would like bulletins from your own State College, write to Flora G. Orr, Home-Economics Editor, DELINEATOR *Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City.*

THE day has passed when even the most common of the food staples can be used without care and thought. To the women of Illinois who are struggling with the problem of supplying their families with nourishing, well-rounded meals to these days of high costs, the food bulletins of their State University will prove invaluable.

THE FOOD VALUE OF MILK

THE lack of knowledge of relative food values makes it difficult for the average housewife to provide the maximum of nourishment for the minimum of expense. Circular number 235, "Food Values and Dairy Products," by O. R. Overman, shows that milk, even at a high price, is a cheap food in comparison with other articles of diet.

"With round steak at say, forty cents a pound, the housewife would have to invest forty and one-half cents in order to buy a quantity equaling in fuel value one quart of four per cent. milk.

"The cereal foods are in general much cheaper than milk as a source of energy, but as they contain relatively very much carbohydrate, they should not be used to wholly replace foods which contain more protein.

"Of the fruits only those that are dried are as cheap as milk. The same is generally true of the vegetables, except in regard to potatoes.

"These statements are not to be construed as an argument for substituting milk for all the above mentioned foods, nor even entirely for any one of them, especially the vegetables and fruits, but rather to demonstrate to the reader that in cutting down or discontinuing the use of milk, one is really dispensing with an article of food which is comparatively cheap even at present prices."

The bulletin, "Milk," by Ruth Wheeler, gives excellent directions for the use and care of milk and includes tempting recipes for cottage-cheese dishes.

POINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD BUYER

SOMETHING more than the choice of food is necessary for a thorough understanding of food values. The importance of the relation of cost, weight and measure is explained in "Experiments in Teaching Food Values."

"If a housekeeper buys a pound of potatoes, she will get three medium potatoes and a little one thrown in for full weight. A pound of prunes may be ordered, and in a pound of large prunes she would get about twenty-eight prunes, while if they were small there would be about forty."

A war-time bulletin which can be put to peace-time use is "Meat," by Lucile Wheeler. The following table and recipes will prove as useful to the housewife who is urged to the wise selection and use of meat by economic as by patriotic reasons.

Meat Cooked to Furnish Gravies and Sauces

Swiss steak	Pot Roast
Beef à la mode	Braised tongue

Meat-Extenders

Shepherd's pie	Croquettes
Tamale pie	Lamb stew
Hash	Scrapple

Meats Which Should Be Used Oftener

Liver	Creamed calves' brains
Tripe	Chipped beef
Stuffed beef heart	Sausage
Minced kidneys	

Beef à la Mode

TAKE a two-pound rump cut and remove bone (bone may be used for soup). Sear meat in a little fat to improve flavor. Put in boiling salted water so that it is covered; simmer until tender; keep covered with water. When tender, draw off part of broth and use for gravy. Then put in one-half sweet pepper chopped fine, one carrot cubed, one can tomatoes, and allow to cook down until brown and serve with sauce that covers meat.

Swiss Steak

USE round steak cut to one and one-half inch thick. Cut off fat from the sides of the meat and put in frying-pan to try out. Season meat with salt and pepper and place on a meat-board. Dredge thoroughly with flour on one side and cut this in by pounding with the edge of a plate or saucer. Turn meat and repeat. Brown a few slices of onion in the frying-pan with the fat, then add the floured meat. Brown on each side. Cover with water and simmer slowly two hours, or put in oven and continue slow cooking. Thicken the liquid for gravy.

Scrapple

7 cups water	3 teaspoons salt
2⅓ cups corn-meal	2 cups chopped meat

MAKE a mush of water, corn-meal and salt. Add meat and cook two to three hours in a double boiler or fireless cooker. Put in a mold to cool. Slice and sauté in hot fat. Cracklings from fat rendering may be used in place of meat."

WHEN SUGAR IS SCARCE

WAR-TIME sugar conditions are repeating themselves. The bulletin "Sugar in War-Time," by Viola J. Anderson, contains the following general directions for the use of sirups in baking and also twelve recipes which show how these directions can be carried out.

"It is possible to bake without using any granulated sugar. Corn-sirup, honey, maple-sugar, maple-sirup and molasses will sweeten muffins, cakes and cookies. In using corn-sirup, however, it is well to remember that it contains some water, and its sugars are less sweet than granulated sugar. When using one cup of this sirup, the liquid called for by the recipes may be reduced by approximately one-fourth cup. One cup of the sirup will have a little less sweetening power than three-fourths of a cup of sugar.

"In the very sweet cakes it is not satisfactory to use all sirup and no sugar. The product is very gummy and falls. However, one cup of sirup may be used to one and three-fourths cup of flour with fair success. In some of the following recipes three-fifths of a cup of sirup has been allowed to two-fifths of a cup of sugar, since this is found to give very good results.

"The sweetening power of honey is practically equal to that of sugar, cup for cup. A little less than one-fourth of a cup of liquid should be subtracted from the recipe for each cup of honey used. Since honey is acid, soda should be used, as with molasses, but it is seldom necessary to allow more than one-fourth teaspoon of soda to one cup of honey."

FOR THE HOME BREAD-MAKER

THE Bulletin, "Some Points in the Making and Judging of Bread," by Isabel Bevier, will be of great value to the experienced bread-maker who wishes to know all of the fine points of the art of bread-making, as well as to the woman who is learning to make the "staff of life."

The summary of this bulletin gives among others, the following points:

"Lack of knowledge of difference in bread-making qualities of flour from Spring and Winter wheat is very prevalent. The flour may be distinguished by color, feel, quality of gluten. Chemical composition of wheat, flour, and bread shows that there is a gain in the proportion of water, and a loss in the proportion of protein and starch in converting wheat into flour and flour into bread.

"Recipes differ widely as regards non-essentials: sugar, salt and shortening, but agree as to the proportion of one cup of liquid to three of flour. Yeast is a plant, and so is subject to laws of plant growth as regards food and moisture. If in good condition, yeast probably does not influence the flavor of bread.

"Salt prevents a flat taste, retards fermentation, and used to excess, causes loss of color in crust and of tenderness in crum.

"Sugar darkens the color of the crust. Within limits, it increases the volume of the loaf.

THE SCHOOL LUNCHEON

"THE Rural School Lunch," by Florence Harrison and Olive B. Percival, contains menus and recipes which will prove very helpful in the preparation of lunches for city as well as country children, and even for the adult members of the family. The following lunch suggestions are particularly good:

"If the child is sent to school with a lunch which has been carefully selected and well prepared, the teacher can add one warm dish each day with very little difficulty. The following are some suggested menus in which the food brought from home is supplemented by one hot dish:

I. Potato soup, meat sandwiches, orange, sponge-cake.
II. Cream-of-tomato soup, bread-and-butter sandwiches, stuffed egg, pear, oatmeal cookies.
III. Apple cooked with bacon, bread-and-butter sandwiches, gingerbread, milk.
IV. Date sandwiches, celery, cocoa, Graham crackers, apple.
V. Egg sandwiches, stewed apples, plain cake, prunes stuffed with cottage cheese.
VI. Brown-bread sandwiches, custard, apple, raisins.
VII. Baked beans, bread-and-butter sandwiches, fruit sauce, molasses cookies."

OTHER INTERESTING BULLETINS

SOME conservative housewives still regard canning by the cold-pack method doubtfully. They are frightened by the term "botulism." "Home Canning by the Cold-Pack Method," by Naomi O. Newburn, shows that a few minutes' heating of products when taken from the can will destroy all possibility of danger from this source.

A careful study of "Jelly-Making," by N. E. Goldthwaite, will mean that next season's jelly will be superior to that of other years.

Other excellent publications of the University of Illinois are: "Some Points to be Considered in the Planning of a Rational Diet," by Susannah Usher; "Corn and Corn Products Used as Food," by Lucile Wheeler; "Wheat Saving," by Ruth Wheeler; "Outlines for Work in Domestic Science and Domestic Art for the Elementary Schools in Illinois;" "Organization and Direction of Boys' and Girls' Clubs."



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It is remarkably convenient, and very economical.

It is cows' milk, just that; nothing added, not even sugar; nothing taken away but a part of the water. Sterilized right in its hermetically sealed container, it is absolutely pure.

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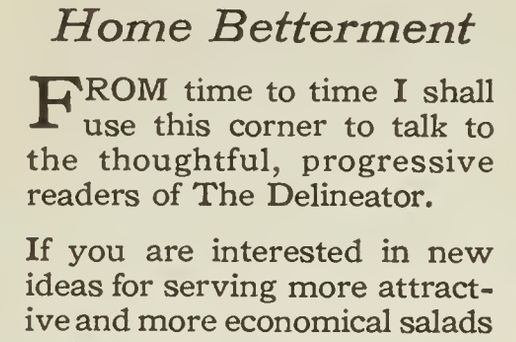
Mrs. Knox's Corner

Devoted to Home Betterment

FROM time to time I shall use this corner to talk to the thoughtful, progressive readers of The Delineator.

If you are interested in new ideas for serving more attractive and more economical salads and desserts, you are invited to write me for suggestions. Naturally, we will talk about the wonders of Knox Sparkling Gelatine, its endless uses and economy, many of which, perhaps, you do not know.

For instance: By combining a can of salmon with a cupful of rice and a tablespoonful of Knox Sparkling Gelatine—it has been my experience that the salmon will make twice as many servings as when served alone. Try this delicious Salmon and Rice Loaf. You will be delighted not only with its appetizing appearance but with its economical features as well.



SALMON RICE LOAF

1 tablespoonful of Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cupful of cold water
1 teaspoonful of salt
½ teaspoonful of pepper
1 can of salmon
1 cupful of cooked rice
¾ cupful of milk
1 tablespoonful of melted butter

Soften the gelatine in the cold water and dissolve by adding the hot milk. Add the seasonings, salmon, rice and butter. Pour into a wet mold and let stand until set. This may be served cold on lettuce as a salad or with a hot tomato sauce in place of meat at dinner.

Note: Any other fish or meat may be used in place of salmon.

KNOX
the "4-to-1" Gelatine

Did you know that experts call Knox the "4-to-1" Gelatine? That is because it goes four times farther than ready-prepared packages which serve only six people, compared to twenty-four servings which you get from one package of Knox.

Mrs. Knox Special Home Service

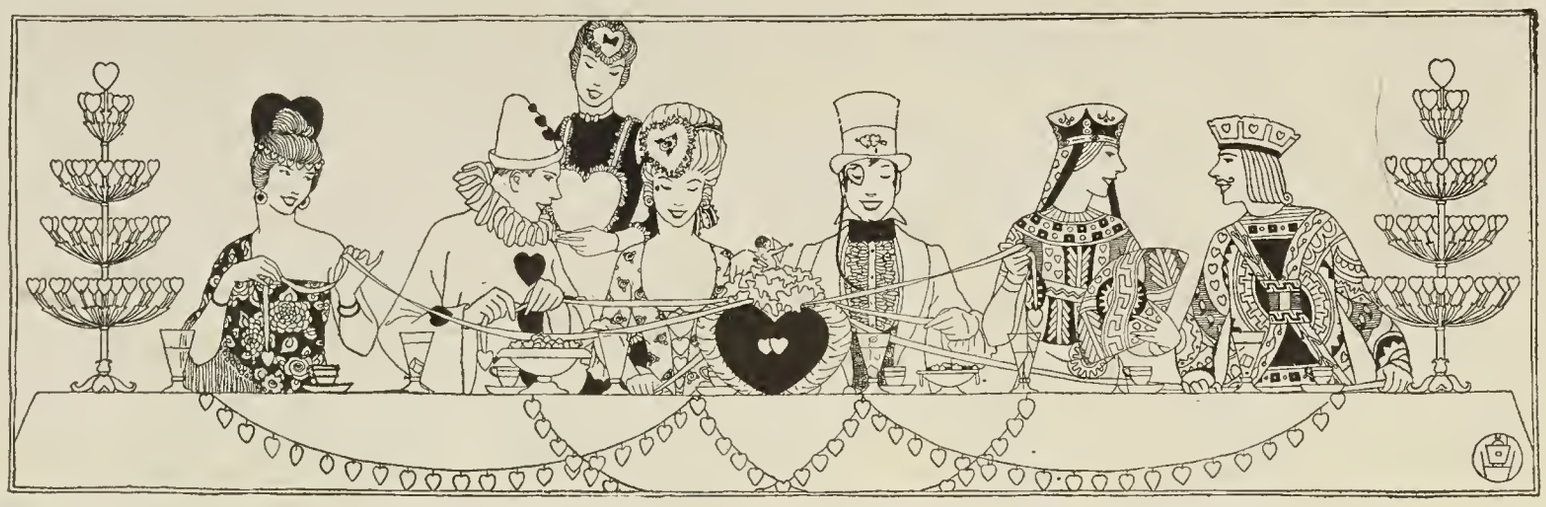
If you would like to know how to have a greater variety of economical desserts and salads for your home table, or know the secret of making left-overs into new and attractive dishes, write me for my recipe books "Food Economy" and "Dainty Desserts", which I will send you free if you will tell me the name of your grocer.

MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX
KNOX GELATINE
166 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.



"Whenever a recipe calls for Gelatine—it means KNOX"

This package contains an envelope of pure Lemon Flavor for the convenience of the busy housewife



THE FESTIVE FEBRUARY TABLE

BY HELENA JUDSON

FOR the woman who takes advantage of every opportunity for entertaining, February, 1920, is a banner month. Sandwiched in between the two legal holidays, Lincoln's Birthday on the twelfth and Washington's Birthday on the twenty-second, there is Valentine's Day on the fourteenth and Mardi Gras on the seventeenth! This last festival occasion, marking the day before Lent, is a movable date so that Mardi Gras (Fat Tuesday), or, as it is sometimes called, Shrove Tuesday (Confession Tuesday), does not always fall in February.

Then, to fill our cup of holidays to overflowing, there is the extra day allotted to us by Leap Year, so that this odd day which comes to us but once in four years (February twenty-ninth) is often chosen for some jolly party. As the twenty-ninth falls on Sunday, Saturday may be celebrated instead.

It is a capital idea to do a little efficiency work in the planning of the festivities. The modern efficiency hostess figures that by grouping her entertainments, the various details can be carried out with a saving of trouble and expense. We all know that after giving one party its very momentum would easily keep us on for another. With a little practise, even an inexperienced hostess can figure out ways of providing for two parties for practically the same effort as a single one.

TRYING IT OUT—ON THE FAMILY

AN INGENIOUS method of eliminating the possibility of culinary mistakes when entertaining, was explained to me charmingly by a bride who believes in easy hospitality, and aims to be a care-free hostess when she shall have finished her self-imposed course of training. Her special discovery is this: She decides on a certain menu, say, two weeks or more in advance. She starts with one dish—for example, soup—and serves it for luncheon two or three times, until she is perfect in that course. On alternate days she practises on a salad, and the main dish comes in for even more careful study.

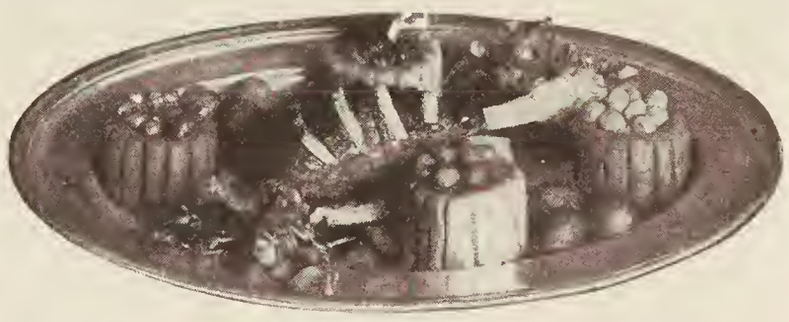
She then combines two courses, then three, until before she knows it, she is absolute mistress of herself and is not afraid to tackle the entire meal with guests into the bargain! She knows just how long each dish takes in preparation; how many persons a recipe will serve and just which of her dinner-set is best suited to show everything to the best advantage. She has tried various garnishes and accessories, so that there is no uncertainty even in regard to small details.

This ambitious young woman is planning to cancel all her outstanding social obligations in February by a trio of festivities, grouping in her plans Thursday, the twelfth (Lincoln's Birthday), Saturday the fourteenth (Valentine's Day) and Tuesday the seventeenth, (Mardi Gras). The first is to be an informal dinner for a few members of the family; the second a typical Valentine party, with a Valentine-writing contest and simple refreshments carrying out all the prettiest of the Valentine ideas in cakes and ices and candies. The last of the trio is to be a miniature Mardi Gras Carnival, with as many guests as the home will accommodate and each one pledged to provide some feature of the entertainment.

The menu selected for the Lincoln's Birthday dinner commences with a soup which this particular hostess calls her 1-2-3-4 tomato soup. It can be made in just twenty minutes by the clock and never fails to turn out to the queen's taste. She claims its delicious flavor is due to the *roux* which she makes in a shallow frying-pan and adds to the boiling liquid. I begged the recipe which is as simple as it is good:

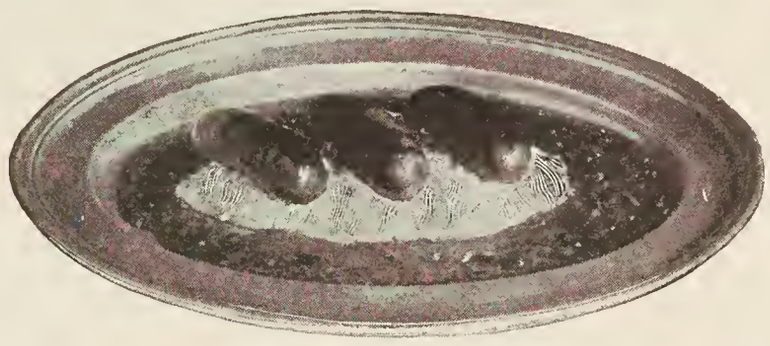
Fry a tablespoon each of finely minced onion and parsley in a tablespoon of butter substitute, thicken with a tablespoon of flour and moisten with a tablespoon of the tomato liquor. This explains the "1-2-3-4" name, as there is the same measurement of four ingredients. When well blended, add gradually a half-cup more of the tomato liquor and then turn the whole thing into another saucepan in which has been simmering, meantime, a quart of canned tomatoes, three cups of water, a bay-leaf, six whole peppercorns, six cloves, a teaspoon of sugar and two of salt. Simmer for twenty minutes, press through a sieve, and reheat. For this patriotic dinner, serve three or four bits of ribbon macaroni to each portion of soup. And be sure to have the soup-plates blue! This will give the desired red, white and blue combination.

For the main part of the dinner there is to be an attractive and appetizing dish, though of somewhat plebeian origin. This happens to be a favorite luncheon dish with men and will do nicely for the plain, family dinner. It is known in restaurant and hotel circles as "Sausage Gastronoms" and one of the photographs shows how it should look, though, for a tableful of guests, there should either be two mounds of potato or the entire service should be individual with small mounds of mashed potato and two sausages to a portion.



STUFFED LAMB CHOP WITH GARNISH OF VEGETABLES

The potato for this dish is unusually rich with milk and butter and fluffy with much beating. Have the sausages rather large and well pricked so they will not burst through their jackets in cooking. Make a sauce from the sausage drippings, and pour over the whole. This dish is often served with a pyramid of the potato, the sausages standing on end against the background. Whichever way suits you best, don't omit the decoration of tiny flags thrust into the potato where they will show most effectively.



SAUSAGE GASTRONOMS

If you are duplicating this dinner, serve with this course crisp pastry shells filled with creamed celery and have the containers so delicious that your guests will eat pastry case and all! This course is suitably followed with a salad of the whitest of cold slaw with a cooked cream dressing and a single slice of pickled beet cut in shield form in the center. Individual apple charlottes are to be the final course at this dinner, and if you don't know this buttery, crispy method of concealing an apple filling, lose no time in finding out. Each little pudding-mold is thoroughly buttered and then lined with the thinnest of slices of bread, also well buttered. Into this little nest goes a filling of apple sauce and a plump raisin or two. Then the top is covered with a closely fitted lid of buttered bread. The test of "doneness" is when the bread is a crispy golden brown. They should be served hot. Unmold, dredge each with powdered sugar and put a dab of apricot or raspberry jam on top. Your guests will do the rest!



GIBLETS *EN BROCHETTE*

FOOD TO DELIGHT THE GOOD SAINT VALENTINE

TO CONTINUE the tale of my would-be "easy hostess," let me say that the Valentine refreshments are to be served from a buffet-table, adorned with the carefully preserved scarlet carnations left from the Lincoln's Birthday dinner-party. Why not? Only two days have intervened.

There are to be dishes of bright red, "taffy apples," made by dipping highly polished red apples into a red-tinted sugar sirup cooked to the "hard-ball" stage. When ready to dip, thrust a beheaded match into each apple, immerse in the hot sirup and place on wax-paper to cool and harden. These are to be eaten from the holder, the same as lollypops, and the informality adds to the general jollity. Besides, the bright red candied apples are decidedly decorative as a buffet ornament.

The Valentine cake, with white icing, is to have an elaborate design in small heart-shaped candies of bright red. This is much better than to attempt a red frosting which never looks exactly edible, though red sugar sifted over the white icing is a favorite valentine decoration. Instead of favors, have each piece of cake contain a number corresponding with the number on a valentine at Saint Valentine's Post-Office, arranged in one corner.

These valentines are all written early in the evening by the guests, sealed with red wax, put into Saint Valentine's Post-Office and numbered in the corner with a red pencil.

Matching the numbers in the cake to the numbers on the valentines is great fun and the reading of the love poems, with a prize for the best, lends another amusement feature. Vanilla ice-cream with red raspberry sauce is to be served with the cake and there is an innocent temperance punch for the thirsty ones.

"The Mardi Gras carnival on February seventeenth is supposed to be the last social fling before the austerities of the Lenten season. In fact, the word "carnival" is derived from two Latin words, signifying a farewell to the flesh or worldly pleasures. Few people connect the serving of pancakes with this festival, but it is a well-known foreign custom on that night to have children run through the streets singing and stopping from door to door for a hot pancake. The carrying out of this idea offers a decided novelty, and, at the final entertainment of this trio French pancakes and coffee will be the only refreshments served.

While most of the pancakes should be baked behind the scenes, if possible have a pancake-maker dressed to represent an old colored "mammy" and flap the pancakes in professional style on an electric or gas heated griddle in the presence of the guests. Any good griddle-cake recipe answers the purpose. The cakes should be about five inches in diameter. Spread each with tart fruit jelly and roll while hot. Arrange on a platter, side by side, and be sure to have the lapped side of the pancake touching the platter, as this prevents the possibility of unrolling. Dredge with granulated sugar and imprint with the lines from a red-hot toaster. This gives a slight taste of caramelized sugar and also improves the appearance of the rolled pancakes. French pancakes make a delicious dessert at any time, and it is well to put them on your list as a change from the regulation pies and puddings.

FOR SUNDAY-NIGHT AFFAIRS

A SUNDAY-NIGHT supper on Washington's Birthday gives still another opportunity to celebrate in a quiet way, and will be a good time to show what you can do with the "brochette." This sounds like some kind of fancy-work, but, as a matter of fact, it is simply the French word for skewer and very useful can these little metal rods be.

All sorts of titbits, cut in inch cubes, can be strung on a "brochette," or skewer, basted with melted butter and laid over the edge of a narrow baking-tin, allowing the juices to drip into the pan while cooking. Oysters *en brochette*, each oyster alternating with a square of bacon, makes a delicious supper or luncheon dish, while chicken giblets, cubes of firm-fleshed fish, scallops, clams, or calf's liver, arranged in similar fashion alternating with bacon, are all equally adaptable to this method of cooking.

Allow one skewer to each portion and place the brochette with its savory burden, just as it comes from the oven, on a narrow strip of toast. Garnish with lemon or parsley, according to the nature of the material used. Pour the drippings in the pan over the brochette after it is on the toast. In choosing this for the main dish at a Washington's Birthday supper, decorate each end of the skewer with a paper frill of red, white and blue.

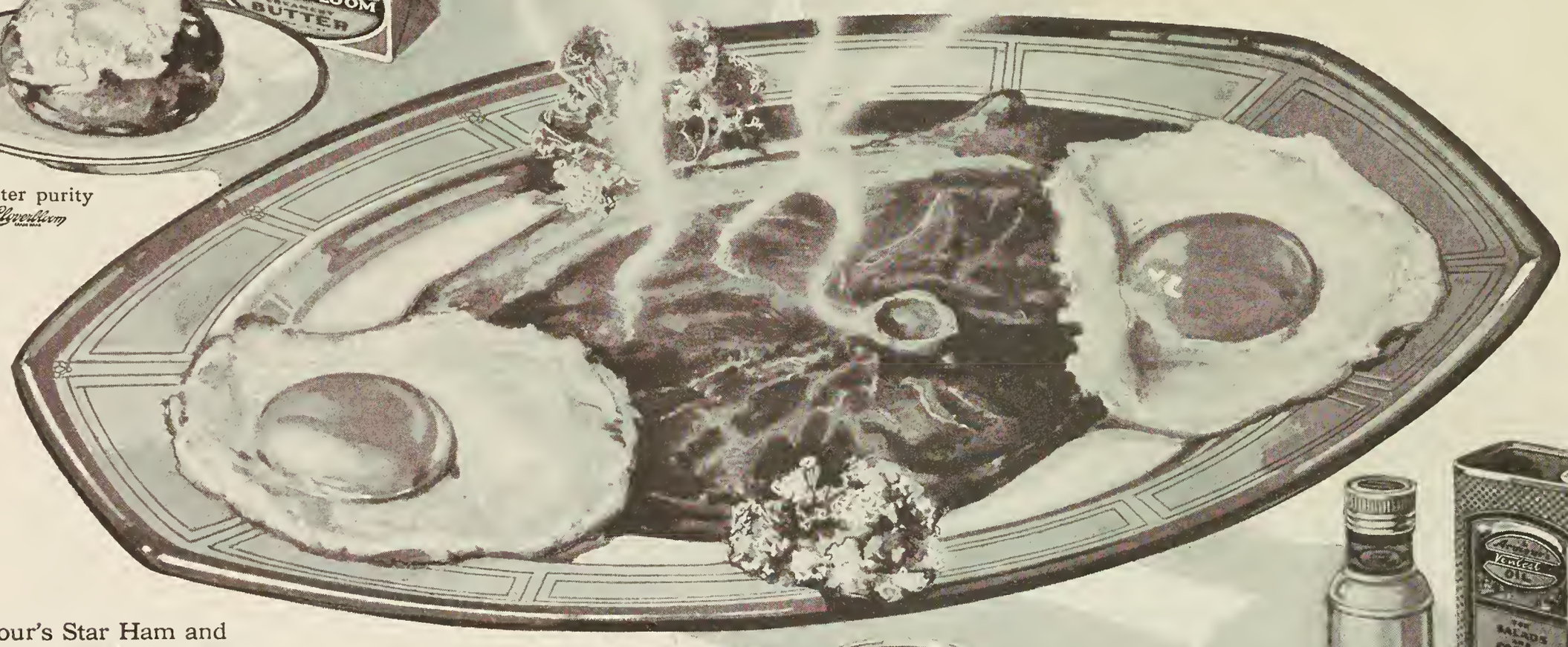
If you prefer to have a meat dish, try a stuffed chop for each person. There is a certain subtle economy in this seemingly expensive dish, as, with its topping of savory dressing, the chop does not have to be of the thickest or choicest. This mixture is practically the same as would be used for stuffing a shoulder of veal and is mounded well above the surface of the lamb or mutton chop. If canned pimentoes are available, garnish the stuffing with alternate strips of the white of hard-boiled egg and scarlet pimento.

Armour's Buying Suggestions for February

Armour's Oval Label Foods Make Every Meal a Success



For butter purity use Cloverbloom



Armour's Star Ham and Armour's *Veribest* Eggs make an ever popular dish—suitable any day in the year



Veribest fruits—delicious—and simple to serve.



Salads are bound to be popular when topped with *Veribest* Salad Dressing



A whole meal in itself—has only to be heated and served.



The right combination for a perfect cup of coffee

FOR the family or when there are guests; for full-course dinners or dainty refreshments; to tempt delicate appetites or satisfy genuine hunger—Oval Label foods take care of every need. You will find that with a liberal supply of Armour's Oval Label products in your pantry, you are ready for any food emergency. Your dealer has, or can get any of these Armour Oval Label foods for you.

Armour's QUALITY PRODUCTS

For helpful suggestions on planning and serving meals, write for our booklet "The Business of Being a Housewife." Free on request. Address Food Economics Dept., Division B50, Armour and Company, Chicago.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

We outgrow our old foolish fears~



Who now is afraid of

COFFEE

People once were afraid of the steam engine. "It will blow up"—"It will jump the track"—they said. But we all know better *now*.

Time has disproved many old fallacies. Yet, some good people still believe that coffee doesn't "agree" with them,—a popular *delusion* encouraged by competitive products.

There are many food fads. Some think they can't eat bread,—some think they can't eat potatoes. There is probably no food that can be said to agree with *everybody*.

In reality—coffee is more healthful for more people than any other beverage. It is consumed in greater volume than any other. Coffee is the mainstay of the *millions*.

The government sent 2,000,000 doughboys "over there" and fed them on real coffee, all they could drink,—four times a day. And there was much "nervousness"—among the *Germans!*

Ask a Brazilian to name his country's greatest service to mankind, and he will proudly answer,—"Brazil furnishes three-fourths of the world's coffee."

Better a dinner of bread and beef with *coffee* than a ten-course banquet without it. And coffee is the cheapest item of your menu,—it costs *less* than two cents per cup.

SIGNIFICANT—*"The Medical Standard" says:—"Taken after meals coffee is an aid to digestion. Under its influence the development of digestion is more perfect and more rapid. It is a stomachic of the first order, especially when taken hot."*

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COFFEE—
the Indispensable Drink!



LEAP-YEAR FROLIC FOR SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY

BY EDNA ERLE WILSON

To complete the plans for a Leap-Year Frolic send to Edna Erle Wilson for these games: Find the Heart and Saint Valentine's Pie; for A Truthful Party, Wishing True and A True Romance. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address her in care of THE DELINEATOR, Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City.

THE birthday of Saint Valentine, the patron saint of lovers, is not only a red-letter day in the calendar of the lover, but also in that of the hostess. And when to the native charm of the occasion the merry, audacious pranks of leap-year are added, the combination makes the most irresistible of parties.

Ordinary correspondence-cards decorated round the edges with a border of tiny red hearts make attractive invitations. Doggerel written in the reddest of red ink carries the summons. There is a different jingle for the girls and men, those dispatched to the masculine guests reading as follows:

On Valentine night, at candlelight,
Your presence, lad, I crave;
And lest you fear the darkness, dear,
I send a maiden brave!

From this teasing wording it is readily seen that the girls are to act as escorts to the boys, while the enlightening jingles sent to members of the "brave sex" read:

On Valentine night, at candlelight,
Your presence, lass, I crave;
The lad below fears darkness, so
Protect him, maiden brave!

Of course the name of the boy whom each girl is to bring is written on her card. As soon as the invitations have been received, the girls hasten to write or telephone to their partners, requesting the pleasure of their company.

Branches of trees among which red-paper lanterns glow will transform any room into a carnival place where sentimentality reigns, and the most thrilling of romances will seem quite in order. Gay bobbing strings of red cardboard hearts are festooned from the chandelier to the four corners of the room and all the electric lights wear red masks.

AS THE guests arrive the front door is opened by no less a person than the Queen of Hearts herself, resplendent in a frilly white gown with hearts in numbers sewed over her voluminous skirts. On her head is perched a red velvet tam-o'-shanter with a long dangling tassel. She presents each masculine guest with a large red heart to which a small pencil is attached, and to each girl she gives a necklace of ribbon strung with a number of red cardboard hearts.

On their hearts the men find a list of questions to be answered, relative not only to the color of their hair and eyes, and height, but also having to do with such grave matters as disposition, habits, past record in love-affairs and future hopes.

When the girls have found seats for their timid partners, they leave them to this task, while they stroll around the room or stand in groups near the door. After a certain length of time the hostess collects the hearts and the girls may ask for introductions to any swains to whom they are attracted.

There is a familiar sound about the "Sea of Matrimony." When the guests at this Valentine frolic encounter a big red screen bearing the words across its silk surface in gilt letters they are immediately interested. A jingle on the screen announces that:

The water's fine,
Cast in your line,
And bring to land a valentine!

A rod and line is ready for use and while the men watch the proceeding the girls try their skill at angling. Each girl has a chance and no line comes up empty. But the peculiar fish caught are red cardboard hearts.

These hearts are the ones which were distributed to the men on their arrival. With their hearts in their hands, if not in their throats, the guests then prepare for the merry game of Leap-Year Proposal. The hostess tells each girl that she must find the man who seems to answer the description on her heart. So the feminine guests skirmish around with assumed masculine airs, while the men huddle together timidly.

When the hostess rings a bell, it is a signal for a proposal. If the girl proposes to the wrong man, she forfeits one of the little red hearts from her necklace. Whenever the bell rings, it breaks up one proposal and gives the opportunity for another. The game is won by the girl who has the most hearts on her necklace at its end.

After joining in a merry, rollicking gambol called "Finding the Heart" and a paper-and-pencil game entitled "Saint Valentine's Pie," the guests are invited into the dining-room, where a charmingly decorated table greets them. The centerpiece is a heart-shaped Jack Horner affair of red paper, with streamers carried to each guest's place. Candleshades, nut-cups and place-cards all carry out the heart motif.

The menu is delicious and further accentuates the color scheme. It consists of stuffed-tomato salad, bread-and-butter sandwiches, heart-shaped cakes with pink icing, and strawberry mousse.

A TRUTHFUL PARTY FOR GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

TAKING the famous story of George Washington and the cherry-tree for her motif, one hostess gave a Truthful Party on the twenty-second of February last year. Invitations were on white paper with a small cherry-tree and a hatchet sketched up in one corner and they were fastened with sticker heads of the father of our country. These missives stated that the guests were invited to devote an evening to the speaking of truth and if any one departed from this practise a dire penalty would be imposed.

The Colonial colors of blue and buff were used for decoration in the living-room, where big vases of sunshiny daffodils made bright spots of color, and blue and yellow paper lanterns swung from the ceiling. The hostess wore a lovely gown of figured silk, a powdered white wig and a lace fichu, and the girls who helped her receive were dressed in the same charming style.

The evening's fun started hilariously with the old-fashioned game of Truth. For this the guests were presented with little booklets resembling dance programs and the men made engagements with the girls for conversations, during which everybody must speak the truth, regardless of the questions asked. This game was played progressively, the silver tinkling of chimes marking the length of time devoted to each conversation. At its end a prize was awarded to the guest who had not broken the rule, while forfeits were imposed upon all culprits.

Next on the program came a Patriotic Bowling Match played around a table covered with a cherry-decorated cloth of crêpe-paper with a ribbon-covered arch at one end. The boys were arranged on one side of the table and the girls on the other, partners standing opposite each other. Each boy was given a clay pipe decorated with a bow of blue-and-yellow ribbon and the girls were presented with tally-cards and a dainty paper fan of yellow or blue. A bowl of fluffy soap-suds with enough glycerin added to make firm shining bubbles stood in the center of the table.

THE boy at the head of the table nearest the arch started the game by blowing a bubble, which his partner tried to fan through the arch before it broke. If she succeeded, she received a red cherry sticker on her tally-card. The first couple then moved to the foot of the table and the next couple took their turn. Three rounds ended the game.

It is a well-known fact that wishes made upon a slim young moon are often fulfilled. Probably the hostess had this in mind when she planned the game of Wishing True.

After this the hostess presented each guest with a little booklet decorated with cherries and hatchets and small smiling Cupids. Upon the cover was inscribed the title "A True Romance" and inside was a typewritten sheet with blank spaces to be filled in. Each missing word began with "true."

After the blanks had been filled in and the booklets collected by the hostess, the guests were invited into the dining-room. A small evergreen tree hung with artificial cherries made an appropriate centerpiece. Napkins were folded into cocked hats, and at each place was a bonbon box in the form of a hatchet, with a bunch of artificial cherries tied to the stem with red-white-and-blue ribbon. The name-cards had cuts of the heads of George and Martha Washington.

First, individual geranium-and-cherry salads were served. They consisted of large cherries filled with nuts and shredded celery, served on a slice of pineapple with French dressing. The plates were garnished with a sprig of red geranium. With this were served delicious little sandwiches of pimento cheese. Then followed tall clinking glasses of lemonade with bobbing red cherries. Frozen pudding in red frilled paper cases with individual white cakes completed the menu.

AT NIGHT— a thorough bath for your face

If you want a skin that is clear, brilliant with color— let it breathe at night



TINY, invisible dust particles—always, always falling on your unprotected face!

In crowds—in shops—in theatres—all day long while you are going unconsciously about your occupations—the delicate skin of your face is exposed to millions of unseen enemies.

That is why a thorough bath for your face *at night* is so important.

During your eight hours of sleep the skin of your face should be allowed to rest—to breathe. The delicate pores should be freed from the dust and dirt that have accumulated during the day.

For remember—authorities on the skin now agree that most of the commoner skin troubles come, not from the blood—but from bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores from the outside, through dust and small particles in the air.

If from neglect, or the wrong method of cleansing, your skin has lost the flawless clearness it should have—if it is marred by blackheads—by disfiguring little blemishes—begin tonight to change this condition. You *can* make your skin just what it should be. For every day it is changing—old skin dies and new skin takes its place. By giving the *new skin*, as it forms, the special treatment its need demands, you can make it as soft, as clear and smooth as you would like to have it.

The famous treatment for blackheads

Perhaps, in your case, failure to use the right method of cleansing for your type of skin has resulted in disfiguring little blackheads. This condition can be overcome—and your skin can be smooth and clear in future.

To keep your skin free from this trouble, try using every night this famous treatment:

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then, with a rough washcloth, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a *piece of ice*. Dry carefully. To remove the blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

Use this treatment regularly, and you will begin in a few days to notice the greater clearness and attractiveness it gives to your skin.

To free your skin from blemishes

Those annoying little blemishes that so often mar an otherwise lovely complexion—you can free your skin from this defect, too, by giving your face *every night* the thorough cleansing its particular condition demands.

Just before retiring, wash your face thoroughly with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap and dry carefully. Now, dip the tips of your fingers in the warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Rinse very carefully with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this special treatment until the blemishes have disappeared, then continue to give your face, every night, a thorough bath in the regular Woodbury way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold water. You will find that in this way you can guard against any reappearance of the blemishes.

Each one of the famous Woodbury treatments has been formulated to meet the needs of different types of skin. Look in the little booklet that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—find the treatment that your particular type of skin demands—then use it regularly each night before retiring. You will be surprised to see how quickly your skin will gain in attractiveness—how smooth, clear and colorful you can keep it by this care.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. Get a cake today—begin using it tonight. A 25 cent cake will last a month or six weeks.

We shall be glad to send you a trial size cake

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment), together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love To Touch." Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1902 Spring Grove Ave, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1902 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

C'est bien Juin en Février

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With the pure fragrance of June flowers —with the pure softness of June breezes. What! Has *Juin* been mysteriously wafted into February?

Whether it be my *parfum* Djer-Kiss itself, with its "*odeur* stolen from June flowers"—or the June softness of my *poudre de riz Djer-Kiss*—or the soothing daintiness of the Talc—or the *reste*—to each *Spécialité*—to all the *Spécialités*—the admirable skill of Kerkoff gives the supreme touch.

With the fragrant charm of France they come to you—these *Spécialités de Djer-Kiss!* Be it February or June, you will be charmed when you buy them, you will be charmed when you use them.

Kerkoff

EXTRACT
FACE POWDER
SACHET
TOILET WATER
TALC :: SOAP

Djer-Kiss
Made in France only

VEGETALE
—
ROUGE
LIP STICK
These two Spécialités blended in America with pure Djer-Kiss essence from France





REAL SERVICE TO READERS

LOOK HERE, FRIENDS!

Many of you have forgotten of late, when writing for information or aid, to enclose a stamped return envelope. Please reflect that valuable time is required to make adequate reply to inquiries, and a magazine can not afford to pay postage in addition.

Information of a money value of five or ten dollars is often supplied in our answers.

Inquiries unaccompanied by stamped envelopes will go into the waste-basket. Nor will replies be made on a postal-card. Invest two cents in your inquiry!

YOUR CHILDREN

PRAYERS FOR CHILDREN—A collection of appropriate and beautiful prayers to be taught to little children. Sent on receipt of a two-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address The Children's Editor.

YOU, YOURSELF

BEAUTY—Nine out of ten beautiful women are such through their own efforts. Write to Celia Caroline Cole, the Beauty Editor, for advice and for her invaluable booklets:

Facial Treatment in Smart New York Beauty Shops
Care of the Complexion.
Care of the Hair and Scalp.
Home Treatment for the Hair and Scalp.
Facial Blemishes.
Facial Exercises and Massage to Reduce Wrinkles.
Care of the Hands.
Rules for Maintaining Health.
How to Keep Cool and Attractive in Summer.
Don't You Want to Be Thinner?
Don't You Want to Be Fatter?

Any three of the above will be sent for a two-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

"Beauty and Health through Proper Exercise" is an exceedingly valuable book which will be sent on receipt of the price, twenty-four cents.

ETIQUETTE—Do we know how to present a gentleman correctly to a lady? Do we know just how to accept a formal invitation, written in the third person? Do we know the correct forms for wedding ceremonies? For traveling? Does our manner of clutching a fork betray our ignorance of correct manners at table? Are we seriously in distress every time we give a party or are entertained, for fear we may not "do the right thing?"

Mrs. John Cabot Kimberly can give you simple formulas to steer you through these perplexities. Write for these booklets.

Introductions, Invitations and Replies.
Calls and the Use of Cards.
Courtesies of To-day between Men and Women.
Weddings.
Travel.
Entertaining.
At the Table.

Any three of these will be sent for a two-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

YOUR PLEASURE

ENTERTAINMENT—No matter what kind of entertainment you desire to give, Edna Erle Wilson, the Entertainment Editor, will help you plan it. Write to her, stating the time you desire to give your party, how many guests you will have, and how much you can spend. Ask, too, for:

Missing Word of "A True Romance."
"Cinderella," an operetta sung to familiar airs.
A Pagan Rout (a costume dance; each dance named).
A Dinner Party with Musical Program.
A Vaudeville for a School or Community Party with Dance Numbers.
"Patriots' Tea," A Play of Revolutionary Times.
Mother Goose Pageant with costumes and music.

Enclose a two-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

THE BEST NEW SONGS—The Music Editor of THE DELINEATOR, always in pursuit of the choicest new music, has found some things which our readers will much enjoy. On receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope, the Music Editor will send a list of the latest popular songs, popular instrumental records and latest operatic and instrumental records. Don't fail to get these. Send, too, for:

Songs by American Composers.
Violin Selections by American Composers.
Piano Selections by American Composers.
Some Worth-While Records.
Some Worth-While Rolls.
Pieces Your Children Will Like to Practise.
Songs for the Home Town to Sing.
Phonograph Records for Community Singing.

Any three of these will be sent for a two-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

YOUR HOME

HOMEMAKING—Make one recipe do the work of ten! That is the new trick which Flora G. Orr will explain to you.

Send to Miss Orr for:

A Set of Recipes for Making Ten Particularly Delicious Candies from One Foundation Fondant.
A Master Rule for Cakemaking. One Recipe To Make Ten Different Kinds of Cake.
A Master Rule for Frozen Desserts. One Recipe Will Make Ten Different Kinds.
A Master Rule for using Baking-Powder Biscuit-Dough in Ten Different Ways.
A Set of Safe Rules for Cutting the Cost of Food.
A List of Books on Home-Economics Subjects which will be helpful to the housewife.
Government and State-College Bulletins on Homemaking.
List of Labor-Saving Devices.

Any three of these will be sent for a two-cent stamp.

YOUR BABY

INFANT HYGIENE—You can double his chances for life by taking proper care of yourself during the nine months before he is born. Miss Van Blarcom's new pamphlet, "Advice to Expectant Mothers," has been prepared with the help of the country's foremost obstetricians. It contains the advice they give to their patients concerning diet, sleep, exercise, clothes, recreation, and how to prepare for maternal nursing, the most important single factor in saving baby life.

So scientific and yet so simple is it that a world-famous obstetrician is using it among his patients and at hospitals with which he is connected. Any reader of THE DELINEATOR may have such care by applying to Carolyn Conant Van Blarcom, our Infant-Hygiene Editor, for her new booklet, "Advice to Expectant Mothers." Write to Miss Van Blarcom for any of her booklets:

Rules for the Nursing Mother.
Daily Schedule for the Feeding and Care of Your Baby during First Year.
Daily Schedule for the Feeding and Care of Your Baby during Second Year.
How to Organize a Baby-Health Center.
Outline for Talk on the Care of Babies' Eyes.
Directions for the Care of Your Babies' Eyes.
Suggestions for Organizing Local Work to Prevent Blindness among Babies.
Information about Present Laws in Your State for Saving Sight of Babies.
Weight-Chart for Baby's First Year.

Any three of these will be sent for a two-cent stamp.

YOUR GARDEN

PLAN IT NOW—W. R. Beattie, Extension Horticulturist of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, has prepared a special service bulletin for DELINEATOR readers. It is entitled "Crops Neglected in the Home Garden." Send your request for it to the Garden Editor.

It will be sent on receipt of a two-cent stamp.

Also when you plan the home garden don't forget these Government bulletins:

Home Gardening in the South. Five cents.
City and Suburban Vegetable Garden. Five cents.
Farm Garden in the North. Five cents.
Home Vegetable Garden. Five cents.

Any of these can be obtained for the price mentioned. Address your request to the Garden Editor. He will forward your request to the proper Bureau at Washington.

YOUR TOWN

YOUR HOME TOWN—Now that war work is over, put your energy behind the big work of improving your home town. There are lots of things to be done; there are lots of things you can do. Send for:

Seventy-Seven Things You Can Do for Your Home Town.
Clean Up and Keep Clean.

These will be sent you on receipt of a two-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO THE DELINEATOR SERVICE DEPARTMENT, BUTTERICK BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY.

DURABLE DURHAM HOSIERY

Made strongest where the wear is hardest



The right hosiery for the American Family

THE millions of people who wear Durable-DURHAM Hosiery are the millions who make up the happy, sane, home-loving families of America.

They appreciate Durable-DURHAM because they realize that true economy is in quality and long wear. They like the comfort of Durable-DURHAM, its fine appearance, and above all its absolute dependability.

Durable-DURHAM Hosiery includes styles for everyone in the family, big and little, and for every purpose. Working socks and dress socks for men in all weights; play and school stockings for children; stockings for women in sheer lisle or heavier cotton, in all fashionable colors.

Every pair of Durable-DURHAM Hosiery is strongly reinforced at points of hardest wear. Tops are wide and elastic; sizes are accurately marked; feet and toes are smooth, seamless and even. The Durham dyes will not fade.

Durable-DURHAM Hosiery is a product of industrial democracy, made under ideal working conditions in the famous Durham Hosiery Mills. We have no strikes nor lockouts—every worker is interested in quality.

Ask your favorite store for Durable-DURHAM Hosiery. You should be able to find it at any dealer's. Look for the Durable-DURHAM trade mark ticket attached to each pair.

DURABLE DURHAM TRADE MARK HOSIERY

DURHAM HOSIERY MILLS, Durham, N. C.

***Sales Department,* 88 Leonard St., New York**



She Approaches Motherhood

AND *now* is the time most of all when she must guard against Pyorrhea—or those pretty white teeth will loosen, her firm pink gums soften and inflame, and perhaps Pyorrhea's infecting germs will bring a train of other ills.

Medical science has discovered that certain changes take place in the organic secretions of women approaching maternity—changes that make them susceptible to Pyorrhea.

To detect Pyorrhea *watch your gums.* Tender and bleeding gums mark its beginning. Then the gum-line recedes and exposes the tooth-base to decay. The teeth loosen, or must be extracted to free the system from the dangerous Pyorrhea poisons that so often cause anaemia, rheumatism, indigestion, and other serious conditions.

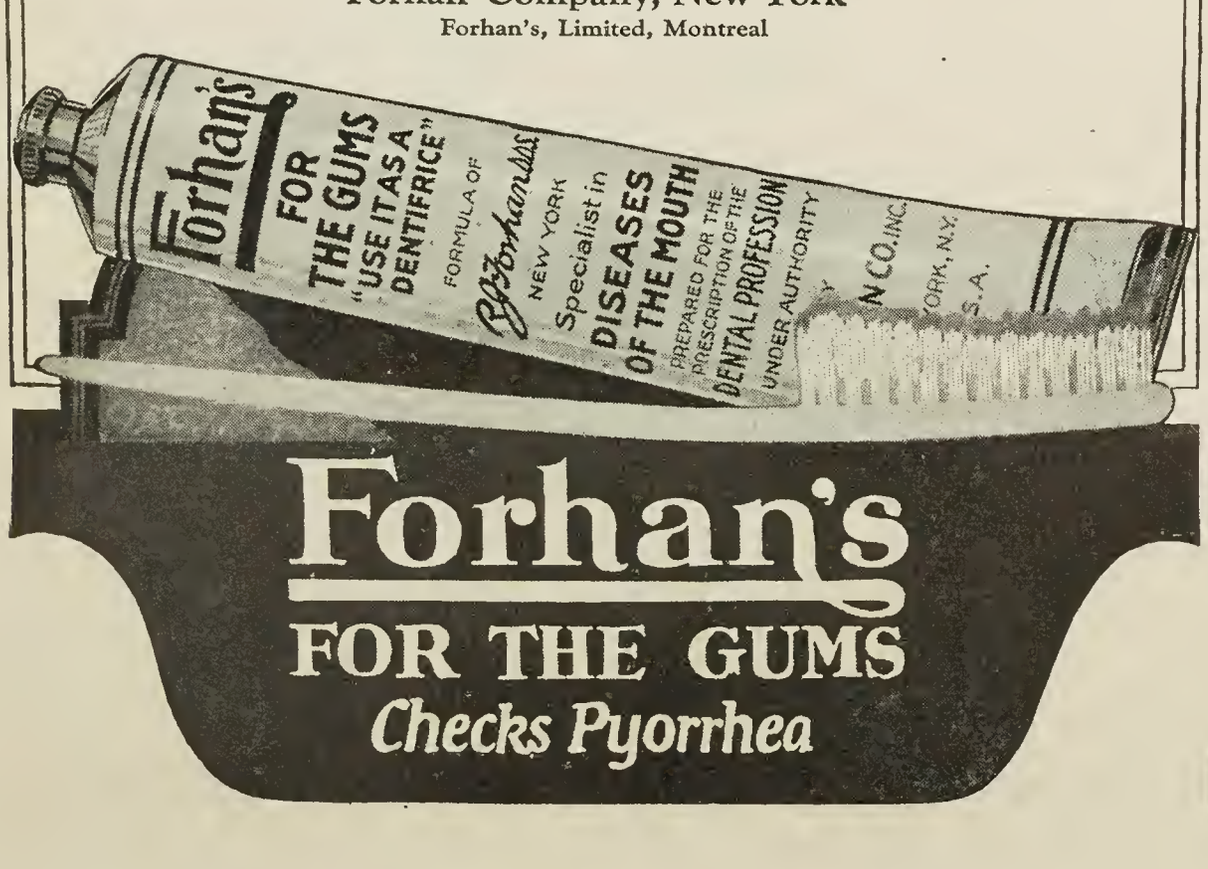
The prospective mother may end Pyorrhea troubles before they begin. Let her start to use Forhan's For the Gums *today.* It will prevent the disease if used in time, and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums hard and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

How to Use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down.* Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in the United States and Canada. At all druggists.

Forhan Company, New York
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FOR THE SAKE OF THE NEXT GENERATION

BY WILLIAM F. SNOW, M.D.

DR. WILLIAM F. SNOW, THE AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE, HAS FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS BEEN THE EXECUTIVE HEAD OF THE AMERICAN SOCIAL HYGIENE ASSOCIATION. HE IS PROFESSOR OF HYGIENE AND PUBLIC HEALTH AT STANFORD UNIVERSITY AND WAS FORMERLY SECRETARY AND EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE CALIFORNIA STATE BOARD OF HEALTH. DR. SNOW IS CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE INTERDEPARTMENTAL SOCIAL HYGIENE BOARD. HE IS THE OUTSTANDING AMERICAN LEADER IN THE CAMPAIGN TO STAMP OUT VENEREAL DISEASES, A CAMPAIGN WHICH IS RAPIDLY BECOMING WORLD-WIDE. DURING THE GREAT WAR DR. SNOW SERVED AS A LIEUTENANT-COLONEL IN THE MEDICAL CORPS, AND DIRECTED THE WORK FOR THE PREVENTION OF VENEREAL DISEASE IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY, BOTH HERE AND ABROAD. THE BRILLIANT SUCCESS OF HIS ENDEAVOR SUGGESTS WHAT MAY BE DONE--PERHAPS IN YOUR OWN TOWN
WRITE TO ME IF YOU WANT MORE INFORMATION ON THIS IMPORTANT SUBJECT, OR ADVICE ABOUT WHAT YOU CAN DO

--Carolyn Conant Van Blarcom
Health Editor

WARS are great awakeners! The war which has just drawn to a close brought to light facts which shocked the people of the United States into a realization of the tremendous problems which they face on account of sex vice and diseases largely spread thereby. For a number of years a comparatively small group of thoughtful people had been aware of the great toll paid by men, women and children of all levels of society as a result of ignorance and exploitation.

Physicians have long known that venereal diseases cause an enormous amount of misery in the form of blindness, insanity, sterility, disability, and death, and those who have studied the causes and effects of prostitution have long known the political corruption, the crime and the moral degeneracy and broken homes that have followed in the wake of the traffic in women.

But it took the stimulation of a great national emergency to bring these well-known facts to the attention of the public generally. The response of the people of the United States has been characteristically prompt and vigorous. Not only were heroic efforts made during the war to protect the soldiers and sailors of America from moral hazards and from disease, but a number of permanent governmental institutions have been created for the purpose of carrying on the fight to its proper conclusion—that is, a happier and healthier race of people in the America of the future.

These institutions make provision for a concentrated attack upon the problems created by venereal diseases in the civilian population and in the Army and Navy. A Division of Venereal Diseases has been created in the United State Public Health Service with provision made for wide-spread educational work, and vigorous attacks on quack doctors and vendors of patent medicine.

THE Division also encourages the establishment of clinics for the treatment of venereal diseases and stimulates the repression of prostitution wherever it finds opportunity. In the Navy a strong organization has been formed for the maintenance of high morale among the men in that service. The Sixth Division, as it is called, has supervision of the work of the Navy chaplains, recreational activities, educational work and the repression of prostitution in the vicinity of naval establishments.

The plans for the work in the Army have not at this writing been completed, but it is expected that adequate provision will be made for the continuance of the educational, recreational and law-enforcement work which was carried on so successfully during the war by the Medical Department of the Army in cooperation with the Commission on Training Camp Activities.

The United States Interdepartmental Social Hygiene Board has been created by Congress as a connecting link, joining the social hygiene activities of the Army, the Navy, and the Public Health Service. It exists for the purpose of coordination, adjustment and research. Thus the people of the United States have provided governmental machinery for a campaign, the scope and resources of which are not at the present time equaled by any other nation. But in certain other countries, notably England, excellent progress is being made.

THERE are two general aspects of this great campaign which for lack of a better name has been called the social hygiene movement: the negative and the positive aspects. On the negative side there are disorders and diseases of society which we want to eliminate. On the positive side there are forces and possibilities for good which we want to develop to the utmost.

If any person with humane instincts will consider the part played by venereal diseases in our hospitals, clinics, asylums, prisons and homes, he will be impressed by what he finds. Statistics are not wanting to show what a frightful cost in illness, inefficiency and misery these diseases represent. All the figures by which tuberculosis has been proved to be one of the greatest plagues of mankind have been paralleled by even larger figures and percentages for these diseases, and yet the statistics are thus far too incomplete to warrant more than estimates as to what the full totals may be.

This is the dark side of the picture. The encouraging side is the readiness with which these diseases yield to control and prevention where public opinion and individual submission to advice and treatment support the general application of the measures that have been found effective.

Disease, however, is only one of the features which we wish to eliminate. We should be obliged to stamp out prostitution and the degrading practises which go with it, even if venereal disease had already been conquered. The sense of humaneness and justice should, and no doubt would, compel any awakened community to destroy a practise which is dependent for its existence upon a supply of unprotected, unfortunate or feeble-minded girls. No man wants his daughter to join the ranks of the underworld; no man wants his son to be a party to its perpetuation.

The community which permits prostitutes to flourish unmolested is bound to suffer the penalties: low moral standards among all classes, political corruption, and police inefficiency, to say nothing of the harvest of disease and other even greater though possibly less tangible evils.

IGNORANCE of matters of sex which may not lead to disease should also be eliminated. There are afloat among the less well-informed people of America to-day, a large number of incorrect and more or less harmful "notions," and a good many of these notions contribute to the difficulties of parents in raising their children.

Others produce complications between husbands and wives, frequently resulting in desertions and divorces. It is surprising how frequently superstitions and misconceptions of sex matters are at the bottom of domestic infelicities, and they are also frequently to be found at the bottom of difficulties with young people of adolescent age.

If parents and teachers were better informed with regard to the physiological and psychological revolution which takes place in the lives of boys and girls during puberty and adolescence, they would be more sympathetic with the foibles and errors of youth. Unfortunately, most men and women do not remember their own early experiences, when they were queer mixtures of adult and child, being neither one nor the other. This lack of understanding on the part of parents and teachers sometimes gives children just the right twist to effect adversely their whole lives, perhaps driving them away from school or breaking the influence and authority of the father or mother.

On the positive side of social hygiene an enormous amount of work remains to be done. In fact, the field itself has hardly been prospected. It is well known that the sex instinct, so called, is a powerful force in the life of all normal people, but how great a factor this instinct may become when properly directed has not yet been discovered.

WE DO, however, know some things. We know that a sane sex life leads to happier marital relations and to a sounder and healthier family. We know that careful instruction on the part of the parents will produce excellent results in children, and there can be no doubt that the next generation would profit much in health and happiness if American parents had just the right qualifications to guide and instruct their children in matters of sex, especially as these children reach the storm-and-stress period of adolescence. What would be the limitations of a generation of young people sound in mind and healthy in body, unimpeded by any disease, any vicious practises, any sex phobias or errors? Such a generation would have vigor, spirit, buoyancy and beauty as yet unknown in this old world.

THE negative side of social hygiene must be dealt with through emergency measures. We must see to it, by every means possible, that venereal disease is prevented. We must insure for those who can not be reached through preventions, the most skilful, prompt and persistent treatment. We must trace the streams that feed the underworld and dry them up at their sources. Prostitution must be prevented by every method of law and continuous repression.

But, in the mean time, the positive side of the problem of social hygiene should not be neglected, for therein lies the hope of permanent solution. Education and social change are the instruments which must be used again and again in various forms. We must educate and change, educate and change, until communities and individuals shall be so intelligent, so right-spirited, and so hedged about by safeguards that prostitution and other forms of sex delinquency and degeneracy will become rare.

Some will say that this is a far cry, a long slant into the future. There is no denying it. But those who have faith in the essential goodness of human nature, and in the idealism and sanity of America, will not hesitate to embark on a "hundred years' war," for the stakes are so great and the issue so sharply drawn. The stakes are the health and happiness of our children and our children's children; and the issue is our belief in the practical application of the idealism and good sense of the people of America.



Your new shoes soaked in 10 minutes! Dampness discolors leather, softens it, makes your shoes wear out quickly.

Fifteen dollars for your smart new shoes – *and ruined in one little shower*

"IF I have to go out with my feet looking a sight, I won't go at all," you said. And out you started without your rubbers, though you *had* paid a fancy price for your new shoes. And in a short time you asked yourself why they went to pieces so completely!

The very first rain gives the toes a dull stained appearance and starts deterioration. Repeated wettings actually destroy the life of the leather. The soles become softer and wear through quickly The uppers stretch until every line of their chic slimness disappears.

You can protect your shoes and still have your feet look smart

Nowadays, wearing rubbers need not annoy you. For you can get a slender, trim U. S. rubber that will fit, and fit well, any type of shoe from the flat-heeled walking boot which considers a foot-hold sandal sufficient protection, to the dainty slipper which insists on a rubber with a heel as high and a toe as pointed as its own.

It has taken years to develop this rubber with the snugly fitting heel, trim toe, instep that does not bulge or wrinkle. These better-fitting rubbers are made possible by the long experience—by the craftsmanship of the United States Rubber Company. There is no detail of fit, comfort or smartness so small that it is overlooked.

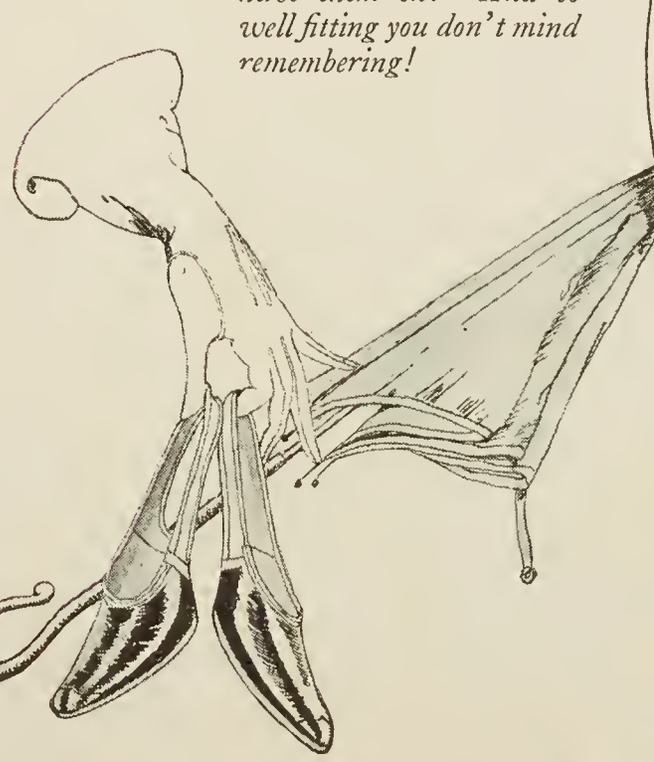
Go to your favorite shop and select your rubbers with the same attention to fit that you give when you buy gloves. Notice how much lighter, how much more elastic a U. S. rubber is—and yet you will find that it withstands the hardest wear.



Rubbers so light and comfortable you forget you have them on! And so well fitting you don't mind remembering!







Notice how the heel of this rubber fits snugly the curving French heel of the shoe.



Carefully designed, well cut, these sturdy, fleece-lined arctics keep your feet warm even in bitter weather.

Ask for "U. S." Rubber Footwear

United States Rubber Company



Safeguard the Family

Every mother knows how important is health to the happiness of her family.

Constipation, sooner than anything else, gives mental depression and ill humor. No one can be truly healthy and happy with a clogged intestinal system. And it is for the mother to keep the family system clean and the family circle harmonious.

Constipation causes much more than bad nature. It opens the way to scores of diseases through poisoning of the system and lowering its resisting powers.

Leading medical authorities agree that pills, salts, castor oil, etc. force and weaken the system.

Nujol is entircly different.

Nujol *prevents* constipation by softening the food waste and encouraging the intestinal muscles to act naturally.

Nujol helps Nature establish easy, thorough bowel evacuation at regular intervals — the healthiest habit in the world. Get a bottle from your druggist today.

For valuable free booklets "Thirty Feet of Danger", "The Days that Go Before" (constipation in pregnancy and nursing) and "As the Twig is Bent," (in infancy and childhood), address Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), 50 Broadway, New York.

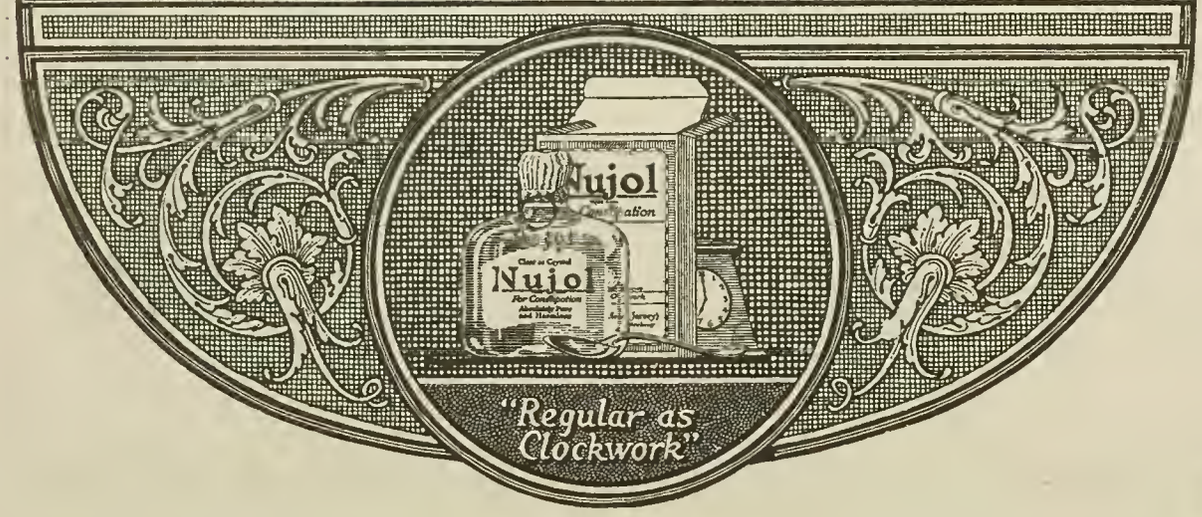
Warning — Nujol is sold only in sealed bottles bearing the Nujol trade mark, as shown here. Beware of products represented to be "the same as Nujol". You may suffer from substitutes.

Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For Constipation

Sickness Prevention



LIBERAL PRIZES

FOR TELLING YOUR TROUBLES

YOUNG housekeepers, new housekcepers, all housekeepers, are invited, urged, to tell THE DELINEATOR'S staff of trained experts their housckeeping difficulties, and thereby some of them to win prizes of cash.

For the most complete, concise, most revealing and most clearly and neatly prepared letter in answer to thc following questions, will be awarded a prize of Thirty Dollars.

For the two letters next in order of merit, Ten Dollars each.

For the six letters next in order of merit, Five Dollars each.

For the ten letters next in order of merit, Two Dollars each. Nineteen prizes: a total of One Hundred Dollars in cash.

The answers need not be of great length; clear, concise answers often say more than prolix answers. They must be numbered strictly in accordance with the numbers of the questions herewith. Thc name and address of the writer must be written at the head of the first page.

The contest is open to all readers, without money or other consideration.

Here are the questions:

1. Do you live in a city, small town, village, on a farm or ranch? If you live on a farm, how far away from town? If in town, are you near a farming community?

2. Tell us about your family—names, ages, occupations and any other interesting facts.

3. How large a house must you care for? Can you give us a general idea of its arrangement?

4. Do you have any outside help in caring for your home and family? In getting the meals? Do you send the laundry out? Do you have dinner at noon or at night?

5. Name whatever labor-saving devices on this list you already own: Oil-stove, washing-machine, dish-drainer, vacuum sweeper, vacuum cleaner, kitchen cabinet, brcad-mixer, rcfrigerator, electric flat-iron. If you use other modern devices not listed here, please mention three or four of them.

6. How is your kitchen arranged? Your laundry, if you have one? Will you draw for us a very simple pencil plan showing thc approximate location of each item of kitchen and laundry furniture? Which of these may be changed about at will?

7. How do you wash and dry your dishes? If in the old-fashioned way, with dish-cloth and dish-towel, please say simply, "Old way." If you have succeeded in simplifying and shortening the task, we should like very much to know just how you have accomplished this. What devices or apparatus do you use? Do you wash dishes three times a day?

8. How tall are you? What is the hcight of your kitchen sink? Your work-table? Your ironing-board? Your laundry tubs? Do you sit at your work?

9. What are your most trying cooking troubles?

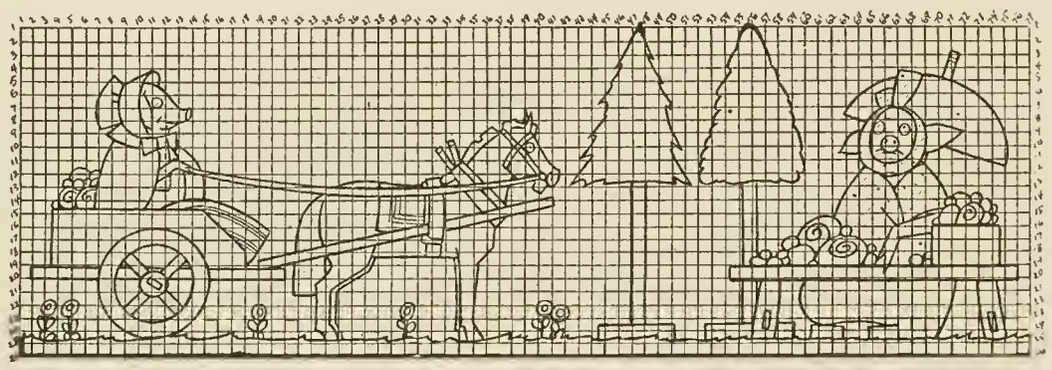
10. What are your chief housccleaning worries?

11. Do you make a rough outline in advance of each day's work? If so, send us your program for one week. Even if you do not have what may be termed a program, you may have worked out definite principles or a policy of certain labor-saving ideas which you regularly follow. If so, these should be put down as fully as you care to state them.

12. Do you own and use a book or books devoted to cookcry, kitchen management laundry, etc.? If so, please give their titles. Do you find thcm helpful for regular use in your housework?

REMEMBER THE DATE!

All answers must reach the Homc-Economics Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City, not latcr than March 15, 1920.



ENLARGING "THIS LITTLE PIG"

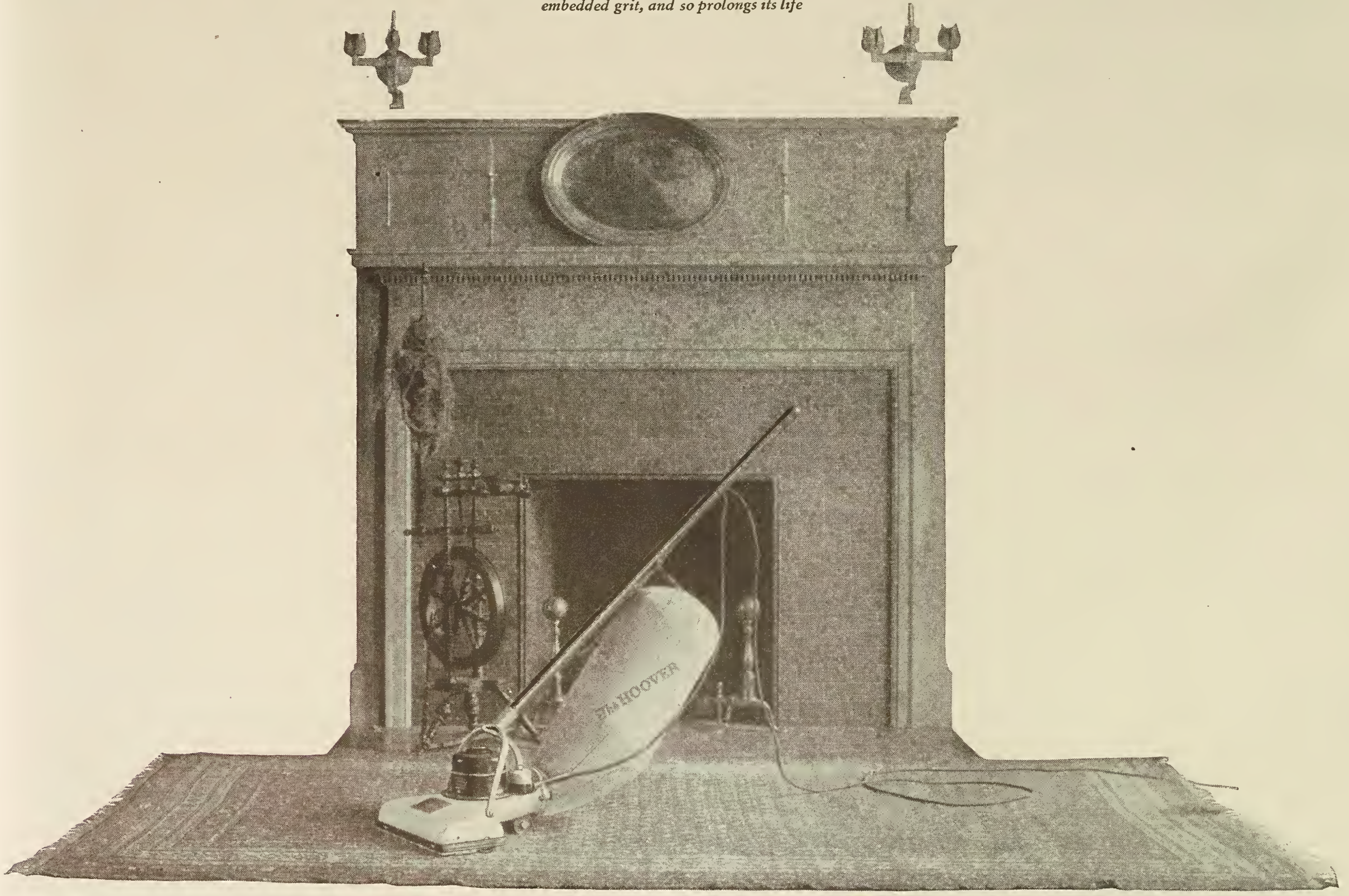
THERE are delightful possibilities in the way of enlarging the "Little Pig" color-pictures on page 18 of tlus issue, simply and without difficulty, so that a girl or boy can carry out the process with enjoyment. The pictures can thus be adapted for use as decorations for furniture or for thc walls of the children's rooms.

In order to do this, gct a big sheet of paper and a foot-rule and rule off perfect squares of any size desired, twenty-six squares up and down and scventy-seven squares horizontally, as in the diagram here given. Then fill in each square in which a part of the drawing appears, with as much precision as possible, in accordancc with the picture. When the pictorial squares have been filled out, on the larger scale, the complete picture appears.

This preliminary drawing should be made on thin, strong paper such as typists use for carbon copies. If the sheets are not long enough, paste them together neatly before drawing the squares. After the drawing is complete, take a soft lead-pencil and blacken the reverse side. Next take a hard, sharp pencil and go over the lines of the drawing, transferring them to the paper wlich you intend pasting on the wall or furniture. The drawing is now ready for coloring.

Ordinary water-colors may be used to copy the flat tones of the pictures as they appear in THE DELINEATOR. These colored drawings may be applied to the walls with paste, or the separate figures may be cut out and applied to furniture with thin glue. When dry, the subjects should be neatly varnished or shellacked so that when the surface is cleaned the picture will not be disturbed.

The Hoover lifts the rug from the floor, like this—flutters it upon a cushion of air, gently "beats" out its embedded grit, and so prolongs its life



The costliness of rugs today makes advisable their careful preservation. Frequent and thorough cleaning prolongs their years of usefulness and beauty. Such cleaning consists of three essentials: Beating—to dislodge destructive embedded grit; Sweeping—to straighten crushed nap and detach stubborn clinging litter; Suction-cleaning—to remove surface dirt. Only The Hoover combines all three. And it is the largest selling electric cleaner in the world.

The HOOVER

It Beats—as it Sweeps—as it Cleans

THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER COMPANY

The oldest makers of electric cleaners

North Canton, Ohio Hamilton, Ontario



KING'S
PATENTED PROCESS
DEHYDRATED
Fruits and Vegetables

Fresh Vegetables and Fruits from Oregon in Mid-Winter

FRESH products of Oregon's wonderful gardens and orchards are no longer "out of season." You can now serve luscious fruits and appetizing vegetables at any meal, any season.

Reduced to its simplest terms, King's Dehydration means the extraction of water or moisture without disturbing or removing any of the mineral salts, vitamines, acids, sugars or other natural elements. Thus King's products, when ready to cook, are the counterpart of those newly gathered.

You put back the water we take out

Simply pour the contents of a King's carton into a bowl of clear, cold water and the gentle action of time (a few hours) will transform the dry, shriveled bits into exact duplicates of those you might gather.

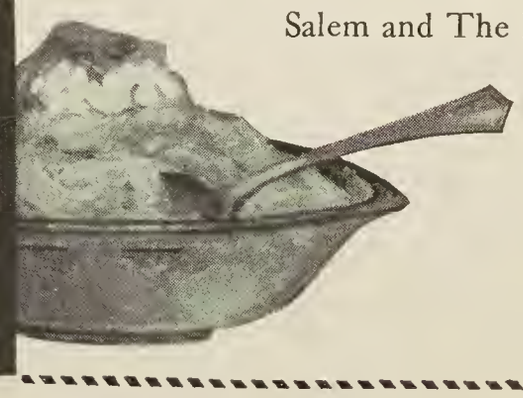
King's means economy, too. For there is no freight, storage and handling charges to pay on water. You buy nothing but concentrated wholesomeness. And there's nothing to throw away. Every delicious morsel goes to your table. Unused portion of the dry product can be kept indefinitely if properly cared for.

Unlike those you may have used

Don't confuse King's with other dried or preserved foods you have known. Compare them only with fully ripened fruits and vegetables that come to you immediately after being picked.

King's Dehydrated fruits and vegetables are to be obtained almost everywhere. If you do not find them nearby, send for a trial assortment. Use the coupon below.





King's Food Products Company
45 Fourth St., Portland, Oregon
Eastern Office:
First National Bank Bldg., Chicago
Dehydration Plants at:
Salem and The Dalles, Oregon

KING'S FOOD PRODUCTS CO., 45 Fourth St., Portland, Oregon.
Please send me full-size, trial packages of King's Dehydrated products indicated, "The Story of King's Dehydration" and the new King's recipe book. I enclose.....cents.

...Apples—30c per carton (2 large pies or 6 large portions of sauce).
...Loganberries—35c per carton (Enough for 5 people. Splendid for pies).
...Peaches—35c per carton (From seven to ten dishes).
...Prunes—50c per carton (Fifteen portions).
...Soup Vegetables—10c per carton (Sufficient for six or eight plates of soup).
...Spinach—30c per carton (Six to eight generous portions).
...Squash—25c per carton (A vegetable for six people or four pies).
...Stringless Beans—35c per carton (3 pints when ready to serve).

Name .....
Street .....City and State.....
Grocer's Name .....His Address.....

WAKE UP AND ENJOY THE WINTER VEGETABLES

BY IDA C. BAILEY ALLEN

THERE are very few households in which the Winter vegetables are served in any but the most conservative ways. If more housewives realized the food value of the often scorned Winter vegetables, they would strive to serve them in tempting fashion. They possess cleansing bulk, minerals which are so important in the diet, and growth-producing elements. And, further, the great economical angle of their use, as extenders of more expensive foods, is almost unconsidered.

SALSIFY, or oyster-plant, may be found in nearly all markets and it may literally be used up to the last bit—even the tender tops finding a place in the dinner salad. Steamed or boiled, dusted with salt and pepper, then rolled in egg and crums, like croquettes, and fried in deep fat, salsify is even more delicious than the ubiquitous fried oyster.

The common creamed salsify may be varied as follows:

Serve it on toast with a garnish of cooked bacon or boiled ham; or cream it half and half with salt cod, oysters, or any left-over fish. Scallop it in layers with cheese, or use it to reenforce an omelet, allowing a cupful to five eggs.

SWEET potatoes are in one way superior to Irish potatoes because they contain roughly a third more starch and sugar. Because of this they may be used in many combinations where the white potato could not appear. They seem to have an affinity for peanut butter and nuts of all kinds. They are always delicious with pork in almost any form, and are especially adaptable to the sweet entrée.

A sweet-potato nut loaf is not only unusual, but also especially good.

SWEET POTATO NUT LOAF

1 cup dry bread-crums
1⅓ cup chopped nut-meats, any kind
4 cups mashed sweet potatoes
1 egg, well beaten
⅓ cup butter or butter substitute
1½ teaspoon salt
⅓ teaspoon pepper

THOROUGHLY oil a small bread-pan with butter or butter substitute, then dust it thickly with three-fourths cup of the crums mixed with one-half cup of the nuts. Then beat together the potatoes, remaining nut-meats, the egg, the fat and seasonings, and pack in the bread-pan. Cover the top with the crums and nuts mixed, and bake for thirty minutes in a hot oven, 375 degrees Fahrenheit. Let stand a few moments, then unmold and serve with a nut-sauce.

WHEN Mr. Lewis Carroll, the author of "Alice in Wonderland," justly linked cabbages and kings, he must have finished some particularly good cabbage dish, such as baked cabbage with tomatoes.

BAKED CABBAGE AND TOMATOES

3 cups shredded or chopped, steamed or boiled cabbage
1½ cup well-seasoned stewed tomatoes
1 cup grated cheese
2 tablespoons butter or butter substitute
Salt and pepper to taste

OIL a baking-dish, put in a layer of the cabbage, then one of the tomato, and sprinkle with some of the cheese. Continue in this way until all has been used, making the last layer of cheese. Dot with the butter or butter substitute and bake in a slow oven, from 325 to 350 degrees Fahrenheit, for an hour.

To be digestible, cabbage should be boiled only a short time. If finely chopped, ten or twelve minutes is long enough; if shredded, twenty-five is sufficient; if quartered, forty-five minutes to an hour should be allowed. Raw, well-crisped and dried, it serves as one of the best of the Winter salads. From two to three cups may be combined with one cup of cooked, shredded beets, one cup of diced celery, one cup of mixed cooked vegetables, or one cup of cooked string-beans, as desired. A little scraped onion or minced green pepper, or minced parsley, may be added.

THE turnip may be used in a multitude of ways; even the little green tops which sprout in the dark of the vegetable cellar, are available for salad-making. The Italians combine turnips into a delicious soup, which is often served with cheese, as the main course of a light meal with an accompaniment of plenty of crusty bread and fruit. In Sweden turnips are combined with vinegar into a tart dish, which is particularly good with fish.

ITALIAN TURNIP SOUP

2 tablespoons butter or butter substitute
6 cups diced turnips
1 tablespoon sugar
1 tablespoon minced parsley
2 tablespoons flour
2 cups canned tomato-juice
1 bay-leaf
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
3 cups vegetable or meat stock
Grated American or Parmesan cheese

MELT the fat in a small soup-kettle, add the turnips, sugar and parsley. Toss together for two or three minutes, add the flour and then, gradually, the tomato-juice and the seasonings. Simmer till the turnips are almost tender, then add the stock. Let cook for fifteen minutes longer and serve with cheese.

TURNIPS—SWEDISH FASHION

PEEL and slice, one-fourth inch thick, uncooked turnips; drop into boiling, unsalted water and cook till tender. Drain and place on a serving-plate in overlapping slices and pour over them a sauce made of one small, minced onion, four tablespoons of vinegar, one-half pint of boiling water and thicken with a tablespoon (each) of flour and fat, rubbed smooth together. Season with salt and pepper; let simmer five minutes after adding the flour and fat, then remove from the heat and beat it into the yolks of two eggs.

THE fleshy root of the parsnip contains quite a little sugar and starch, as well as a goodly quantity of cellulose, which makes it valuable as ballast. There are a multitude of ways in which it may be used. It is especially good in combinations of all sorts with pork and with acid foods, such as tomatoes. It also may be used as an "extender" of meats, as parsnip and veal stew, beef balls with parsnips, etc.

PARSNIPS BAKED WITH BACON

SELECT small, tender parsnips and allow two for each person. Boil or steam them until tender, remove the skins and stack them up cord-wood fashion in a fireproof baking-dish. Sprinkle them with salt, pepper and a trace of sugar, and lay over them some thin strips of bacon. Place in a hot oven, 375 degrees Fahrenheit, and bake until the bacon is crisp.

THE possibilities of the beet have been limited largely to combinations with vinegar. Yet, it may be made up into many other delicious dishes.

BEET BOUILLON

4 medium-sized beets
5 cups soup-stock
¼ cup chopped celery leaves
1 small bay-leaf
1½ teaspoon salt
Few grains Cayenne pepper
Whipped cream (optional)

Steam the beets until tender, then peel and mash them fine, or run them through a sieve. Add them to the stock and seasonings and simmer thirty minutes. Strain and serve hot, with a garnish of whipped cream, unsweetened, but slightly salted and dusted with a little grated nutmeg.

Beets are also delicious if cooked. They may be mashed and well seasoned, or they may be creamed, and in either of these two forms may be served plain. They may be scalloped with or without green peppers or cheese. They may also be made into an excellent cream soup, being substituted for potatoes in the regular recipe. Cooked beets may be used in many Winter salad combinations, such as beets, celery and nuts; beets, crisped cabbage and green peppers; beets and cauliflower; and beets, celery and cream cheese. Either French or boiled dressing may be used.

THE carrot is a most adaptable vegetable. If combined into savory dishes, the sweet taste will be largely concealed. Like all of the other Winter vegetables, the carrot may be used as the foundation for many a substantial dish.

STEAMED CARROT CUPS

1 cup milk
4 cups finely chopped cooked carrots
2 tablespoons butter or butter substitute
2 teaspoons flour
2 eggs, well beaten
3 teaspoons sugar
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

ADD the milk to the carrots, then stir in the fat and flour, rubbed together, and the eggs, well beaten. Season with the sugar, salt and pepper, transfer to oiled custard-cups or timbale molds and steam twenty minutes. Serve as a garnish to any vegetarian or meat dish or as the main dish at luncheon or supper. They are also delicious if served as a luncheon dish with an egg sauce.

The carrot may also be used to supplement other more costly vegetables, such as string-beans, asparagus, celery and cauliflower, in any recipe where the vegetable is to be served plain, buttered or creamed.

CELERY belongs to the great group of protective or growth-producing foods, as it is classed among the leafy vegetables, and it should be used in abundance in the diet, especially that of the children, because of this reason.

Like many other vegetables, it may be used entire, the topmost green leaves even being available for cream-of-celery soup, the stock-pot, or for drying and future seasoning. Creamed celery may be varied by scalloping with cheese, green peppers, oysters, chicken, hard-cooked eggs or veal, according to the demands of the menu; or it may be served on toast and topped with poached eggs. Celery croquettes, too, are delicious and may be served with a cheese sauce, tomato sauce, or with buttered peas.

CELERY CROQUETTES

1½ cup finely chopped raw celery
1½ cup finely chopped cooked celery
1½ cup thick white sauce
1 cup fine dry bread-crums
1 egg-yolk
1 minced green pepper
1 teaspoon onion-juice (optional)

COMBINE the ingredients in the order given and, when cool, form into balls. Roll them in fine dry bread-crums, then in an egg, slightly beaten and diluted with one-fourth cup of milk, then in seasoned bread-crums again. Fry in deep fat, hot enough to brown a bit of bread in forty counts, drain on crumpled paper and serve.

THE onion is one of the best of the Winter vegetables. It adapts itself to many combinations.



The Genius of Mr Harding

IN the quaint old village of Cheddar, near the City of Bristol, England, a farmer—Joseph Harding, of Marksbury Vale—carved for himself a niche in history by systemizing the crude and diverse methods of his fellow farmers in the manufacture of a cheese that has become the prime favorite among all English speaking people.

This cheese took the name of Cheddar—from the town where marketed—and Harding's method became the model for cheese making in America, where this variety has been variously known as "American Cheddar," "American" or "Store Cheese." The Cheddar type of

ELKHORN CHEESE IN TINS — 8 VARIETIES

8 Varieties

Each of National Favor

Kraft
Chile
Swiss
Pimento
Rarebit
Camembert
Roquefort
Limburger

is known as Kraft. For Cheddar was first of the varieties to be refined and brought to the Elkhorn standard of cheese perfection by the patented Kraft process—a process that blends and sterilizes the product of our own rural factories, making a cheese of smooth, creamy richness that you will like immensely, and one that will "like" you.

Cheddar cheese when made, cured and ripened the Elkhorn way has no superior in either tang, texture or taste. Its mild, mellow flavor; its pure, appetizing deliciousness quite defy description—we could not overpraise it if we tried. And the parchment lined container preserves—without preservatives—all its wholesome goodness until opened—any season or climate.

And too—when eating Elkhorn Cheese, you are virtually consuming a piece of meat more than twice its size—the food properties are almost identical. It is more than a tidbit or dessert—it is a major food. A perfect alternate for meat, adding variety to your meal and giving more nourishment at less cost. Stock your pantry shelf.



Try this "Macaroni Supreme" Add to Elkhorn Kraft (Cheddar) Cheese the amount of milk you would use for the macaroni. Mash cheese with fork and mix thoroughly with milk until smooth and creamy, using a little heat. Mix milk and cheese with boiled macaroni, turn in buttered dish, cover with cracker crumbs, dot with butter and bake.

Served in individual portions by leading hotels and on dining cars.

J. L. KRAFT & BROS. CO., New York-Chicago

Send your dealer's name and 10c in stamps or coin for sample tin of Kraft plain or Pimento flavor, or 20c for both. Illustrated book of recipes free. Address 355 River St., Chicago, Illinois.



A Real Breakfast
Country Sausage!
Hot Cakes!

TUCKED away in your memory, among the records of special events, is the vivid recollection of a *real* breakfast—probably "back home" or "down on the farm."

That breakfast, in all its deliciousness, can be served at your table any morning. And it should be. For here is country sausage that is exactly what its name implies; the good old-fashioned kind.

Remember how Mother made sausage? She used choice meat and pure spices. And the blending was an art with her. Delicia Country Sausage is made in the same way. It is *all* meat—selected cuts purchased in the open market for this specific purpose. The spices are brought from all over the world and ground in the Delicia kitchens.

Why Delicia Excels

The familiar blue and white striped package contains the utmost in quality. We buy our meats in the largest market in the world. Experts select every piece. No substitutes are used. Nothing is extracted. Note the rich natural meat juice when you open the package.

Delicia cooking is home-like cooking. These meat delicacies look and taste like the kind you remember so well. Once you try them, Delicia package meats will be on your table often.

Write for "Delicia Menu Suggestions," mentioning your grocer's name and address. It contains many tested recipes, uniformly appetizing.

BAKER FOOD PRODUCTS COMPANY
Chicago



Open package and remove sausage meat whole. Cut sausage roll into as many slices as desired, sprinkle with flour and brown quickly in its own fat in a hot pan. Do not overcook. Make a tasty brown gravy using the natural meat juice.

Try These Delicia Meat Delicacies

Corned Beef Hash	Roast Beef
Luncheon Tongue	Southern Hash
Sliced Dried Beef	Ox Tongue
Country Sausage	Roast Mutton
Vienna Sausage	Corned Beef
Chili Con Carne	Deviled Meat
Hamburger Steak	Cooked Brains
Beef Steak and Onions	Potted Meat
Sandwich Spread	Veal Loaf
Tripe With Whole Milk	Kidney Stew

WHEN FOOD GOES WRONG

BY FLORA G. ORR
Home-Economics Editor

A FAILURE kept in a cool, dark place and treated with a bit of ingenuity will often come forth as a shining success. Remember this in the kitchen.

The best cook in the world may occasionally make a mistake. She will analyze that mistake and resolve not to make it again, but if she is a real adventurer, she will look about for a way of turning the immediate defeat into victory, thereby enjoying oftentimes the thrill of a discovery in food possibilities.

The potatoes which you left boiling merrily on top of the stove may call themselves to your attention fifteen minutes later by a sad odor of scorch. If things have not gone too far, merely set the dish in which they have been cooking into cold water as soon as possible and you will find that most of the material can be saved without a taint of burn. Any other vegetables can be treated similarly.

IF MORE serious damage has been done, however, try peeling the vegetables and when this has been done mash them with a little butter substitute, adding to each four cups of vegetable, a cup of fresh bread-crums soaked in milk, the yolk of an egg mixed with half a cup of milk, salt and pepper to taste, one-half teaspoon of grated nutmeg and the well-beaten white of one egg. Pile lightly into a greased casserole and sprinkle the top with grated cheese. Heat in the oven for fifteen or twenty minutes.

Vegetables badly burned would defy even this solution but the result of a slight scorch is a nutty flavor, that unites with the spice and cheese in a most mysterious and delectable fashion.

Who lays claim to a perfect control of the broiling-oven when making toast? But unless toast is badly burned it may be scraped, preferably with a grater (though a knife will do if necessary) until the surface is once more presentable. The grater is again of use when a cake or cookie has been slightly burned.

Other things may happen to cake or cookies. When cookies stick to the pan, try not only greasing the pan, but rinsing with cold water as well. The wet, greasy surface will prevent the sticking. When cake sticks, one may set the pan containing the cake on to a damp cloth for a few minutes.

REAL failures may sometimes be treated so as to be presented as triumphs at tea or dinner table. An over-hot oven may make of your oatmeal macaroons a sticky mass of flakes, but they can be rolled into tiny balls and dipped in frosting, whereat your friends will exclaim with pleasure over the "new confection."

Irregular pieces of cake may also cover their multitude of sins with a frosting. A fallen fruit-cake will make a perfectly good Christmas pudding. Likewise, cake or cookies that dry out too much to be used in their original form may make the basis for a steamed or baked pudding.

Everybody knows bread puddings without preliminary introductions! But there are many other ways in which stale bread may be used as well. It may be used in the batter in making griddle-cakes or, if finely crummed it may be used in bread-sponge. One-fourth bread-crums to three-fourths flour makes a delicious muffin mixture. Bread-crums are always of use for scalloped dishes, for fruit puddings such as apple Betty, for crumming chops, cutlets, oysters or croquettes of any kind. Browned crums may be used to advantage in ice-cream. Croutons to be eaten with soup are made out of stale bread. But one of the best things to do with rolls, biscuits, slices of toast or bread, cookies or doughnuts when they have become hard and dry is to dampen them and put them in the oven until they are heated through. So treated they are delicious.

PERHAPS you have made sandwiches for a picnic and it has rained so that some of the sandwiches are left and become dry before your family can eat them. Have you ever tried sautéing them in vegetable fat until they are of a golden brown-color outside and deliciously tender within?

Or have you considered the possibility of dipping them into a pancake batter to which a little sugar or salt has been added (depending on the kind of sandwich, whether sweet or savory) and frying them in deep fat? Try it sometime. Sandwiches will not go to waste under such treatment.

Incidentally, do not throw away cold pancakes. Soak them in milk until soft and add them to the next sponge for bread or biscuits or even to the next pancake batter.

One of the most troublesome things is the curdling of a mayonnaise salad-dressing. When this happens, one of two things can be done. Beat up another egg-yolk and slowly add the curdled mixture to it or combine it with a gelatin jelly. Custards sometimes curdle, too. Occasionally they can be beaten smooth again with the egg-beater; sometimes it is necessary to beat up an egg-yolk and slowly beat the custard into it.

GELATIN jelly does not always stiffen in the time required. If it is clear that proper results are not going to be obtained, it is better to add more gelatin at once or else to stiffen the mixture with corn-starch, making an entirely different sort of a pudding.

Jelly may be found to be more of a sirup than a jelly. In this case it may be used as sirup for French toast or griddle-cakes.

If jam becomes hard and sugary, place it in a moderate oven until the sugar melts. When cool, the jam is almost as good as new. Crystals of sugar are common in grape jelly. It is almost better to melt it in a saucepan and use it as a sirup or sauce in a case of that kind.

Canned fruit which has fermented, particularly if the fermentation has not gone too far, may be made fit to eat by boiling it for several minutes; after this treatment the fruit is good for use in pies or desserts; addition of sugar and more boiling will make of it an excellent jam, conserve or preserve.

Another kind of fermentation frequently occurs with tomatoes and the resulting sour sauce is excellent for making catchup. No vinegar need be added. The catchup should be made as soon as possible, however, and should be bottled very tightly and stored in a cool place. When you open such a catchup, remember that it will spoil readily unless kept very cold.

PERHAPS under auspicious conditions you have tried making an omelet, and have felt that it deserved the name of failure. In such a case, do not try to serve it as an omelet. Cut it up in rather fine pieces and serve it as scrambled eggs!

"Can anything be done with soup meat, tasteless as it is?" I was asked not long ago, and I replied, "Season it well, adding salt, pepper, chopped onions, celery-salt, paprika and Worcestershire sauce, and make it into croquettes; combine it with corn-meal for scrapple; or make it into shepherd's pie or hash."

Soup-meat has merely lost its flavor. Most of its food value is still there. Any overcooked meat may be made into Spanish stew, which is all flavor anyhow with its peppers, tomatoes and onions.

All directions for cleaning chickens warn you to be careful not to break the gall-bladder. That is good advice, but should the dread thing happen by any chance, soak the chicken for half an hour in cold water in which a handful of baking-soda has been dissolved. If a fowl has no fault other than age, it may be treated with a vinegar bath before cooking it.

THINGS have a way of happening to fats. Butter may "go rancid," lard used for deep-fat frying may absorb odors. Rancid butter may be renovated by melting it in hot milk. Remove the scum which rises to the top and carefully save the rest. As a shortening for cake or cookies this saved butter is unequaled. In fact, only at a time like this might we feel justified in using real butter as a shortening.

To clarify lard and remove objectionable odors or flavors, fry in it sliced raw potatoes.

Sliced raw potatoes are again of use when too much salt has been added to the soup. Added to the soup and removed again when the soup is served, they will absorb the excess salt.

When boiled frosting refuses to get stiff enough, you can add sifted powdered sugar to the mixture until it is of the consistency to spread.

Candy that crystallizes because of overcooking should be cooked up again with more liquid. If fudge or fondant does not grain too badly, however, it may often be kneaded with the fingers to a more creamy consistency.

ONE young bride of my acquaintance made a plate of plain fondant candies and dipped them into a chocolate mixture; then waited hours for the chocolate to harden. At last she realized that the chocolate mixture she had used was meant for a cake-filling rather than a dipping or icing mixture. There was a successful future waiting for even this failure, however. Clarice scraped the whole plateful of would-be candies into a saucepan and made therefrom a delicious sauce for a plain corn-starch pudding.

Adventures with milk and cream are often rather distressing. Perhaps you have planned to have peaches and cream for dessert and you find that your cream is "just on the verge of turning sour." If it is just on the verge, no more, you may add a pinch of baking-soda, dissolved in water, stirring it in thoroughly. I am not trying to say that cream so treated is just as good as sweet cream, but it is better than sour cream and it will usually pass the examination of the most fastidious member of your family.

If cream is really sour, however, do not even then despair. Most delicious cakes, doughnuts, cookies, and biscuits can be made by using sour cream. It furnishes both liquid and shortening. To every cup of sour cream use one-half teaspoon of baking-soda.

If you are a "light housekeeper," doing very little baking, use your sour cream to thin and lighten mayonnaise dressing for salads.

SOUR milk is no tragedy, either. From it you can make cottage-cheese, and remember that the whey left from making cottage-cheese is very good to use as the liquid in bread-making. Sour milk can be substituted for sweet milk in any recipe for quick-breads or cakes. The difference is that for every cup of sour milk, one-half teaspoon of soda should be used. One-half teaspoon of soda, however, is equivalent in leavening power to only two teaspoons of baking-powder; this means that some baking-powder must often be used in addition to the proper amount of soda.

From a hotel woman I learned that too crisp bacon is excellent for pounding into tiny pieces to mix with crums for covering oysters, eggs, veal cutlets or croquettes; that cantaloup not just right in flavor to serve in the shell may be made into fruit salad; that too thin chops may be prepared and served with a dressing; that broken candy may be ground fine and used in ice-cream; that melted ice-cream may be flavored and made into a corn-starch or junket dessert with part of the melted ice-cream used as a sauce.

Cucumbers too large to serve *au naturel* may have the seeds removed and be served as rings. Shredded coconut which becomes dry and brittle may be freshened by pouring over it a little sweet milk. Any sauce or gravy which becomes lumpy while attention must be given to something else, may be put through a sieve with satisfactory results.



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Griddle Cakes
(Illustrated)

1¾ cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 egg
1½ cups milk
1 tablespoon shortening

Mix and sift dry ingredients into bowl. Add milk and melted shortening and beaten egg. Beat well and bake on slightly greased very hot griddle.

Waffles

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
¾ teaspoon salt
2 eggs
1¾ cups milk
1 tablespoon melted shortening

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together; add milk to yolks of eggs; mix thoroughly and add to the dry ingredients; add melted shortening and mix in beaten whites of eggs. Bake in well greased hot waffle iron until brown. It should take about one minute to cook each waffle. Serve hot with maple syrup.



Graham Gems

1 cup graham flour
1 cup wheat flour
2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 egg
1 cup milk
3 tablespoons melted shortening

Sift the wheat flour, salt, sugar and baking powder together. Mix well with the graham flour, add well beaten egg, milk and melted shortening. Bake in greased muffin tins in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes.

Bread Crumb Fritters

1 cup flour
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup fine bread crumbs
1½ cups milk
1 egg
1 tablespoon shortening
1 tablespoon molasses or syrup

Sift flour, salt and baking powder into bowl; add bread crumbs, then milk slowly; add well beaten egg, shortening and molasses. Fry in deep hot fat and serve hot with powdered sugar.


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A REAL FOOD—COCONUT

BY MRS. NELL NICHOLS

COCONUT—the favorite food of the South Pacific Islands—is winning its way into the American kitchen. In most homes the use of this tropical fruit has been limited to the sweetened product used in the preparation of desserts, salads and confections. Our grandmothers taught us to make excellent coconut cakes and to garnish our salads and desserts with the attractive white shreds. Coconut candies have long been favored by persons fond of sweets.

But it is only recently that coconut has won consideration in the American kitchen as one of the more substantial foods in the meal. Either tho fresh coconut meat or the kinds to which no sugar has been added are being adapted to many of the old-time recipes for the main dishes.

High prices have been the teacher in the kitchen, and to-day more foods get a hearing than formerly. Unsweetened coconut, comparatively inexpensive, is being welcomed by the housewife for new uses. The flavor of the coconut is pleasing; its excellent food value is another recommendation. It contains much fat—and fat isn't over-plentiful—the body-building protein and the minerals or bone builders.

If fresh coconut is used, it must either be grated or ground in the food-grinder, but the canned varieties are already grated and their taste is almost identical to the fresh fruit. Some of the coconut milk may be used to replace a part of the liquid called for in the recipe.

Many of us have spread grated coconut over the oranges for breakfast; we have sprinkled the shreds over the breakfast cereal for a change. But why not add the unsweetened coconut to pancakes, muffins, waffles and other breakfast dishes?

COCONUT WAFFLES

2 cups flour
2 teaspoons soda
½ teaspoon salt
2 cups sour milk
2 egg-yolks
1 tablespoon shortening
2 egg-whites
½ cup grated coconut

MIX and sift dry ingredients; add the milk gradually, the yolks of the eggs well beaten, the shortening melted and the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Cook on a hot well-oiled waffle iron. This recipe will make four waffles.

COCONUT GRIDDLE CAKE

1 cup flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon soda
1 cup sour milk
1 egg
2 tablespoons grated coconut

MIX and sift flour, salt and soda; add sour milk and egg, well beaten. Add coconut. One cup of sweet milk and one teaspoon of baking-powder may be substituted for the sour milk and soda.

OMELET No. 1

2 eggs
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons water
2 tablespoons coconut

SEPARATE the whites and yolks of the eggs, beat yolks slightly, add salt and water. Beat whites until stiff and dry, then fold into the yolk mixture. Oil a frying-pan, heat, turn into it the mixture, spread evenly over the pan and cook slowly. When well puffed and delicately browned underneath spread the grated coconut over half the omelet. Place on the top grate of the oven until the omelet is firm. Run the knife or spatula under to loosen the omelet, fold and turn on a hot platter.

OMELET No. 2

2 eggs
2 tablespoons milk
¼ teaspoon salt
Sprinkle pepper
2 tablespoons coconut
Jelly

BEAT the yolks; add milk seasonings and coconut. Fold into the whites, stiffly beaten, and cook as omelet number one. Spread with jelly before folding.

HOT breads are made more appetizing and nutritious by the addition of coconut. It can be sprinkled over the rolls and the coffee-cake now and then. It can be added to the dough occasionally. Coconut is a pleasing addition to muffins, gingerbreads and biscuits.

COCONUT GINGERBREAD

2 cups flour
1 tablespoon ginger
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon soda
⅓ cup fat
½ cup sugar
½ cup molasses
1 cup sour milk
3 tablespoons cocoa
¾ cup coconut
1 teaspoon baking-powder

SIFT flour, spice, salt, soda and baking-powder together. Cream fat and sugar together; add molasses, sour milk, cocoa and coconut. Bake in a moderate oven.

COCONUT MUFFINS

2 tablespoons fat
1 tablespoon sugar
1 egg
¼ teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons baking-powder
2 cups flour
1 cup milk
½ cup coconut

CREAM the shortening, add the sugar and the egg, well beaten. Sift the salt and baking-powder with the flour and add to the first mixture, alternating with milk. Fold in the coconut. Bake in muffin-tins.

GRAHAM MUFFINS

MAKE as coconut muffins, using equal parts of Graham or whole-wheat flour and white flour.

COCONUT BISCUITS

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking-powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
1 tablespoon shortening
¾ to 1 cup of milk
8 tablespoons grated coconut

SIFT the dry ingredients. Cut in shortening, then add gradually the milk, mixing well. The dough should be as soft as can be handled without sticking. Fold in coconut. Turn onto a lightly floured board, roll lightly three-fourth inch thick and cut thickly with a floured cutter. Bake in a hot oven twelve to fifteen minutes.

DROPPED COCONUT BISCUITS

ADD to the ingredients for coconut biscuits enough more milk to make a thick drop batter (about two tablespoons milk). Mix as directed for coconut biscuits and place by spoonfuls, one-half inch apart, in a floured tin. The mixture should not be soft enough to spread.

COCONUT BREAD

1 cup white flour
1 cup Graham flour
3 teaspoons baking-powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
½ cup coconut
1 cup milk
1 egg

SIFT the flour, the baking-powder, the salt and the sugar together. Add the coconut, the milk and the egg, thoroughly beaten. Put into oiled tins and let rise twenty minutes. Bake in a moderate oven about one hour.

UNSWEETENED coconut can be used with success in vegetable cookery. A dish of piping-hot mashed potatoes over which coconut has been spread and browned in the oven is always welcome on the table. Or the coconut can be added to the potatoes just after mashing and beaten into potatoes. And the left-over potatoes make excellent potato-cakes. On special occasions Coconut Duchess Potatoes or Potato Roses are very attractive.

COCONUT DUCHESS POTATOES

3 cups hot mashed potatoes
3 egg-yolks
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup coconut
6 tablespoons milk
¼ teaspoon pepper
3 egg-whites

MIX thoroughly all the ingredients except egg-whites. Beat the egg-whites and fold in carefully. Put the mixture into a greased baking-dish and sprinkle a few pinches of coconut over the top. Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven until firm.

POTATOES ROSES

FORCE Duchess-Potato mixture through pastry tube. Set in moderate oven and brown slightly.

STUFFED BAKED POTATOES

BAKE potatoes. Upon removing from the oven cut in halves crosswise. Scoop out inside. Mash. Add one tablespoon of grated coconut for every medium-sized potato. Pile lightly into shell, placing a pinch of coconut on top of each potato. Set in baking-tin and return to the oven. Bake until delicately browned.

CANDIED SWEET POTATOES

4 medium sweet potatoes
1 cup coconut
1 cup milk
¾ cup sugar
½ teaspoon cinnamon

PARBOIL potatoes and slice lengthwise. Place layer in a greased baking-dish, cover with layer of coconut, alternate layers of coconut and potatoes. Pour milk over the potatoes and coconut; add sugar and cinnamon. Bake in a hot oven twenty minutes.

PUDDINGS in which coconut can be used to advantage are almost numberless. Custards and bread puddings are improved by the addition of coconut.

COCONUT-ORANGE BREAD PUDDING

½ cup stale bread-crums
¼ cup milk
½ cup orange-juice
3 tablespoons sugar
1 egg
½ cup coconut

SOAK bread in milk. Add orange-juice, sugar, egg-yolk and coconut. Fold in stiffly beaten white. Bake in molds set in hot water.

COCONUT CUSTARD

½ package gelatin
2 cups milk
4 tablespoons sugar
2 eggs
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup coconut
1 tablespoon vanilla

DISSOLVE the gelatin in one-half cup of milk. Heat the rest of the milk to the boiling-point, add sugar, pour over the gelatin. Return to the fire and stir while adding egg-yolks, vanilla and salt. Strain and cool for twenty to thirty minutes and then beat the stiffly beaten egg-whites and the coconut.

FOR the afternoon tea tho wafers and cookies made from the fresh or canned coconut are most palatable and dainty.

COCONUT-OATMEAL COOKIES

2 teaspoons soda
5 tablespoons milk
2 eggs
3 cups flour
3 cup rolled oats
2 cups sugar
1 cup melted shortening
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup raisins
1 cup coconut

DISSOLVE soda in milk. Beat the whites and yolks of the eggs separately, adding yolks to milk. Mix flour, oatmeal and sugar. Add all remaining ingredients in the order in which they are given. Drop by teaspoonsful on an oiled tin. Bake in a moderate oven.

COCONUT WAFERS

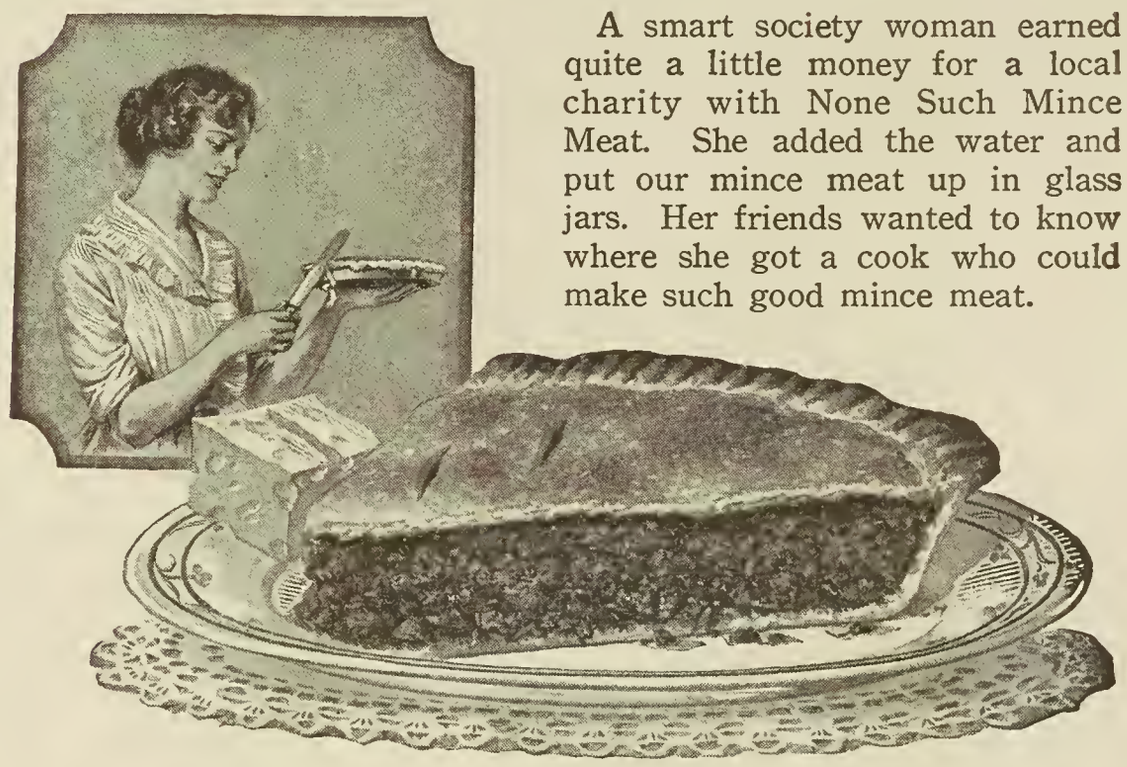
2 eggs
1 cup brown sugar
3 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon baking-powder
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup coconut
1 teaspoon vanilla

SEPARATE the whites and yolks of the eggs, beat the yolks slightly and add sugar, flour, baking-powder, salt, coconut and vanilla. Fold in the whites beaten stiffly. Place on greased baking-sheet far apart. Bake in a hot oven about four or five minutes. Remove from sheet immediately while warm.



You buy this — You add water — You get this

Mince Meat that is all *mince meat*



A smart society woman earned quite a little money for a local charity with None Such Mince Meat. She added the water and put our mince meat up in glass jars. Her friends wanted to know where she got a cook who could make such good mince meat.

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

"Like Mother Used to Make"

Add 1½ pints of water to our 9-ounce package and you have a pound and a half of home-made mince meat. That's enough for one of those delicious, fruity, juicy mince pies that have earned None Such its wide reputation, or for any of these recipes women are following to have something new, wholesome and appetizing on the table.

What is home without a piping-hot mince pie every now and then? And how your men folks do appreciate a tempting new dessert or relish once in a while!

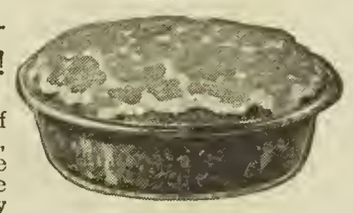


None Such Jelly

None Such Jelly for Dessert—1 package of Jiffy-Jell (either lemon, orange, or loganberry), nuts and None Such Mince Meat. Before serving, cover top with whipped cream, sprinkle with finely chopped nuts and place a cherry in center.

None Such Pudding—(*Recipe using left-over biscuits*)—4 or 6 biscuits; 1 cupful dark corn sirup; ¼ cupful brown sugar; ¼ cupful butter substitute; 2 egg-yolks; 1½ cupfuls of None Such Mince Meat; 2 egg-whites.

Soak biscuits in warm water until soft and add the other ingredients in the order given. Beat egg-yolks thoroughly before adding. Mix ingredients completely, put in a well-oiled baking-dish and bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven. Make a meringue of the egg-whites, heap it on the pudding and allow to brown in the oven.



None Such Pudding



None Such Sandwiches

None Such Sandwiches—Cut slices very thin. Make a filling of None Such Mince Meat, to which may be added onions, celery, pimentos. Use crisp lettuce leaf.

None Such Salad—None Such Mince Meat, oranges, grapes, celery and marshmallows. Chill and serve on lettuce leaf.



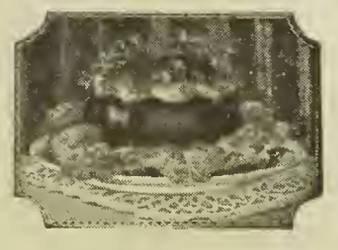
None Such Salad

None Such Relish—Mix None Such Mince Meat with green or red peppers and onions.

Tomato Stuffed with None Such—Scoop out tomato. Mix None Such Mince Meat, celery, green peppers and onions. Fill the scooped-out tomato and serve, after chilling, on plate garnished with parsley.



None Such Relish



Tomato Stuffed with None Such

Try other recipes printed on the None Such package

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The Miracle on Your Table

THE days of "miracles" have never passed. Never was the world so filled with miracles as it is today—the miracle of the faucet which brings us water from miles away—the miracle of the gas flame by which we cook without the discomforts of old-time methods—the miracle of the telephone.

Consider, for a moment, the amazing miracle of *canned foods*.

The well-known can of corn or peas or tomatoes on your pantry shelf fairly bristles with romance—what a thrilling story it could tell!

That can of corn, let us say, represents a cross section of some state famous for the surpassing quality of its corn crop.

This can of pineapple is reminiscent of soft and balmy atmosphere and sunny skies.

Only a little while ago these salmon, which are such a delight to appetite, were in their native element, leaping the falls of a northern river.

Here is asparagus—fruit—beans—peas—corn—tomatoes, etc., each from that part of the country where climatic conditions, or conditions of the soil produce the finest varieties and consequently have caused canneries to be there established.

And so it goes. The canning industry covers the map of the United States, drawing upon practically every region of the country for its product.

© 1920—National Canners Association

Fresh from its native habitat the product enters the canning factory.

Take canned vegetables. The canning companies make annual contracts with farmers for their yearly yield of marketable vegetables grown close to the canneries. The contracts frequently are signed long before the seed is put in the ground.

As soon as the seed is planted the canners send out representatives, known as field-men. Each field-man watches the progress of the crop within a given area, and offers personal advice to each farmer in his territory as to when it should be harvested.

Once in the cannery the product is handled almost wholly by machinery—ingenious machinery which works far faster and more efficiently than human hands and never gets tired. The work is watched at each stage of its progress. Finally the canned food is sent out to perform its useful mission in the world of men.

The next time you visit the grocer, glance with new interest at the canned foods standing in prim precision on his shelves. They have come from many different regions—yet at last they meet on common ground, the grocer's shelf and then your table.

Not long ago canned foods were regarded as delicacies, far beyond the reach of everyday pocketbooks.

The vast development of the canning industry has changed all this. The humblest family now revels in Columbia River or Alaskan salmon and blithely orders beans that were grown and packed a dozen states away. The whole country is a great recruiting ground for canned foods.

Washington, D. C., is the headquarters of the National Canners Association, whose research laboratories are there located.

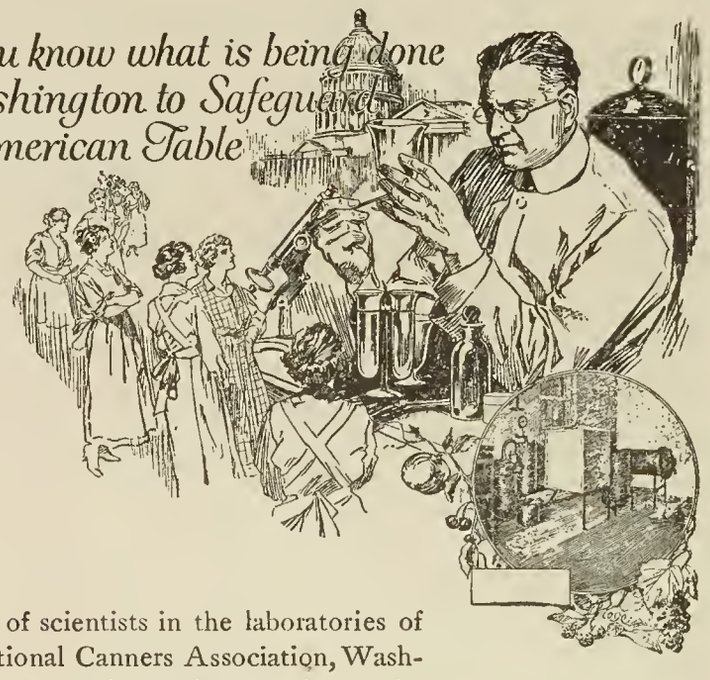
Questions of great moment to the canning industry are there threshed out.

Dr. W. D. Bigelow, assisted by a group of scientists, investigates problems bearing on the scientific aspects of the canning industry.

The results of these investigations are made known to members of the Association—about 1140 of the principal canning establishments of the country, many with research laboratories of their own.

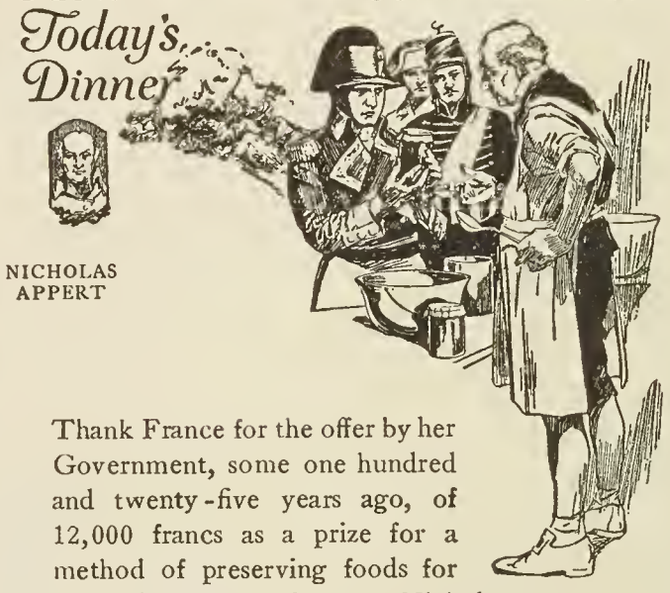
The work of the Association is of the utmost importance to every housewife in the land. Bear this in mind, the next time you call your grocer on that modern miracle, the telephone, and ask him to include in your next order, that other modern miracle, a can of vegetables, fruit, milk, soup, meat or fish, as the case may be.

Do you know what is being done in Washington to Safeguard the American Table



A staff of scientists in the laboratories of the National Canners Association, Washington, D. C., labors incessantly on the scientific preservation of canned food through perfect sterilization. New problems making for perfection are continually being solved. The achievement of the present container also can be largely credited to the labor of these scientists. Data is exchanged with other scientists everywhere. The latest findings are communicated to thousands of canneries, and "The Miracle on your Table"—delicious, nourishing food, from every part of the country becomes, thanks to science, an accomplished fact.

How France has Contributed to Today's Dinner

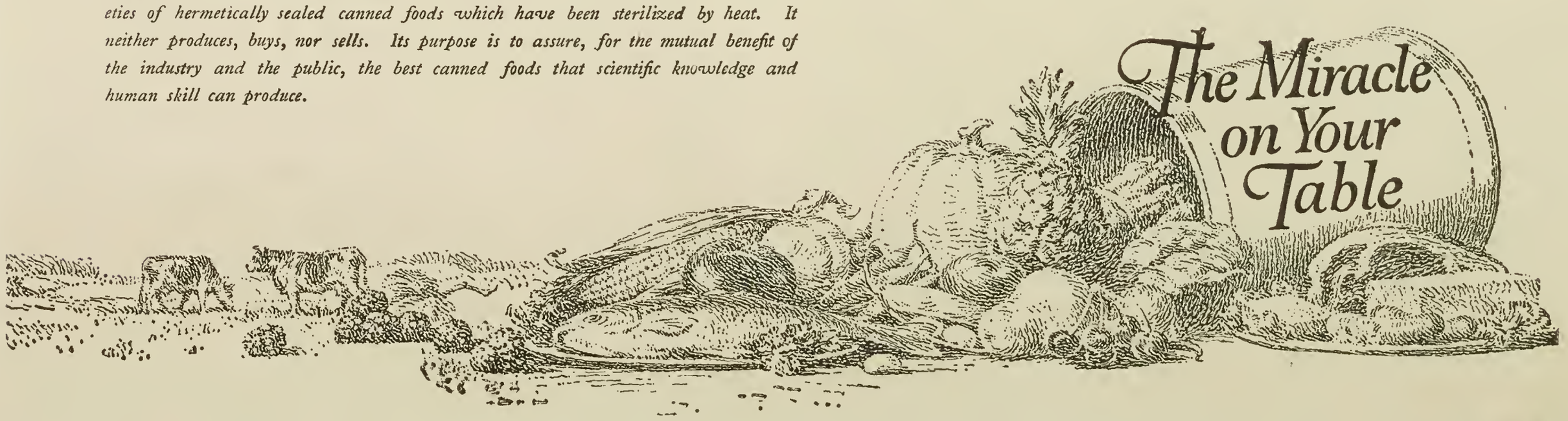


NICHOLAS APPERT

Thank France for the offer by her Government, some one hundred and twenty-five years ago, of 12,000 francs as a prize for a method of preserving foods for use by her army and navy. Nicholas Appert won the prize after fifteen years' experiment, (the wars of the great Napoleon constantly emphasizing the need for success) and thus laid the foundation of today's mighty industry. Commercial canning started in America one hundred years ago and was immensely accelerated by the Civil War. Now it is a $200,000,000 industry. The United States produces and consumes more canned food than any other country in the world.

THE NATIONAL CANNERS ASSOCIATION
WASHINGTON, D. C.

A nation-wide organization formed in 1907, consisting of producers of all varieties of hermetically sealed canned foods which have been sterilized by heat. It neither produces, buys, nor sells. Its purpose is to assure, for the mutual benefit of the industry and the public, the best canned foods that scientific knowledge and human skill can produce.



COFFEE IN SEVERAL LANGUAGES

BY IDA C. BAILEY ALLEN



DELECTABLE FOREIGN "FIXINGS"—FRENCH PASTRY, TURKISH DELIGHT AND TURKISH WHEAT CANDY TO SERVE WITH AMERICAN COFFEE

TRADITION tells us that the goats, kids, sheep and lambs of the shepherds of old Abyssinia browsed upon a certain berry-bearing bush and grew more joyous and frolicsome. The shepherds, tasting of the berries, found them good, and one day when a few fell into the fire the fascinating aroma was so delicious that they roasted a handful, and then to extract the full flavor boiled them in some water.

And so was made the first cup of coffee, and so was started a fashion that has since crept from Abyssinia throughout the Orient, to the Continent, to England and to almost every nation in the world.

It hardly seems possible that there could be so many ways of making a cup of coffee, and of course each nation believes its method is the best. All are very interesting, and those who would like to introduce an element of novelty into their entertaining throughout the holidays and Winter will find coffee in some language or other, together with its national accompaniments, not only acceptable, but very delicious.

In all probability, the Turkish coffee is more nearly like that of the old Abyssinians. Those who have been fortunate enough to taste it, compare it in its richness and frothy appearance to chocolate, only it is distinctly coffee!

Genuine Turkish coffee is always freshly roasted for the occasion and ground as fine as face-powder in a quaint brass mill that is part of the equipment of every Moslem household; but, as we do not have these mills, it is necessary for us to substitute very finely pulverized coffee.

First of all, start fresh water to boiling—a demi-tasse full for each person. For this process the Turks always use a quaint pitcher-like utensil with a long handle. In the mean time, measure out a heaping teaspoon of the coffee per capita and mix it with an equal measure of granulated sugar.

When the water boils hard, add the coffee, and when it looks frothy, remove it from the heat. After a moment or two let it boil up



DANISH COFFEE AND SAVORY EGG-AND-SARDINE SANDWICHES ARE DELICIOUS FOR AFTERNOON OR EVENING REFRESHMENTS

again, and repeat this still a third time. Then pour it thick and foamy into the demi-tasse cups and serve at once. Any grounds which may be unduly large will precipitate.

Never serve it in cups larger than the demi-tasse as the coffee is so very strong. It is always served without cream, and may act as the final course at dinner or luncheon, or may appear at a little evening party, bridge refreshments and the like, accompanied by Turkish delight, wheat candy, or paklava, a famous Turkish cake. The coffee of the Persians and the Hindus is made in practically the same way as Turkish coffee and the accompaniments are very similar.

TURKISH DELIGHT

COMBINE three cups of granulated sugar and three-fourths cup of warm water; stir to boiling-point, then boil rapidly until, when tried in cold water, a little will rattle against the cup—three hundred and ten degrees Fahrenheit by the sugar thermometer. Stir in one and one-eighth cup of corn-starch, mixed with one and a half teaspoon of cream of tartar and two cups of water, and cook slowly until very thick, at least twenty minutes, stirring frequently.

Flavor with vanilla, rose or almond extract. Stir in half a cup each of coarsely chopped, blanched almonds and pistachio-nuts, and pour into a pan which has been thickly dusted with equal parts of corn-starch and powdered sugar sifted together. Sift the same mixture over the top, and when absolutely cold, cut in cubes, rolling the cut surfaces in the same mixture.

TURKISH WHEAT CANDY

SOAK one cup of cracked wheat in water to cover, overnight; then wash it well and put it on to boil in fresh, slightly salted water, about three times as much water as wheat. Boil gently till soft, but not mushy, then strain off the water, spread the wheat on a piece of muslin and let it stand overnight.

In the morning, brown one-fourth cup of flour in the oven and add to it half a cup of sugar, one-third cup each of chopped raisins, chopped, toasted almonds and chopped, roasted walnut-meats.

Stir into the wheat, mix well, spread in sheets half an inch thick in a buttered dripping-pan and bake until dried out and somewhat firm in a moderate oven, three hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit. Cool, cut in cubes and roll each in equal parts of powdered sugar and corn-starch sifted together.

CAFÉ AU LAIT

THE French and the Swiss love their *café au lait*. Again, the coffee is fresh roasted and ground every day. But not in the home—oh, no! In Paris the grocers are very canny. They know that there is no odor so appetizing as that of roasting coffee, so each morning they trot out their coffee-roasters and put them in the doorways, and *voilà!*—the customers come. But why they desecrate their coffee with chicory is more than we Americans can understand!

But to go back to *café au lait;* it is, literally, "coffee to the milk," and is always served for breakfast. To make the coffee, always use the drip or percolator method, as the French, wisely, never boil their coffee. It should be very strong. While the coffee is making, bring an equal amount of fresh, rich milk to boiling-point, then pour them together, one from the right hand and one from the left, in equal amount into the cups, and serve with sugar, crusty rolls and a bit of fruit.

This is a typical French breakfast, and as it stands in print, it sounds as ascetic as when the Frenchman boasts to you about it. But there are three sizes of coffee-cups in France: the demi-tasse, the middle size and the size for *café au lait*. Truth compels me to say that the latter is nothing more nor less than an honest-to-goodness bowl with a handle!

For dinner and little parties, the coffee is always strong and black, and is generally made and served in a copper or silver drip-pot, with the handle at the side, a fashion that deserves adoption in our own country. Needless to say, the black coffee always appears as the final course of the dinner, and without any accompaniment.

At little functions, however, any kind of French pastry is in order. Pastry of this name is legion, but here are two typical kinds that will be delicious at our Christmas parties. An excellent foundation cake for many of the French pastries is made as follows:

Thoroughly beat four egg-yolks and then cream into them a cup of granulated sugar and a teaspoon of vanilla. Thoroughly mix and sift together one and a half cups of pastry flour, a half-teaspoon of soda, a teaspoon of cream of tartar and one-third teaspoon of salt.

Add this alternately to the first mixture with half a cup of milk, beat well and bake in the desired shape. This cake keeps moist for some time and is sufficiently firm in texture to permit the decorations to be placed upon it.

GRAPE FRENCH PASTRY

PREPARE the preceding cake mixture and transfer it to well-oiled little fluted pans, which have been thickly dusted with powdered pistachio-nuts, making the mixture considerably higher at the edges than in the center. The pans should not be filled more than a third full.

Dust the mixture around the edges of the pan with the pistachio-nuts, making a rim about one-fourth inch deep, then bake the cakes in a hot oven, three hundred and seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit. When cold, put a spoonful of thick cream filling, as is used for a plain cream pie, on each cake, to make it level. When this is almost firm, fill in the center with very small Malaga grapes, which may or may not be mixed with a little honey or melted jelly.

FRENCH NUT CRESCENTS

MEASURE out one-fourth cup of butter or good margarin into a medium-sized bowl. Beat it until creamy and then add two-thirds of a cup of granulated sugar, a well-beaten egg, two tablespoons of milk and a teaspoon of almond extract.

Combine two cups of pastry flour, three-fourths cup of finely chopped, toasted almonds, one-fourth teaspoon of salt and one and a half teaspoon of baking-powder, and stir this into the first mixture. It will be very thick.

Cover, set aside for an hour or two in a cool place, then roll to an eighth-inch thickness, cut in crescent shapes, brush over with a little slightly beaten egg-white and dust as thickly as possible with thinly sliced blanched almonds. Then bake in a moderate oven, three hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit.

THIS IS THE ITALIAN WAY

LIKE the French, the Italians always serve *café au lait* in the morning, using for it a little more milk than coffee. However their coffee is made, it is always roasted until slightly bitter. For dinner, coffee is served black, with or without sugar, and is often accompanied by whole apples or pears, which are eaten with cream cheese, the latter being spread upon the slices as the fruit is cut.

An adaptation of *café au lait*, however, which is much in favor, is made by allowing an egg-yolk to each person. This is beaten in the coffee-cup, together with enough sugar to make the cup of coffee very sweet. The cup is then filled nearly half-full of coffee and the boiling milk is added. Yet it is said that the Italians never eat anything for breakfast but coffee, bread and fruit! If this were a scientific article, I should be tempted to compute the number of calories in a cup of this particular type of coffee.

TO MAKE VIENNA COFFEE

VIENNA coffee, although adapted for after-dinner service, is really more suited to afternoon or evening entertaining. The coffee itself is very strong, made percolator or drip style, and



REAL TURKISH COFFEE IS MADE WITH THE COFFEE-MILL, THE LONG-HANDLED PITCHER AND THE POT—AND SERVED WITH TURKISH DELIGHT

is served in demi-tasses with a high topping of stiffly whipped cream. Sugar may or may not be used. It is often accompanied by delicious little nut cakes, which may be made as follows:

Cream together half a cup of butter or good margarin and half a cup of powdered sugar. Add a few grains of salt and three egg-yolks. Then stir in a teaspoon of vanilla and a cup of chopped almonds, pecans or broken walnut-meats. Then add one and a half cup of sifted pastry flour, cover the mixture and let it stand in a cool place for an hour or two. Then form it into balls the size of a walnut, rolling each gently in powdered sugar and very finely ground nut-meats. Place on a well-oiled pan, keeping the cakes an inch apart; put half of a candied cherry or half of a pistachio-nut on each, to give the Christmas coloring, and bake about fifteen minutes in a moderate oven, three hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit.

There is probably more coffee consumed in Sweden and Denmark than in any other part of the world. It is always made drip or percolator style, never boiled, and is invariably served with cream and sugar. The little sweet cakes or cookies of these northern countries are famous the world over, and are always served with the usual afternoon coffee or at little affairs.



BLACK COFFEE, FRENCH STYLE, SERVED IN A DRIP-POT WITH THE HANDLE AT THE SIDE, AND FRENCH NUT CRESCENTS



Running Hot Water or the Old Copper Kettle?

JUST as instantaneous hot water shortens the *preparations* for household tasks, so P. AND G.—The White Naphtha Soap shortens the *actual work.*

This new-idea soap washes, cleans and scrubs better, faster and easier because it is better soap, made of better materials. It *combines* the best qualities of high-grade white laundry soap and dirt-moving naphtha soap. It works with a speed that leaves you more leisure *and strength to enjoy it.*

You'll like its whiteness, its clean odor, its thick lather. You'll like the shining cleanliness that follows its use. Try it—and see how much it shortens your day's work.

Not merely a white laundry soap;
Not merely a naphtha soap;
But the best features of both, combined.



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Supreme Marigold



It's always fresh this delicious Marigold. Our six big factories, in different cities, supply it that way to your dealer.

Marigold is pure, wholesome and highly nutritious. Use it for baking, for cooking and as a delightful, economical spread.

There are three kinds: White, Nut and Natural; all packed under the Morris yellow and black label.

Your dealer will supply you with capsules of pure vegetable color for coloring Marigold.



MORRIS & COMPANY

A MIDDLE-WESTERN HOUSE

OPENING THE DELINEATOR'S HOME-BUILDING CAMPAIGN

THE reader will find on pages 22 and 23 of this issue drawings of a house of moderate size and cost and many merits, designed by Charles H. Hammond of Chicago, an architect of distinction who makes dwelling-houses his specialty. A setting for the house in the way of trees, shrubs, flowerbeds and garden, all indigenous to the Middle West, has been designed by William Pitkin, Jr., of Cleveland, Ohio, a landscape architect who works in collaboration with Mr. Hammond.

THE ARCHITECT'S INTERPRETATION

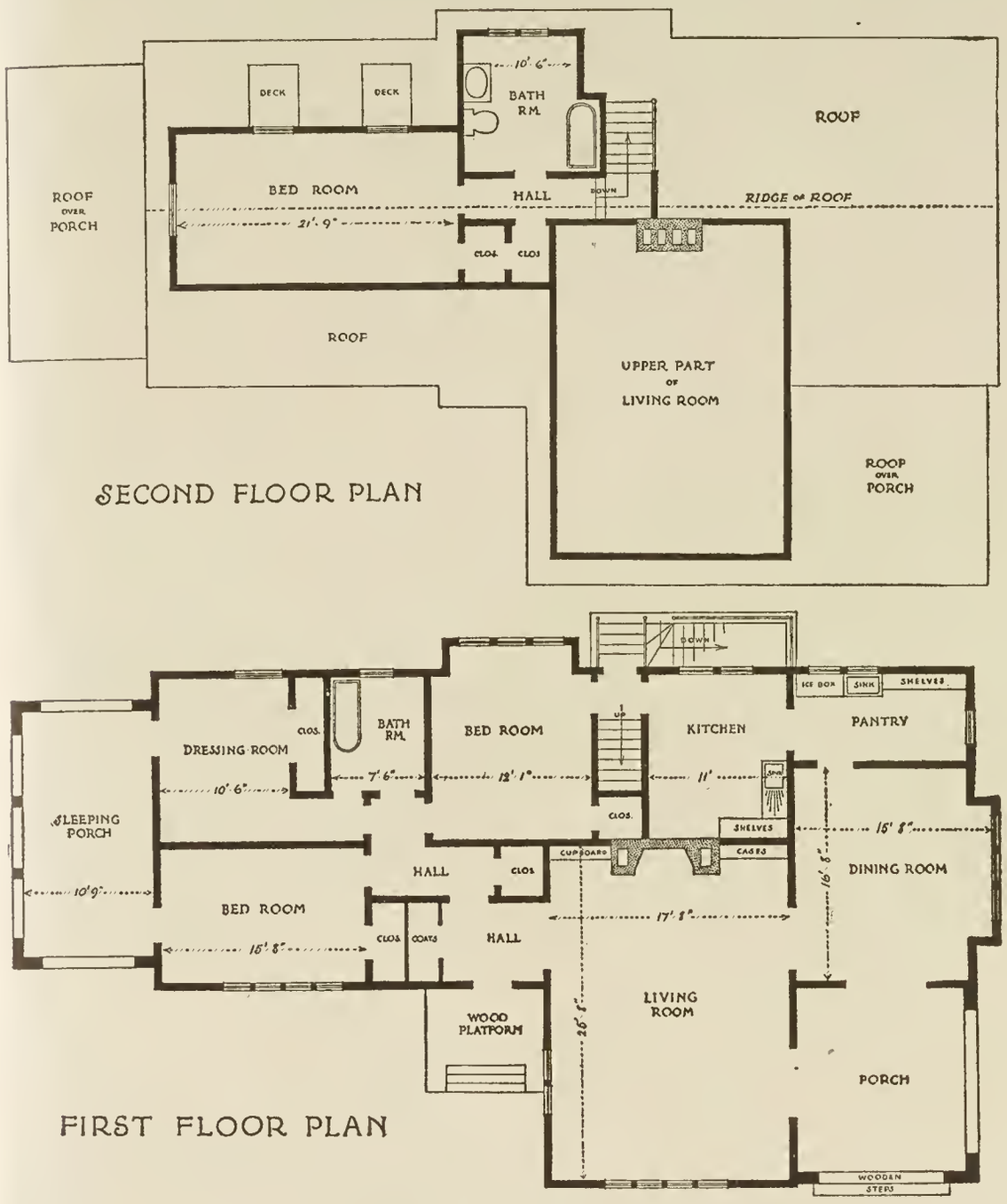
THIS house is planned with reference to economy of construction.

The basement is excavated only for a furnace room and sufficient storage space for coal, vegetables, preserves, and so forth, the balance of the building being carried on concrete piers.

Upon entering the house there is a well-arranged entrance-hall giving the required amount of privacy, the main living-rooms being shut off from the bedroom-hall by a door. There is a good closet of ample size for coats, and so forth, opening off the hall.

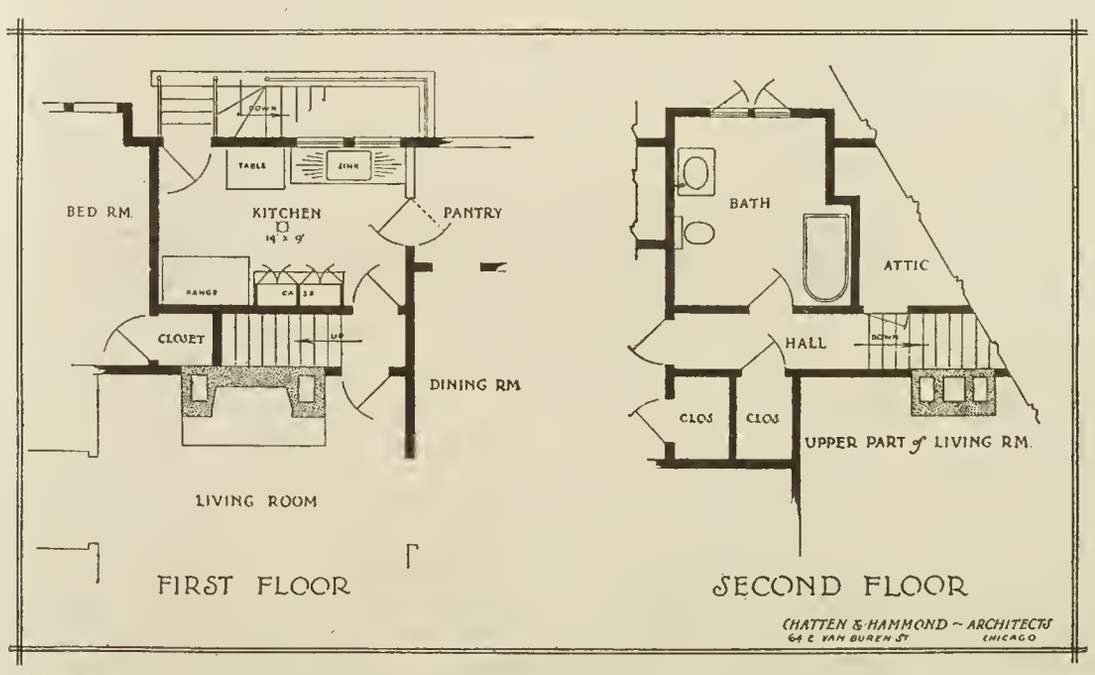
The living-room opens off the hall, through which one may get a glimpse of the dining-room and porch. There is a large fireplace on one end of the living-room, the chimney for which also contains the kitchen and furnace flues, an arrangement both practical and economical.

The room is well lighted, with large windows giving an abundance of sunshine and



Here, then, is a modest but charming home, of and for the Middle West, but adapted to almost any section of the country.

Suggestions for the treatment of three of the room interiors in the way of decorations and furnishings are offered, on page 23, by August Hencke, an artist and interior decorator of very unusual equipment and taste, who came from the Middle West and who can convey with his designs the character and spirit of any section and any period of artistic development.



ALTERNATIVE FLOOR-PLANS IN WHICH THE UP-STAIRS BEDROOM IS AVAILABLE FOR A GUEST OR A MEMBER OF THE FAMILY, INSTEAD OF A SERVANT

The floor plans on the upper portion of this page show the house as actually built in Illinois; the alternative plans below show how these may be modified with a view to the elimination of hired help. In the latter alternative plans the staircase from the upper floor to the ground floor enters a small hallway just outside the living-room instead of landing between the kitchen and the bedroom. Thus the up-stairs bedroom can be used for a guest-room or by a member of the family. In the house as now built it is occupied by a servant.

The planting list for the garden and grounds will be found of value to many families with homes of different designs and will be sent to any one on receipt of stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Following is the architect's interpretation of the design and plans of the house as already built:

casement doors opening on a sun-porch. The treatment of the ceiling in the house as built is simple, with rafters showing, adaptable to an attractive decorative treatment.

The dining-room opens off the living-room and is of good size and well proportioned, with an attractive bay window and doors opening to the sun-porch. The sun-porch, located between the living-room and dining-room, is well placed for use as an outdoor living-room or breakfast-porch, with an ideal exposure well sheltered from the cold north winds.

The kitchen and pantry are well arranged for service; not too large, but of size sufficient for the needs of the household.

The ice-box may be filled from the outside, or, better still, an ice machine could be installed. Electricity should be used wherever possible for ice, laundry and dishwashing.

Concluded on page 58

STEERO CUBES

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"This Hot Steero Strikes Me Right!"

Steero is delicious, satisfying, and invigorating—because everything that goes into the making of a Steero Cube is chosen for quality and flavor, and because these wholesome ingredients are combined in a masterly way and seasoned to suit the most critical taste.

The children like it for their luncheon or after a rollicking afternoon. Grown-ups enjoy it, too. Hot Steero makes a fitting finish to a joyous motor trip, a skating party, a brisk walk, or the theatre.

You can prepare it quickly, too. Simply drop a Steero Cube into a cup, pour on boiling water, and you have Hot Steero ready to serve.

Steero Cubes added to gravies, hot soups, jellied consommés, scalloped dishes, made-over dishes, jellied salads, as well as many other dishes, give a flavor that betokens the skill of an expert chef.

The name Steero is on every Steero Cube wrapper. Steero Cubes are sold in boxes of 12 cubes. Price 35c. If not readily obtainable at your dealer's, we will mail direct upon receipt of price. Large families, clubs, boarding houses, and hotels will find the tins of 50 cubes and 100 cubes more convenient. Ask your druggist, grocer, or delicatessen dealer for Steero.



Send for Free Samples

Let us send you free samples of Steero Cubes so that you may learn how good Hot Steero tastes, what a wonderful flavor it has. Write today. If you enclose ten cents we will also send you the 64-page Steero Cook Book—helpful to every housewife.

Schieffelin & Co., 227 William St., New York

Distributors for

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"A Cube Makes a Cup"





Don't, Madam—

Don't Try to Bake Beans



We Bake Them

So that every bean is mellow, mealy, whole and fitted to digest.



Ever on Call

You can serve Van Camp's in ten minutes, hot and savory, seemingly just baked.

It takes too many hours. And no home oven can fit beans to easily digest.

Leave this dish to the Van Camp scientific cooks. They have worked for years to perfect it. They have the facilities.

The New-Day Way

The Van Camp experts—college trained—make a science of bean baking.

Their beans are grown on studied soils. Each lot is analyzed before they start to cook.

Their boiling water is freed from minerals, for hard water makes skins tough.

Their baking is done in steam ovens. Thus they bake for hours at high heat, without bursting or crisping a bean. And they bake in sealed containers so no flavor can escape.

The Ideal Sauce

They perfected a supreme sauce by testing 856 recipes. It is ideal in its tang and zest. That sauce is baked with the pork and beans, so that every atom shares it.

The result is beans as men like them. They are nut-like and whole. They have savor and zest. And they don't upset digestion.

Such beans can't be baked at home. They are nowhere baked as we bake them. Serve a meal of Van Camp's and you will gain an entirely new idea of baked beans.

VAN CAMP'S

Pork and Beans

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Without It

Other Van Camp Products Include

Soups Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter
Chile Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis



Van Camp's Soups
—18 kinds

Based on famous French recipes, but perfected by countless tests.



Van Camp's Spaghetti

The finest Italian recipe made vastly better by our scientific cooks.



Van Camp's Peanut Butter

Made from a perfect blend of nuts, with every skin and every heart removed.

Continued from page 14

HILLS OF HAN

unaccustomed direction. At the present time there were not enough American troops in China to make possible a military expedition to Ping Yang; merely a skeleton company of marines at the Legation.

To penetrate so far inland and maintain communications an army corps would be needed; troops might even have to be assembled and trained in America. It might take a year.

And first the diplomats would have to investigate; then the State Department would have to be brought by heavy and complicated public pressures to the point of actually functioning; a sentimental element back home might question the facts. Meantime, he hadn't yet so much as got Betty safely to Ping Yang.

It was "hard to say." But he found objective thought helpful. Emotion seemed, this night, not unlike a consuming fire. Emotion was, in its nature, desire. It led toward destruction.

He even made himself sleep a little, in a chair, until John knocked, at seven. Then he changed from evening dress to knickerbockers. His spirit had now sunk so low that he had John serve them separately with breakfast.

When the caravan was ready he went out to the courtyard and busied himself preparing the litter for her. She came out with John, very white, glancing at him with a timid question in her eyes. In his stiffest manner he handed her into the litter.

Then, accompanied by three soldiers, they swung out on the highway. The fourth soldier joined them outside the wall; him Brachey had sent to the telegraph station with a message to his Shanghai bankers advising them that his address would be in care of M. Pourmont, the Ho Shan Company, Ping Yang, Hansi, and further that cablegrams from America were to be forwarded immediately by wire.

ONLY at intervals during the forenoon did Betty and Brachey speak; for the most part he rode ahead of the litter. The luncheon hour was awkward; the dinner hour, when they had settled at their second inn, was even more difficult. They sat over their tin plates and cups in gloomy silence.

Finally Betty pushed her plate away, and rose; went over to the papered window and stared out.

Brachey got slowly to his feet; stood by the table. He couldn't raise his eyes; he could only study the outline of his plate and move it a little, this way and that, and pick up crums from the table-cloth. His mind was leaden; the sense of unreality that had come to him on the preceding day was now at a grotesque climax. He literally could not think.

This, he felt, was the final severe test of his character, and it exhibited him as a failure. He was then, after all, a lone wolf; his instinct had been sound at the start, his nature lacked the quality, the warmth and richness of feeling, that the man who would claim a woman's love must offer her.

He could suffer—the pain that even now, as he stood listless there, downcast, heavily fingering a tin plate was torturing him to the limits of his capacity to endure—but suffering seemed a poor gift to bring the woman he loved.

And here they were, unable to turn back. It was worse than unreal, it was unthinkable; yet it was true. His reason told him that, kept thundering at his ear the perhaps tragic fact that his spirit was unable to grasp.

Brachey, during this hour—with a bitterness so deep as to border on despair—told himself that his lack amounted to abnormality. His case seemed quite hopeless.

Yet here he was; and here, irrevocably, was she. The harm, whatever it might prove to be, and in spite of his sensitive, fine conquest of their emotional problem (at such a price, this!) was done.

And there were no compensations. Here they were, lost, groping helplessly toward each other through a dark labyrinth.

EVEN when she turned (he heard her, and felt her eyes) he could not look up.

Then he heard her voice; an unsteady voice, very low; and he felt again the simple honesty, the naïvely childlike quality, that had seemed her finest gift. It was the artist strain in her, of course. She was not ashamed of her feeling, of her tears; there had never been pretense or self-consciousness in her.

And while she now, at first, uttered merely his name—"John!"—his inner ear heard her saying again, as she had said during their first talk in the tennis-court—"I wonder if it is like a net." Yes, she seemed to be saying that again.

But he was speaking; out of a thick throat:

"Yes?"

"What are we to do?"

He met this with a sort of mental dishonesty that he found himself unable to avoid.

"Well—if all goes well, we shall be safe at Ping Yang within forty-eight hours."

"I don't mean that."

"Well——"

"I shouldn't have come."

"I couldn't leave you there, dear. Not there at T'ainan."

"It wasn't you who made the decision."

"Oh, yes——"

"No, I did it. It seemed the thing to do."

He managed to look up now, but could not know how coolly impenetrable he appeared to be.

"It was the thing."

She slowly shook her head.

"No—no, I shouldn't have come."

"I can't let you say that."

"It's true. Can't we be honest?"

The question stung him. He dropped again into his chair and sat for a brief time, thinking, thinking, in that, to her, terribly deliberate way of his.

"You're right," he finally came out. "We've got to be honest. It's the only thing left to us, apparently. The mistake lay back there in T'ainan. Our first talk in the tennis-court. I knew then that the thing for me to do was to go."

"I didn't let you."

"But I should have. That situation was the same as this, only then we hadn't crossed our Rubicon. Now we have.

"Don't you see? This situation has followed that, inevitably. And now we no longer have the power to choose. We've got to go on, at least as far as Ping Yang. But we mustn't be together——"

She glanced at him, then away.

"—no, not even like this. We have no right to indulge our moods. I'm going to be really honest now. We're in danger from these natives, yes. But that's a small thing."

She moved a hand.

"Of course," she murmured.

"The real danger is to you. And from me. Oh, child, you're in danger from me!"

He covered his face with his hands; then, after a moment, steadied himself, and rose.

"I can't stay here and talk with you like this. I can't even help you. Already I've injured your name beyond repair."

She broke in here with a low-voiced remark the mature character of which he did not, in his self-absorption, catch.

"I don't believe you know modern girls very well."

He went on: "So you see, I've hurt you, and now, when you need me most—oh, I know that!—I'm failing you. It's been a terrible mistake.

"But it's my job to get you to Ping Yang. That's all. No good talking. I'll go now."

"I wish you wouldn't."

"I must. I— There we are! I'm failing you, that's all."

"I wonder if we're talking—or thinking—about the same things."

"Child, you're young! You don't understand! You don't seem to see how I've hurt you!"

"I think I see what you mean. But that—It might be difficult, of course, for a while, but it isn't what I've been thinking of.

"No, please let me say this! It wouldn't be fair not to give me my chance to be honest too. As for that—hurting me—I came with my eyes open."

"Oh, Betty——"

"Please! I did. I deliberately decided to come with you. I knew they'd talk, but I didn't care—much.

"YOU see, I had already made up my mind that we were to be married. We'd have to be, once you were free. The way we've felt. You came 'way out here, and then you didn't go."

"That was weakness."

"You can call it weakness, or something else. But I'm in the same boat. I couldn't let you go. I made you stay.

"And if we couldn't let each other go then, it was bound to grow harder every day. I had to recognize that.

"That was where I crossed my Rubicon. Nothing else mattered very much after that. I came with you because I was all alone, and miserable, and—oh, I may as well say it ——"

"Oh, yes; honesty's the only thing now."

"Well, I simply had to. I couldn't face life any other way. I've been thinking it over and over and over. I see it now. I was just selfish. Love is selfishness, apparently.

"I fastened myself on you. I knew you had to have solitude, but I didn't seem to care. Perhaps you've hurt me. I don't know.

"But I am beginning to see that I've wrecked your life. I'm your job, now, just as you said. All those things you said on the ship have been coming up in my mind yesterday and to-day.

"Don't you suppose I can see it? My whole life right now is a demand on you."

Her tone was not bitter, but sad, unutterably sad.

"You said, 'Strength is better.' I'm running up with you now a 'spiritual' debt greater than I can ever pay. You said, 'If any friend of mine—man or woman—can't win his own battles, he or she had better go. To hell, if it comes to that.'"

She was looking full at him now, wide-eyed; standing rigid, her hands extended a little way.

There was a long silence; then, abruptly, without a word, without even a change of expression on his gloomy face, he left the room.

THAT night was Betty's Gethsemane. Again and again she lived through their strange quarrel over the half-eaten dinner here in her room.

Her mind phrased and rephrased the wild, strong things she had said to him. And these phrases now stung her, hurt her, as had none of his.

But once again, after hours of tossing on the narrow folding cot—*his* cot—sleep of a sort came to her. She did not wake until half a hundred beams of sunshine were streaming in through the dilapidated paper squares.

She rose and peeped out into the courtyard. They were packing one of the saddles. John, and cook, and a soldier. Brachey was not in sight. He would be in his room then, across the corridor. She wondered if he had slept at all, then glanced guiltily at the cot.

He would hardly lie on the unclean k'ang; very likely he had been forced to doze in a chair these two nights, while she found some real rest. There, again, she was using him, taking from him; and all he had asked of life was solitude, peace. For that he had foregone friends, a home, his country.

Then her eyes rested on a bit of white paper under the door. She quickly drew it in, and read as follows:

MY DEAR, DEAR LITTLE GIRL:

As you of course saw this evening, it is simply impossible for me to speak rationally in matters of the affections. It is equally clear that by indulging my feeling toward you I have brought you nothing

Continued on page 58



Brings Beauty While You Sleep

When you apply Pompeian Night Cream (an improved cold cream) before retiring, dawn finds your skin softened, soothed and refreshed. It cleans from the pores the dust and grit of the day, and builds into your face a lasting loveliness. It brings, while you sleep, the beauty of a soft, youthful skin. Pompeian Night Cream is for sale by all druggists at 40c and 80c a jar.

Other popular Pompeian toilet preparations are Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing), which removes face shine; Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, a powder that stays on; Pompeian BLOOM, a rouge that won't crumble; Pompeian MASSAGE Cream; and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a 25c talcum with an exquisite new odor). Samples and Art Panel sent for a dime. Clip the coupon now.

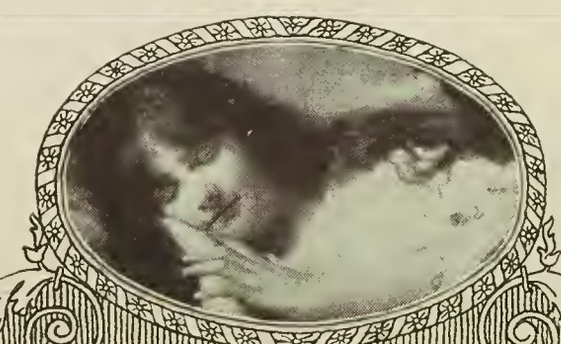
Guarantee

The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Co., at Cleveland, Ohio.

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY, 2099 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Also Made in Canada

"Don't Envy Beauty Use Pompeian"



Get Art Panel and Samples

This large art panel, entitled "Sweetest Story Ever Told," is in beautiful colors. Size, 26 x 8 inches. Samples sent of the "Instant Beauty" treatment, including Pompeian Day Cream, Pompeian Beauty Powder, and Pompeian Bloom. Also Night Cream and Pompeian Fragrance. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. All for a dime (in coin). Please clip coupon now.



THE POMPEIAN CO.
2099 Superior Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose a dime for a 1920 Pompeian Beauty Art Panel and Instant Beauty samples. Also samples of Night Cream and Fragrance (a talcum).

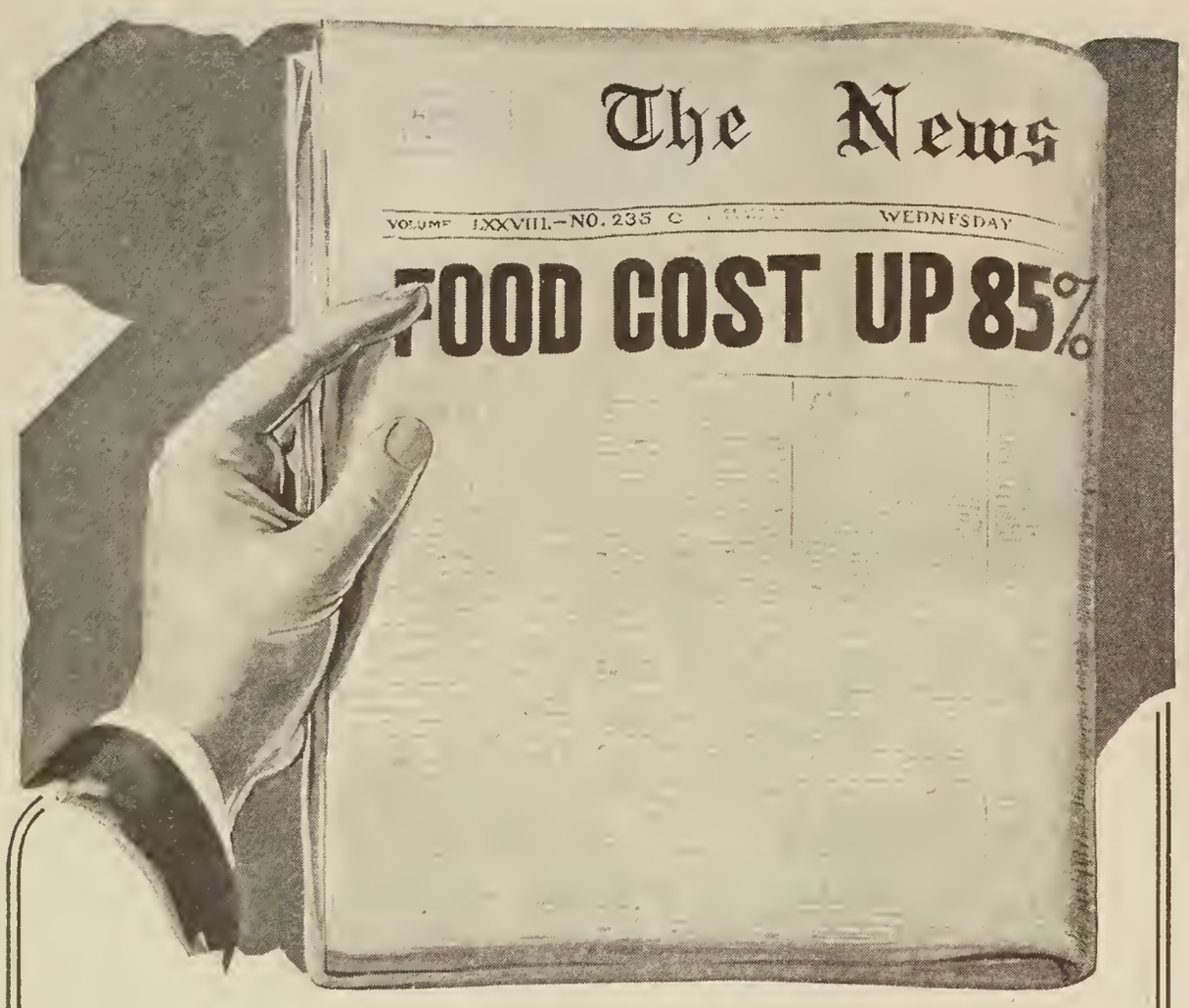
Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

Flesh Beauty Powder sent unless another shade requested



"Nine in Ten Are Underfed"

Late statistics show that average food cost, since 1914, has risen 85 per cent.

A Chicago Board of Health authority is quoted as stating that, on this account, nine folks in ten are being underfed.

That is Unnecessary

Study the facts below. Foods are commonly measured by energy units, by calories. A man must have 3,000 calories daily, else he is underfed.

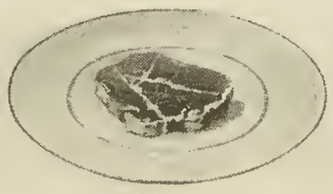
In meat, eggs, fish, etc., those 3,000 calories cost about $1.50. Most folks can't afford that. In Quaker Oats 3,000 calories cost 16½ cents.

Note these facts about some necessary foods, based on prices at this writing:

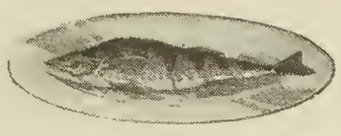
Compare These Costs



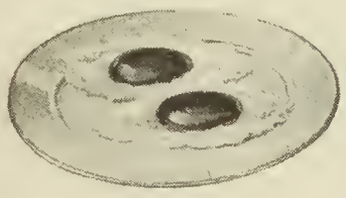
Quaker Oats
costs 1 cent per big dish, or 5½ cents per 1000 calories.



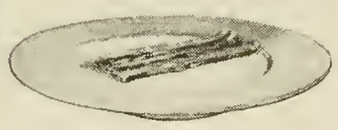
Meats
1 cent per bite, or 45 cents per 1000 calories.



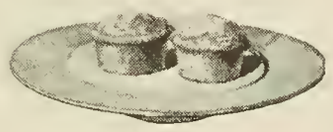
Fish
1 cent per bite, or 50 cents per 1000 calories.



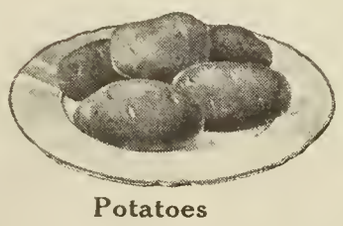
Eggs
70c per 1000 calories



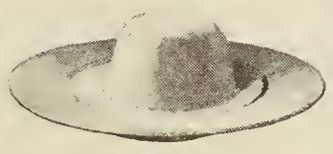
Bacon
1 cent per slice



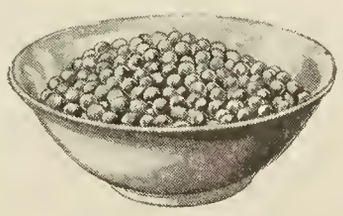
Muffins
1 cent each



Potatoes
1 cent each



Custard
4 cents per serving



Peas
54c per 1000 calories

Note that meats, eggs, fish, etc., average nine times Quaker Oats cost for the same calory value.

Yet the oat is the supreme food. It is almost a complete food. It costs but one cent for a big dish. And folks who eat it are not underfed.

We don't urge living on Quaker Oats alone, but make it your basic breakfast.

Quaker Oats

World-Famous for Its Flavor

Quaker Oats has won a world-wide fame through its exquisite flavor. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. Yet it costs no extra price.

15c and 35c per package
Except in the Far West and South
Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

3264

Continued from page 56

HILLS OF HAN

but unhappiness. This was inevitable. As I wrote you before I am not a social being. This fact was never so clear as now. I must be alone.

As regards the statements you have just made, indicating that you attach the blame for the present predicament to yourself, these are of course absurd. I'm sure you will come in time to see that. It will be a question then whether you will be able to bring yourself to forgive me for permitting matters to go as far as they have. That has been my weakness. I allowed my admiration for you and my desire for you to overcome my reason.

As for the course you must pursue, it will be, of course, to go on as far as Ping Yang. There I will leave you. It may even prove possible, despite the malignant enmity of Mrs. Boatwright, to convince M. Pourmont and the others that we are guilty of nothing more than an error of judgment in an extremely difficult situation. Certainly I shall demand the utmost respect for you.

I shall make it a point to avoid you in the morning; and it will undoubtedly be best that we refrain so far as possible from speech during the remainder of our journey. I shall go on alone, as soon as you are safe at Ping Yang. I can not forgive myself for thus disturbing your life.

"I can not trust myself to write further. It is my experience that words are dangerous things and not to be trifled with. I will merely add, in conclusion, and in wishing that you may at some later time find a mate who can bring into your life the qualities which you must have in order to attain happiness, and which I unquestionably lack, that I shall hope, in time, for your forgiveness. Without that I should hardly care to live on.

JONATHAN BRACHEY.

SOBERLY Betty read and reread this curious letter. Then for a moment her eyes rested on the cool signature, without so much as a "sincerely yours," and then she looked at that first phrase, "My Dear, Dear Little Girl"; and then her eyes grew misty and she smiled; faintly, tenderly.

Suddenly, this morning, life had changed color; the black mood was gone, like an illness that had passed its climax. The curious antagonism in their talk the evening before had, it seemed, cleared the air—at least for her. And now, all at once—she was beginning to feel quietly but glowingly exultant about it.

She ate all the breakfast that John brought; then hurried out. It gave her pleasure to stand aside and watch the packing, and particularly to watch Brachey as he moved sternly about.

He was a strong man, as her father had been strong. He hadn't a glimmer of humor, but she loved him for that.

He had all at once become so transparent. In his lonely way he had expended so much energy fighting the illusions of happiness, that now when real happiness was offered him he fought harder than ever.

Her thoughtful eyes followed his every motion; he was tall, strong, clean. His heart and mind, in their very austerity, were like a child.

So deep ran this sober new happiness, as she stood by the litter waiting until he came—austerely—and helped her in (she was waiting for the touch of his hand, averting her face to hide the smile that she couldn't altogether control) that only a warmly uprushing little thought of her father that came just then could restore her poise.

She cared now about nothing else, about only this man whom she now knew she loved with her whole being and the father she had so suddenly, shockingly lost.

If only, in the different ways, she might have brought happiness to each of these strong men! If only she could have brought them together, her father and her lover; for each, she felt, had fine, deep qualities that the other would be quick to perceive.

All during the morning, feeling through every sensitive nerve-tip the nearness of this man who loved her and whom she loved, she rode through a land of rosy dreams. She felt again the power over life that she had felt during their first talk at T'ainan. Nothing else mattered. Love had come; it absorbed her thoughts; it was right.

AFTER a time, as the morning wore along, she became aware that he, too, was changing. Once, when he rode for a moment beside her litter, he caught sight of her quietly radiant face and flushed and turned away.

At lunch, by a roadside temple, under a tree, they talked about nothing with surprising ease. He was eager that she should draw and paint these beautiful hills of Hansi.

Late in the afternoon—they were riding down an open valley—he appeared again beside the litter. Impulsively she reached out her hand. He guided his pony close; leaned over and gripped it warmly.

For a little while they rode thus; then, happening out of a confusion of impulses that, with whichever it began, was instantly communicated to the other, he bent down and she leaned out of the little side door and their lips met.

So it was that, unaccountably to themselves, the spirits of these two lovers rebounded from acute depression to an exaltation that, however sobered by circumstance, touched the skirts of ecstasy. They rode on as silently as on the other days, but now their hearts beat in happy unison.

No longer was the situation or their relationship unreal to them; the unreality lay with the white world from which they had come and to which they must shortly return. The mission compound was but an immaterial memory, like an unpleasant moment in a long, beautiful journey.

In the evening after dinner, they sat for a long time with her head on his shoulder dreamily talking of their mystery of love.

"It had to be," she said.

He could only incline his head and compress his lips as he gazed out over her head down a long vista of years, during which he would, for better or worse, for richer or poorer, protect and cherish her. The old phrases from the marriage service rang in his thoughts like cathedral bells.

"I don't believe we'll ever have those dreadful moods again," she murmured, later. "At least, we won't misunderstand each other again. Not like that."

"Never," he breathed.

"Only one thing is wrong, dear," she added. "I wish father could have known you. He'd have understood you."

He was silent. At last, after midnight, in a spirit of deepest consecration, he held her gently in his arms, kissed her good night, and went to his own room.

Continued in the March DELINEATOR

Concluded from page 55

A MIDDLE-WESTERN HOUSE

A dishwashing machine could be installed in the sink.

In the original plan there is a short-cut from the kitchen to the front door by means of double doors from kitchen to living-room and double doors to keep the kitchen odors from the living-room. A stair leads from this passage to the large second-floor bedroom, bath and storage space. In the alternative plan the staircase avoids the kitchen.

The main bedrooms, three in number, open off the small hall shut off from the entrance hall by a door. These rooms are compactly arranged and convenient to the bathroom, with good closets. A sleeping-porch opens directly off two of these rooms.

The exterior is distinguished by straightforward simplicity of design. The house is easy to build and demands little for upkeep.

SUGGESTED CHANGES IN THE PLANS OF THE MIDDLE-WESTERN HOUSE

BY ALICE PELOUBET NORTON

Editor of The Journal of Home Economics

THE alternative plan of the kitchen seems to be a great improvement over the old one. Not only because it makes a staircase accessible both from the kitchen and from the living-room, but because it places the sink in a light place with a drain-board on either side.

I can not understand why experienced architects insist upon putting sinks with space on one side only. I think I should like a chance for a small table near the stove.

The fireplace in the sitting-room is so situated that a group around it would be directly between the dining-room door and the hall door. That means almost certain drafts. I should myself like the fireplace better if it were at the other end of the living-room, even though it meant an outside chimney. There could be windows on either side, so that I think there would be as much window space as is indicated now.

Another way to remedy this difficulty would be to move the group of rooms—pantry and dining-room—several feet farther toward the front of the house. This would mean that the pantry outside wall would not be directly in a line with the kitchen wall but recessed.

It would, however, throw the dining-room door in a better position in relation to the fireplace if that remains where it is. It would also have the advantage of correcting another objection to the house—the fact that the kitchen has light from one side only. It is much more difficult to keep a kitchen well aired when this is true. If there could be a window on the side of the kitchen that is now next the pantry, it would be better. This window might look out on a porch, if desired.

Personally I should question the advisability of the two doors entering the bathroom. My experience has been that it is a constant annoyance. Some one is sure to leave the door locked that enters from the bedroom, and it would seem to me better to change this arrangement. This, however, is a matter of personal preference. If there are children in the house and one of them is occupying one of these bedrooms, it would seem a distinct advantage to have the doors open near to each other.

In the second-story plan it would be better, if possible, to have the bathroom directly over the bathroom on the first floor.

The whole arrangement seems to me particularly good in that it separates the bedrooms from the living-rooms almost as much as if they were on a separate story.



Raisin Cornmeal Muffins

¾ cup cornmeal
1½ cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup SUN-MAID Seedless Raisins
4 teaspoons baking powder
2 tablespoons sugar
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons shortening

Sift dry ingredients together into bowl; add milk and melted shortening and beat well. Bake in greased muffin tins in hot oven for about 20 minutes.

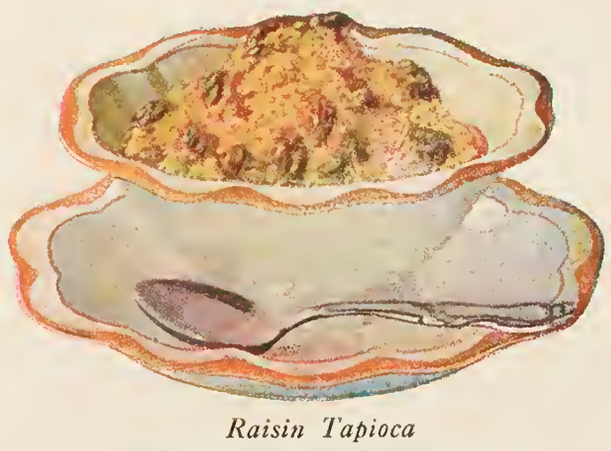
Raisin Dainties
That are High-Type Foods
—*100 Ways to Make Them*

HERE are some simple muffins, simply made—tender, light, flavory, filled with luscious raisins. Serve them frequently and you'll become famous for them. Make them a specialty in your home.

Let them be the sample that you'll try; to prove the winning appeal that raisins put into scores of foods.

Then learn what raisins add to boiled rice, bread pudding, Indian pudding, rice pudding, tapiocas, oatmeal, ready-cooked cereals, stewed prunes, and other so-called *plain* dishes.

See how the plainness disappears and a new relish is imparted by the alluring raisin.



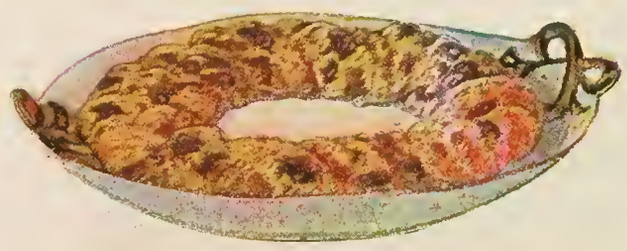
Raisin Tapioca

Readily prepared and always acceptable—a dessert you can serve often.



Raisin Caramel Apple

Baked apples for dessert, the housewife's standby—but with raisins to make it distinctive.



Raisin Coffee Cake

Note the new appeal in coffee cake when raisins lend their charm.

75% Pure Fruit-Sugar

Raisins are 75% pure fruit-sugar, healthful, energizing nutriment in practically pre-digested form.

Raisins make dainty dishes that are high-type foods. It's a mistake to regard them, if you happen to do so, as luscious, natural confections without special dietetic worth.

A pound of raisins furnishes 1560 heat-units of food value. A pound of eggs supplies only 720 units of this kind of nourishment. Every food made with raisins is therefore a better body fuel than it would be without the raisins.

Made From Finest Grapes

When you try these foods be sure to get Sun-Maid Raisins. They are made from sweet, tender, juicy California grapes so delicate that they can't be shipped far for table use as fresh grapes.

Taste their flavor. Note how thin-skinned, and how full of succulent fruit-meat.

You'll never want any other kind of raisins after you know Sun-Maids.

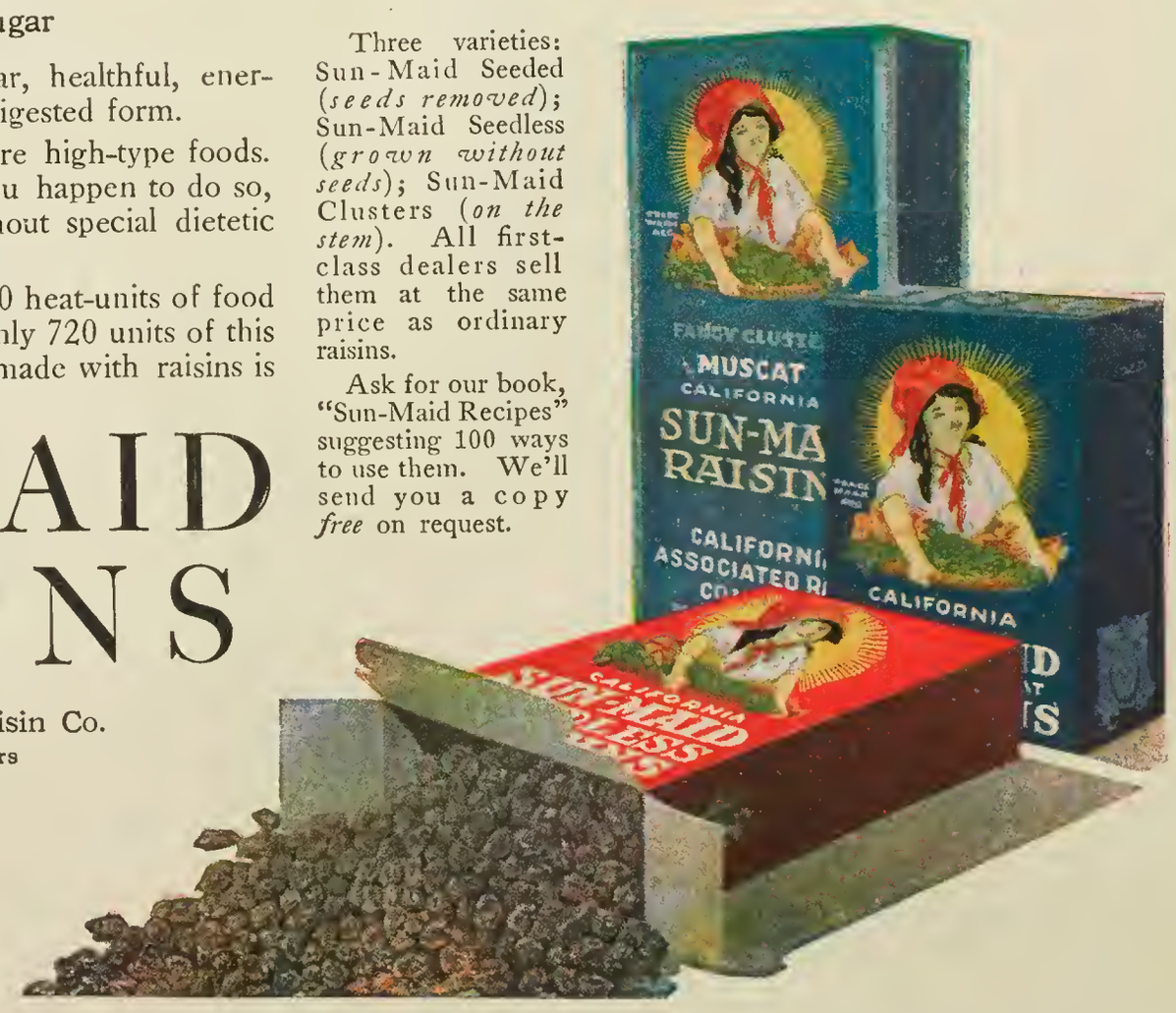
Three varieties: Sun-Maid Seeded (*seeds removed*); Sun-Maid Seedless (*grown without seeds*); Sun-Maid Clusters (*on the stem*). All first-class dealers sell them at the same price as ordinary raisins.

Ask for our book, "Sun-Maid Recipes" suggesting 100 ways to use them. We'll send you a copy *free* on request.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

California Associated Raisin Co.
Membership 9,000 Growers
Fresno, California

Ask for Raisin Candies.
Delicious. Healthful.
At Candy Stores.



PALMOLIVE

Re-Incarnation of Beauty

JUST as the Egyptian Princess of 3,000 years ago bequeathed a heritage of beauty to the modern girl, so did she also hand down knowledge of the surest way to keep it.

She knew that Palm and Olive Oils were mild, beneficial, natural cleansers, as soothing in their action as a lotion. A crude combination was all she could command—today she would use *Palmolive*.

For the mild, soothing, profuse lather of Palmolive soap, so smooth and creamy, embodies this oldest beauty secret.

Palmolive beautifies while it cleanses because it contains the same rare oils used as both cleanser and lotion in ancient Egypt.

Palmolive may be had wherever soap is sold and supplied by popular hotels in guestroom size.

Send 25c in stamps for Palmolette Case containing miniature packages of 7 favorite Palmolive requisites.

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Toronto, Ont.

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Continued from page 20

VOICES FROM THE BEYOND

gather together in the same room, the atmosphere tense with "expectant attention" and no means possible wherewith to judge what is taking place, is it not obvious that misjudgments and self-deceptions and false interpretations must vitiate the whole proceeding? Moreover, even where there is genuine psychic faculty, a constant exercise of it apart from expert control is likely to expose its owner to mischievous observers, "fixed ideas" which, once lodged in the mind, can not easily be expelled. It ought to be balanced by other interests if sanity is to be maintained.

After all, the very fact of our existence here is proof that our main business is in this world. To snatch prematurely at a life to come, to neglect the duties and responsibilities of this world in the rapt vision of the world beyond, is to rob this life of all that it is intended to give us, and to disturb seriously the true order of our spiritual development.

I NOW pass on to speak of the conclusion to which some distinguished men of science have come on the ground of experiment and observation. The Psychical Research movement founded in England in 1882 under the guidance of some of the best minds of the time, has accumulated a vast mass of data bearing on dreams, hallucinations, ghosts, telepathy, automatic writing and allied phenomena. Much of the darkness that enwrapped these facts has been dissipated and we know to-day much about the mechanism that causes them that was hidden from earlier generations.

It is the firm conviction of many leaders in this movement, notably Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir William F. Barrett, Dr. W. J. Crawford and Dr. J. H. Hyslop, that under scientific conditions messages have come through peculiarly endowed persons while in a condition of trance or in the full possession of their senses, messages which could not be accounted for except as being what they purported to be, veritable communications from the dead. It required great moral bravery for any one, but especially for a scientific or philosophical teacher, to assert personal survival in terms such as those of Sir Oliver Lodge.

"I am," he says, "for all personal purposes convinced of the persistence of human existence beyond bodily death; and though I am unable to justify that belief in a full and complete manner, yet it is a belief which has been produced by scientific evidence; that is, it is based upon facts of experience though I might find it impossible to explain categorically how the facts have produced that conviction."

Ridicule, contempt, sarcasm, a very flood of abuse, has been poured upon the heads of these scientific men; and their calm and self-possessed reply is like that of St. Paul when Festus, the Roman governor, charged him with being out of his senses because he also said he saw a spirit: "We are not mad, most excellent friends, but speak forth words of truth and soberness."

But it is not only the unreasoning bigotry of the prejudiced that these men have to face. Orthodox or "official" science, that is, science as taught in colleges and set forth in text-books, offers an impenetrable front to the whole subject, partly because of the emotional interest attaching to the question; partly because laboratory methods are not applicable to it, inasmuch as the phenomena can not be repeated at will.

The truth is, if psychic phenomena and the spiritistic interpretation put upon them were once accepted, a transformation of the ordinary scientific conception of the world and a new view of the universe would become an unescapable necessity. Men hesitate long before they are prepared to throw overboard the whole structure of their thinking which they have spent years in laboriously building.

And perhaps it is well that it should be so. Meantime, pioneers of the new science are quietly amassing the facts, and they hope, in due time, to win a favorable verdict by the sheer bulk of the evidence in their possession.

PSYCHICAL research labors under an unfortunate drawback. It can not make public some of the most convincing bits of evidence because of their intimate character.

For example. Mr. Henry Holt, the New York publisher, writes that he was converted to a belief in immortality by three dreams, in each of which a deceased individual appeared to him, under such circumstances that no other explanation seemed admissible. These dreams, however, are of such a personal character that it is impossible for the dreamer to give the details necessary to form a judgment.

Bearing this limitation in mind, a few incidents which may indicate the kind of evidence that is offered are worth describing. I shall take the first from the experience of a friend of mine, a highly gifted woman, with the critical faculties well developed. We will call her Mrs. Brown.

She was sitting with her friend Miss Roberta Evans at a ouija-board. The movement of the pointer was confusingly swift, so that it was very difficult to record the letters. In the middle of the letters, apropos of nothing, the following purported to come from Mr. Brown:

> TELL R—— HER FATHER HAS TOLD ME ABOUT THAT LAWSUIT.... STEWARTSTOWN CAN I THINK GET THIS THROUGH ... PROVE IT AND LET ME KNOW. . . .

When Mrs. Brown tried to decipher the spelling she was entirely confused, and felt that the pointer had gone wild. "Stewart" meant nothing to her, and she thought "Stown" was probably an effort to spell "down." As she was puzzling over it aloud, Miss Evans said, "Can that be *Stewartstown?*" Mrs. Brown said, "Yes," she supposed it could; but "Stewartstown" had no meaning.

Miss Evans said, with an astonished look, "Why, my father began his medical practise in Stewartstown."

Mrs. Brown then read the message to her, as she did not know what had been spelled, and said, "Did your father ever have a lawsuit connected with Stewartstown?"

She laughed and said, "I'm sure I don't know, as he began to practise there before I was born!"

Mrs. Brown asked if she had ever heard of any lawsuit in which her father was interested. She thought intently, but said she had never heard of any.

HOWEVER, the suggestion was so interesting that she immediately wrote to her mother, asking whether Dr. Evans had ever had any lawsuit in Stewartstown. Mrs. Evans replied that *before they were married* there had been a lawsuit; a half-crazy patient had sued the young physician; the case came to trial after Dr. and Mrs. Evans were married and was decided in the doctor's favor.

Of course, nobody could say that Miss Roberta Evans had never heard of the lawsuit which took place before her birth, some forty years ago. In fact, as it must have been a matter of importance to Dr. Evans, it may very probably have been mentioned in the family, although she has not the remotest recollection of ever having heard of it, and her mother is under the impression that it was *not* spoken of. Still it can not be eliminated as a possibility of her subconsciousness.

It remains, therefore, merely a veridical statement, which might reasonably have been made to prove the identity of both Dr. Evans and Mr. Brown.

Mrs. Travers Smith, a daughter of the late Prof. Dowden, the well-known Shakespearean scholar, relates how, at a circle, consisting of three sitters, all blindfolded, a message came through the ouija-board purporting to be the work of a perfect stranger. She gave her name, the name and date of the newspaper in which her death was announced; she described her last illness and said death had just occurred and had been a happy release from pain.

The lady was absolutely unknown to any one present. Sir William Barrett made a careful investigation of the case and learned from the lady's relatives that the information received was undoubtedly genuine and must have been conveyed in some supernormal manner.

Mrs. Smith relates a still more striking instance of evidence of identity. It is known as the "pearl tie-pin case."

Miss C. was sitting with Mrs. Smith at the board and the name of a young cousin of Miss C.'s was spelled out. He had recently been killed at the front and he stated that he had been engaged to a girl whose name and address he gave in full, and asked that his mother be told that he wished her to give his fiancée his pearl tie-pin in memory of him.

The boy was only nineteen when he was killed, and this seemed a most unlikely story. Miss C. laughed at it, and would not have investigated it but that Mrs. Smith asked her to write to the address given and discover if the person mentioned lived there. This letter was returned to Miss C. as incorrectly addressed, and the case was dismissed as hopeless.

SOME time afterward the young officer's relatives heard that he had willed all his possessions to a girl whose name was the same as the one spelled out on the ouija-board, though the address was different, and to whom he had been privately engaged. This fact was absolutely unknown to his relatives.

Sir Oliver Lodge has recently called attention to a very striking incident related in the proceedings of the English Society for Psychical Research. Mr. George B. Dorr of Boston, sitting on one occasion with Mrs. Piper, asked the intelligence purporting to be Mr. F. W. H. Myers (famous, as everybody knows, in his earth life for classic learning) what the word "Lethe" suggested to him.

At once the Myers control referred to a story in Ovid's "Metamorphoses" about a drowned husband and the appearance of his wraith to his wife to tell her that he could not return. In connection with this story, the source of the river Lethe is described. Mr. Dorr did not know this at the time, but later on he discovered the clue.

When the matter was reported to Sir Oliver Lodge in England, he asked the Myers control operating through another and distinct psychic, the same question as had been put by Mr. Dorr to Mrs. Piper in America. The two psychics are unknown to each other. Sir Oliver Lodge received answers referring to episodes in the Sixth Book of Vergil's "Æneid," wherein it is told how souls ready for reincarnation assemble on the banks of the water of Lethe in order that they may drink it and forget their past life before returning to earth. This was, to say the least of it, a very remarkable coincidence. But something still more remarkable followed.

By a special effort that same evening, a word was got through—a meaningless word—written automatically by a scrawling pencil held in the psychic's hand, with instructions to mail it to Sir Oliver Lodge at once. The word, plainly legible, was "Dorr" and it was written twice. Sir Oliver believes that the word "Dorr" came in a reply to a question about Lethe because Mr. Myers through a different psychic had been asked the same question in America, and he wished to give a message which no doctrine of telepathy could account for.

HOW are these and other equally impressive incidents to be explained? It is generally conceded by those whose judgment counts that only two hypotheses are possible: *either* we must suppose that the psychic has a mysterious power to find access to the subconsciousness of any living mind whatever; of selecting out of all the myriad things to be found there this, that and the other mental element and of creating out of these a coherent, relevant message, while denying its true origin and putting it into the mouth of one of

Concluded on page 62



Don't Tell Children

Don't say that Puffed Grains are scientific foods.

Or that Prof. Anderson, the food expert, invented them.

Or that every food cell is exploded so that every atom easily digests.

Or that Puffed Wheat means whole wheat, rich in minerals which growing children need.

Those are facts for mothers. But they rather spoil the taste of tidbits for a child.

Call Them Bubble Grains

Call them bubble grains. Tell how steam explosion puffs them to eight times normal size.

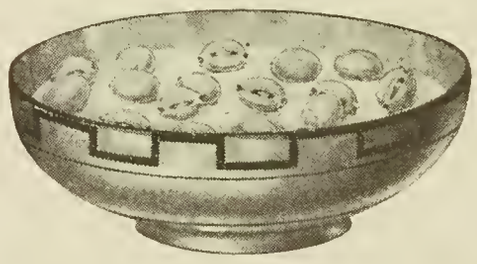
Make them joy foods. Children revel in their flimsy texture and their nut-like taste.

Make every thought inviting. For these are the greatest foods created from wheat or corn or rice.

They are the best-cooked grain foods in existence. Digestion is easy and complete.

They mean ideal foods for any hour, for they never tax the stomach.

And one—Puffed Wheat—makes whole wheat tempting. That is what you want. It is rich in elements which white flour lacks, and few children get enough.

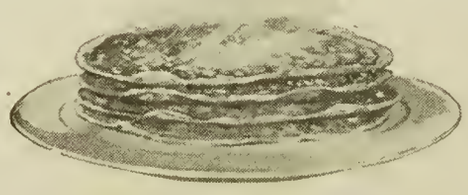


Serve with cream and sugar, or mixed with fruit, or doused with melted butter.

For suppers or between meals float in bowls of milk.

Use as wafers in your soups. After school let children eat like peanuts, crisped and buttered.





Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

Corn Puffs

Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

A New Puffed Grain Delight

Such Pancakes
As You Never Tasted

We now make Puffed Rice Pancake Flour—an ideal mixture with ground Puffed Rice. It makes the pancakes light and fluffy, and gives a nut-like taste. Simply add milk or water, for the flour is self-raising, and you'll make the finest pancakes that you ever knew. Try it now.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers 3241



White as the fleecy crest of clouds by moonlight. Pure as the distant air they drift in. Feathery fine in texture. That is Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt. Always flows freely. Imparts a rare delicacy to all food flavors. Sanitary package; easily opened cap. *Ask for*

Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt

Interesting booklet, "One Hundred and One Uses for Salt," on request
DIAMOND CRYSTAL SALT CO., SAINT CLAIR, MICHIGAN
Since 1887, Makers of DIAMOND CRYSTAL *"The Salt that's all Salt."*
In sanitary boxes or sacks—for table and cooking use



Reverence

Peoples of every race have long considered it a mark of greatest reverence to protect their dead from all Earth's dangers. Tradition demanded a costly mausoleum, possible only for Monarch or Croesus. But today, equal protection is within the reach of all.

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT'S design affords absolute security. Built with massive walls of Keystone copper-bearing steel, electrically welded into an air-tight hood. Guaranteed for 50 years. Each vault is tested under 5000 pounds hydraulic pressure. The air within keeps water out.

For full description of vault, with its remarkable 20-year record of satisfaction, address Dept. 97.

The Clark Grave Vault Co.
Columbus *Ohio*

MAKE YOUR COAL GO TWICE AS FAR

BY HELEN JOHNSON KEYES

Formerly Technical Writer for the Fuel Administration

WE LEARNED a good deal about coal during the war and about economical ways of using it; now we must marshal again our old knowledge, for the price of coal is not going to drop soon nor the available supply become abundant.

Two causes mainly are responsible for the present shortage of coal. The first of these refers both to bituminous and anthracite. We expected coal to become cheaper as soon as industrial conditions swung back to normal, which we fondly believed must happen as soon as peace was declared. Consequently, despite the admonitions which spoke to us daily from the newspapers, we declined to order early at the prices prevailing. Industrial conditions have not returned to what we call normal and, indeed, if what we mean by the term is the comfortable prices of the pre-war period, there is no sign that they will do so at all. You who postponed ordering coal in the hope of lower quotations are the ones to be pinched in the unyielding trap of high cost.

The recurrence of such conditions as made unforgettable the Winter of 1917-1918 need not be feared. Just as in the shuffling and dealing of a pack of cards the same hand never appears twice, so in the game of life that juxtaposition of circumstances will not occur again which blocked our railroads and waterways that Winter and held our coal imprisoned.

YET all the measures of coal conservation which we practised during the war with patriotic exaltation must be practised the coming Winter for personal protection. The Fuel Administration made the statement that twenty-five per cent. of the coal customarily used in homes could be saved without discomfort to the consumer.

How thoroughly the old habit of wastefulness has been eliminated by our war-time economies it would be hard to say, but in our own defense we must guard against the tendency to revert to carelessness in the manipulation of our stoves. The information formulated for our use during the war must be our friend and councilor to-day.

A dirty stove wastes heat. One might as well seek to conserve one's ink supply on blotting-paper as to conserve heat in a sooty stove. A very thin layer of soot will absorb a large quantity of the warmth which our rooms need or which is required to cook our meals. To keep piling coal into a sooty stove is like pouring more and more ink on to an absorbent surface and then wondering why the pen dipped in it will not write.

Cracks, loose doors, imperfectly jointed flues are all windows for the escape of heat where it is of no value. Much heat is also lost by radiation from flues. If they are wrapped in asbestos or some other nonconductor this heat, if damper control also is correct, will reach the places where it is needed.

THE largest amount of heat wasted goes up the chimney. Some of it must pass up there; we can not hope to use one hundred per cent. of the heat value in our coal, but by learning the language of our dampers we can reduce the loss to that amount which is scientifically necessary to combustion, that is, to about fifteen per cent.

Some furnaces are built without a check-draft damper. When the Fuel Administration first issued its instructions on the care of furnaces, householders who had never heard of a check-draft searched their heating-plants in vain to find one and then wrote to the Administration to inquire what should be done in its absence. The reply always was the same: "Have it put in."

This can be done by any dealer in furnaces. It is in the smoke-pipe at the outer angle of the elbow and it controls the rate at which the fire burns. If it is open the fire is checked. Find out how to manipulate it so as to get the results you desire. Do not use the coaling-door as a substitute.

Below the check-draft damper in the smoke-pipe is the turn-damper. This should fit loosely and be kept nearly closed under most conditions.

NEVER open the entire ash-pit door to create a draft. It supplies air faster than is needed and the heat escapes up the chimney. There is a draft-damper in the door which—if the fuel is anthracite—admits the amount of air needed to quicken a slow fire. If the fuel is bituminous this draft should not be used to quicken a fire but only to admit oxygen for the consumption of gases after a fresh charge has been laid on.

There is an art in shaking grates and it consists of a short, quick stroke and the return of the grate to a level position. The ash-pit should be cleaned daily or the grate will warp for lack of a draft.

Damp heat, if it is not too damp, has been proved more satisfactory than dry heat. Therefore, we shall be warmed by a smaller consumption of coal if, besides keeping the water-tank of the furnace full, we place bowls of water on our radiators and hang pails of water under our registers within the flues. These pails easily are looped on to wire twisted around the bars of the register.

In the case of hot-air furnaces it is important to regulate the cold-air box so as not to have too strong a current of air from the outside, specially in bitter weather.

THE water in a steam-heater should be changed at least every Spring and Autumn. A bucketful from the bottom should be drawn off twice a week and the amount replenished from the supply pipe. The water-gage must be kept half-full of water exactly. Be sure that your air-valves are good and if they are not have them replaced. Coal will not burn economically otherwise.

Many kitchen-ranges are shaken too much. They require little shaking and no poking from above, but their ash-pits must be clean. Never shake the fire before a new charge of coal but wait till the black lumps ignite. The lids over the fire-box ought not to be removed to check the draft. Keep the fuel level with the oven-top.

Many fuel economies are possible in the manner in which meals are planned. If we heat our ovens we should utilize all the heat by filling them. With the same principle in mind we should crowd the tops of our ranges when our heat is at that point. The kitchen-range sometimes may be checked and casserole-dishes successfully baked on the ledge inside of the coaling-door of the furnace.

The fuel economies which we learn this year must become permanent habits. The era when wastefulness was compatible with comfortable living and the payment of bills has passed, probably never to return. To live in harmony with even moderate standards of well-being has become a problem.

A new burden—which should be regarded also as a new interest—has been laid upon the American housekeeper. Conscience and ingenuity are demanded from her. She must create new habits and new processes.

Concluded from page 61

VOICES FROM THE BEYOND

the dead; *or* we must believe that the person purporting to communicate is in truth some one who has passed through the experience we call death.

Some will prefer the former theory with all its improbabilities. Nor are these by any means confined to skeptics or deniers of immortality.

Indeed it is because they believe that those who have passed over now exist on a plane higher than our material one, that they are unable to conceive how communication across the gulf is impossible. The dead are on a purely spiritual plane: we are on the material—how can we hear each other speak?

Others—and among these an ever growing number of the most competent students—feel that the strength of the argument lies with the other alternative. It need hardly be said Psychical Research has not proved survival after death in the sense of making any other theory impossible. It may be doubted whether such proof can ever be forthcoming.

All that scientific effort can do in this or in any other department of thought is to collect the facts and then to find out what theory will explain them better than any other.

On the whole, until further light is thrown on the problem, I must frankly confess that it is difficult to resist the impression that at least a few messages have got through to our world from the transcendental realm—enough to encourage the investigators with a promise of still more assured discoveries yet to be made.

Think as we may, however, of these strange happenings, there is at least one great source of consolation and hope against which rational thought has nothing to say. The most spiritual philosophy of our time is at one with the teaching of Christianity in affirming the existence and nearness of a greater world than that which meets the outer senses.

All the higher voices that speak to us to-day bid us to hope. This earth of ours, the merest foothold in boundless space, is not the only sphere where mental and moral beings exist. There has dawned upon the modern imagination the vision of a kingdom of personal spirits which consists of past, present and future generations.

Man is the highest being on this planet; but it were foolish to suppose that raised above him, rank upon rank, tier upon tier, there are not hierarchies of nobler intelligences, even as beneath him there is the mysterious realm of animal life of whose mental experience we know so little.

WE POOR mortals in the process of evolution, stumbling, falling, guessing, now visited by gleams of sudden intuition, now plunged in darkness, ignorant of our powers, slowly discovering them, exploring, watching, listening, we are not alone in our earthly wanderings. We are already, though we may not be always conscious of the fact, citizens of a higher world and linked with it.

From that higher world, as the greatest men in all ages have believed, there flash, at rare moments, messages, hints, fragmentary revealings of some better thing in store for us. Let us believe these nobler inspirations, let us remember that if hopes may be dupes, fears may be liars, and we too shall share the faith of the poet when he sings:

There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb of the life elysian
Whose portal we call death.

ELECTRICAL HOUSEKEEPING

A department for homemakers

Edited by Mrs. June Strickland

Published and copyrighted by ***Western Electric Company***

Extraordinary Sale

Was $42.25

Now

$28.50



Navy Blue, Copenhagen B

As the assortment is
sold at so slight a pr
C. O. D. or on a

"I bought all the material for this dress for $14.84. A bargain, I think, for these times. It took me part of four days—pleasant ones too because the sewing could be done wherever it was most convenient and pleasant rather than in one room as was necessary with the old non-portable machine."

*But she made the same Dress for $14.87 **

This woman is not a sewing expert—just average. She admits she is cross with the children once in a while, and that she hates to pedal a sewing machine; in fact she would rather shop, and, womanlike, bargains tempt her. She is in comfortable circumstances, but clothing at three times normal price started her thinking—and finally sewing—in a new way. Read her short but interesting story.

* *This price includes the three cents' worth of current used by the Western Electric Sewing Machine.*

I have checked this table for the
Western Electric Company
and the cost of each item is correct.
The Editor.

Quantity	*Material*	*Cost*
3½ yds.	*Serge for Body of Dress @ $2.50*	*$8.75*
1⅓ yds.	*Silk for Sleeves, Collar, Sash and Buttons @ $2.75*	*4.12*
36	*Buttons Covered*	*.48*
½ yd.	*Net for Lining @ 75c.*	*.38*
	Fasteners, Thread, Belting	*.51*
2	*Tassels for Sash*	*.60*
330 W.	*Electric Current @ 10c. KW*	*.03*
	Total Cost	*$14.87*

"It was months since I had done any sewing. Like many other women, I had my sewing machine off in a corner, covered up. It was easier to shop than to sew, and I always did hate to pedal sewing machines---it tires me out. Not bad, is it, considering that I had never run a portable electric machine before?"



"In stringing a necklace my little girl found a use for the bobbins from my old machine. What a bother it used to be to wind them. I'd rather take my chances in a bargain rush than poke along on foot-power sewing, and have to stop in the middle of things to wind a bobbin. My new Western Electric sews from two spools."

"I ALWAYS liked *planning* clothes, but when I started to make a garment, my work was beset with annoyances.

"Just as I would get started, I'd find the sewing machine belt was too loose and in tightening it, I invariably jabbed my finger and got a drop of blood on the material. Then after pedaling until my back ached and my muscles were tired, I'd come near the end of a seam only to find that I must stop and wind the bobbin to finish eight inches—and this often when the next bit of stitching was to be done in another color.

* * * *

"It was just before the baby was born that I sent for the little Western Electric Booklet 'The Eight-Hour Day in the Home,' and lucky for her that I did or she would never have had all the pretty, dainty clothes I made her.

"You see, the Doctor had forbidden me to sew on the old fashioned machine. He said there was danger to both the baby and myself for me to pedal; and at that time we were paying for our house, just getting a start in life, and every dollar counted and I needed to sew.

"But the doctor was *delighted* with the Western Electric portable machine. He said I might sew all day long if I wanted to for there is no strain on back, internal organs or muscles.

"And I don't have to wind a bobbin at the last moment, for there is no bobbin to wind. I simply place a spool of thread on the spool case in the place where the bobbin used to go.

"This Western Electric machine is the only machine which substitutes a spool of thread for a bobbin.

"And I never have the fuss and bother of tightening a belt, for there is no old leather belt to tighten on the Western Electric sewing machine.

"You will marvel more and more at the conveniences. All that is necessary to do in sewing slowly is to place one's foot on the little foot control and press lightly, with a little more pressure to sew fast and still more pressure to sew at almost lightning speed.

"It is so easy that I never realize I am running it, and incidentally, I find that the clothes I make last three times as long as those I buy at the same cost.

"And what a pleasure it is to sew when you have a motor to do all the hard work, and when your machine is so light you can easily carry it about. Just imagine sewing in warm weather out on the porch, and in winter in the sunniest rooms, morning and afternoon; at night, wherever the family gathers; and all the while to sew without that relentless treadmilling, that tiresome bobbin winding.

"Have you noticed how sewing is regaining its old popularity? How a laborless machine like the Western Electric helps the cause along?

"For example, take myself. I am in fairly good circumstances now, but I wouldn't be if I wanted to keep on dressing as well as I do. Store clothes are simply soaring skyward—in price, I mean, and doesn't it seem to you that materials are going down in quality just as rapidly?

"Many women think that to make simple garments is difficult. But it isn't half so hard as embroidery—and what sport to see the things grow right before your eyes, to know it is you who are fashioning them. Best of all, I am actually saving 80% on my family's clothing by making much of it. (You who have boys, please note.) I could save still more, but I buy better material than that in ready-made apparel, and I get more wear out of it, too.

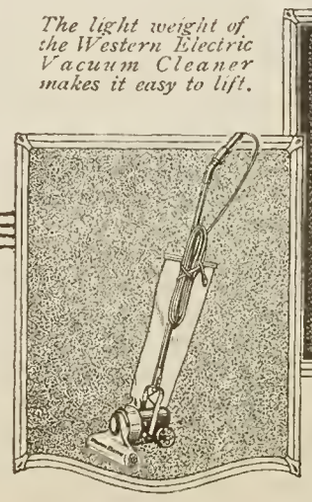
"And last, but not least, that fairy machine of mine didn't cost any more than a good non-electrical machine that I would have to work both hands and feet, as well as all my muscles, to operate."

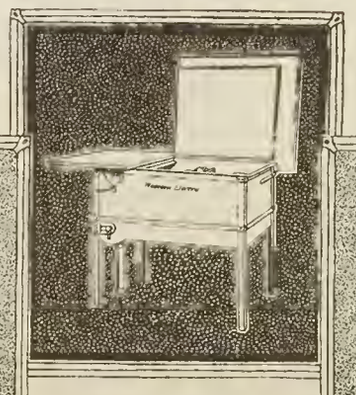
Editor's Note:—*The Western Electric Company also makes the little Jack Rabbit motor for those who do not want to purchase a new machine. It can be used in connection with any old-fashioned machine and takes all the strain out of sewing, not to mention cleaning your silver, sharpening your knives and whipping your cream.*



"She sat just over my new machine nearly an hour—it was tucked under the Davenport. She would never have known it was there, but she noticed the place where the old one had stood—said the room looked larger. She wants a Western Electric now."

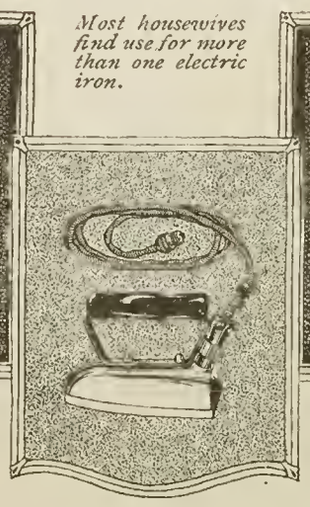
The light weight of the Western Electric Vacuum Cleaner makes it easy to lift.

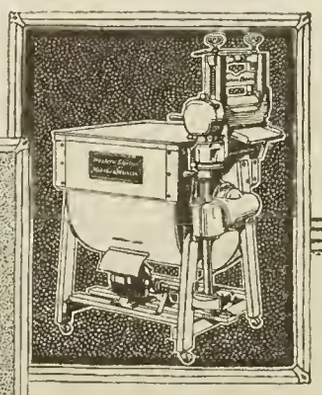




The Western Electric is really a perfect dish-washer—but when it is closed it's just a handy kitchen table.

Most housewives find use for more than one electric iron.





The Western Electric Washing Machine has several points of difference that will interest you.

You Will Want this Book

The Western Electric Co. has just published an interesting book on the use of electrical appliances in the home. Every housekeeper will find in it helpful suggestions as to how to do the same work better, in less time and with less drudgery. It may help you to solve your servant problem. A request on a postal sent to Western Electric Co., Electrical Housekeeping Department, 199 Broadway, New York, will bring the book promptly with our compliments.

For Baby's Sake Use the Hygeia Open-Mouthed Nursing Bottle





THE Hygeia has no angles, no bends to collect food particles. As easy to clean as a tumbler. On such absolute cleanliness in feeding, baby's health, even life, depends.

The breast can be turned inside out for thorough cleaning. It is the natural, mother-shape to guide baby's instinct at weaning.

Sold at drug stores everywhere. Name "Hygeia" on bottle, breast and box.

Send for free copy of our new illustrated booklet "Healthy Babies"

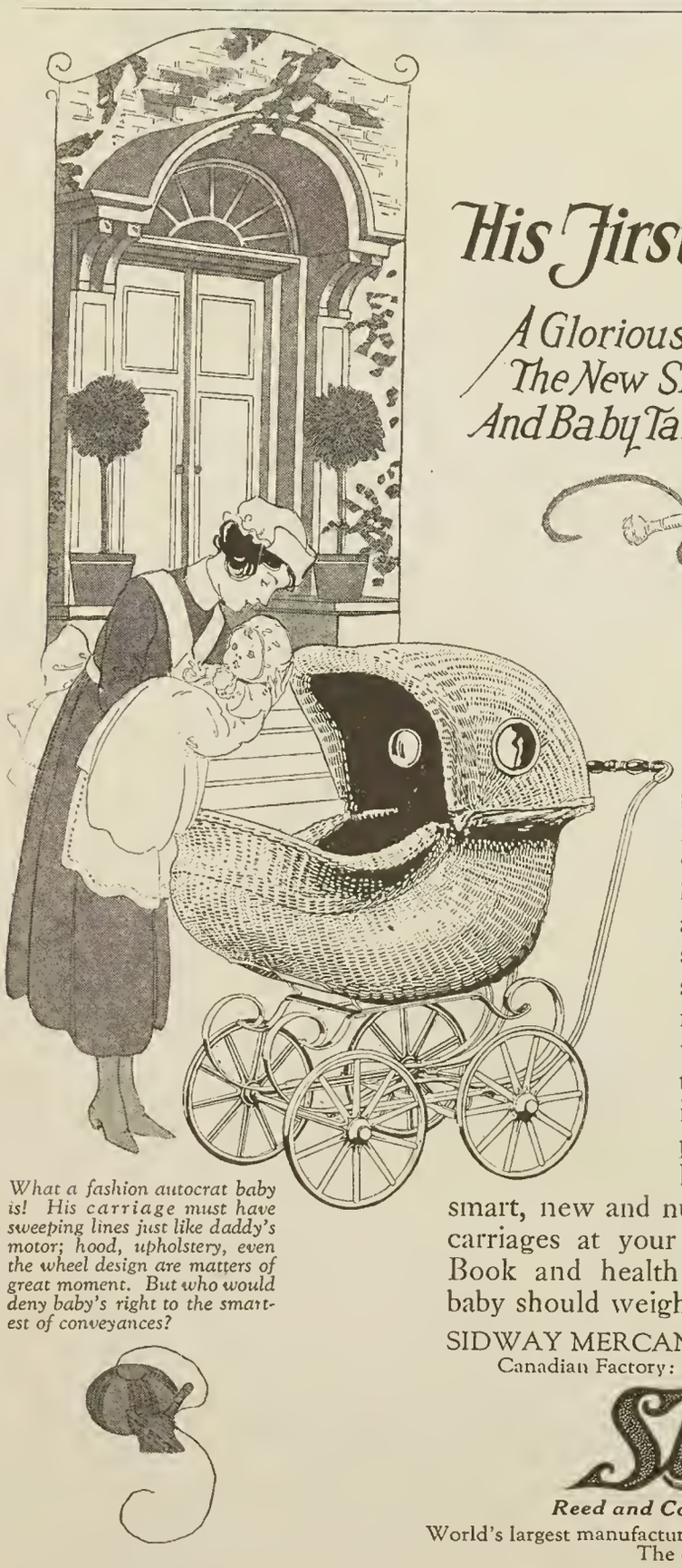
The HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE CO., Inc.
1206 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Don't Use—



This Narrow-Neck Bottle

is one big cause of 257,000 baby deaths a year. It cannot be cleaned perfectly, because of the narrow neck. Left unclean just once it poisons the nursing baby.



His First Outdoor Journey

A Glorious Sunshiny Day—
The New Sidway Arrived—
And Baby Takes His First Airing

WHAT shall you look for in a reed baby carriage? : : : Beauty, of course. : : : Only hand weaving of genuine reed can give the graceful shapes and pleasing designs of Sidway carriages. : : : Strength : : : Sidway carriages are sturdily angle-braced with steel; body, springs and wheels are extra strong. : : : Comfort for mother and baby. : : : Sidway carriages are reversible; the back is adjustable; the hood is sliding; the long, sweeping pushers give easy balance in handling. : : : Styles are smart, new and numerous. : : : See Sidway carriages at your dealer's or write for Baby Book and health chart, showing how much baby should weigh. Address Dept. 14.

What a fashion autocrat baby is! His carriage must have sweeping lines just like daddy's motor; hood, upholstery, even the wheel design are matters of great moment. But who would deny baby's right to the smartest of conveyances?

SIDWAY MERCANTILE COMPANY, *Elkhart, Ind.*
Canadian Factory: 864 Dufferin St., Toronto, Ontario

Sidway TRADE MARK

Reed and Collapsible Baby Carriages

World's largest manufacturers of reed and collapsible baby carriages.
The equally well known

TRADE Allwin MARK

line of baby vehicles is also the product of this factory.



MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR BABIES IN WINTER

BY CAROLYN CONANT VAN BLARCOM

THE Winter care of babies may be summed up as follows: The baby must have proper nourishment; maternal nursing if possible. He must be properly clothed and bathed. His life must be as regular as clockwork in all of its details. He and everything about him must be clean; this protects him against infection in Winter and Summer alike. He must have plenty of fresh air, sleep and drinking-water; and his entire body must be kept at an even temperature—never so warm that he will perspire and never subjected to sudden chilling.

Observance of these laws means a happy, smiling and sturdy little fellow tingling with the joy of living. Violation is almost sure to bring retribution in the shape of colds, croup, bronchitis or pneumonia. These are the respiratory diseases, and they rank next to Summer complaint as a cause of death among babies. Like Summer complaint they are preventable through care.

HOW TO PREVENT COLDS

FIRST on the list of preventives is regular and suitable feeding. But you know all about that now. And you know all about the importance of proper clothing and careful bathing. Next is fresh air; plenty of it day and night. And there's the rub. The baby's air-passages are sensitive, his skin must not be chilled and yet fresh air in Winter is cold. But fresh air he must have.

If you have an open fireplace, you will find that an excellent ventilator. Otherwise you can ventilate the room without creating drafts by an adjustment of the window. For example, if an upper sash is dropped a little you will have an exit for stale air at the top and fresh air will come in between the sashes. Openings on two sides of the room are desirable if they can be arranged. Do not forget, however, that the change of air, though constant, must be accomplished without perceptible drafts or change of temperature while the baby is in the room. In addition to this the nursery should be thoroughly aired twice a day, the baby of course being removed during the airing.

Until the baby is three months old the temperature of the room during the day should be about seventy degrees Fahrenheit at a level of three feet above the floor. Later it should be gradually lowered to sixty-four degrees or sixty-eight degrees. At night the temperature should be about sixty-five degrees until the third month and after that as low as fifty-five degrees. After the third month the window may be left open at night unless there is freezing weather.

ALL of this relates to the baby's indoor life, which is only half the battle, for he must be out-of-doors as much as possible.

A start may be made with the average baby when a month old by giving an indoor airing. Wrap him up snugly in his carriage as though he were going out-of-doors, and then open all the windows wide for fifteen or twenty minutes, gradually increasing length of the airing to three or four hours.

After starting in this way you may take him out-of-doors, when the weather is fine, by the time he is three months old. He must not go out if there is melting snow on the ground, if there is a sharp wind or if it is very cold. Ordinarily the freezing-point is the lowest temperature at which an outdoor airing is advisable during the first four months, but from that time until the eighth month a well, vigorous baby may be taken out with the temperature as low as twenty degrees.

The middle of the day is the best time for your baby's airing; between ten and three when the sun is high. Take care that his feet are warm during both the indoor and outdoor airings; that the sparsely covered little head is protected with a warm cap, and that he is shielded from wind, dust and glare.

The weight of your baby's clothes must be adjusted to the temperature of the moment, not the season, and this will require watchfulness and care on your part. For this reason the baby must be taken out-of-doors or the windows raised the instant that you have finished wrapping him up. If you get him ready and then stop to put on your own wraps or attend to something about the house, the baby will get overheated and when you take him into the cold air he will suffer that sudden chilling so to be feared.

Accustom your baby to sleeping out-of-doors as he grows older and takes more and more fresh air, for those babies who sleep outside are stronger and less apt to take cold than the ones who sleep indoors.

He must, however, be well protected for this out-of-doors sleeping. The bed should be warmed before he is put into it, and the bedclothes pinned to the mattress with strong safety-pins to keep him from kicking them off.

The baby who is thus provided with fresh air day and night is reasonably certain to go through the Winter with a good appetite, normal digestion, good color, a happy disposition, to sleep well and to be well; while the baby who lives indoors and is kept too warm without doubt will be pale, underweight, restless and fretful and will sleep poorly. He scarcely can avoid having digestive troubles, and he will take cold easily.

In addition to proper feeding, fresh air and an equable temperature as preventives against colds, croup and pneumonia, it is important to keep the baby's nostrils clean; to keep him out of crowds and dusty places; not to let him play on the floor, for it is drafty and dusty; not to allow any one to kiss him on the mouth. You should keep him away from sneezy people, for colds are infectious; and if you have a cold yourself, protect your nose and mouth with a piece of gauze or fresh handkerchief while you are nursing or caring for him.

IF THE BABY CATCHES COLD

IF THE baby "catches cold" or the cold catches him, in spite of your best efforts, send for the doctor at once.

Do not temporize, but act promptly, for the cold may be a forerunner of bronchitis or pneumonia.

Keep the baby in bed in a sunny, well-ventilated room until the cough and fever have subsided. Keep the nostrils clean by swabbing with liquid albolene or warm boric solution. Do not give any medicines on your own responsibility, excepting perhaps a dose of castor oil pending the doctor's arrival.

If the baby has colds frequently, look for the cause in adenoids or enlarged tonsils that need to be removed.

CROUP

CROUP is one of the common ills of babyhood, and although it is not serious as a rule, it is very distressing.

In the majority of cases the baby goes to bed apparently well, and awakens suddenly in the night with the harsh, dry cough that is unmistakable.

He should be made to vomit at once by giving a teaspoon of sirup of ipecac in one dose, or by giving ten drops every fifteen minutes until he vomits.

The room should be made warm and steamy. A kettle of water containing one teaspoon of compound tincture of benzoin may be kept boiling in the room, or, better still, the baby placed under an umbrella or improvised tent under which a stream of steam is projected.

Oil the baby's chest with liquid Russian white mineral oil or olive-oil and apply hot cloths or a mustard plaster.

Keep the baby warm and dry after the attack subsides, for a sudden chilling at this time would be serious.

As so-called membranous croup is really diphtheria of the larynx, a baby with croup should always be isolated from the other members of the household until the doctor has made a diagnosis.

EARACHE

EARACHE is an even more painful infliction suffered by babies during the Winter. It usually accompanies or follows a cold or such diseases as diphtheria, measles and pneumonia. Sometimes, however, in very young babies the only indication of trouble is a sharp crying, or the baby may be pale, restless and feverish. But among older babies the little sufferer will put his hand to the affected ear or toss his head from side to side, for the pain of earache is excruciating. A hot boric irrigation at one hundred and ten degrees Fahrenheit is probably the surest way of relieving the pain at once. An ordinary fountain syringe containing a quart of the solution should be held about two feet above the level of the baby's head. Hold the nozzle about half an inch from his head and allow a gentle stream of the solution to flow into his ear. Follow this by the application of dry heat. For example, a hot-water bag or a salt-bag applied to his ear.

I say nothing about bronchitis and pneumonia, for if you will care for the baby as I have suggested and send for the doctor as soon as there is an evidence of a cold, you will be doing the proper thing to meet these emergencies.

For Health and for Comfort—



they all wear

This Brown Shaping Last for age 15 illustrates the development of the arch in Buster Brown Shoes, and shows how the perfect arch is maintained as the foot approaches maturity.

For Girls BUSTER BROWN SHOES For Boys of 2 to 16

Style No. F 93, for Girls

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FROM the age of 2 to 16 years, the bones and muscles of the feet are gradually developing—hardening and toughening—for the serious work of life.

The shoes worn during these growing years must provide correct space and proper support for the natural development of the feet, or they will be crippled.

Buster Brown Shoes furnish both the correct space and the proper support at toe, ball, arch and heel—because they are the only shoes made upon the scientific Brown Shaping Lasts, which reproduce the natural lines of physically perfect feet for every size and age.

Good stores everywhere sell Buster Brown Shoes at $4.00, $5.00, $6.00 and up, according to size and style—button, lace and blucher. They are made by skilled shoemakers, from carefully selected and dependable leathers, and have Government standard oak-tanned soles unequaled for wear.

The story of how the Brown Shaping Lasts were perfected, and why Buster Brown Shoes prevent corns, bunions, twisted bones, weak ankles and broken arches, is told in detail in the book, "Training the Growing Feet", which will be mailed you free, upon request.

BROWN SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Manufacturers of White House Shoes for Men, Maxine Shoes for Women, Buster Brown Shoes for Boys and Girls, and Blue Ribbon Service Shoes.



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Purity Rolled Oats

Totally Different



Purity Clover Leaf Biscuits. Sift 1 cupful of flour with four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, 1 teaspoonful of salt. Cut into this 4 tablespoonfuls of shortening. Add 1 cupful stiffly cooked PURITY ROLLED OATS, and ½ to ¾ cupful of milk to make a stiff dough. Roll on a floured board, cut into round pieces, roll into balls with the hands and place three of these balls into each of the well-greased cups of a muffin pan. Let stand ten minutes, brush with milk and bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Serve hot.

Purity Raisin and Nut Bread. Grind 1 cupful PURITY ROLLED OATS in a meat chopper. Add two cupfuls flour sifted with 4 teaspoonfuls baking powder, ¼ teaspoonful soda. Add ¼ cupful molasses, 1¼ cupfuls milk. Beat well. Add 1 cupful ground raisins, ½ cupful ground nuts. Pour into well-greased bread pan. Let stand 10 minutes. Brush with milk and bake in moderate oven 1 hour.

Purity Rolled Oats Waffles. To 1 cupful cooked PURITY ROLLED OATS and ¾ cupful flour add ¾ cupful milk, 1 tablespoonful butter, ½ teaspoonful salt, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Add yolk of an egg well-beaten and last fold in stiffly beaten white. Grease a waffle iron, pour in the Purity batter, close and turn iron. Bake until a golden brown, turning frequently. Serve with syrup, jelly, or cinnamon and sugar.

"Famed for Flavor"



HOME-MADE WORK-SAVERS

BY KATHRYN E. WOODS

Home-Demonstration Agent, Sullivan County, New Hampshire

WHEN the work in home economics was started in this county, three years ago, we spent three months on household equipment and the care of household utensils. Since then we have not assigned special time to the subject, but incidentally a great deal has been given.

Our meetings are held usually in homes, and almost always we enter the house through the kitchen door. In that way it is very easy to notice any piece of equipment or device that may be in use. Our clubs are a medium for exchange of ideas and the women are eager to show one another anything of a helpful nature which they may have acquired.

Of course, the expense of some equipment often makes it prohibitory, but we home-demonstration agents try to put such things on the basis of investment, that is, something that will last for years and whose expense should be figured on the basis of its probable time of usage.

MANY of the farms in our county have gas-engines, but these have not been used for household work simply because no one on the place has ever thought of it. But more and more they are being used.

Many of the women are afraid of the gas "flats," accordingly we have recommended the alcohol flat-irons, which have proved very satisfactory. We have only three or four villages where there is either gas or electricity, so that entirely eliminates equipment depending on them for motive power except in these few places.

Almost every one has a sewing-machine. There are a number of bread-mixers, and washing-machines are more common than a few years ago. The women are beginning to be interested in the use of dress-forms, especially since we began to show them how to make their own. There are about fifteen pressure cookers in the county.

One of our projects is that of remunerative industries; we are trying to help the women earn some extra money. Much of that which is earned is spent for household equipment. In this way, the more expensive pieces will be added as soon as there is money for them.

Many interesting kitchen meetings were held at the time we were considering these questions. At present there is little expensive equipment in the county, even in the homes of those who might have it, so our kitchen meetings gave ideas which every one could copy, as most of the articles are home-made.

"I'D LIKE to have you meet with me," said one woman who was interested in home work, "but I live 'way off from every one else and up a big hill, so I don't think any one will care to try and get there."

"I don't know any one here who is afraid of hills," remarked one of the women. "I guess if you can stand so many of us, we will get there!" Get there we did. About thirty of us. And such an interesting kitchen! The women often speak of it now, after more than two years have passed.

"You know," explained our hostess, "I seldom do my own work, but I don't consider that a good reason for me to neglect seeing that my work is done in the best way. I don't like to see my maid standing all day, so you see I have stools for her."

There were stools under all the work-tables and wherever else there was room for one. In the top of one table there was a hole cut and under it stood the garbage-pail. At this table the vegetables are prepared and the garbage put in the pail at once, ready to remove. A small platform, four or five inches high, mounted on legs and casters, held the mop-pail with its wringer, so that there was no stooping in mopping or carrying the pail. All that was necessary was to put the pail on the platform and shove it around the room, using the wringer when necessary.

"COME into my laundry," said the hostess, "and let me show you another edition of the stool." There we saw a larger stool, in fact, a bench on ball-bearing casters.

"This we use on wash-day. The boiler is put on the bench and filled and pushed to the stove. When the clothes have boiled we either lift the boiler to the bench and shove it to the tubs or if I am alone I put a big pan on the bench and fill that and push it over. There is no lifting. I can push three pails of water at once if there is no one to help me lift the boiler. When I want to empty the tubs they are lifted to the bench and shoved to the drain. In fact, anything heavy goes on this bench and is shoved around: never lifted."

On a shelf in the back room were the iron kettles that are so hard to keep clean. Each one rested on an old magazine. Whenever a kettle was lifted off for use a page of the magazine was torn off also, leaving a nice clean sheet of paper to be used next time.

Under a table stood the fireless cooker. This was one that had been bought, but it proved to be an inspiration to many who have made one since. The old-fashioned trunks that are stored in many attics are excellent, being large enough for two containers.

"DO ANY of you people have trouble keeping the floor clean round your flour-barrel?" asked the hostess. "If so, try this plan," and she took hold of her barrel and easily pulled it out into the room. That also was on a strong platform with ball-bearing casters which enabled her to move it with little effort.

A little article which attracted much attention was a "perfo-plate." This is used as an asbestos mat, but allows much more heat to circulate through the perforations and keeps things cooking without burning. Since that meeting over two hundred of the plates have been purchased by the county women. This shows how easily the knowledge of a good thing spreads.

At another meeting our hostess said: "I wonder if you all dislike to clean the greasy sink as badly as I do. See what I have to do away with that part of the work." She led us into the kitchen where she showed us a covered hopper built at the end of the sink which had a drain into the main sewer outside. All of the dirty, greasy water and refuse went down here and did away with the dirty sink. Because of its size the drain was easy to keep clean with a long-handled brush.

"I DON'T know what people will think and I don't care," said the mother of a grown girl, "but I wasn't going to let the perfectly good rubber-tired wheels of Dorothy's baby-carriage go to waste, so I had my husband use them for me on a tea-wagon."

Her husband had taken an old table, cut off the legs, mounted the wheels, and put a handle on one side and a little rail around the edge, making a most satisfactory wagon, which saves his wife many steps and many minutes of time.

One meeting which stands out clearly in my mind is the one at which a lively discussion arose as to the advisability of having open shelves over the work-table so that all of the common cooking utensils would be handy.

"I can't have a kitchen cabinet," said the leader on the affirmative, "but by having shelves over my work-table and in my pantry or near my pantry door I find it works almost as well as a cabinet."

"But think of the dust that would settle on the dishes," objected the "pizen-neat" woman.

"But these are dishes I use every day and many times a day. There isn't time for any dirt to settle on them."

"Dust is always in the air," persisted the objector, "and dust is full of bacteria."

"Well, sunshine will kill bacteria. I guess it's better to have the dishes out in the light than shut up in a dark, dusty cupboard."

"But my cupboard isn't dusty. I wash it every day."

"Then it's damp and germs will grow there just the same. Give me the open shelves."

"I think," said the peace-maker, "that I like the idea of the open shelves, and we can rinse our dishes in boiling water before we use them if they seem dusty. Wouldn't that help?"

A vote was taken and the majority were in favor of the open shelves in spite of the dust. Some woman suggested that she has hung near her work-table one of the wire racks that used to be used for photos a few years ago. She finds it very convenient for spoons, small pans, and so forth.

Many ideas regarding the uses of the waxed paper that comes around bread and other articles have been given. They are used to clean stoves, to rub "flats" on, to line cake-tins, for lunches and for tacking on molding-boards with push-tacks. Wrapping-paper on molding-boards is used by most of the women, and it has been found that a child's white stocking rubbed in flour makes an excellent covering for the rolling-pin.

THAT necessity is mother of invention is often demonstrated in housework. More than one woman attaches a piece of hose to her water-faucet or pump and then lays the hose to her reservoir, thus saving the carrying of water. One woman does better than that. In the Summer she moves her stove into a Summer kitchen, where there is no water, and has a long hose which goes from the pump through the window in the kitchen and through a second one in the Summer kitchen, so she does not have to carry water at all. She has window-boards made with holes in them for the pipe to go through, which she uses when she does not want the windows open.

"I'm lazy," said one woman when she showed us a small table with top about two feet square. "My folks like doughnuts, but I don't like to stand and cook as many as they want, so I move my high stool up to the stove. I put my molding-board and my dough all ready to roll on the board on this table and move that up to the stove. Then I sit there and roll out and cut and fry until my doughnuts are all done and I haven't moved. In fact this little table is so light I move it everywhere and it saves me ever so many steps."

THIS same woman has a hinged shelf in her kitchen which lowers against one side of her sink when not in use. Others have these shelves attached to the wall.

I stopped to visit a woman just as she was washing dishes. I asked for a dish-wiper and she said: "I am doing as you said, and not wiping my dishes, except my silver and glasses and I don't always wipe those. I find it saves me lots of time, but I guess you'll laugh when you see my drainer. I made it myself, but for all I can see it works all right."

She had punched the bottom of an old milk-pan full of holes and nailed four spools on for legs. In the center she had an old tin coffee-can, with holes in the bottom, also mounted on spools for her silver. This drainer saved her about fifteen minutes a day and only cost the time of making it.

It pays every woman to visit the ten-cent stores at intervals and see what they may have in the way of kitchen articles. Vegetable brushes, apple-corers, graters, slicers, cleaning-brushes, ladles, mixing-spoons, tack-hammer and screw-diver *for her very own*, measuring-cups and spoon which are necessary with the present-day recipes, oiled paper, pan-lifters, wire baskets, etc. All of these may be obtained at times at the ten-cent stores, and each, though inexpensive, is a time or labor saver.

These are some of the ideas regarding the work in this county. I hope they may prove of some value to other women throughout the country.







Lysol Disinfectant used in cleaning protects your home from disease

ADD a few drops of Lysol Disinfectant to scrubbing water and you will rid the house of the germ life that you cannot see, as well as the dust and the dirt that you can see.

No germ can live in the presence of Lysol Disinfectant. It kills all germs at the instant of contact. Hospitals everywhere pin their faith to it. Boards of health and the medical profession urgently recommend its use.

You can do much to protect the health of your family from the menace of deadly disease germs by using Lysol Disinfectant in *all* your house-cleaning. Toilets; sinks; drains; dark, sunless corners—all may be made germ-proof by the regular use of Lysol Disinfectant.

Lysol Disinfectant
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

A 50c bottle of Lysol Disinfectant makes 5 gallons of powerful disinfectant. A 25c bottle makes 2 gallons, for it is highly concentrated.

A convenient way to use Lysol Disinfectant is to pour it out into a large jug or bottle and add the right quantity of water. Then every day pour about a tablespoonful of the solution into the toilet and wash-bowl and one-half tumblerful into the kitchen sink. Once a week sprinkle dark, sunless corners with the solution.

Simple, easy precautions like these will enable you to make a better fight against disease and epidemic than they can make against you. Get a bottle of Lysol Disinfectant today. Lysol Disinfectant is also invaluable for personal hygiene.

Lysol Shaving Cream, in Tubes

Contains the necessary proportion of the antiseptic ingredients of Lysol Disinfectant to kill germs on razor and shaving brush (where germs abound), and to guard the tiny cuts from infection and give an antiseptic shave. If your dealer hasn't it, ask him to order a supply for you.

Lysol Toilet Soap, 25c a Cake

Contains the necessary proportion of the antiseptic ingredients of Lysol Disinfectant to protect the skin from germ infection. It is refreshingly soothing, healing, and helpful for improving the skin. Ask your dealer. If he hasn't it, ask him to order it for you.

SAMPLES MAILED FREE

A sample of Lysol Shaving Cream and Lysol Toilet Soap for use by members of your family will be mailed free merely for the asking. Simply send us your name and complete address and ask for the free samples. Lehn & Fink, Inc., 120 William Street, New York.

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Dorothy Canfield—author of "A Montessori Mother," "Mothers and Children," "Home Fires in France"—with her own children

Parents: are you contented with the pre-war methods of bringing up your children or do you agree with Dorothy Canfield that "somehow we must bring up our children so that they will not be fooled as we were, into thinking that swift railway trains and pleasant country clubs and prosperous factories are *enough?*" Then you'll want to read what she has to say on the subject in

"To Your Tents, O Israel!"

Here is fiction you'll read with much enjoyment:

Miss Casabianca,
by Fanny Heaslip Lea;

Guests for Dinner,
by Marjorie Prentiss Campbell;

The Inner Enemy,
by C. Eadie Richens;

The Little Brown Butterfly,
by James Francis Dwyer;

The Daughter of a Diplomat,
by Mabel L. Robinson.

And that is not all. You'll find the smartest fashions for all occasions for yourself and the children in the March number of

THE DELINEATOR

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Concluded from page 5

THE TRUTH ABOUT RUSSIAN WOMEN

of eighteen of the inviolability of her person; whoever insults her or tries to violate her runs the risk of twenty years at hard labor, unless the injured person consents to marry her aggressor. Thus protected, the woman is considered to be state property, and if sho does not marry, she is obliged under the severest penalty to enter her name at the Office of Free Love. Her having entered her name gives her the right to choose her husband among men of nineteen to fifty; and vice versa, she belongs to the man who asks for her, ticket in hand. All resistance is punished by flogging.

AN extract from the English Official White Book (Document 21) a telegram from General Poole to the War Office, January 11, 1919, says:

> There is evidence to show that commissariats of free love have been established in several towns, and respectable women flogged for refusing to yield. A decree for the nationalization of women has been put into force and several experiments made to nationalize children.

Numerous mandates, based on the aforementioned decrees, have been captured in the advance of the anti-Bolshevik forces. Following is a translation of one taken in the capitulation of the town of Ekaterinodar:

> MANDATE No. 606. Comrade Boyarinev is hereby entitled to requisition girls between sixteen and twenty-five years of age, as witness the signature and seal of the regiment. Commander of the company. (Signature illegible.) President Zinovieff. Seal of the First Revolutionary Soviet Regiment.

Sixty young girls were arrested on the above authority and taken to a hotel in the town, where they were kept for a time and violated. Subsequently they were shot and the bodies thrown into the Karasun and Kuban Rivers.

> MANDATE. The bearer of this, Comrade Karassiev, is given the right to socialize in the town of Ekaterinodar—girls between the ages of sixteen aud thirty-six, whom Comrade Karassiev may select. (X signed.) Glaskow Ivaschev, Chief Commissaire.

With the victorious advance of the Czecho-Slovaks in May, 1918, the general, enforced prostitution of Russian women came to an end in the Volga district. It exists now in the form of requisitioning women who are carried off as the Bolsheviks fall back before one of Denikine's advances. The soviet government, having repealed the original decree, is doing everything in its power to cover up and disguise the facts.

Here is the translation of a proclamation, a copy of which is on file in New York:

SOCIALIZATION OF WOMEN

WHILE staying in inhabited regions the Bolsheviks have committed violences upon all women they could get hold of under pretense of "socialization."

In the village of Kondrachoff they violated Cossack women—Mrs. Ponourroff, Anisis Dionino, and many others; at Louyanak, the widow Masiakino, fifty-two years old, Budoxie Loontachinkoff, Kourborline, etc. One of them was violated by ten of the Red Guards.

This information is taken from the protocol, where was listed the testimony of several Cossacks, and their names are published in the book issued by the "Kroug of Dou" under the title "Cruel Lessons."

This enumeration is far from being complete, but confirming the testimony of the same people, the Bolsheviki violated not only grown-up women, but also little girls, saying it was necessary to *infuse them with communist* blood. (Donsclo Viedomosti, March 23, 1919, No. 70.)

The refugees from the government of Satatoff state the same facts about the violation of women, adolescents and children, committed under the pretense of "socialization."

Citizens, what does this "socialization" mean? What good, what happiness, does it bring you? It means that neither sister, nor daughter, nor wife, nor fiancée may remain pure.

Our country, the holy Russia, is transformed by the Bolsheviki into a big public house, where every convict, blackguard and villain, where every man afflicted by ignoble diseases may infect your wife, sister and fiancée.

But you, saintly Russian women, with the help of your brothers, husbands and fathers, collect all the forces that are left to you, exhausted as you are by starvation and horrors that surround you, and with the faith that God will help you in this saintly and just cause, rescue your health and your purity!

There is just one way out of it—down with the violators, down with the Bolsheviki!

I HAVE tried to give to DELINEATOR readers as impartially and dispassionately as I could, all of the authenticated information in my possession. To this I could add the stories of hundreds of poor fugitives from their town and devastated country, testimony almost beyond the limits of human credibility in its shocking details.

In the nationalization of women, Bolshevism destroyed at a blow all evidences of the advance in social equality which Russia has slowly and painfully made during the centuries.

Moreover, this wound is not the latest or the most ghastly.

Bolshevism has nationalized the schools and colleges. Coeducation is compulsory. Each class must be composed of equal numbers of male and female students. There are no entrance requirements in any of the schools. Any passer-by is welcomed; mentality and morality are neither necessary nor desirable. The classes are directed by a soviet of students, the instructors being without any authority.

Where the students are of adolescent age, license is indulged and even encouraged. A professor about to enter his classroom, who does not knock, or give a warning cough, risks witnessing spectacles of the most frightful lewdness.

Sanitation has entirely disappeared.

In dormitories and dining-rooms the unchecked filth, coupled with the unspeakable moral conditions, has made the universities hotbeds of contagious disease, particularly the social maladies.

IN a brochure recently published by Professor Rostowtzeff entitled, "Proletarian Culture in Bolshevik Russia" ("*La Culture Proletarienne dans la Russie Bolshewiste*"), he says:

> The children, naturally, become more and more uncultured; among them spreads all sorts of vice, and in particular the inclination to theft and gambling. The uncleanliness is horrible.

The following letter from an instructress in a school for children appeared in the *Rousseaia Jizn*, May 18, 1919:

> In the dormitories the atmosphere is frightful. All of the bed-linen has been requisitioned for the Red Army, and body linen is only changed once a month. The children are not bathed. There are so many insects in the beds that the children call their coverlets crawlers (*grouillantes*) As far as the nourishment of the children is concerned (the Bolsheviks attribute to themselves especial merit for having introduced the nourishment of children into the schools) it is entirely insufficient, and the health of the children is completely shaken.
>
> The children brood, are excessively nervous, and are subject to nervous crises; and by reason of the desperately bad food, their forces visibly diminish. The mortality among these children passes everything that one could imagine.
>
> They become daily more feeble. The least cold is sufficient to cause the death of the child. In certain boarding-schools the mortality reaches sixty to seventy per cent. of the total number of children.

SUCH is the progress of the systematic demoralization of the rising generation of Russians.

There are in Russia two classes of intellectual men who profess the principles of Bolshevistic democracy: those who exploit Russia for their personal profit, and those who regard Russian society as a great laboratory where they coldly watch the results of an experiment in economics.

As the trial ground for a new social system Russia is probably the worst prepared country in the world. Ninety per cent. agricultural peasants, profoundly ignorant, having experienced only a nominal emancipation from serfdom, they follow blindly any leader who promises to take them out from the misery which encompasses them. Bolshevism, as it it manifested in soviet Russia, is not a reaction; it is the logical result of centuries of rigid oppression.

It is unfortunate that there should have been presented to this unshackled slave, at the critical moment of newly found liberty, a democracy which had for its aim equality in vice, equality in filth and disease, equality in hunger, in murder, and in crimes more horrible still, in lieu of democracy of rectitude, education, purity and adequately recompensed endeavor.

The present generation has been destroyed. Their children and their children's children have been tainted, and their descendants will ascend with difficulty from the mire into which they have been trampled.

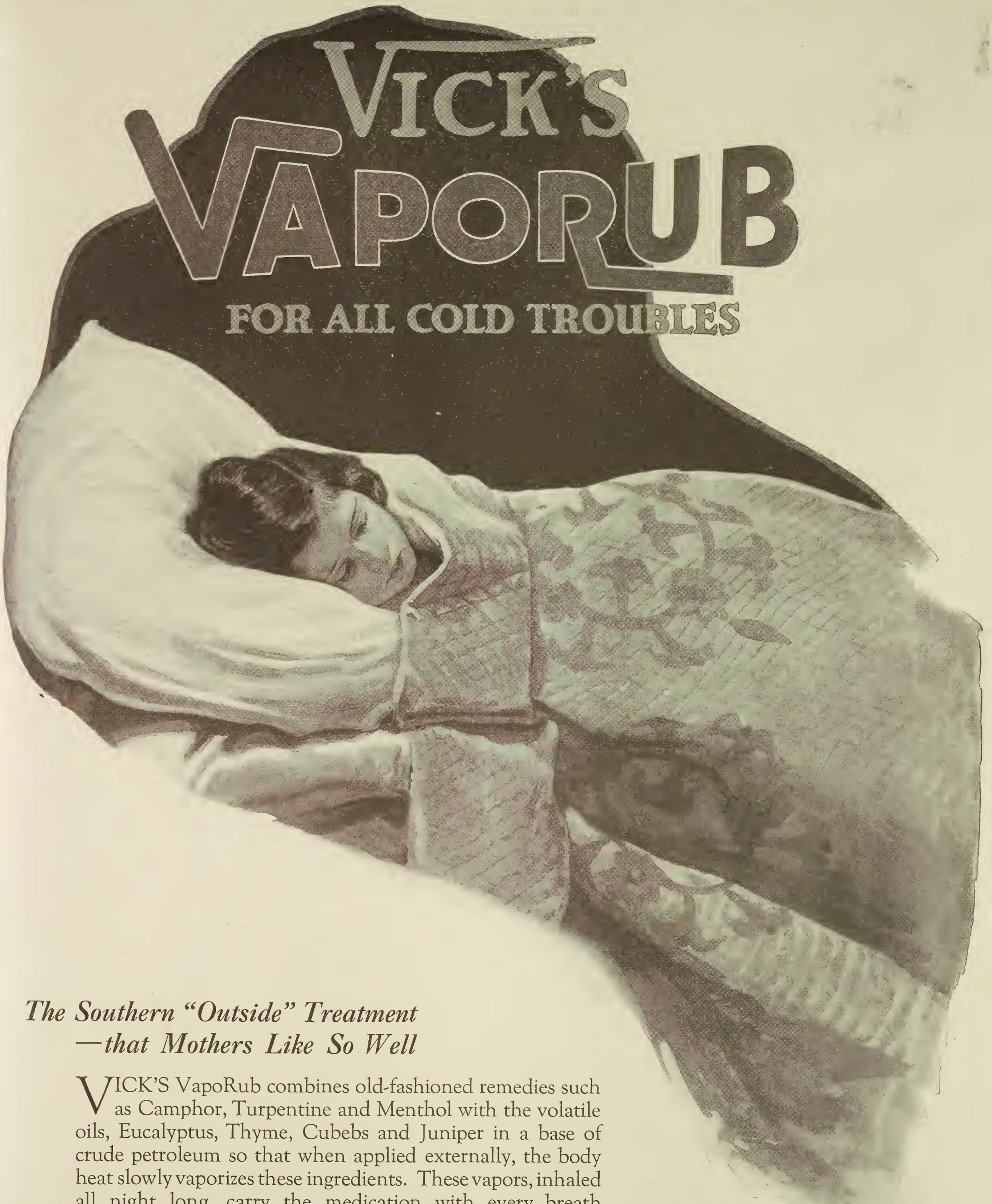
BOOKS

BETWEEN the printed words that are so wise
And march so easily across the page,
Sometimes quite suddenly I catch the looks
Of him who wrote, toiling in lowly guise
To keep his pen undulled by wo or age—
And then I think, "What precious things are books!"

HILDA MORRIS.

VICK'S VAPORUB

FOR ALL COLD TROUBLES



The Southern "Outside" Treatment —that Mothers Like So Well

VICK'S VapoRub combines old-fashioned remedies such as Camphor, Turpentine and Menthol with the volatile oils, Eucalyptus, Thyme, Cubebs and Juniper in a base of crude petroleum so that when applied externally, the body heat slowly vaporizes these ingredients. These vapors, inhaled all night long, carry the medication with every breath directly through the air-passages to the lungs. Besides thoroughly vaporizing the parts affected with healing medication, VapoRub stimulates and is absorbed through the skin, thus helping to relieve the tightness and soreness.

Mothers like to use VapoRub, especially for very small children, because it is applied externally and therefore does not disturb the digestion; and because fresh air, so essential in treatment of colds, can be let into the bedroom in abundance without interfering in the least with the action of the vapors.

THE VICK CHEMICAL COMPANY, Greensboro, N. C.

VapoRub comes in three sizes 30c, 60c and $1.20 At all Druggists







"California Syrup of Figs"

All druggists sell the reliable and genuine "California Syrup of Fig and Elixir of Senna"

Children's Pleasant Laxative

Full directions for children of all ages are plainly printed on label. Mother! You must look for our name,—The California Fig Syrup Company.

How She Got the Money to Buy the Things She Wanted

Mrs. Adams wasn't satisfied. She had as much as Mrs. Armore and her other neighbors, but there were other things she wanted. Finally, one day this idea occurred to her:

"People everywhere read the seven Butterick magazines. Why not look after the renewal and new subscriptions for these well-known publications and save subscribers the time and trouble of sending in their subscriptions to the publishers?"

That idea got Mrs. Adams and hundreds of other women the extra money they wanted. It will get it for you. If you have some spare time and can use $100.00 extra, grab your pen, fill in and mail this ad now. We'll send you full particulars at once.

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Street_____

City_____ State_____

STAFF AGENCIES DIVISION
485 Butterick Bldg. New York, N.Y.

Continued from page 15

"KITTY! KITTY!"

orders to keep them busy for several months. He figured his profits mentally. They would run to six figures. Just then the train entered the tunnel. He put on his hat and went to the door.

As he came out Thirty-Third Street and approached Sixth Avenue, his eye caught a waste-paper can standing under the lee of an elevated pillar. He shifted Babylon to his left hand so that he could drop him casually.

At that moment a policeman came around the corner. Harrison quickened his step and avoided the can.

By the time he reached Wall Street Babylon began to grow heavy. However, he mustn't think about that confounded cat. Business was more important. And with this resolve he entered an office building and sat solemnly in a conference.

IT WAS the first of the three conferences scheduled for the day. If they were all as successful as this, Harrison & Parrish would be made.

When he came out he picked up his briefcase and Babylon without a thought for the cat. He was quite satisfied with himself.

The contentment stayed with him as he entered his club. There the hat-boy called him by name. Harrison liked this attention. He delivered over his hat and coat and bundle, and started down the corridor with the brief-case.

Half-way toward the grill he remembered an important paper he had left in his coat. As he stepped up to the cloak-room the boy was writing his name on the bundle.

"Always put the name on 'em or I'd forget," the boy said.

Harrison thought this unnecessary. The annoyance passed, however, as he joined his friends at the table. The next moment he was deep in business, an unusual condition for a New Yorker at a business luncheon; but then, Harrison was from Philadelphia, where mercantile eating has not yet attained the pinnacle of an art.

He talked business from the start. He insisted on talking business and, as the others were his guests, they were obliged to talk it too. They talked it pompously, made concessions with heavy gestures and considered this problem and that over the dishes with knitted brows.

There was only one interruption. That was when one of the men—the stout one in the double-breasted blue-serge suit and the red face—leaned over and waved his perfecto cigar toward the floor calling "Kitty! Kitty!" as the club cat slunk under the chairs. Harrison cleared his throat annoyedly, and the conference proceeded to its conclusion, which was successful, too, for Harrison & Parrish.

The four strolled out to the cloak-room and Harrison waited for them to be served. Then he submitted himself to the hat-boy's attentions.

"Your bundle, sir," said the boy. "Can't forget it when it's got your name on."

Confound that cat! Was he never to be rid of it?

HE WAS tempted to fling decency to the winds and drop the bundle then and there into the gutter. And he would have done it had not his friends insisted on giving him a lift in their car.

"Can't leave a dead cat in a friend's car," he said mentally. "Why didn't I check the thing at the station?" He chewed the end of his cigar and looked ahead gloomily at the traffic.

The three-o'clock conference was with a banker. Harrison had had dealings with him before, but never before had he been in his private office.

He was struck with the luxury of it. The walls were paneled in dark oak. On the floor a rich carpet—as you walked across it, it felt like walking through lush grass.

A long table stood by one of the windows, an antique Tudor table, with silver writing-appointments and a big mahogany cigar humidor in the middle. At the farther side was the banker's desk, a large affair of heavy oak with silver fittings and a bouquet of red roses in a Venetian-glass vase. These New Yorkers certainly know how to do things!

The banker helped Harrison off with his coat, and they sat at the Tudor table spreading out their papers. For an hour or more they talked, passed papers and made columns of figures on silver-mounted pads.

Now and then the banker pressed a concealed button and an office boy brought him reports. Harrison noticed that the office boy was in a uniform, a smart-looking uniform.

It might be a good idea to put their office boy in a uniform. It would give tone to the reception-room of Harrison & Parrish.

BY FIVE o'clock the banker reached the conclusion that there was nothing unreasonable in Mr. Harrison's request for a loan, and said so. Harrison slipped his papers back into his brief-case, preparing to leave.

"Take another," the banker insisted, opening the humidor. "Stick a couple in your pocket for the train."

Harrison accepted the generosity and began making complimentary remarks about the office. For he felt in an expansive mood. Harrison & Parrish couldn't miss prosperity now.

Finally he glanced at his watch, and remarking that he just had time to make the six o'clock comfortably, picked up his brief-case and departed.

Directly he reached the street he went to a telephone and communicated the good news to his Philadelphia office. Then he bought a pound of Mrs. Harrison's favorite peanut brittle and called it a day's work.

As he proceeded up-town all the worries of the day slipped from his shoulders. He had accomplished everything he came to do. He had forgotten nothing. He was quietly contented with himself.

The world began taking on a roseate hue. Across the vision of his life rolled the shadow of a limousine. What fun Mary would have with it!

And think of the standing it would give them in Conestoga Road! He entered the Pennsylvania station with the air of a man to whom nothing is impossible.

Fortifying himself with all the New York evening papers and one of the banker's cigars, he strolled out toward the train-gate. Wonderful piece of engineering, that train-shed!

He gazed admiringly up at the broad sweep of glass and steel beams over his head. It took brains to conceive that arch. Yes sir, brains, vision, imagination!

"Mr. Harrison?"

Some one touched his arm.

He turned. It was the office boy from the bank.

"It had your name on, sir, so we knew," he said, handing Harrison a bundle.

"Oh yes; thank you," he sputtered as he took Babylon. "And boy!" Harrison slipped him a quarter offhandedly. "Very thoughtful of you."

Just then the Philadelphia train was announced.

AS HE pushed his way down the crowded stairs to the train-level Harrison swore angrily under his breath. The cat had come back. Cats always do!

All morning he had tried to put it out of his mind; this afternoon he actually had forgotten it. And here it was—cold and heavy and lumpy.

He would surely leave it on this train—give it to the porter. He was not going back to Conestoga Road with that cat!

In a corner of the smoker three men sat fumbling with cards. Harrison glanced their way. One of them he knew—Foster, of Trenton.

"Want to make a fourth?" Foster asked. "We're all getting off at Trenton, but there'll be time for a couple of games."

"Gladly," Harrison responded, and the porter slung his brief-case and Babylon up on the rack with the other coats and parcels.

Pinocle, the king of transportation sports, soon encircled him with its soothing tentacles. He puffed his cigar contentedly and flicked the cards with the finished air of an old hand.

Nothing like a good cigar and pinocle after a hard day's work! Makes you forget the scenery, and the scenery between New York and Philadelphia was getting worse every week. Too many factories.

Toward Trenton the game came conveniently to a close. The three were duly brushed and their parcels carried out by the porter. They shook hands all around and Harrison settled back to enjoy a little nap.

Gradually the factory-lined track-side faded from his vision and the noise of the train was dimmed to a soft and sleepy hum. He began to dream hazily of big motor-cars, oak paneling, soft rugs and office boys in blue uniforms. Blue uniforms and rosy cheeks. Obedient boys. They had angel's wings. Angel office boys.

"Phil'delphia, Mr. Harr'son." It was the porter. He stood over Harrison with his whisk-broom poised.

"Ah, yes!" Harrison slipped him a quarter dreamily and took his hat.

On the platform the porter handed him his brief-case and Babylon. Confound it, he'd forgotten. Too late! He made his way through the crowd.

There was just time enough to catch the 8:10, for the New York train had been late. He ran along the platform and swung aboard as the conductor was signaling the engineer. The train rolled out of the shed and Harrison squeezed into a seat beside a stout woman midway up the aisle.

There was very little room. He had to hold his brief-case and Babylon on his lap. Between there and Conestoga Road he must make up his mind what to do with Babylon.

HE MIGHT drop him out of the train window—but no, not with his companion sitting there. Sheer nonsense for a man of his position and acumen not to be able to get rid of a dead cat.

In his innermost soul he had to confess that he was a chump. He grew disgusted with himself.

Here he had been lugging that cat around all day! Why hadn't he checked the bundle at the station? Too late now for regrets, but he must get rid of it.

Perhaps he could drop it into the bushes behind the station. No, that wouldn't do.

Some one would surely find it, open the package, recognize it as the Gribbinses' cat, and a scandal would be on the neighborhood.

The only thing for him to do—he reached this conclusion as the train pulled into Conestoga Road—was to go home the back way, bury Babylon in the bushes behind the garage, and say nothing about it.

Of course, by this time the Gribbinses had searched the neighborhood. Every one knew about Babylon's disappearance. Had he stopped and explained as he went to the train, he might have been able to slip out of the embarrassment of a lengthy apology. If he explained now, Mrs. Gribbins would think it very queer. Yes, he should have stopped in the morning.

He alighted from the train and headed directly up the back street. He could let himself through the rear gate and come into the house the side way when he was finished. The hill was steep, and as he panted up it, the whole meaning of the day's adventure with Babylon was revealed to him in its cold, naked, simple truth.

"That's a fact!" he said gravely. "You can't get rid of something you oughtn't to have."

This thought brought him to the rear gate, which shone grayish white in the dusk. He opened it quietly and made his way to the garage, depositing Babylon and the brief-

Concluded on page 72



You See Glistening Teeth

Everywhere Nowadays—Ask People Why

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

You see glistening teeth as never before among careful people now. They are conspicuously attractive, and you know they are cleaner and safer.

Ask your friends about them. Millions of teeth are being cleaned in a new way. Thousands of new people are starting every day. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

The teeth you admire are largely due to Pepsodent in these days. They are kept free from film. You will see the results on your own teeth if you ask for a ten-day test.

Careful People are Fighting Film

On Millions of Teeth Today

There has come in late years a new era in teeth cleaning. And this is the reason for it:

Most tooth troubles have been traced to film—to that slimy film which you feel with your tongue.

The film is ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary dentifrice does not dissolve it. The tooth brush leaves much of it intact. So night and day, month after month, it may do a ceaseless damage.

How It Ruins Teeth

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

That is why so many teeth discolor and decay. That is why tartar forms and serious troubles start. Despite the daily brushing, teeth are not kept clean. The film—the great tooth wrecker—is not properly combated.

Dentists long have known this. They have urged periodic cleaning in the dentist's chair to remove the film and tartar. But they knew the vital need was a daily film combatant. And dental science has been seeking it for years.

Now the Way is Found

Now science has met that need. It has discovered an efficient film combatant, harmless to the teeth. Convincing clinical and laboratory tests have proved it beyond question. Countless dentists have watched it, and they now advise it. As a result, there are millions of teeth now benefited by it.

For home use this method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. It complies in all ways with modern dental requirements.

To quickly prove it to all people, a 10-Day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks. And this is to urge that you get it.

Based on Active Pepsin

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. And that gives us a harmless film destroyer which is wondrously efficient.

Let It Prove Itself

Pepsodent needs no argument. You can test it without cost. You can see what it does, and quickly, and then judge it for yourself.

Use it ten days. Look at your teeth then and compare them with your teeth of today. Any woman can easily decide for herself between the new method and old ways.

Do this for your sake and for your family's sake. Ending film is of supreme importance. Whiter, cleaner, safer teeth are impossible without it. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, now advised by leading dentists everywhere. It is now being used on millions of teeth every day. Druggists everywhere are supplied with large tubes.

Watch Them Whiten

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. This ten-day test will be a revelation.

TEN-DAY TUBE FREE

314

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 968, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name .....

Address .....



The Valentine Supreme

"Love's light burns undimmed in Beauty's realm while your fair charms entrance my ev'ry thought."
—FROM AN OLD VALENTINE

It's your charm of face—your lovely complexion—that brings you the Valentines of love and admiration. To win supremacy in the courts where many vie for beauty, you have but to use

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S
PERFECT COLD CREAM
"The Kind That Keeps"

Indoors and out-of-doors, at fêtes and under public gaze, your fair skin will be assured of softness and delicate freshness, if you apply D & R Perfect Cold Cream daily. It's the cream supreme that relieves all irritation of chapping and chafing. Hands that are rough and red respond quickly to its healing qualities. Babies are kept happy by its use. You will enjoy its home ministrations in countless ways. In tubes and jars, 10c to $1.50.

Poudre Amourette—The face powder of distinctive beauty. Looks natural and stays on. Flesh, white, brunette, 50c, of your dealer or by mail of us.

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D & R Bldg., New York



You May Try Both FREE
Free trial samples of Perfect Cold Cream and Poudre Amourette will be sent you on request.

HER own code would not permit her to marry any man without telling him first about her New York experiences during the emotional ebullition of 1917-18. Henry Kitchell Webster's story of "Mary Wollaston" is a strong narrative of human emotions, sure to be read to the very last word.

Don't fail to read the first instalment of this serial in the

January number of

Everybody's Magazine

ON ALL NEWS-STANDS

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

Did You Know—

that LABLACHE is frequently imitated?—*Why?* It is not the strong perfume that benefits the skin. Never accept a new one when you can get LABLACHE—"Stick to LABLACHE and LABLACHE will stick to you."

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream. 65c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send 10c. for a sample box.*

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125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



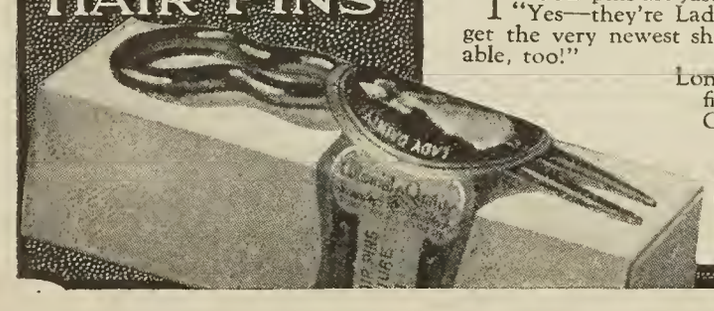
Lady Dainty
SHELL HAIR PINS
Colonial Quality

"THOSE pins are just the right shape to set off your coiffure." "Yes—they're Lady Dainty Shell Hair Pins—and you can get the very newest shapes and sizes—all practically unbreakable, too!"

Long, even points with a smooth hand-finish are other desirable features of this Colonial Quality product.

Shell, amber, and gray—all shapes and sizes—25c a box at good stores everywhere.

SAMSTAG'S New York
1200 Broadway
Send for the Colonial Quality Booklet



Concluded from page 70

"KITTY! KITTY!"

case quietly on the path as he passed.

The garden tools were kept in a corner of the garage and he had no difficulty in finding a spade. He also found an electric torch in the work-table drawer. It was almost dark outside and he would need the torch to see the hole.

As he tiptoed out of the garage door he looked back at the house. In the kitchen Bridget was bending over the stove.

Beyond he could see the dining-table set in the bay-window. The candles were lighted and his wife was fixing some flowers in a vase.

The sight of her made him feel guilty. However, he crept to the rear of the garage and began digging.

AT THE sixth spadeful he switched on the torch. The hole was quite deep. He picked up Babylon. Just then the Gribbinses' side door opened, throwing a shaft of light into the darkness.

"Where *can* he be!" It was Mrs. Gribbins.

Her voice sounded agonized. Harrison switched off the light and stiffened against the garage wall.

"Kit-ty! Babylon! Kit-ty!" No response. "Kit-ty! Kit-ty! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

This was too much! He picked up the bundle and his brief-case and ran round the garage.

As he passed, the light from the Gribbinses' open door caught him full abeam. He dropped Babylon and turned toward the house.

But the boys, who had been waiting on the side porch, saw him. They rushed out and clung to his arms.

"Now, boys, run in the house," he said, trying to be casual and yet affectionate. One took his brief-case and David, Jr., trailed behind.

His wife met him on the porch. She was dressed in her prettiest gown, but Harrison greeted her hurriedly.

"Have any luck?" she asked anxiously.

"Stacks of it," he answered from the depths of the hall closet. "Put over the biggest order Harrison & Parrish ever received. Parrish is crazy about it. Phoned him from New York——"

"Oh, dad, I brought your bundle in!" cried David, Jr., lumbering up the steps and into the hall, the package in his arms.

Harrison turned and glared at him. For the fraction of a second he could have killed that youngster!

"Put that down!" he shouted.

"Dad, I want to see," the boy insisted.

"Yes, David," encouraged Mrs. Harrison. She was accustomed to some little present from New York each week.

Before Harrison could stop him young David impetuously tore away the paper wrapping.

From the end protruded a bone, a long knuckle-bone. Harrison drew back aghast and moved to snatch the bundle.

"No, David, you must let me see your present," his wife persisted, taking the bundle.

Harrison went hot and then cold. He closed his eyes and turned away. But what could the bone be? Had one of the cat's legs——?

AT LAST the whole disgusting affair was revealed. He, descendant of a Quaker, had killed an innocent cat. He hated himself. He trembled to think what Mary would say, or the Gribbinses, or ——

He opened his eyes. His wife was unwrapping the bundle.

First the heavy paper. Then a lighter paper. Then—a leg of lamb—a plump, well-cut leg of lamb.

"Oh, David, you are a funny boy!" she cried. "You're getting very practical. You used to bring me peanut brittle."

Harrison gazed at her, then at the lamb, then back at her face again.

"I knew you'd be surprised," he said, moving cautiously toward the stairs, his face a deep scarlet. "Now I must run up and wash."

As he looked at himself in the bathroom mirror he knew not which to be—amazed, or repentant, or sorry for the man from Trenton who took home the dead cat. Yet strange things happen in this old world, he mused, as he slicked down his hair. All's well that ends well! And it had ended well for him!

IT WAS good to get home, good to see the dear boys and the wife and the pretty table she had arranged. He flicked his napkin carelessly across his knees and chucked young David under the chin, promising them peanut brittle after dessert.

Midway through the soup the telephone rang. His wife answered it.

"A Mr. Foster of Trenton wants to speak to you, dear," she called across the room.

"Yes," he answered in his sternest telephone voice. "Yes—oh, yes! Yes, I did. Had my name on, eh? Mighty sorry. Porter must have mixed 'em up——"

He stepped nearer the phone and spoke out the side of his mouth.

"Look here, Foster, I'll write you in the morning . . . Yes . . . Please give her my humblest apologies . . . Yes . . . Eh?" . . .

Then in a sudden burst:

"Oh, bury it."

And he hung up the receiver.

"Bury what, dad?" young David piped.

"Eat your supper," he said gruffly, hiding a smile behind his napkin.

Concluded from page 16

A NEW TYPE OF BEAUTY

French girl would outrival all the daughters of the nations.

But in the north of Europe the case is altered. Here we find, if not sisters, at least near cousins of the American girl. True, the blond Teutonic type in its purity is as un-American as that of southern Italy.

Typically tall, long of head, oval-faced, yellow of hair, blue of eyes, and white of skin, the early Teutons were a source of wonderment to all the southern peoples.

TO-DAY we find this old Teutonic type best represented in Scandinavia, especially in Norway, but we also find it with variations in Holland, in Flanders, in the north of Germany, and in the British Isles. But away from the far north, the type begins to lose its distinctive character and, as it does so, we note a lessened contrast with what we call American.

Especially is this true of England. There many elements, especially the Celtic, the Norman-French and the Irish, have modified the Anglo-Saxon lineaments. The face is not so long, with a tendency to heaviness of chin, but generally with less prominence of features and greater harmony of line.

The eyes are of a darker blue, and the tresses also are darker, "brown in shadow, almost golden where the ray touches them." Do you remember *Claire* in "Richard Feverel?"

> The soft rose in her cheeks, the clearness of her eyes, bore witness to the body's virtue, and health and happy blood were in her bearing. . . . The fire-threaded mellow curls, only half-curls, waves of hair call them, rippling at the ends, went like a sunny red-veined torrent down her back almost to her waist. . . . Her brows, thick and brownish against a soft skin, showing the action of the blood, met in the bend of a bow, extending to the temples long and level. . . . Under the dark, thick brows an arch of lashes shot out, giving a wealth of darkness to the full, frank blue eyes, a mystery of meaning.

AS one goes westward in the British Isles—that is, away from Scandinavia—there is a gradual decrease in blondness until in Ireland we come upon a type that stands out in strong contrast with the blond Scandinavian, and even with the darker English. In America we know it well, this dark Irish type, for it is always with us—the raven hair, the broad, oval face, the clear white skin, and the eyes of steely blue, or sometimes of a darker hue; a type oftentimes of the greatest beauty.

"A splendid brune, eclipsing all the blondes coming near her," said *Perry Wilkinson* of the heroine of "Diana of the Crossways." "And what is more," he adds, "the splendid creature can talk."

She is of strangely undetermined origin, this daughter of the Emerald Isle. Celtic? Yes, but Celtic with a difference, for the French are Celtic, too. Her early origin is shrouded in mystery, and it requires more than the mere fact of Teutonic intermixture to account for this Celtic type that is so much with us, and yet not altogether of us.

And so we come back to our own American girl. We know that she is of European ancestry, and yet, typically, she is quite different from all her European cousins, and that with a difference that can not be attributed to mere dash and style and independence.

Let us not be misunderstood. When we speak of the American girl, we are not speaking of our foreign-born and Americans of foreign parentage.

Even in America there are thousands and thousands of representatives of those purely foreign types that we have been discussing. But alongside of these, there is the American girl of purely American parentage or ancestry, and there we seem to find a type as clearly marked, at least, as the French.

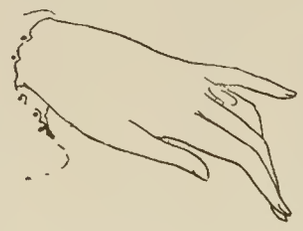
ISOLATED from the foreign types around her, she stands out as distinctly fair rather than dark, and white of skin, though not with the dazzling whiteness of the Scandinavian or the English girl. Her face is, as a rule, oval rather than round, with somewhat greater delicacy of chin and of features generally than is the case with her English cousin.

Her eyes, indeed, are of a varying hue, from blue to brown, but characteristically of a color subdued by gray—rarely of the extremely light blue of the Scandinavian, or the steely blue of the Irish girl, nor yet of the deep brown or black of the southern Europeans. Her hair, a hue of brown, with here, also, minor variations due to varying ancestry, shading from a light brown or auburn to dark brown, and generally straight or waving.

A medium type, a composite type, if you will, but still a type—a sort of modified Teutonic, owing much to a basic English stock, reblended to some extent with Scandinavian or other Teutonic blood, and tempered by a touch of darker, of Celtic or Alpine, elements, coming, perhaps, by way of Ireland or the south of Germany.

Was not our Famous Illustrator on the right track, after all, despite the lore of Professor High Brow? Or should we rather pin our faith to the words of Wu Ting Fang:

"When I speak of the American woman, I can not say that there really is a prevailing type. It is a composite, a mixture of all types. The American type is a combination of all that is best in the types of the world."



The Art of Keeping the Hands Beautiful



FOUR SIMPLE OPERATIONS EACH WEEK AND THE HANDS ARE ALWAYS PERFECTLY MANICURED

There is no beauty so easy to gain as lovely hands

HAVE you noticed in the finest photographs and portraits you see nowadays, how much prominence is given to the hands? Lovely hands are becoming more and more conspicuous. They are more and more regarded as one of the chief charms of a beautiful woman.



To make your nails and cuticle smooth, even, gently work around each nail base pushing back the cuticle with an orange stick wrapped with a bit of cotton and moistened with Cutex. Wash the hands with soap and water, pushing back the cuticle as you dry.

It is hard to get through a single day now, without being judged by one's hands. Badly groomed hands are more harshly criticised today than ever before. And no wonder. For well-kept, really exquisitely lovely nails are the easiest of all charms to acquire.

Here is all you have to do

ONCE a week, on some regular day, give fifteen or twenty minutes to this simple manicure. It will keep your nails in such perfect condition that your friends will wonder who your manicurist is.

Have the hands and nails immaculately clean. Scrub well in warm, soapy water. Rinse and dry. With the pointed end of an orange stick remove from underneath the nails any dirt which may have accumulated there. Never use a metal instrument for this purpose.

The shape of the nails

THEN file the nails to the proper length and shape. New York manicurists give the nails an oval shape—that is, have them conform to the shape of the finger tip, and have the length of the nail reach just to the tip of the finger. It is now considered very poor taste to have the nails either long or pointed.

After cutting, smooth off irregularities and shape the corners of the nails with a flexible steel file, holding the file loosely in the hand and filing from the sides toward the center with long, light strokes.

Finish the shaping of the nails with an emery board, both under the nail and in the nail grooves, to smooth away all roughness.

Now for the cuticle. It is in the care of this that many women make mistakes. The wrong care of the cuticle causes hangnails and rough, ugly places.

Dr. Murray, the famous skin specialist, says: "On no account trim the cuticle with scissors. This leaves a raw edge, which will give rise to hangnails, and often makes the rim of flesh about the nail become sore and swollen."

It was to meet the need for a harmless cuticle remover that the safe liquid cuticle remover, Cutex, was prepared.

The care of the cuticle

IN the Cutex package you will find an orange stick and absorbent cotton. Wrap a little cotton around the end of the stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Then carefully work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Wipe off the dead surplus skin, and wash.



Apply a little Cutex Nail White directly from the tube underneath each nail. Spread evenly and remove any surplus Nail White with the orange stick.

Now whiten the nail tips

APPLY Cutex Nail White directly from the tube underneath the nails. Spread it under evenly and remove any surplus cream with an orange stick. Cutex Nail White is a soft, white cream which removes all discolorations from underneath the nails—gives them snow-white tips.

A brilliant jewel-like polish gives the nails beauty

CUTEX Cake Polish rubbed on the palm of the hand and passed over the nails gives them a quick, waterproof polish. If you wish an especially brilliant finish, apply Cutex Paste Polish first, then the Cutex Cake Polish. After washing restore the polish by rubbing the nails lightly over the palm of the hand. If you use a buffer, apply it with a very light touch and for a few seconds only, to avoid burning or heating the nails.

If your cuticle has become sore and tender from cutting, apply Cutex Cold Cream; or if your cuticle has the tendency, as many skins have, especially in winter, to become dry and harsh, apply cold cream before retiring.

The ugly white spots and the discolorations so often seen on finger nails are in most cases



Put a bit of Cutex Nail Polish on the palm of the hand and rub the nails briskly over it.

due to rough manicuring. In manicuring your nails, use all implements gently. Never jab the base of the nails with sharp manicure sticks, and never use a metal instrument for pushing back the skin at the base of your nails.

Give your nails this Cutex manicure, *regularly*. When you find how many people speak of your beautiful nails you will realize how many noticed—and kept silent about—ill-kept ones. But do not expect your hands to *stay* well groomed with irregular care. You must give them this manicure at least once a week. When you do this you will soon find that whenever people think of you they think of your beautifully kept hands.

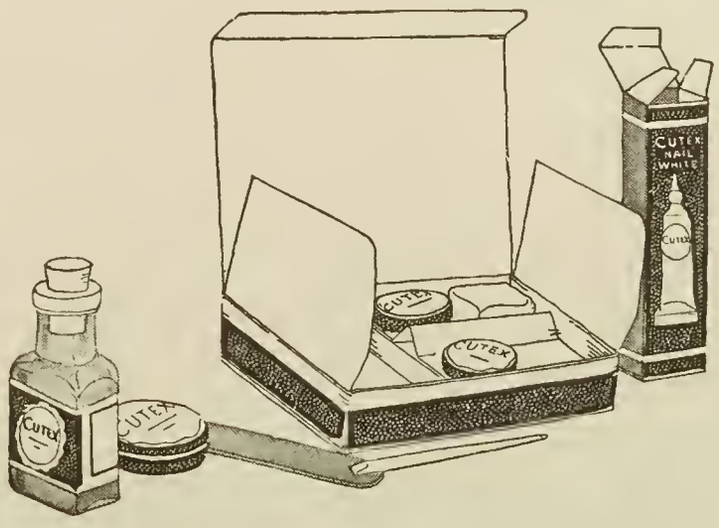
You can get Cutex in any drug or department store in America and England.

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MRS. BOURNE'S PREJUDICE BULLETIN

BY ELNA HARWOOD WHARTON

RAPIDLY a tense, disagreeable family atmosphere was enveloping the Bournes' evening meal. It was caused by the food. Not the cooking—Adelaide was past mistress of the art of making simple dishes look and taste appetizing. The combination offered was unfortunate, in that some dish was displeasing to almost every member of the household.

"What's this?" Bruce demanded suspiciously, as he sat down to a steaming plate of cream soup, thickened to a nicety, parsley-sprinkled, faintly brown, like maple sundae. "Peanut soup? You know I don't like it."

"I couldn't get to market," Adelaide attempted to explain, "and there's always peanut butter, milk, and an onion in the house. Besides, I have fish to-night, and I've been told fish should be supplemented by milk or eggs in some form at the same——"

Bruce cut her off with needless sharpness. "If you could only realize, Adelaide, how tired I get of your dietetic lectures at *every* meal." She knew Bruce had come home unusually tired and that there were other items on the bill of fare which he would not have chosen of his own accord. Food seemed to make such a difference to a man!

Garry took the soup course away and brought in the dinner. Judging by the length of time he spent in the kitchen over this task, Adelaide suspected that he was applying himself to his father's untouched peanut soup.

"Garry, at least, wille at *anything!*" smiled his mother. But the smile faded as she faced the certain struggle ahead of her to get Bud to eat even the prescribed spoonful of detested peas. It was a household rule that none of the children could refuse any ordinary food without at least an effort to eat it. Her expression grew quite somber again with the overlooked realization that Grandmother Bourne wouldn't touch her delicious salmon loaf.

"If she only won't make a speech about it before the children," Adelaide thought. "It's such a bad example for them."

The moment, however, that Garry appeared with the casserole, Grandmother Bourne began:

"NOT any for me, Adelaide. The only way I like salmon is right out of the can—not cooked at all. If you would only save me a piece when you're preparing dinner, that's all I ask."

"But," explained Adelaide as pleasantly as she could, "if I took out sufficient for your portion, there wouldn't be enough left to make the loaf. As it is, I've put in two eggs and a cup of bread-crums. I'll cook you an egg, Mother Bourne."

Returning with the egg, Adelaide found Bruce had served all the children bountifully, and they were all, apparently, doing justice to her handiwork. Suddenly she glanced in Alice's direction. Alice was her good right hand, her moral support in family crises, as well as her one appreciative listener when she forgot and expatiated on balanced diet.

"Why, Alice! You're not eating your samp!"

"I—I—know it, mother. Do I have to? You know it's almost the *only* thing I don't like. And I hate to waste food. I've tried to like it. Honestly I have. I just can't!" Alice's sensitive mouth quivered.

"I think you're cruelly strict with those children, Adelaide," commented Grandmother Bourne. "Now, I always allowed Bruce to eat what he chose."

Adelaide wanted to retort that she had struggled with Bruce's eating preferences herself for thirteen years, and that therein lay one of her chief reasons for training the children to overcome their prejudices. She contented herself, nevertheless, with a milder reply.

"PART of it's just prejudice and silly fancy, Mother Bourne. There isn't any pronounced taste to samp and cereals, like peppers or olives or oysters. And I know that if they keep on taking just a little of the foods they object to, gradually they come to like them—at least, not to mind them. Bud has forgotten about squash, ever since he was so proud of cutting one up for me. Trying to eat things was the way I got over my own dislikes, so I know it can be done."

"Why, mother!" Garry exclaimed. "I thought you just naturally ate everything! You're always finishing up the last spoonful."

"Except when you do, Garry," laughed Adelaide. "You know what father called you once, 'the ultimate consumer, discovered at last.' Well, mother must own up to having very definite and awkward prejudices about food as a girl.

"It wasn't until I went abroad for a year that I began to reform. My English aunt took me aside and told me they considered that I was a very ill-bred girl! I was horribly mortified, of course, so I began to mend my ways."

"Mother," spoke up Alice, "if you'll make Bud eat his vegetables I'll try to swallow the samp."

"Alice needn't boss me," said Bud sulkily. "I'm going to eat them. But I don't see why you spoil the carrots by mixing in the peas."

"There wasn't enough of either to go round alone, Buddy dear," soothed Adelaide. "This is a dinner of left-overs, you know."

The atmosphere continued heavy and laden with rebellion. Adelaide's tomato-jelly salad, relished by the children, was left untouched by both Bruce and his mother, as was the cottage-cheese, intended to save a bit of sour milk.

"I don't see why you have such a lot of fussy little dishes, Adelaide," Bruce remarked. "Women may like this jelly stuff, but men don't. All the average man wants is plain food."

"MEANING beefsteak and fried potatoes, I suppose?" Adelaide was reaching a point where she felt that if anything else at dinner was refused by anybody, she would burst into tears. The caustic note in her query escaped Bruce entirely.

"Exactly," was his cheerful response. "A man could eat a nice rare luscious beefsteak every day—with potatoes, asparagus or cauliflower or something like that, and a piece of pie. You can cut out all the rest of the frills—soups, salads, puddings, ice-cream. Watch men order in any restaurant, and you'll soon know what they like!"

It was Alice who broke into her father's dietary rhapsody.

"But, father, if we had beefsteak every day, it would be too expensive. That steak we had on Sunday cost two dollars and the salmon was only thirty-five cents—I went to the store for it."

Bruce ignored his daughter entirely and turned to his wife. "If we can't have a single meal without discussing the price of what we eat, I'll stop coming home," he threatened. "This thrift business is getting on my nerves. If these children would talk less and take better care of their clothes and things, it wouldn't be necessary to thrust the cost of food continually down my throat. They leave tools out in the yard, scuff up their shoes, and lose more than two fathers could buy."

After this explosion there was silence. The accusation was an old one, unfortunately justified by certain facts best forgotten. All economy talks seemed to lead to the same point.

"At least," reflected Adelaide, "there's pie for dessert."

EVEN Grandmother Bourne's flat refusal of anything containing rhubarb could not undermine the soothing effect of pie on Bruce. He passed his plate for a second piece. After dinner a little of the usual conjugal geniality began to percolate through the household. Grandmother Bourne betook herself up-stairs; the children volunteered to do the dishes without mother, and Bruce, accompanying her into the living-room to settle down before the fire, threw an apologetic arm over her shoulder.

"You certainly make good rhubarb-pie, Adelaide," was his left-handed way of intimating, "I'm sorry I was disagreeable at table."

Adelaide's bright idea came to her the next morning as she was writing out her list of supplies needed.

She took a large sheet of paper out of Bruce's desk and divided it into six sections. At the beginning of each she wrote, "Bruce dislikes;" "Mother Bourne will not eat;" "Alice doesn't eat," and so on.

She started the lists with the items from last night's dinner, and continued them with a sort of unholy joy. During the day she thought of more foods that had elicited trouble or adverse comment, and added them on. It gave her a faint glow of satisfaction to note how much shorter Bruce's list was than his mother's.

"They used to fuss about the same things. That shows he has learned to like what I cook," she thought, as she pinned the paper

Concluded on page 75

Warning!

Father doesn't eat Salads, Peanut Soup
Grandma " " Salmon Loaf
Alice " " Samp
Bud " " Vegetables or Oysters
(Mother and Garry eat everything)



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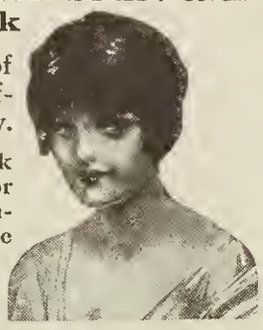
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Concluded from page 74

MRS. BOURNE'S BULLETIN

up in a prominent place in the kitchen. Across the bottom was written: "Reward: one Thrift stamp for each item crossed out."

Contrary to all Adelaide's anticipations, however, the prejudice-posting wrought no vital changes. Bruce made open fun of it, and the children were indifferent to the reward.

"It's not getting us anywhere," Adelaide realized the day she made over an old hat of Aunt Ella's for herself and tucked the price of a new one into the food purse, "either now, in immediate savings, or later in good habits. I wonder how I can appeal to them?"

Help comes from the least-expected quarters and in unrecognized forms. The solution of Adelaide's problem was largely effected by the arrival of her old friend, Elizabeth Warren, with Betty and Hal, for a ten-day visit, long-promised. Elizabeth was the sort of chum you can share your kitchen with, comparing notes on the children while you wash the dishes. Betty and Alice were each ten, Hal somewhat younger than Bud; most of the activities of the five children were similar. Best of all, Elizabeth and Bruce liked each other, and Elizabeth handled Mother Bourne with unerring tact. In comradeship it was a perfect visit.

PHYSICALLY and financially, however, the toll was heavier than Adelaide expected. Toward the end of the ten days she found that she was inexplicably tired. Elizabeth was so helpful that the three extra persons in the house seemed more than offset by her manipulation of the dish-towels. Adelaide was at a loss to account for the fatigue that descended upon her. Then the marketing cost an alarming amount.

It was Bud who made the really wise discovery. He was helping Adelaide get the last midday lunch before the Warrens left. Bud always loved to help in the kitchen before meals as much as he hated it after them.

"I should call this a regular dinner, Muddy," he remarked, as he washed the potatoes for baking. "You've had to get really two different dinners every day while they've been here, haven't you? I think it's too much work when everybody doesn't eat the same way. I guess you're pretty tired."

"Sh-sh!" warned Adelaide. "Remember we must give our guests what they like, not what we like."

"All the same, I don't think much of Hal," Bud went on, following his own reflections unperturbed. "He's too fussy at the table. There's lots of things he won't eat—spinach and carrots and poached eggs. It must be 'spensive for you to have so many different things to please them when they won't eat our things. When I go visiting——"

"But, Buddy," smiled his mother, "I know a little boy of mine who doesn't like——".

SHE went no farther. Bud's moist right hand was applied to her mouth while a plump left arm encircled her neck.

"You sh-sh now, Muddy!" he was whispering. "I can see what an awful nuisance it is for children to be fussy. And maybe you didn't know I ate my beets last night, all of them. And two helps of peas!"

"Muddy's blessed!" Adelaide held him close.

"How many stamps do I get?" inquired Bud's practical self, as she released him.

Bruce, having a half-holiday, volunteered to take the marketing off her hands that last busy day. Adelaide planned a rather extra-good farewell dinner. Her list included a honeydew melon, a leg of lamb, an alligator-pear, and a basket of choice fruit. And Bruce came home with tripe!

"I just happened to pass the tripe counter," he explained volubly, scarcely noticing her blank, tired, amazed eyes, "and it occurred to me we haven't had tripe in a dog's age. You know, the way you used to cook it—fried in batter or something. So I bought a yard or so. Then I went around to your butcher, and he wanted two dollars and a half for a leg of lamb. I knew you'd never want me to pay out all that money for one dinner, so I just said to myself: 'Of course not! Let Elizabeth eat tripe!' "

"But where are the fruits and salad materials?" asked Adelaide.

"Didn't get any. You've half a barrel of apples down cellar, haven't you? What's the matter with apple-pie? Who cares for salad, anyhow? Honeydew melons were fifty cents, and alligator-pears seventy-five; I was sure you couldn't have any idea of such prices, so I just passed them up. Five Thrift stamps saved on fruit alone, and nearly ten on meat. Aren't you glad I went to market for you?"

ADELAIDE was thankful to be released from cooking the elaborate dinner, thankful to avoid the expense of it; and yet she couldn't help wondering what Elizabeth might think. But Bruce took the conversational lead when the platter of tripe was placed before him.

"This is *my* marketing, Elizabeth.

"Ever eat any tripe?" Elizabeth admitted she had not. "Of course, it takes Adelaide to cook it like this, but it's one of my favorite meats."

The tripe dinner, augmented by Adelaide's additions from her emergency pantry, was both good and unusual. Elizabeth actually enjoyed it. It was at bedtime, however, that Adelaide's wifely reward was bestowed.

"Gee, Adelaide, but food's expensive! Especially meat!" Bruce burst out. It beats me how you manage to give us such good meals on the money we allow for food. Guess I never looked into it before. Why, before I bought anything, I added up all the things I thought I wanted, and for two days' eats I would have spent a week's allowance. No bread or milk or butter, either!"

The salmon-loaf dinner and the prejudice bulletin could never be obliterated entirely from Adelaide's mind, but here were great gains in masculine understanding.

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Vice	Bebe Daniels
Love	Monte Blue
Passion	Irving Cummings
Nobody	James Neill
Flattery	Raymond Hatton
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BE A CHORD, NOT A DISCORD

BY CELIA CAROLINE COLE

IF A fairy godmother, with twinkly eyes and a peaked cap and long, thin, gondola curves for slipper-toes, popped down into your room and rapped out at you, "I give you one wish; whaddayouwant?" *you'd* never say, "I want to go to a ball and dance my silly head off," would you? You'd jump up off that hearth like lightning and shake your fist under her tweaky nose and shout, "I'll take release!"

And then she'd sit down opposite you and wag her head at you in admiration—you'd put one over on her! She saw perfectly all the things you crammed in back of that word "release." That one little word meant freedom from ugliness, not enough money, hurrying, fear, sickness, wrong kind of blunders (the kind that don't help you to grow—there aren't many of them in existence, thank goodness), lack of romance, stupid people, politics, dachshunds, preaching, shallowness, bread-puddings, thin hair—on and on and on—all the things that you feel you wouldn't let get into the world if you were making it.

And if she said, sighing with pleasure, "Say it again," you'd say, in order to have variation in your style of speech, "I want to be a chord, not a discord." And you'd have covered the whole thing again.

Perhaps, inside of you, you are very, very beautiful; you're unselfish and cheerful (not Polyanna-ish, but cheerful enough), and beauty-loving and thoughtful and intelligent and funny and loving and open-minded and impulsive and generous. Of course, if you *are* all that, you're bound to be pretty nice on the outside, because the inside always seeps through. But perhaps your nose is shiny and you have a saggy double chin and your hair is oily and your eyes a little dull in spite of you because you have neuritis or something, and you don't know how to dress because you just haven't that knack—all the factory girls in New York City have it, but heaps of heiresses haven't.

And so you're a discord. You jangle.

AND everybody with sensitive eyes or ears knows it instantly.

Well, just as there is a philosophy for everybody somewhere, a secret private shrine where he can go and renew, get back his faith and courage and strength and start all over again, just so there are—things—with which one can get back her fading charm or with which one can dim, and often efface, the carelessness of Nature when she made her.

Take your shiny nose. Intestines. Improper drainage, nine cases out of ten. Then the most sensible thing your fairy godmother with the gondola slippers could hand you would be exercise and pure olive-oil (no substitutes) in orange-juice. Two tablespoons of oil in the juice of one orange twice a day. And scrub the bathtub and the floor and make the beds and sweep, or if you refuse to do that—lazy you—walk, fence, dance.

But perhaps the poor little shine on your nose doesn't reach as far down as that; maybe it's just relaxed glands; poor circulation. Then out of your dressing-table drawer whip the patter, or, something even better, a whole kit that the Mother of the Patter has got out now, all filled with marvelous muscle-strapping things that hold up your muscles and skin without stretching them a bit and keep them there while the treatment is given.

AND you do it all yourself! The thing is complete and for home use entirely. It not only takes the shine out of your nose, but banishes the puffiness and lines under your eyes, the wrinkles out of the eyelids, pushes your funny double chin right off the map, lifts the corners of your mouth, contracts the pores of your skin until it is once more that fine, silken thing it was when you wore long clothes and had nothing but down on your head!

This sounds as if we were writing with our tongue in our cheek, but we do assure you that we never were more serious and truthful in our life. There *is* a kit-bag with just such miracle-workers in it, and you do it all yourself. And not only will it do all we have said, but it will round out the thin woman, make her slender instead of thin, and take down the fat woman and make her unashamed. And this same little kit has no more respect for *age* than a windmill; it just whips the years off from face and figure the way one rips off the tissue-paper from a candy-box.

Along with the straps and patters and creams and astringents come instructions and exercises for the body; not burdensome ones, either, scientific exercises to bring back the contour of youth, or if you're young and fat, re-

OUR BEAUTY EDITOR WRITES DELIGHTFUL PERSONAL LETTERS ON PROBLEMS OF PERSONAL CHARM. TRY HER AND SEE. BUT DON'T FORGET THE STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPE. SEND, TOO, FOR FREE LEAFLETS, AS LISTED ON PAGE 39.



Campbell Studio

BEAUTY'S GODCHILD: ANITA STEWART

ducing exercises, or young and very thin, developing exercises. And all you have to do to start this little home fire burning cheerfully is to pay a quite moderate sum AND tell your age (yes, ma'am, accurately) your height, your weight, your coloring and your general physical condition to the lady who created the kit.

One wrong note in a chord makes a discord.

You know probably better than any one else what it is that makes you out of tune.

If it is your disposition—we'll tell you right now that if you'd step out this minute from the habit of looking at your family as the family and take a new look at them as human beings, individuals, struggling, dreaming, failing just as you do—oh, yes, this applies to your father and mother, too; they're not things especially equipped just because they happen to be your father and mother; they're trying even harder than you are to do something and be something—look at them, the whole family, as people you can do things for, but they needn't do anything for you so far as you are concerned (that's their affair), people you can learn from, every one of them, blessed, brave, marching, hoping human beings groping into life and trying to find the right road to walk on. And then take a look at yourself and see if you are the kind of person you'd like to have for a best friend, and why not.

THAT'S another little home fire you can start on the top of your dressing-table as an aid to beauty. And if now and then you need some kindling to make it burn, take a walk in the country, where there are hills or moors or wide fields if you can get them, something patient and serene and strong.

Suppose one of the bad notes in you is lack of distinction in dress. Well, we *think* there's a wonderful aid looming up on the horizon for you. We'll tell you about it next time, because then we'll know for sure whether it's coming across the plains to us, or whether, like a sun that decides not to rise, it ducks down under the sky-line again. But in the meantime if you really don't feel you understand your type and the kind of clothes it should wear, and your mother can't help you, or your daughter, haven't you *any* friend who seems to understand her own self?

There seems to be such an idiotic feeling that one can't take advice about one's clothes. Surely *somebody* must see you clearly. Go ask her to help you and make her know how serious a matter it is; no glance-and-buy affair, but a study. Dressing oneself properly or any one else properly is creative work, just as surely as painting a picture is, and ought to be just as interesting and careful.

OR SUPPOSE you're perfectly nice and harmonious in every way except that you have frightful headaches or neuritis or some other kind of rheumatism and there are lines in your face from the pain of it, and your eyes are dull from the bewilderment of it, the puzzle of why you should have it, what you have done that you should pay with such pain.

You don't have to suffer like that; there's a righteous alleviation for every pain on earth. There *are* doctors who heal without drugs (you know, probably, by this time that drugs make you pay one way or another for whatever release they give you) diet—exercise, new interests, and many healers through the mind. Don't just adjust yourself to it as something that can't be helped. It can. If it's rheumatism that's sapping the beauty and joy of you, go to a good dentist; it probably has its root in your teeth. Rheumatism isn't a disease itself; it's a result from some diseased condition. And in the meantime, while you're suffering, *don't just suffer;* get an electric pad and live with it, and a good book, and keep the lines out of your face and discouragement out of your heart. They're not expensive, these pads, and they're like little adopted children of the sun, they're so comforting and faithful.

Don't give up to anything that's discordant; the world was written in harmony—we have very good authority for that—and the fact that any one of us has got all jangly simply means that we need to tune up—slack strings somewhere, or so tight they're likely to snap. And First Aids to Tuning come from every direction if we'll only keep our eyes and ears and minds open and take them in as they come. Nobody needs to lie down sapped of initiative or defeated under some discordant condition.

There is a way out! I absolutely believe that, from lost faith in life to a mole on your upper lip.

And while we're speaking of nice, simple, comforting things, we've just discovered that there is an electric comb for drying the hair; you just comb it dry, and it's fluffy and quickly dried. Not expensive, either.

There's nothing wrong with you that can't be made all right, or at least unimportant, if you're really in earnest.

The fairy godmother that popped in on Cinderella just one night and changed her whole life, pops up in you unceasingly. She doesn't wear a peaked cap and gondola slippers, but she is magic just the same. And her patience is unbelievable. Over and over she says: "I am Power. Use me." And you don't hear her. You don't even know she is there.

IF YOU'D only use just a little bit of her, just enough to stop indifference. Or ignorance. Or discouragement. Three frightful enemies to beauty—beauty of body and soul and life.

Don't you know that in these days you don't have to go outside of your home for anything? Books bring you the most interesting people in the world. Know every member of your family intelligently, free of prejudice and self, and you'll know human nature the world over. A good "woman magazine" talks to you intelligently on the subject of your health, your children, your house, your clothes, your beauty, your duty as a human being and a citizen of the world. Magazines aren't in the business just for money; back of their pages are the finest type of people, people who wouldn't work just for money for anything on earth if they couldn't add to the beauty and depth and fulness of life for the people who read them; they'd stop writing and go in for plumbing or something like that that would make them real money.

Open your minds. Take the lid off your hopes. Release rests with you.

If it's your beauty, there's the kit.

If it's your soul, there are books.

If it's emptiness of life, there's the godmother inside you saying: "I am Power. Use me."



Ivory Soap Flakes

keeps ALL his things clean

Launders them without rubbing

TODAY, you can wash baby's delicate handmade slips and scalloped petticoats just by swirling them round and round in thick, bubbling suds of Ivory Soap Flakes. No ruinous rubbing at all!

How much easier this makes it to keep baby always clean and dainty and sweet as a little pink rose.

And not only his dresses, but his flannels and blankets, his sweaters and bonnets and coats, and even his puffy silk quilts can be dipped again and again in the wonderful Ivory lather. They will come from each cleansing looking like new.

Such easy laundering perfectly safe? Of course it is, because Ivory Soap Flakes is simply snowlike flakes of genuine Ivory Soap, pure, mild, unadulterated.

In cake form, Ivory Soap has been laundering these selfsame fabrics, perfectly, for over 40 years. Now, in quick-lathering, dirt-melting flakes, it makes fine laundering so simple and easy that you cannot call it work at all.

IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Just add warm water to make "Safe Suds in a Second"

IVORY SOAP FLAKES WASHES OR CLEANS

Baby Clothes
Blankets
Blouses
Cane
Centerpieces—white or colored
Chenille
Chiffons—plain, printed or embroidered
Chintzes
Collar and Cuff Sets
Corduroy
Crepe de chine
Cretonnes
Crocheted Silk Ties and Mufflers
Cushion Covers
Delicate Colored Fabrics
Doilies
Down Quilts
Embroideries
Fine Linens
Flannels
Furs
Gloves—silk, chamoisette and wash kid
Georgette Crepe
Habutai
Italian Silk
Ivory
Jersey—silk or wool
Knitted Caps and Tams
Knitted Goods
Laces—any kind
Lace Bed Sets
Lace Curtains
Linens
Lingerie—silk or muslin
Luncheon Sets.
Madras Curtains
Mahogany
Men's Silk Shirts
Messaline
Mittens
Negligees
Net—silk or cotton
Oil Paintings
Organdie
Parasols—silk or linen
Photographs
Portieres
Quilts
Quilted Jackets and Coat Linings
Raincoats
Ribbons
Rugs—domestic or oriental
Scarfs
Serge
Sheer Materials
Silks
Silk Handkerchiefs
Silk Hose
Spats
Sport Silks
Statuary
Sweaters
Table Runners
Taffeta
Tapestries
Underflannels
Veils
Vestees
Wash Satin
White Ermine
White Shoes and Slippers
Wicker
Window Shades
Wool Dress Goods

Ivory Soap Flakes will not harm *anything* that pure water alone will not harm

Sample Package Free

Send your name and address to Dept. 17-B, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, and a generous sample package will be mailed you, postpaid. See for yourself how quickly Ivory Soap Flakes brings back the new beauty to your daintiest finery.





PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS - EST. 1837 -

SUNSWEET PRUNE BREAD



Now come SUNSWEET Prunes to add new zest and flavor to the "staff of life." Prunes and bread—what a happy, healthful suggestion! What a wholesome treat for impatient young appetites! What a welcome change in the daily fare!

All the goodness of the wheat—blended with the fine fruit-flavor of California's top-quality prunes — that's the treat SUNSWEET Prune Bread gives you. It is the most delicious, the most healthful of *all* fruit-breads. As you bake it, the flavor of fine prunes filters through the layers of bread, leaving a trail of delicacy and delight.

High in nutriment, rich in natural fruit sugar, SUNSWEET Prune Bread has a place in every meal. For breakfast, it will prove more tempting, more wholesome, than ordinary bread or coffee-cake. At lunch and after school, the kiddies will "hanker" for it—to them it will be bread and jam both. And, as for dinner, need we tell you how this Prune Bread will help liven up the meal? Every bite delicious — every bit nutritious!

Our Recipe Packet will show you how to make many other unusual and economical dishes from SUNSWEET Prunes. The recipes are printed on gummed slips (5"x 3") so you can paste them in your favorite cook book or on your recipe filing cards. Send for this SUNSWEET Recipe Packet today — it's free! Simply address CALIFORNIA PRUNE AND APRICOT GROWERS Inc., 122 Market Street, San Jose, California.

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ASK your grocer for the 5 lb. carton of Sunsweet Prunes shown below. If he is not yet supplied, see that the prunes he does sell you are taken from the 25 lb. box of Sunsweet Prunes supplied to all retail grocers.



Here's the recipe for Sunsweet Prune Bread: 1 cup scalded milk, 1 tablespoonful melted shortening, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, 1 teaspoonful salt, ½ cake yeast dissolved in ¼ cup of lukewarm water, between 3 and 3½ cups flour and 1 cup cooked Sunsweet Prunes drained and cut in quarters (or smaller, if you prefer).

Put shortening, sugar and salt in hot milk, let stand until lukewarm, then add dissolved yeast and flour gradually, beating well until too stiff to stir. Turn on moulding board and knead in remaining flour until mixture is smooth. Place in well greased bowl, brush dough over with melted shortening, cover and allow to rise in a warm place to twice its original bulk, then turn on board, add prunes, knead and shape into loaves. Place in greased pans, having them about half full. Brush over loaves with melted shortening, let rise again and bake in a hot oven about forty-five minutes for a medium sized loaf.

For *Graham Bread* follow same recipe with these changes: use molasses or brown sugar in place of white sugar— one cup white flour and enough graham flour to make proper consistency. For *Wholewheat Bread* use the first recipe given, substituting wholewheat flour for white flour.



California's NATURE-FLAVORED PRUNES

Continued from page 7

LUCIFER

ambitions; Sabbath after Sabbath, when he had laved and purified himself and gone off to church and Sunday-school.

A blue star for a month's perfect attendance—a gold one for a perfect year. He had two gold stars in his life.

But in the end he had always broken away—"made trouble." Disappointed them. Oh, the endless homilies and admonition!

Each time when Aunt Letitia had retreated from his bedroom before his sullen acquiescence in repentance, he had locked the door behind her, an imprecation breaking against his teeth. In the early years it had had a personal savor, but as he grew older, he flung his epithet into the face of circumstance. He had no quarrel with Aunt Letitia, who had taken his mother's place from babyhood—whom he loved really.

Bitterly, now, he wondered why she didn't come. When his father had banished him in the past, not many minutes elapsed before the soft shuffle of her foot upon the stairs! But equally, beneath his surface speculation, he realized she would not.

This was quite different. Now he was truly outlaw! He would be left alone to await his hour of reckoning. Just like a man.

Well, he was a man, or almost. Seventeen last week.

And he had taken a man's prerogative. He had gone out on a time and had returned—drunk! To Deacon William Sheldon's home—to the fireside that sheltered his godly family.

DRUNK! For the first time in his life! But not the last! Something of the wild surge, the passionate aplomb that had preceded his downfall, stirred, thrilling faintly. It was the wayward devil that dwelled in him, of course—that Plutonian spark that ruled him so perversely.

Yes, he would do it again, of course—and when he pleased. But he would not come home afterward. That had been unthinkable folly.

It shocked even his devil—to realize, to visualize it. That Deacon Sheldon should open his door at 5 A.M. and find his son—"you are your father's only son"—propped up in the doorway, drunk. Loathsome word. Even his father had evaded it. Intoxicated, the deacon had said——

The white mist that had come off the river was rising in thin ghostly rings, the houses looming out, gray and fog-wet—a cock had crowed somewhere, Edgar remembered that.

It had offered its implication to his father. He had, his father said, denied the Christ in him. But his father had not known—at first.

"Where have you been?" he had asked. "You have been out all night. What is it—are you sick?"

The uncertain voice, the faltering step explained. He had tried to speak—extenuate.

"It—it was the—" His mind wavered, circled, came slowly back, evolved a single word:

"—armis—tice," he finished thickly.

That was the part that made it so awful.

Even his half-drowned senses had grasped that—had quailed before his father's lifted arm, his blazing anger.

Had the youths of his country—young men in the prime and vigor of young manhood—gone out against Death itself in the name of Liberty, to make possible this armistice, that he, an American boy of God-fearing, respectable parentage, might go out in the night hours and riot and debauch himself with alcohol?

"Better dead—better dead!" That was pretty rough stuff. Pretty rough.

"You are too big to thrash—but you are my son, evil though you are. When you are yourself, to-morrow, we will have our reckoning."

Edgar had gone sprawling up the stairs, had flung himself down to sodden sleep. Hours of sleep. Had wakened out of it to utter bodily misery.

His head ached wretchedly. He felt spent and nauseated. Not alone a physical nausea, but a sickness of the soul—of life.

All the first hour of his waking he had lain too wretched to move—expectant of his aunt. Now, with clearer head, he realized he would have no such visitation and after a little he rose, and with swimming head and faltering foot, dragged himself across the room and leaned out of his opened window.

He thought of last night. The garish, strident street crowd; the mad, holiday-making revelers who had shouted and yelled and held carnival; of the tin horns, the swirl of torn papers, the clangor of bell and whistle, of metal rubbish dragged through the streets; of a populace maddened with the wine of released tension. If only it had been that wine alone——

BUT there was the Ben Addicks crowd. Wicked as he had been—filled as his life was with boyish escapades—he had never before joined Ben Addicks's crowd. Not until last night, when they had told him of the "stuff" they had "cached" up in the cemetery.

"C'm'on, be a sport—why, it's armistice—ever'body's doin' it."

He scarcely knew why he had yielded, but he had done so. It was big Ben Addicks himself who invited him.

In front of Felter's poolroom—Ben Addicks, who had been in jail twice—once, convicted of "felonious entry"; who ran with the worst "gang" in town.

And he had gone—"ever'body's doin' it"—and had drunk of the liquor with Addicks's crew and lain in the cemetery half of the night. Lain, as his father had said, in God's acre—consecrated ground. The worst thing he had ever done.

No, no; better far that he had run away to army life, as he had contemplated a year ago. Better far—as his father had suggested—that he had died rather than to have so disgraced them.

It would be around town before night, was known now, no doubt. Deacon Sheldon's boy consorting with the Addickses. He could fancy the prophecy, the confirmation, the nodding gossip.

"I've got to go to the devil. I belong there," he said aloud, and suddenly there was borne in upon him the assurance that he could never see it through here.

He must go away—out of his family's life forever. Whatever waited for him, it must not touch them.

"I've been blot enough—I won't stain 'em any more," he thought fiercely; and, drawing back from his window, he began to pack up a small bundle.

A little valise with a few bare necessaries; but even in the act, he stopped short, dropped the shirt he was folding. He had no right to take a single extra article away. He would go as he was—with enough to cover him, that was all.

Not even money! In the left-hand drawer of his father's escritoire in the bedroom adjoining was a pocketbook.

"I could take that," he thought; "it's just what they'd expect."

But he meant not to touch it.

"That ought to surprise 'em," he added bitterly.

It was very still when he opened his door and slipped into the hall. His father was down-town, no doubt. His aunt at her sewing in the front parlor—dozing a little perhaps.

From the lower tread of the stair he could see a little way into the brown quiet old room. Could see Aunt Letitia's rocker where she creaked away so many hours at her mending. He half-expected to hear the creak now, as he turned a furtive eye toward it.

But what he saw startled him, appalled him. Aunt Letitia was crying. Sitting in a little huddle in her chair, her handkerchief pressed against her eyes.

Even as he watched her, a noiseless little sob shook her, and a curious hot stream of emotion surged through the boy. His old aunty—his poor little old aunty weeping on his account. Oh, he had caused them so much pain—such disappointment!

But never again. Out of their lives to his inevitable wicked end—out of their lives forever! He fled down the hall noiselessly through the dim dining-room and the orderly kitchen.

But he stopped with his hand on the door. Aunt Letitia would not care to see him hungry—she would be the last in the world to begrudge him help.

So he opened the big stoneware cooky-jar and the japanned bread-box respectively, and filled his pockets. It was a little-boy act that stirred memory. He had been punished many times in the past for theft of cookies, had been put on parole and had broken it.

Indeed, it was a sequence of acts of no greater significance than this that had thrust him spiritually outside the family fold, had led to his present downfall.

Yet, the gulf between his latest iniquity and the filched cookies was so wide, he looked back at that younger self of his in sudden pity.

"Why, that wasn't so bad," he thought; and he had a wretched momentary thrill of comparison with his present estate.

Truly now he was a man and had put away childish things.

Then at a slight sound from the inner room he drew his cap low over his eyes, and, closing the door softly behind him, slipped out of his house.

II

THE villages of Bodley and Medea and Hastings lay at spaced intervals along the State road, but by detours through young woodland coppice or along sheared stubble Edgar avoided contact with the towns proper, where there lay any chance of casual recognition.

When he had cleared the last western boundary of Hastings he had come, he felt, into a new territory where he had never penetrated. Here he might safely begin his new life—his last tie with old association and habit fully broken.

Night was coming on fast. The sky was a gray pool, and at intervals across country the first lights, like glowing sparks, had come out in farmhouse windows. The air was still languorous, and full of fragrant haze that smelled vaguely of dead leaves and wood-smoke.

He had walked very steadily—had covered more miles than he had ever thought possible, fired by the first rush of his emotion, yet he realized now that if he was to get on—out into the world and the life of sin that lay in wait for him, he must have some other means of travel.

A train suddenly tore by at his left, streaking through the hazy gray like a fiery comet, and Edgar stopped with a little sigh. Freight-cars, of course.

That was the thing: Free transportation. You followed the rails till you got to a water-tank, and, watching your chance, you slipped under a car. Now Edgar turned, switched across an empty cornfield, and made for the track.

He had followed only fifty rods or so when he caught an odor that was as profoundly arresting, as moving, as a familiar strain of music. It was the odor of onions and meat boiling together; and at a turn in the road-bed, in a rubble-washed gully, he saw a small patch of fire.

A MAN sat before it, carefully stirring the contents of a tin can with a bit of forked stick. A foully garbed, elderly, indecipherably coal-smeared man, with a battered purple countenance, and small twinkling green eyes that turned appraisingly on the boy. A dingy half-loaf of bread protruded from a torn newspaper at his side.

Edgar stopped instinctively. He had long since eaten both bread and cookies, and the aroma of the onion was like the challenge of a friendly search-party. He stopped involuntarily, his face going a little pale under its dust and grime, and muttered a greeting of sorts.

"Helloa, yourself," said the chef informally. "Beatin' the rails, buddy? Some nice day fer

Continued on page 80



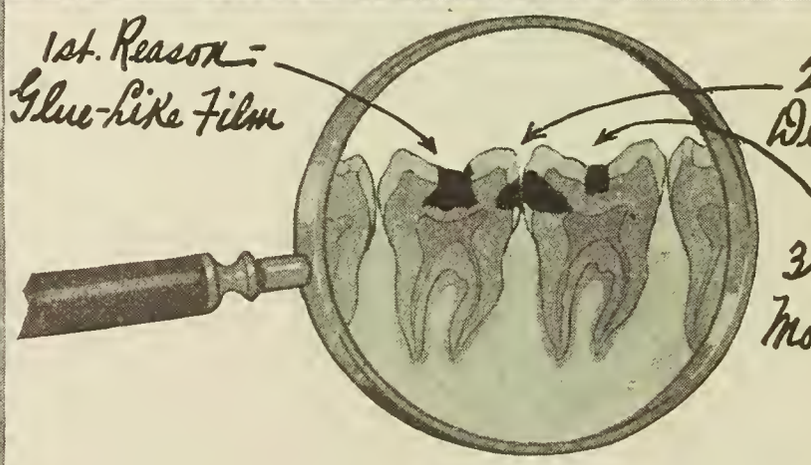
Another cup please!

—and another cup at night time doesn't hurt, if it's

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Continued from page 79

LUCIFER

walkin'. Won't yous take a chair an' have a taste o' mulligan?"

"I'm damn hungry," Edgar burst out. He threw in the "damn" gratuitously. It was an added touch of severance from his past. "Tired's a dog, too," he added; "my feet——"

"It's one o' them days swells the feet—" The purple-faced party threw in an artistic oath as he bent to his stirring.

"I never seen such cat-meat! All sleazin' away. You better bunk here to-night. It's warm as Summer an' they'll be a string o' empties 'long 'bout six in the mornin'. Runnin' away, I s'pose?"

It was an implication that displeased Edgar. It cast an amateurish light upon him. He touched his smooth chin in bitter discontent.

If only he had had a day's stubble to assist him! Dirty and tired as he was, this connoisseur had discovered him at once.

"Oh, I had enough," he said with a touch of loftiness.

"Folks turn you out?"

"Naw—I turned myself. Had enough——"

He had a moment's flashing vision of his home last evening: The lamp on the tea-table, Aunt Letitia with her teapot and hot muffins, his father unfolding his napkin.

Quite irrelevantly something constricted his throat, sent a strange stinging under his eyelids. Then he hardened, a bitter sneer curling his lips.

If they could only see him now—sitting in a cinder dump, with his shoes off, about to sup with a filthy tramp. A very abandon of martyrdom filled him; he gulped once or twice, and muttered an oath—the vilest he knew.

THEY fell to. The firelight, flickering up, invited strange shadows into the gully, threw bright glancing beams across the track. When the tramp had concluded his repast, he sighed repletely, ran a thick greasy finger round the inside of his can.

"Got any smokes?" he asked.

"I don't smoke—regular," Edgar confessed sheepishly.

"Oh, well!" The other drew out a foul old pipe, and sucked at it cold.

"All the comforts o' home." He winked at the thick dun sky and fell into a muttered babble of hobo patter Edgar could not comprehend.

He gathered that his new friend's name was Red Murph—that he was being invited to "pal"—to work the section of country lying to the east of Roundsville, the county seat. Edgar's youth and aspect would be a distinct asset.

They could do nice team-work, beating their way through a string of towns and villages. The pickings would be fat; in time, even richer.

"This war now—" The older man sucked at his rank pipe meditatively. People were feeling good over the outcome, Red Murph declared. A splendid time to touch them. Perhaps they might even manage a uniform.

"Returned doughboy—that dope. That would be the lay. You're a little skinny and young-lookin', but we'd git 'em."

But in the meantime the usual thing. Hard-luck stories. Especially to women. Edgar's appearance and manner——

"Molasses ketches more flies 'n vinegar. And if they didn't come acrosst easy, a little rough stuff—the armstrong treatment. Throw a scare or two."

"Why, in my time—" The tramp fell to giving Edgar reminiscences. Edgar listened, his mouth agape. Here was iniquity—a veritable riot of it.

It was an embracive narrative, touched off by an experienced hand, aided perhaps by a Celtic imagination—vividly pungent—that stretched over a considerable span of years. Details that raised one's hair!

Light and casual reference to the "pen," to police-courts, to various "lays," to plotted exploits, to crimes of appalling enormity, merciless situations—profanity—violence, obscenity.

This "Red Murph" had been diabolical. In the light of his narrative, Edgar's immediate crime of drunkenness loomed small—a pallid peccadillo. When the artist narrator finished languidly and said, "What sort o' devilment did yous git into, buddy?" Edgar found it impossible to tell the truth.

He remembered some of the stories the Ben Addicks crowd had told the night before. It was, he said, because of stealing. He choked a little in confessing, then grew bolder.

He had been drunk and had lifted some stuff— His voice grew stronger; he spat out the vile oath again.

He supplied details. They were not unimpressive.

THE tramp considered them thoughtfully. Edgar caught a muttered complimentary phrase—relaxed a little before it, embroidered in some added touches.

Pity it wasn't true, he reflected, lying in the quiet, dark gully later on. After all, the epic of his life held poor enough stuff, but he would improve.

There was nothing he wouldn't do, now that he had taken the first step. If he were not yet a worthy associate, he would win to it.

All that they had prophesied should come true. They would bring it to pass—he and his devil. He lay a long time staring bitterly at the dim, quiet sky——

He was awakened by a violent shaking and found himself in the hands of his new partner. There was need of immediate action.

"Them empties—number five-eleven—come through in less 'n a hour. They stop up here for water an' then we make the getaway."

But in the meantime a task was assigned for Edgar. Their partnership was to begin immediately. There was a poultry-farm back across the hill, not a quarter of a mile.

"Little old white-headed moll and all alone. No dog."

He was to go up there and ask for food.

"Mind you're niee-spoken and polite. And when she's let you in, all easy, then the real biz—

"You hold her up, see—throw a bit of scare—see! She's got money there all the time. I found out yest'day. An' you make her cough it up, see— You show her this— You say you'll let her have it—if she don't come across."

"This" was a shortish, dark object, leather-wrapped, with a wrist-thong, slipped into Edgar's fingers. He had never handled a black-jack before. He stared at it now curiously.

"She'll mebbe take on—or mebbe not. Can't tell. But if she won't listen, give her a tap. Not too hard—just enough to put her under.

"We'll beat it out and lay over at Tyrell. We ought to swing fifty or so for stakes——"

Still the boy stared down and the tramp swore loudly, seized his shoulders.

"G'wan, you young devil— What's eatin' ye— Ain't lost nerve, have ye?'

"Oh, I'm going," Edgar gulped.

HE slipped the instrument into his pocket and stepped out. The dew-washed field lay ahead, rimmed with a faded pink-and-gray sky.

He stared out defiantly, his chin set. This was no task for an empty stomach, for a green hand, too, but if he must, he must!

"Mebbe I won't have to touch her," he thought.

Then he hardened. It was no way to approach his task. He must be rough and dominant. She must be made to "hand over," that was all.

He must be firm. Why, it was only right. The world would be against him from now on—and he must make it pay.

The farmhouse, a low white affair, loomed up to his right, guarded by a young spinney. There was no sound of barking dog, only a domestic cackle of small white Leghorn fowls, clustered busily about a grain-fall before the door.

Somebody was up, for the shutters were unbarred and a curl of smoke arose, and Edgar's heart knocked uneasily as he strode up to the door. If a man opened to him—! But it was the old "moll"—a little woman with white hair and a rosy, shriveled face like a Winter apple.

"I saw you coming, boy—I s'pose you want some breakfast."

She peered at him.

"I—I— Yes'm," Edgar choked. He had automatically taken off his cap.

"And you shall have it, too. A good breakfast; sausage and griddle-cakes, all piping hot. Time was I turned everybody off, being all alone here.

"But since the news day before yest'day—I'm that happy—'count of my grandson Charley!

"His mother died when he was a baby. I fetched him up myself an' then this war come along and took him—last I heard, though, he's safe an' sound—an' now I'll have him back again, like before.

"You step in, boy, an' I'll feed you good, same 'f you was Charley. You ain't as old as him, or so big, quite—but all boys look fine to me now. You step right in."

SHE looked up at him, quivering with joyful emotion, and Edgar stepped into the narrow entry. How little she was—and how old! With a worn fragility like Aunt Letitia's. And all alone, too.

Why, he should have no trouble at all. A rough word—a harsh question or two. It would require almost nothing to intimidate her.

He slipped his hand into his pocket, touched the implement he carried. If she could realize what she was about to face—the lurking devil in his veins. The life he was consecrated to!

But now she stood here bobbing a little, rubbing her hands together foolishly.

"A good hot breakfast. I'm glad to let you take it. But I'm goin' to make you pay me—in advance.

"It's my foolishness, but when the whistles blew—I heard 'em all the way from Hastings—nothing would do but I must fix Charley's room ready—couldn't wait a minute. Seems like I wanted to open the house and let all outdoors in.

"Seems like I couldn't feel for anything but beginning to clean and scrub, so I started in, all of yest'day and got it fixed, carpet laid, too—all but the bureau! I ain't so young any more—I pulled it out, but I ain't got the stren'th to push it back.

"An' seein' you come, I made out to ask you to help me, while the sausage an' cakes is cookin'——"

Edgar stared at her with drawn brows.

What madness! Asking him to move a bureau, who had come to rob her!

Couldn't she sense the very danger his presence carried? If she knew that in a minute he would raise his hand against her, demand her money——

"Look here—" he began harshly; "look here, you—" Then his voice broke. She was so little, so full of wrinkled friendliness.

"I don't want any breakfast," he began again; "I want——"

STILL he stared at her. At the distended veins and cords in her thin old throat. Why, he had only to seize her here momentarily, frighten her! A touch and the deed was done.

He called up all the ugliness he possessed. He remembered the vicious prowess of Red Murph, the stories told of Ben Addicks——

In the life of crime he was entering there was no place for dilly-dallying. If he would win his spurs— He took a step toward her, raising his arm.

Then without volition, he spoke in a voice he had never heard:

"Where *is* the bureau?"

She had watched him uncertainly a moment. Now she was bobbing tremor again.

"Oh, that's a good kind boy. You've got a nice kind face. I don't have the stren'th I useter—it's jest top o' the stairs—Charley's

Continued on page 81

Continued from page 80

LUCIFER

room. An' pulled out from the wall. You'll see it—time you've got it back, I'll have it dished up."

When he got to the top step he realized he was trembling, and inside the bedroom door he felt a cool, fine sweat spring upon him.

"It's 'cause I never hit a woman before—it isn't going to be easy."

He leaned in the doorway, collecting himself.

When he went down again! That was it! The moment's respite would help his nerve.

After all, it would only be a moment and if she were docile he might not have to touch her. Only—suppose she struggled and fought him with her puny arms. Then he must——

"Oh, my God!" Edgar groaned suddenly and he moved toward the bureau.

IT stood midway of the room, one claw dragging up a ridge of carpet, and he began to push against it now. It was heavy, yet he might easily have placed it with a couple of vigorous thrusts.

Instead he used a great number of small deliberate tugs—a meticulous care in placing it. And when he had finished, he still hesitated, staring about the room.

It was plainly a young man's room. Some neatly brushed civilian clothes hung from pegs along the wall. A cheap wire frame held numerous photographs—of rustic young types chiefly. This Charley had his share of young friends.

An elaborate plush shaving-case stood on the bureau-top. And there was a picture of Charley. A "cabinet photo" of a young friendly looking doughboy in full regalia:

To Grandma, with love from Chas.
Camp Dix, July Fourteenth.

Edgar picked it up, his throat tight, his lips dry.

"If you knew what I've got to do to your old lady—if you—knew——"

He heard a step below and knew the moment had come. With a white mist before his eyes, his hand on the blackjack, he went out to the head of the stairs. She had come out of the kitchen and stood bobbing and smiling up at him.

"All finished—ain't ye? And cakes is all done, too. Come down now an' eat hearty. Young folks is always hungry."

It was the moment. The moment to rush upon her and exact his tithe. And with the thought Edgar rushed.

But he did not stop. At the foot of the stairs he swerved and flinging wide the door ran like mad away from the house.

Not in the direction of the track—the railroad gully where Red Murph waited—but away from it. Over rolling hills of stubble, beaten and stony fields, his heart pounding, his eyes blind with horror.

When he had run, it seemed, for years—for centuries—he stumbled and fell. The sharp impact of a stone smote his cheek, and as he lay he heard two distant puffs of a steam-whistle—the "empties" pulling out.

Then agony seized him. And he burst into great harsh sobs.

For he had cast off the old life and—equally—he had repudiated the new. If he was unfit to dwell among the righteous, he was also not worthy of the unregenerate. A failure—alike in virtue and in deviltry.

By afternoon Edgar had come a long way. He had asked for food at a farmhouse in utter dejection, and the housewife had given him an opulent handout.

"You look full young to be a tramp, boy," she remarked.

The fact that his soiled and rumpled clothing, the cinders in his hair, his battered cheek established his status unquestionably, should have cheered him. But it did not.

He was too sore with a sense of failure, and he spent long hours of weary, ambitionless trudging, avoiding house or hamlet.

Late in the afternoon, fatigued and sleepy, he saw a small isolated barn on the edge of a field. He found easy ingress and in a pile of straw in one corner sank into heavy slumber.

III

HE AWAKENED suddenly. Not noise, nor actual disturbance, but a strange light aroused him. He sat up to see a great radiance flooding the barn, and he realized it was the sunset—a glowing sea of rosy-orange dying down across the fields. The rickety door of the barn stood open and he saw that a young girl was standing in the doorway looking at him.

In all his life afterward, Edgar was never to forget the picture she made. A young fair slip of a creature, fourteen or so, her hair on fire with the sun-glow, a penciled line of burning orange outlining her young figure, her face thrown into shadow, lighted only by two wide, startled eyes turned upon him. Limned there against the blazing sky, she was like a symbolic figure in a church window.

"Oh—you're a tramp," she said in a thin breathless voice.

Then as Edgar struggled up, freeing hair and clothes from the straw, swift relief swept her face.

"Oh, *no!* Oh—but you frightened me."

He had got dizzily to his feet and at her word he got the weapon out of his pocket.

"Yes," he said, "it's true. I'm a tramp. Look at this. I took this to an old woman's house this morning. I meant to rob her. To strike her, if I had to——"

"But you didn't!"

"No," said Edgar and he flung the blackjack down into the straw.

"I'm no good," he said simply. "Now I don't know what to do," he added.

It seemed quite natural to speak to her thus, with the flush of unguarded slumber still on him and that queer, ardent light surrounding him. She was young and soft and pretty—and he wanted suddenly, passionately, to speak to some one—some one kind, sympathetic.

She took a little uncertain step toward him.

"Why don't you go home—where you belong?"

Edgar swallowed.

"Well, but you see—I left home. That was why. Because I *couldn't* seem to belong."

They stood looking at each other.

"What was the matter?" she asked.

Edgar dug his toe into the straw and swallowed again.

"Oh, I was no good, I guess—*they* thought so. Always into something."

"What did you do?" the girl asked.

"Oh, Lord—everything! Began when I was little. Breaking rules, playin' hookey, all kinds o' scrapes. Set my father crazy.

"Arms'tice—that night—I went out an' got drunk," he finished badly, brutally.

She shivered a little.

"You—you shouldn't ha' done that."

"I know it. I knew it—then. I knew it for all the things before.

"But only—well, they keep peggin' at me so! And watchin' me and countin' things up. An' tellin' how hopeless I am. And hopin' I'll change my ways.

"Why—'tisn't worth while being anything else— When I do put anything over—decent, I mean—they can't let it go like any one else. They—they have to c-congratulate me—" he finished with a wry smile.

"You mean—they're always *expecting* your badness?"

"Sort of that. I guess so, yes."

He wasn't looking at her now; staring straight ahead with unseeing eyes; trying to keep his chin firm and blot out two great spheres of moisture that seemed to swell out from his eyes.

"Oh, that's too bad—but isn't there *anybody* who thinks—who thinks that you're good? Just like anybody else?"

He made a negative gesture.

And suddenly she came up close to him and laid her hand on his arm.

"Oh, I know somebody who—who could think so.

"It's me," she added gently.

It seemed to Edgar he had never looked into eyes so blue and deep and sweet. Nor into a little face so soft and innocent, so colored still with tender childishness.

Yet, there was something of woman here, in the stirring of her pity, the little maternal stroking of his sleeve.

With boyish constraint, he would have drawn away, and equally, he would have yielded to her touch. Her movement, her pity, touched the well-springs of his dawning manhood, virility.

HE could have spread his cloak in extravagant adoration, like a Raleigh, at her feet; he was filled with a futile smother of feeling that strove for physical outlet, for some object to strike or contend with. He said, in a thick voice:

"That's—that's awful nice of you."

"No," she said, "it isn't nice; it's true. I knew you weren't a real tramp, second look I took.

"And I tell you what you must do. You must stay here with us an' help father with the wood, an' then—by and by—when you're ready, you must go back, go home.

"Because—" she stood before him very earnest—"*because* it isn't a good soldier—running away from things like this.

"You've got to show 'em, that's all, that you're like anybody else— Why, of course you are. Why, I *know* you are."

It was the first note of faith's trumpet—the first touch of man's real inspiration, the belief of woman. But Edgar stared unbelievingly.

"How do you know I am? Why, you don't know me at all. No one can tell——"

"*I* can——"

"But how——"

"Oh—*because* I can."

She smiled at him mysteriously, completely satisfied with the age-old feminine answer. A queer satisfaction touched Edgar. Perhaps she was right. The thought opened a vista of peculiar brightness.

"But nobody else thinks so."

"They will if you show 'em. You come along and see father. Mother, too. Father needs some one to help him awf'ly bad. Come on—you'd better think about it."

She put out her hand to him again, with a little coaxing half-shy gesture.

She was not like the young girls he had known. Simpler, franker, also more natural. Not so sophisticated. And prettier—far!

The boy stared at her mist of sun-kissed hair, at the smooth oval of her face, the wide friendly blue eyes. Sweet, that's what she was. A queer choking came into his throat.

"Come on," she smiled. "*Please.*"

"Oh, well," said Edgar with mock indifference.

She stooped to pick up a little basket she carried, with herbs in it. It gave out a faint delicious perfume.

"Pennyroyal," she explained; "this field's full—the frost hasn't hurt it yet. *Now* we'll go home."

THEY stepped out of the barn together, faced a pleasant slope of crisping grass and sedge, girdled at the edge by a little brook. Beyond an adjacent meadow stretched a span of woodland and in the foreground a low red dwelling-house stood.

"That's our place," she said; "the woodyard's at the back." Then she looked thoughtful. "You'll have to tell father, you know."

"Yes."

"He'd have to know something about it. Your name and things like that."

"My name's Edgar Sheldon."

"I'm Ruth—Ruth Layton." She took two little springy steps in advance of him; a belated grasshopper clicked upward from the drying growth at her feet. The sun still flooded them with a golden bath.

"Isn't it pretty—isn't it pretty?" the young girl cried.

Concluded on page 82

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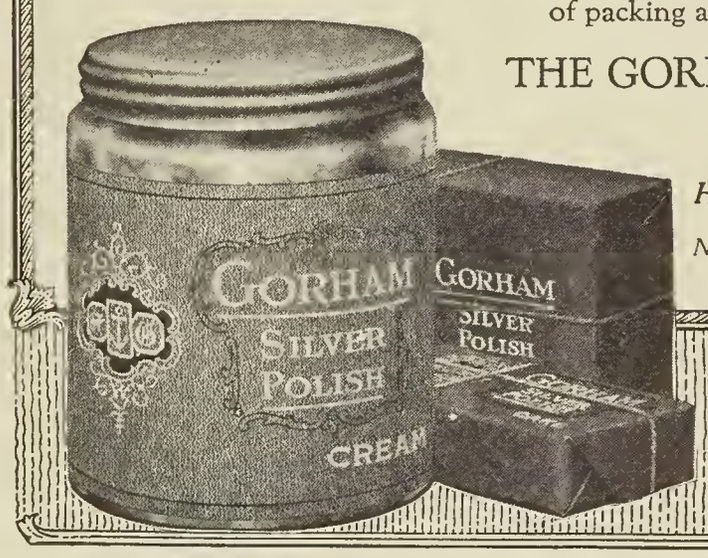
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Concluded from page 81

LUCIFER

"I think—I think *you're* pretty," blurted Edgar rudely.

She stopped, poised midstep and looked at him shyly, her cheeks suddenly pink.

"Do you think so—oh, do you?" Then as if the child in her claimed possession, she threw out both arms and danced away.

"I always *run* down this field—I love to run—I'll wait for you down at the foot."

"Oh, no—I'll run, too," said Edgar.

Suddenly with a strange new freedom he was running beside her. Straight into the ruddy sun's eye they ran.

And half-way down, faltering, she held out her hand so that they finished together. They came up laughing and breathless at the lower wall.

"Gee!" the boy said. "That's great, isn't it? Simply great!"

LATER he sat on the porch of the red house. He had had supper served by a kind-faced, deep-bosomed woman, Ruth's mother. He had rendered some account of himself and his people to her father—been given the promise of a few days' work in the wood-yard.

Ruth herself had shown him the place—under a great sassafras-tree, the ground carpeted in fine sweet-smelling powder, on one side a heaped jungle of sawn cord-wood, the other a labyrinth of stacked and split fagots. Sawbucks stood about—one of which he was to serve. Ruth's father dealt in wood.

"Doesn't it smell good round here?" she had asked. "I love it in here—so nice and clean."

It was all nice and clean—a simple, homely place of quiet comfort. Behind him he could hear the clink of dishes, now where the women moved about in the kitchen. From near by a lazy fragrance of tobacco-smoke floated, where Ruth's father leaned against a gate communing with his pipe.

In front of him, between beds of button chrysanthemums turning brown, the young girl herself played ball with a Gordon setter. She had put on a scarlet wool sweater and with her swift flashing movements reminded Edgar of a tanager.

She would throw the ball and the silky little dog would retrieve it, fawning before her, tantalizing her, dropping it, barking wildly, curving deliciously at her approach. It was a pretty game, all curves and grace, and Edgar felt he could watch it forever. She did not seem to notice him, yet he was sure that she counted on his observation.

It had been so through supper. After the first few words, a sudden constraint had fallen on her.

When he glanced her way, her lashes swept her cheeks and a bright color bloomed in her face. Yet she in turn had stared at him.

When he spoke some half-audible word of thanks, or moved ever so slightly, he could feel the steadfast glance of her blue eyes on him. And at these times, his throat would tighten and a queer heat stream over his face.

He had been keenly aware of her all the time. Now more than ever—her grace, her sweet lithe-ness. A strange content had come upon Edgar, covered him with a sense of well-being.

"It's good to rest," he thought; "I was dog-tired."

Good to rest, and to have washed clean and supped, and to wait now the promise of a soft, clean bed. There was no devil in him at all.

Once the ball, escaping Ruth's hand, struck his shoulder. The setter was on him in a silky tangle and Edgar fought a sudden boyish longing to join their game.

Still, it was not quite etiquette.

But a little later in the growing dark, she lost the ball. It had landed in a gnarled old apple-tree overhead. It was so dark the red sweater glowed faintly like a dying coal. Edgar got up at the girl's cry.

"I'll get it," he offered.

He shinned up the tree and brought it down. His fingers touched against hers as she took it.

"It's too dark now," she said.

But Edgar did not speak at all. He was concerned with a curious phenomenon—the strange current of emotion that swept over him on touching her fingers.

"Gee!" he said softly, and stood staring up at the house, where a lamp now sent out a rosy light.

He pondered his emotion on waking early in the morning. And when he came down to breakfast and the girl had not yet risen, he understood it.

He was in love! A boy's love. Calf-love, puppy-love, what you will—but a strange exaltation of soul that held a certain flaming beauty.

HIS disappointment was sharp at not seeing her. He went into the wood-yard with a reversion to his old feelings, to disbelief in himself. Without her to hearten him he could not believe he was like any other boy.

He kept the thought of her doggedly before him, while he worked his saw. He was unused to manual work. His hands blistered under the friction, his back ached, but he stuck to it.

He came in at noon, tired and warm, his clothes, his hair perfumed by the pungent aroma of wood-sap. Ruth was there, helping her mother.

But though he wanted to speak to her, he said nothing. Only sat casting shy half-glances at her, coloring when she spoke to him.

But in the evening he found her with her dog again, and sat down on the porch near her.

"Do you like it here, Edgar?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, "yes—I like it very much! But I've made up my mind what to do. Just what you said. About my going back home, and—and showing people.

"It's just as you said: A fellow must fight a thing like that."

"Why, that's right. Of course."

"So I'm going. Day after to-morrow, I guess; when this lot of wood's finished."

"Well, that'll be nice for your people, Edgar. They'll be glad to see you. Mother says you *ought* to go—soon. And I'm glad you will go, Edgar—I'm glad—" She stopped, then said in a little choked voice, "No, I'm not glad at all," and ran off down the garden.

He got up, urged by an unaccountable impulse, and ran after her.

"Where are you?" he called. "Where are you, Ruth?"

He was not sure what he would do if he found her, but when he came upon her, half concealed in a clump of currant-bushes, she was laughing.

"Let's play tag—you can't catch me——"

He fled after her deliciously, across the dim garden.

He played games with her all evening. And on the next evening and on the next.

And during the day he worked faithfully at the wood—he and Abner Stiles, the regular hired man. And late on the fourth day he went away.

He came in to his supper and found the very air heavy with the prescience of his leaving. He was plied with inordinate cake and pie. There was even a little package of sandwiches for the train journey from Hastings.

"You must let us hear from you some time, Edgar. We'll want to know how it goes with you," the kind-faced mother said. There had been no persuasion, no urgings earlier. She had received his story simply and considerately, yet he felt deeply that there was a strong undercurrent of approval in her voice now. Her kindness touched him profoundly.

Now, all in a minute, he had received the pay he earned—taking it into calloused hands, eloquent of recent toil, new discipline. Then in a little while he was facing the young girl.

THERE were a thousand things he wanted to say—to hear her utter; but he only said, extending his hand:

"Well—good-by."

"Oh—good-by, Edgar."

Their fingers touched stiffly and all at once he was out-of-doors crossing the little porch, the little path between the chrysanthemums. An unutterable sadness filled him—a great lump rose in his throat——

He was almost at the lane's end when he heard them coming—the quick panting of the dog, the light sound of her flying feet.

She came up to him, flushed and breathless, holding something in her hand.

"Edgar—I—didn't want you to go without—something. I brought you this—to remember—me—by."

"This" was a tiny heart of faceted crimson.

"It *looks* like a garnet—but it's only a piece of—rock-crystal. Edgar—I want you to keep it—for me. And I wanted—to say good-by myself, and—good luck."

Her round little chin quivered suddenly, her soft eyes filled.

"Edgar—I *hate* to say good-by to you."

"But I'm coming back. Some time—soon. I'm coming—back," he said thickly.

And suddenly he kissed her. He caught her rudely, possessively, by both hands, and drawing her close, gave her a boy's brushing, roughly tender kiss on her cheek.

"I love you, Ruth," he whispered.

He dared not look back. Not for a long time. Only when the road curved quite away, he turned.

Then he saw her standing there, remote, still brightly visible in her gay sweater. She waved her hand to him.

IV

THE train from Hastings was late and darkness had fallen when Edgar stepped off at his home station.

As he came, up through the village, he saw on either side the cheerful glowing lights of homes illumined for the evening. Under the elms, the quiet street lay peaceful and still.

It seemed incredible that less than a week ago he had shaken this dust from his feet—had gone away, never to return. It was equally incredible that he should return; that that older self of his should have been burned away in the fire of experience, leaving this tender, new-born self of his.

Incredible that he should fight against ancient prejudice. But all of this he meant to do, moved by forces he could not comprehend, by a new-found faith in himself that should warm and comfort him.

"I can show 'em," he thought; "I've got to

It would be hard—unutterably. Suddenly he saw his own home standing at the end of the street. He wet his lips and nerved himself doggedly. There would be a score to pay—and he must take it manfully, patiently——

As he came nearer he could see the light in the dining-room. The curtain was not drawn and he could clearly see the table with the supper on it.

A man and woman sat before it, yet there was that in their attitude that spoke of utter indifference to food. They were not eating, but sitting in silent abstraction.

He came so lightly he thought he was not heard, but there was a sudden confusion as he reached the hall. And from the front door he saw the old aunt start upward.

"It's *Edgar*. O God, I *thank* Thee—" She put out faltering hands.

Behind her he could see his father rising more slowly, his hand resting on his chair.

He could not see his father's face. There was a mist before his eyes.

He could not know, standing in the darkened hall, frightened, appalled not by his own act and its consequences, that that face so like his own was worn and weary with recent suffering, that an age-old cry had been uttered over and over in his father's anguished heart these last days:

"*Absalom, O my son, would God I had died for thee!*"

He only knew that his courage suddenly failed—an utter panic swept him.

Then his cold fingers resting in his pocket touched against something and a sudden wave of electric energy and resolve flowed through him. Holding the little red glass heart tightly in his hand, Edgar stepped into the light.



Wouldn't you like to have ten minutes alone with this particular peach pudding? Halves of perfect peaches, holding sparkling currant jelly and reposing restfully on a most delightful pudding made by boiling together the juice from one container of Libby's Peaches, one cupful of milk and three level tablespoonfuls of cornstarch mixed with one-third cupful sugar and a bit of grated orange peel. When thickened, fold in the beaten whites of two eggs. Pour into serving bowl while still warm and arrange peaches on top, filling the hollow of each peach with currant jelly. Try it

Like a breath of Spring to your winter appetite

It's a bit weary of heavy foods—no doubt—that winter appetite of yours. It needs stimulating, cheering, freshening! And that's just what these delightful Libby's fruits will do—and solidly satisfy you at the same time.

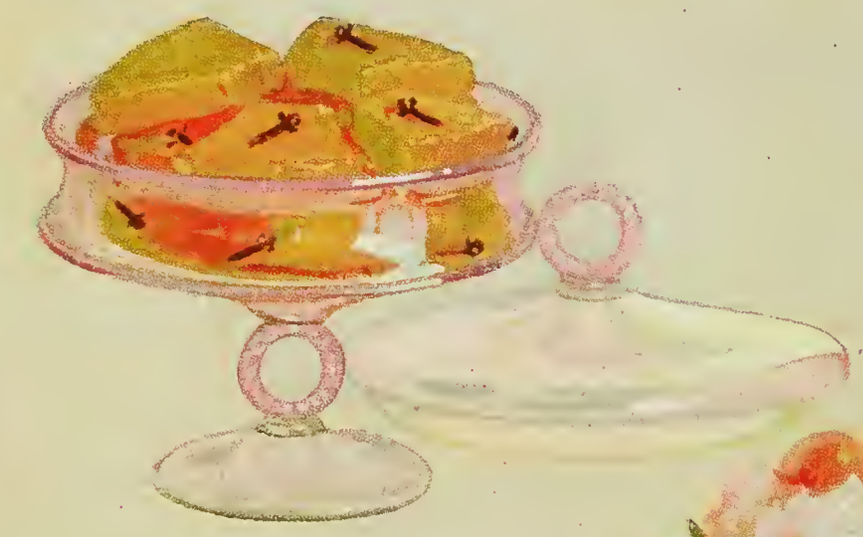
Libby's Peaches, for example—big and plump and juicy—ripened to perfect flavor in the golden sunshine of the West and packaged while the bloom is on them! Apricots, pineapples, cherries, asparagus—each comes to you with its full native flavor sealed in—a wonderfully *fresh* flavor you will notice at once.

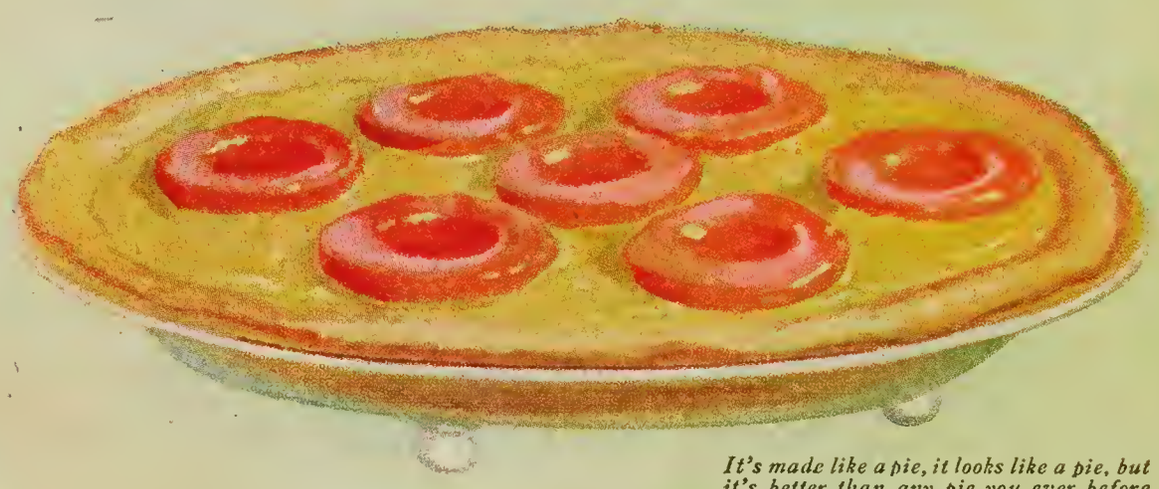
Bring Springtime to your family today—the simple dishes shown here are as easy to make as they are easy to eat. Your grocer has Libby's fruits or can get them for you.

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Like painting the lily—to add flavor to Libby's Pineapple, but just see how wonderfully well spices agree with it! To the juice from one container of Libby's Pineapple add one cupful cider vinegar, one cupful sugar, two sticks of cinnamon, and twenty whole cloves. Boil ten minutes, then add pineapple and let simmer ten minutes longer. Delightful with all meats



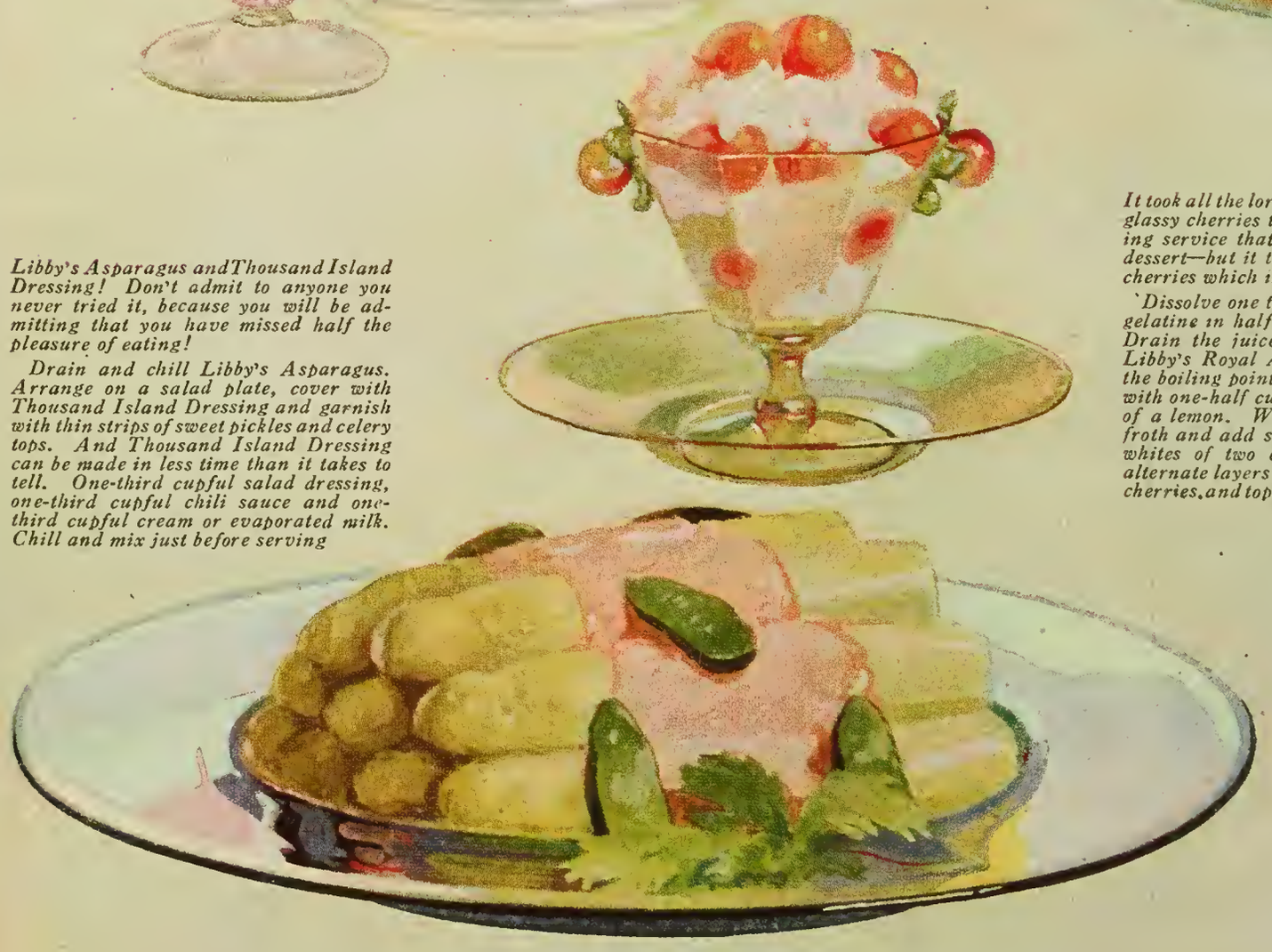


It's made like a pie, it looks like a pie, but it's better than any pie you ever before tasted—see if it doesn't "eat easy"!

To the juice from one container of Libby's Apricots add one cupful of water, three level tablespoonfuls cornstarch and one-third cupful sugar. Cook in double boiler until thickened, then add yolks of two eggs beaten light with one tablespoonful water. Cook five minutes longer, then add the juice of half a lemon and the beaten whites of two eggs. Pour into baked pastry shell and top with halves of Libby's Apricots

Libby's Asparagus and Thousand Island Dressing! Don't admit to anyone you never tried it, because you will be admitting that you have missed half the pleasure of eating!

Drain and chill Libby's Asparagus. Arrange on a salad plate, cover with Thousand Island Dressing and garnish with thin strips of sweet pickles and celery tops. And Thousand Island Dressing can be made in less time than it takes to tell. One-third cupful salad dressing, one-third cupful chili sauce and one-third cupful cream or evaporated milk. Chill and mix just before serving



It took all the lore of Venice to fashion the glassy cherries that decorate the charming service that holds this fluffy cherry dessert—but it took Libby to perfect the cherries which it holds!

Dissolve one tablespoonful granulated gelatine in half a cupful of cold water. Drain the juice from one container of Libby's Royal Anne Cherries, bring to the boiling point and add to the gelatine with one-half cupful sugar and the juice of a lemon. When nearly set beat to a froth and add slowly to the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Fill glasses with alternate layers of gelatine and halves of cherries, and top with three whole cherries



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Philadelphia, Pa



We also make Baker's Dry-Shred Coconut in the old-fashioned sugar-cured way. In paper cartons.

Continued from page 10

THE PORTYGEE

And so on for two more pages. The color had returned to Albert's cheeks long before he finished reading, and then died away again. When he had finished, he rose to his feet and, throwing the letter upon his grandfather's desk, turned away.

"Well, Al?" queried Captain Zelotes.

ALBERT'S face, when he turned back to answer, was whiter than ever, but his eyes flashed fire.

"Do you believe that?" he demanded.

"What?"

"That—that stuff about my being a—sneak and—and ensnaring her—and all the rest? Do you?"

The captain took his pipe from his mouth.

"Steady, son, steady," he said. "Didn't I tell you before you began to read all that I didn't necessarily believe it because that woman wrote it?"

"You—you or no one else had better believe it. It's a lie."

"All right; I'm glad to hear you say so. But there's a little mite of truth here and there among the lies, I presume likely. For instance, you and this Fosdick girl have been—er—keepin' company?"

"Her name is Madeline—and we are engaged to be married."

"Oh! Hum—I see—I see. And, bein' as the old lady—her mother, Mrs. Fosdick, I mean—hasn't suspected anything, or, at any rate, hasn't found out anything until now, yesterday, or whenever 'twas, I judge you have been meetin'—er—Madeline at places where there wasn't—well, too large a crowd; eh?"

Albert hesitated and was, momentarily, a trifle embarrassed. But he recovered at once.

"I met her first at the drug-store last Summer," he said defiantly. "Then I met her after that at the post-office and at the hotel dance last Fall and so on.

"This year I met her—well, I met her first down by the beach, where I went to write. She liked poetry and—and she helped me with mine. After that she came—well, she came to help me again. And after that—after that——"

"After that it just moved along kind of natural, eh? Um-h'm. I see."

"Look here, grandfather, I want you to understand that she is—is—by George, she is the cleanest, finest, best girl in the world. Don't you get the idea that—that she isn't.

"She came to meet me just because she was interested in my verse and wanted to help. It wasn't until the very last that we—that we found out we cared for each other."

"All right, boy; all right. Go on; tell me the whole yarn, if you feel like it. I don't want to pry too much into your affairs, but, after all, I *am* interested in those affairs, Al. Tell me as much as you can."

"I'll tell you the whole. There's nothing I can't tell, nothing I'm not proud to tell.

"By George, I ought to be proud. Why, grandfather, she's wonderful!"

"Sartin, son; sartin. They always are. I mean she is, of course. Heave ahead."

SO ALBERT told his love-story. When he had finished, Captain Zelotes's pipe was empty and he put it down.

"Albert," he said slowly, "I judge you mean this thing seriously. You mean to marry her some day."

"Yes, indeed I do. And I won't give her up, either. Her mother—why, what right has her mother got to say—to treat her in this way? Or to call me what she calls me in that letter? Why, by George——"

"Easy, son. As I understand it, this Madeline of yours is the only child the Fosdicks have got, and when our only child is in danger of bein' carried off by somebody else—why—well, their mothers and fathers are liable to be just a little upset, especially if it comes on 'em sudden. Nobody knows that better than I do," he added slowly.

Albert recognized the allusion, but he was not in the mood to be affected by it. He was not, just then, ready to make allowances for any one, particularly the parental Fosdicks.

"They have no business to be upset—not like that, anyhow," he declared. "What does that woman know about me? What right has she to say that I ensnared Madeline's affections and all that rot? Madeline and I fell in love with each other, just as other people have, I suppose."

"You suppose right," observed Captain Zelotes dryly. "Other people have—a good many of 'em since Adam's time."

"WELL then! And what right has she to give orders that I stop writing or seeing Madeline—all that idiotic stuff about ceasing and terminating at once? She—she—" his agitation was making him incoherent—"she talks like Lord Somebody-or-Other in an old-fashioned novel or play or something.

"Those old fools were always rejecting undesirable suitors and ordering their daughters to do this and that, breaking their hearts and so on. But that sort of thing doesn't go nowadays. Young people have their own ideas."

"Um-h'm, Al; so I've noticed."

"Yes, indeed they have. Now if Madeline wants to marry me and I want to marry her who is going to stop us?"

The captain pulled at his beard.

"Why nobody, Al, as I know of," he said, "provided you both keep on wantin' to marry each other long enough."

"Keep on wanting long enough? What do you mean by that?"

"Why, nothin' much, perhaps, only gettin' married isn't all just goin' to the parson. After the ceremony the rent begins and the grocer's bills and the butcher's and the baker's and a thousand or so more. Somebody's got to pay 'em and the money's got to come from somewhere.

"Your wages here, Al, poetry counted in, ain't so very big yet. Better wait a spell before you settle down to married life, hadn't you?"

"Well—well, I—I didn't say we were to be married right away, grandfather. She and I aren't unreasonable.

"I'm doing better and better with my writing. Some day I'll make enough, and more. Why not?"

There was enough of the Speranza egotism in this confident assurance to bring the twinkle to the captain's eye. He twisted his beard between his finger and thumb and regarded his grandson mildly.

"Have you any idea how much 'enough' is liable to be, Al?" he inquired. "I don't know the facts about 'em, of course, but from what I have heard I judge the Fosdicks have got plenty of cash. I've heard it estimated around town from one million to fifty millions.

"Allowin' it's only one it seems likely that your—er—What's-Her-Name—Madeline has been used to havin' as much as fifty cents to spend whenever she wanted it. Do you cal'late to be able to earn enough makin' up poetry to keep her the way her folks have been doin'?"

"No, of course not—not at first."

"Oh, but later on—when the market price of poetry has gone up—you can, eh?"

"Look here, grandfather, if you're making fun of me I tell you I won't stand it. This is serious. I mean it. Madeline and I are going to be married some time and no one can stop us."

"All right, son; all right. But it did seem to me that in the light of this letter from—er—your mother-in-law that's goin' to be, we ought to face the situation square, anyhow. First comes marriage. Well, that's easy; any fool can get married; lots of 'em do.

"BUT then, as I said, comes supportin' yourself and wife—bills, bills and more bills. You'll say that you and she will economize and fight it out together. Fine; first-rate; but later on there may be more of you—a child, children perhaps——"

"Grandfather!"

"It's possible, son. Such things do happen, and they cost money. More mouths to feed. Now I take it for granted that you aren't marrying the Fosdick girl for her money——"

The interruption was prompt and made with fiery indignation.

"I never thought of her money," declared Albert. "I don't even know that she has any. If she has I don't want it. I wouldn't take it. She is all I want."

"Judgin' from the tone of her ma's letter to me," he observed, "she is all you would be liable to get. It don't read as if money—or—weddin'-presents from the bride's folks would come along with her.

"But, there, there, Al! Don't get mad. I know this is a long ways from bein' a joke to you and, in a way, it's no joke for me. 'Course I had realized that some day you'd be figgerin', maybe, on gettin' married, but I did hope the figgerin' wouldn't begin for some years yet. And when you did, I rather hoped—well, I—I hoped.

"However, we won't stop to bother with that now. Let's stick to this letter of Mrs. Fosdick's here. I must answer that, I suppose, whether I want to or not, to-day. Well, Al, you tell me—I understand—that there has been nothin' underhand in your acquaintance with her daughter. Other than keepin' the engagement a secret, that is?"

"Yes, I do."

"And you mean to stick by your guns and—Well, what is it? Come in."

There had been a knock upon the office door. In answer to his employer's summons Mr. Keeler appeared. He held a card in his hand.

"Sorry to disturb you, Cap'n 'Lote," he said. "Yes, I be; yes, sir. But I judged maybe 'twas somethin' important about the lumber for his house and he seemed anxious to see you, so I took the risk and knocked. Um-h'm—yes, yes, yes."

CAPTAIN ZELOTES looked at the card. Then he adjusted his spectacles and looked again.

"Humph!" he grunted. "Humph! We-ell, Labe, I guess likely you might show him in here. Wait just a minute before you do it, though. I'll open the door when I want him to come."

"All right, Cap'n 'Lote. Yes, yes," observed Mr. Keeler and departed. The captain looked thoughtfully at the card.

"Al," he said, after a moment's reflection, "we'll have to cut this talk of ours short for a little spell. You go back to your desk and wait there until I call you.

"Hold on," as his grandson moved toward the door of the outer office. "Don't go that way. Go out through the side door into the yard and come in the front way. There's—er—there's a man waitin' to see me and—er—perhaps he'd better not see you first."

Albert stared at him uncomprehendingly.

"Rather not see *me?*" he repeated. "Why shouldn't he see me?"

Captain Zelotes handed the card to Albert.

"Better let me talk with him first, Al," he said. "You can have your chance later on."

The card bore the name of Mr. Fletcher Fosdick.

ALBERT read the name on the card. He was too astonished to speak. Her father! He was here! He——

His grandfather spoke again, and his tone was brisk and bussinesslike.

"Go on, Al," he ordered. "Out through this side door and around to the front. Lively, son; lively!"

But the young man's wits were returning. He scowled at the card.

"No," he said stoutly; "I'm not going to run away. I'm not afraid of him. I haven't done anything to be ashamed of."

The captain nodded. "If you had, I should *ask* you to run away," he said. "As it is, I just ask you to step out and wait a little while, that's all."

"But, grandfather, I *want* to see him."

Continued on page 86



When Her Motor Waits

OFF to the theatre. But first—a touch, the puff, that last hurried glance into her *silver* mirror. Dressing table treasures of *silver*—powder box, brush and comb, perfume bottle, candle sticks, and mother's picture in its silver frame. To-morrow, in the morning coziness of her chamber, she will whisper to them the whimsical, feminine secrets of the night before. For aren't they the silent confidants of her most private hours—these dressing table treasures of *silver?*

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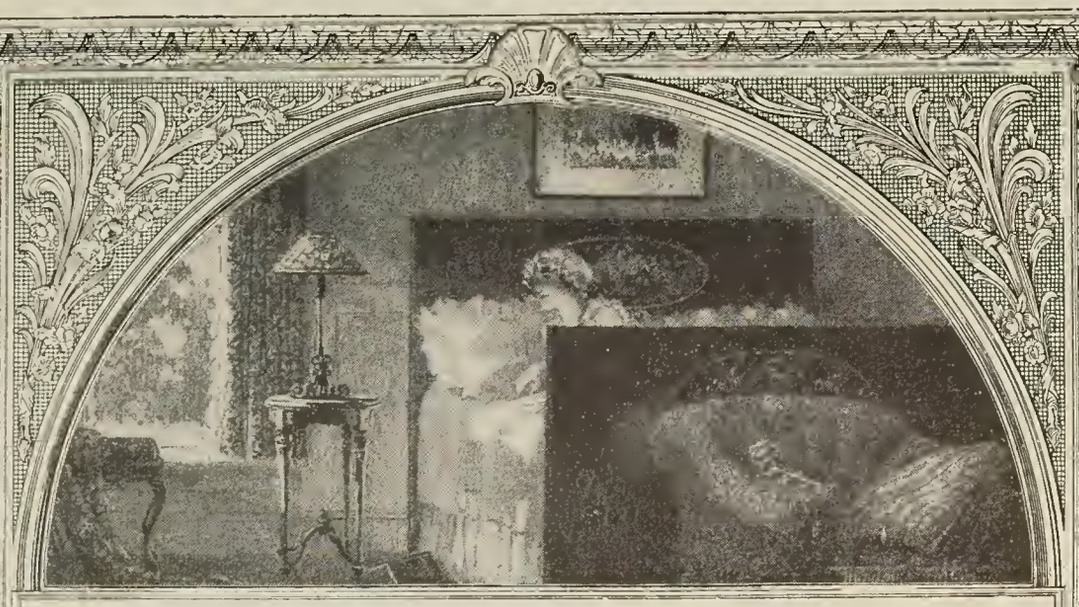
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Continued from page 85

THE PORTYGEE

"All right, I want you to—but not until he and I have talked first. Come, boy, come! I've lived a little longer than you have and maybe I know about half as much about some things. This is one of 'em. You clear out and stand by. I'll call you when I want you."

Albert went, but reluctantly. After he had gone his grandfather walked to the door of the outer office and opened it.

"Step aboard, Mr. Fosdiek," he said "Come in, sir."

Mr. Fletcher Fosdiek was a large man, portly, and with a head which was rapidly losing its thatch. His smooth-shaven face was ruddy and his blue eye mild.

"How do you do, Captain Snow?" he asked pleasantly. "You and I have had some business dealings, but we have never me before, I believe."

The captain waved toward a chair. "That's a fact, Mr. Fosdick," he said. "I don't believe we ever have, but it's better late than by-and-by, as the feller said. Sit down, sit down, Mr. Fosdick.

"Throw off your coat, won't you? It's sort of warm in here compared to outdoors."

The visitor admitted the difference in temperature between the interior and exterior of the building and removed his overcoat. Also he sat down. Captain Zelotes opened a drawer of his desk and produced a box of cigars.

"Have a smoke, won't you?" he inquired.

Mr. Fosdiek glanced at the label on the box.

"Why—why, I was rather hoping you would smoke one of mine," he said. "I have a pocketful."

"When I come callin' on you at your place in New York I will smoke yours. Now it kind of looks to me as if you'd ought to smoke mine. Seems reasonable when you think it over, don't it?"

FOSDICK smiled. "Perhaps you're right," he said.

He took one of the gaudily banded perfectos from his host's box and accepted a light from the match the captain held. Both men blew a cloud of smoke and through those clouds each looked at the other.

The preliminaries were over, but neither seemed particularly anxious to begin the real conversation. It was the visitor who did, at last, begin it.

"Captain Snow," he said, "I presume your clerk told you I wished to see you on a matter of business."

"Who? Oh, Labe, you mean? Yes, he told me."

"I told him to tell you that. It may surprise you, however, to learn that the business I wished to see you about—that I came on from New York to see you about—has nothing whatever to do with the house I'm building down here."

Captain Zelotes removed his cigar from his lips and looked meditatively at its burning end.

"No-o," he said slowly, "that don't surprise me very much. I cal'lated 'twasn't about the house you wished to see me."

"Oh, I see! Humph!"

The Fosdiek mild blue eye lost, for the moment, just a trifle of its mildness and became almost keen, as its owner flashed a glance at the big figure seated at the desk.

"I see," said Mr. Fosdiek. "And have you—er—guessed what I did come to see you about?"

"No-o. I wouldn't call it guessin', exactly."

"Wouldn't you? What would you call it?"

"We-ll, I don't know but I'd risk callin' it knowin'. Yes, I think likely I would."

"Oh, I see. Humph! Have you had a letter—on the subject?"

"Ye-es."

"I see. From Mrs. Fosdiek, of course. She said she was going to write—I'm not sure she didn't say she had written; but I had the impression it was to—well, to another member of your family, Captain Snow."

"No, 'twas to me. Come this mornin's mail."

"I SEE. My mistake. Well, I'm obliged to her in a way. If the news has been broken to you, I shan't have to break it and we can get down to brass tacks just so much sooner.

"The surprise being over— I take it it *was* a surprise, captain?"

"You take it right. Just as much of a surprise to me as you."

"Of course. Well, the surprise being over for both of us, we can talk of the affair—calmly and coolly. What do you think about it, captain?"

"Oh, I don't know as I know exactly what to think. What do *you* think about it, Mr. Fosdick?"

"I think—I imagine I think very much as you do."

"I shouldn't be surprised. And—er—what's your notion of what I think?"

Captain Zelotes's gray eye twinkled as he asked the question and the Fosdiek blue eye twinkled in return. Both men laughed.

"We aren't getting very far this way, captain," observed the visitor. "There's no use dodging. I suppose.

"I, for one, am not very much pleased. Mrs. Fosdick, for another, isn't pleased at all; she is absolutely and entirely opposed to the whole affair. She won't hear of it. that's all, and she said so much that I thought perhaps I had better come down here at once, see you and—and the young fellow with the queer name——"

"My grandson."

"Why, yes. He is your grandson, isn't he? I beg your pardon."

"That's all right. I shan't fight with you because you don't like his name. Go ahead. You decided to come and see him—and me?"

"Yes, I did. I decided to come because it has been my experience that a frank, straight talk is better, in cases like this, than a hundred letters. And that the time to talk was now, before matters between the young foo—the young people went any further. Don't you agree with me?"

Captain Zelotes nodded.

"That now is a good time to talk? Yes, I do," he said.

"Good! Then suppose we talk."

"All right."

There was another interval of silence. Then Fosdiek broke it with a chuckle. "And I'm the one to do the talking, eh?" he said.

CAPTAIN 'Lote's eye twinkled. "We-ll, you came all the way from New York on purpose, you know," he observed. Then he added:

"But there, Mr. Fosdiek, I don't want you to think I ain't polite or won't talk myself. I'll do my share when the time comes. But it does seem to me that you ought to do yours first as it's your family so far that's done the objectin'.

"Your cigar's gone out. Have another light, won't you?"

The visitor shook his head.

"No, thank you. Not now," he said hastily, placing the defunct cigar carefully on the captain's desk. "I won't smoke for the minute.

"So you want me to begin the talking, do you? It seems to me I have begun it. I told you that I do not like the idea of my daughter's being engaged to—to say nothing of marrying—your grandson. My wife likes it even less than I do. That is enough of a statement to begin with, isn't it?"

"Why no, not exactly, if you'll excuse my sayin' so. Your daughter herself—how does she feel about it?"

"Oh, she is enthusiastic, naturally. She appears to be suffering from temporary insanity on the subject."

"She don't seem to think it's quite as—er—preposterous, and ridiculous and outrageous—and Lord knows what all—as your wife does, eh?"

"No. I say, Snow, I hope you're not too deeply offended by what my wife wrote you.

"I judge you are quoting from her letter and apparently she piled it on red-hot. You'll have to excuse her; she was about wild all day yesterday. I'll ask your pardon on her behalf."

"Sho, sho! No need, Mr. Fosdiek, no need at all. I know what women are, even the easy-goin' kind, when they've got steam up. I've got a wife—and I had a daughter.

"But, gettin' back on the course again, you think your daughter's crazy because she wants to marry my grandson. Is that it?"

"Why, no, I wouldn't say that, exactly. Of course I wouldn't say that."

"But, you see, you did say it. However, we'll leave that to one side for a spell.

"What objection—what real objection—is there to those two marryin'—my grandson and your daughter—provided that they care for each other as they'd ought to?"

MR. FOSDICK'S expression changed slightly. His tone, as he replied to the question, was colder and his manner less cordial.

"I don't know that it is worth while answering that in detail," he said, after an instant's pause. "Frankly, Captain Snow, I had rather hoped you would see, for yourself, the reasons why such a marriage wouldn't be desirable.

"If you don't see them, if you are backing up your grandson in this business, why—well, there is no use in our discussing the matter any further, is there? We should only lose our tempers and not gain much. So we had better end it now, I think."

He rose to his feet. Captain Zelotes, leaning forward, held up a protesting hand.

"Now—now, Mr. Fosdick," he said earnestly, "I don't want you to misunderstand me. And I'm sorry if what I said has made you mad."

Fosdiek smiled.

"Oh, I'm not mad," he answered cheerfully. "I make it a rule in all my business dealings not to get mad or, more especially, not to let the other fellow know that I'm getting that way.

"My temper hasn't a ruffle in it just now and I am leaving merely because I want it to remain smooth. I judge that you and I aren't going to agree.

"All right, then we'll differ, but we'll differ without a fight, that's all. Good afternoon, captain."

But Captain 'Lote's hand still remained uplifted.

"Mr. Fosdiek," he said, "just a minute now—just a minute. You never have met Albert, my grandson, have you? Never even seen him, maybe?"

"NO, BUT I intend to meet him and talk with him before I leave South Harniss. He was one of the two people I came here to meet."

"And I was the other, eh? Um-h'm. I see. You think you've found out where I stand and now you'll size him up. Honest, Mr. Fosdick, I——

"Humph! Mind if I tell you a little story? 'Twon't take long.

"When I was a little shaver me and my granddad, the first Cap'n 'Lote Snow—there's been two since—were great chums. When he was home from sea he and I stuck together like hot pitch and oakum.

"One day we were sittin' out in the front yard of his house—it's mine, now—watchin' a hoptoad catch flies. You've seen a toad catch flies, haven't you, Mr. Fosdiek? Mr. Toad sits there, lookin' half-asleep and as pious and demure as a pickpocket at camp-meetin', until a fly comes along and gets too near. Then, *zip!* out shoots about six inches of toad-tongue and that fly's been asked in to dinner.

"Well, granddad and I sat lookin' at our particular toad when along came a bumblebee and lighted on a honeysuckle-blossom right in front of the critter. The toad didn't take time to think it over; all he saw was a square meal, and his tongue flashed out and nailed

Continued on page 87

Continued from page 86

THE PORTYGEE

that bumblebee and snapped it into the pantry.

"In about a half second, though, there was change. The pantry had been emptied, the bumblebee was on his way again, and Mr. Toad was on his, hoppin' lively and huntin' for—well, for ice-water or somethin' coolin', I guess likely. Granddad tapped me on the shoulder.

" 'Sonny,' says he, 'there's a lesson for you. That hoptoad didn't wait to make sure that bumblebee was good to eat; he took it for granted and was sorry afterward.

" 'It don't pay to jump at conclusions, son,' he says. 'Some conclusions are like that bumblebee's; they have stings in 'em.' "

Captain 'Lote, having finished his story, felt in his pocket for a match. Fosdick, for an instant, appeared puzzled. Then he laughed.

"I SEE," he said. "You think I made too quick a jump when I concluded you were backing your grandson in this affair. All right, I'm glad to hear it. What do you want me to do; sit down again and listen?"

He resumed his seat as he asked the question. Captain Zelotes nodded.

"If you don't mind," he answered. "You see, you misunderstood me, Mr. Fosdick. I didn't mean any more than what I said when I asked you what real objection there was, in your opinion, in Albert's marryin' your—er—Madeline; that's her name, I believe.

"Seems to me the way for us to get to an understandin'—you and I—is to find out just how the situation looks to each of us. When we've found out that, we'll know how nigh we come to agreein' or disagrcein' and can act accordin'. Sounds reasonable, don't it?"

Fosdick nodded in his turn.

"Perfectly," he admitted. "Well, ask your questions, and I'll answer them. After that perhaps I'll ask some myself. Go ahead."

"I have gone ahead. I've asked one already."

"Yes, but it is such a general question. There may be so many objections."

"I see. All right, then I'll ask some. What do the lawyers call 'em—Atlantic? Pacific? I've got it—I'll ask some specific questions. Here's one.

"Do you object to Al personally? To his character?"

"Not at all. We know nothing about his character. Very likely he may be a young saint."

"Well, he ain't, so we'll let that slide. He's a good boy, though, so far as I've been able to find out.

"Is it his looks? You've never seen him, but your wife has. Don't she like his looks?"

"She hasn't mentioned his looks to me."

"Is it his money? He hasn't got any of his own."

"We-ell, of course that does count a little bit. Madeline is our only child and naturally we should prefer to have her pick out a husband with a dollar or so in reserve."

"Um-h'm. Al's twenty-one, Mr. Fosdick. When I was twenty-one I had some put by, but not much.

"I presume likely 'twas different with you, maybe. Probably you were pretty well fixed."

Fosdick laughed aloud.

"YOU make a good cross-examiner, Snow," he observed. "As a matter of fact, when I was twenty-one I was assistant bookkeeper in a New Haven broker's office. I didn't have a cent except my salary and I had that only for the first five days in the week."

"However, you got married?"

"Yes, I did. More fool I! If I had known anything, I should have waited five years at least.

"I didn't have any one to tell me so. My father and mother were both dead."

"Think you'd have listened to 'em if they had been alive and had told you? However, however, that's all to one side.

"Well, Albert's havin' no money to speak of is an objection—and a good honest one from your point of view. His prospects here in this business of mine are fair and he is doin' better at it than he was, so he may make a comf'table South Harniss livin'; that is, by and by."

"Oh, he is with you, then? Oh, yes, I remember my wife said he worked in your office. But she said more about his being some sort of a—a poet, wasn't it?"

For the first time since the interview began the captain looked ill at ease and embarrassed.

"Thunderation!" he exclaimed testily. "You mustn't pay attention to that. He does make up poetry pieces—er—on the side, as you might say, but I keep hopin' all the time he'll grow out of it, give him time. It ain't his regular job; you mustn't think 'tis."

The visitor laughed again.

"I'm glad of that," he said, "both for your sake and mine. I judge that you and I, Snow, are in complete agreement as far as our opinion of poetry and that sort of stuff is concerned.

"OF COURSE I'm not condemning all poetry, you understand. Longfellow and Tennyson and the regular poets are all right. You understand what I'm getting at?"

"Sartin. I used to know 'Down Went the *R'yal George* with All Her Crew Complete,' and a lot more. Used to say 'em over to myself when I first went to sea and stood watch alone nights. But they were different, you know; they—they——"

"Sure! My wife—why, I give you my word that my own wife and her set go perfectly daffy over chaps who write stuff that rimes and that the papers are printing columns about.

"Snow, if this grandson of yours was a genuine, press-touted, women's-club poet instead of a would-be—well, I don't know what might happen. In that case she might be as strong *for* this engagement as she is now against it."

He paused, seeming a bit ashamed of his own heat. Captain Zelotes, however, regarded him with more approval than he had yet shown.

"It's been my observation that women are likely to get off the course chasin' false signals like that," he observed. "When a man begins lettin' his hair and his mouth run wild together seems as if the combination had an attraction for a good many womenfolks.

"Al keeps his hair cut, though, I'll say that for him," he added. "It curls some, but it ain't long. I wouldn't have him in the office if 'twas.

"Well, Mr. Fosdick," he continued, "what other objections are there? Manners? Family and relations? Education? Any objections along that line?"

"No-o, no, I— Well, I don't know; you see, I don't know much about the young fellow."

"Perhaps I can help you out. As to manners—well, you can judge them for yourself when you see him. He seems to be in about every kind of social doin's there is down here, and he's as much or more popular with the Summer folks than with the year-rounders.

"Education? Well, that's fair to middlin', as I see it. He spent nine or ten years in a mighty expensive boardin'-school up in New York State."

"Did he? What school?"

The captain gave the name of the school. Fosdick looked surprised.

"Humph! That *is* a good school," he said.

"Is it? Depends on what you call good, I cal'late. Al learned a good deal of this and that, a little bit of foreign language, some that they call dead and some that ought to be dead and buried—'cordin' to my notion.

"When he came to me he couldn't add up a column of ten figgers without makin' a mistake and as for business—well, what he knew about business was about equal to what Noah knew about a gas-engine."

He paused to chuckle and Fosdick chuckled with him.

"AS TO family," went on Captain 'Lote, "he's a Snow on his mother's side and there's been seven generations of Snows in this part of the Cape since the first one landed here. So far as I know they've all managed to keep out of jail, which may have been more good luck than deservin' in some cases."

"His father?" queried Fosdick.

The captain's heavy brows drew together.

"His father was a Portygee—or Spaniard, I believe is right—and he was a play-actor, one of those—what do you call 'em?—opera-singers."

Fosdick seemed surprised and interested.

"Oh, indeed!" he exclaimed. "An opera singer? Why, he wasn't Speranza, the baritone, was he?"

"Maybe; I believe he was. He married my daughter and— Well, we won't talk about him, if you don't mind."

"But Speranza was a ——"

"*If* you don't mind, Mr. Fosdick."

Captain 'Lote lapsed into silence, drumming the desk with his big fingers. His visitor waited for a few moments. At length he said:

"Well, Captain Snow, I have answered your questions and you have answered mine. Do you think we are any nearer an agreement now?"

Captain Zelotes seemed to awake with a start.

"Eh?" he queried. "Agreement? Oh, I don't know. Did you find any—er—what you might call vital objections in the boy's record?"

"No-o. No, all that is all right. His family and his education and all the rest are good enough, I'm sure. But, nevertheless——"

"You still object to the young folks gettin' married."

"Yes, I do. Hang it all, Snow, this isn't a thing one can reason out, exactly.

"Madeline is our only child; she is our pet, our baby. Naturally her mother and I have planned for her, hoped for her, figured that some day, when we had to give her up, it would be to—to——"

"To somebody that wasn't Albert Speranza of South Harniss, Massachusetts. Eh?"

"YES. Not that your grandson isn't all right. I have no doubt he is a tip-top young fellow. But, you see——"

Captain 'Lote suddenly leaned forward.

" 'Course I see, Mr. Fosdick," he interrupted. " 'Course I see. You object, and the objection ain't a mite weaker on account of your not bein' able to say exactly what 'tis."

"That's the idea. Thank you, captain."

"You're welcome. I can understand. I know just how you feel, because I've been feelin' the same way myself."

"Oh, you have? Good! Then you can sympathize with Mrs. Fosdick and with me. You see—you understand why we had rather our daughter did not marry your grandson?"

"Sartin. You see, I've had just the same sort of general kind of objection to Al's marryin' your daughter."

Mr. Fletcher Fosdick leaned slowly backward in his chair. His appearance was suggestive of one who has received an unexpected thrust between the eyes.

"Oh, you have!" he said again, but not with the same expression.

"Um-h'm," said Captain Zelotes gravely, "I'm like you in one way; I've never met your Madeline any more than you have met Al. I've seen her once or twice, and she is real pretty and nice-lookin'. But I don't know her at all.

"Now, I don't doubt for a minute but that she's a real nice girl and it might fairly be that she'd make Al a good wife."

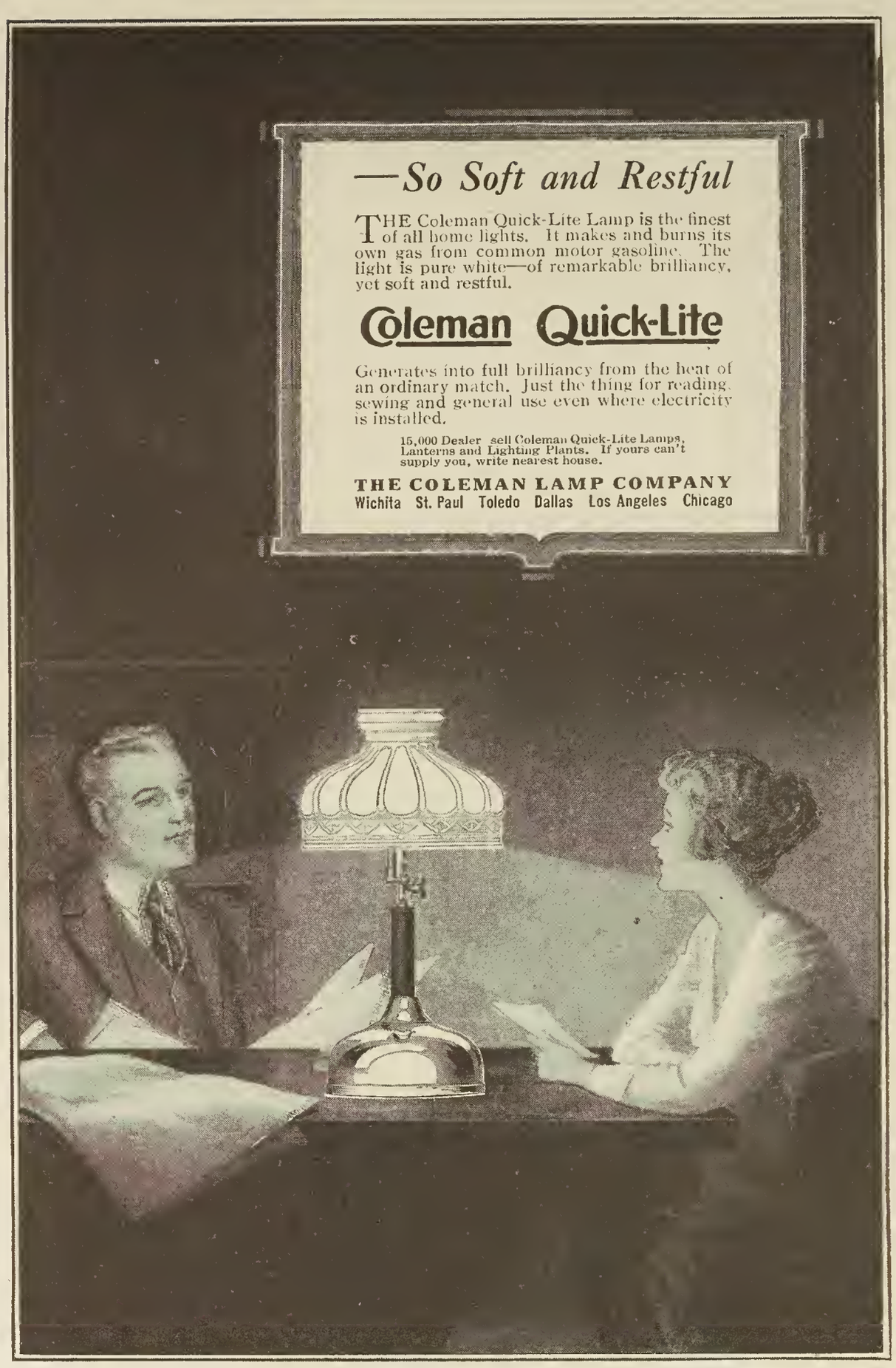
"Er—well—thanks."

"Oh, that's all right; I mean it. It might be she would. And I ain't got a thing against you or your folks."

"Humph—er—thanks again."

"That's all right; you don't need to thank me. But it's this way with me: I live in South Harniss all the year round. I want to

Continued on page 88



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THE PORTYGEE

Continued from page 87

live here till I die, and—after I die——

"I'd like first-rate to have Al take up the Z. Snow & Co. business and the Snow house and land and keep them goin' till *he* dies. Mind, I ain't at all sure that he'll do it, or be capable of doin' it, but that's what I'd like.

"Now you're in New York most of the year, and so's your wife and daughter. New York is all right—I ain't sayin' a word against it—but New York and South Harniss are different."

The Fosdick lip twitched.

"Somewhat different," he admitted.

"Um-h'm. That sounds like a joke; I know, but I don't mean it so, not now. What I mean is that I know South Harniss and South Harniss folks.

"I don't know New York—not so very well, though I've been there plenty of times—and I don't know New York ways. But I do know South Harniss ways and they suit me.

"Would they suit your daughter—not just for Summer, but as a reg'lar thing right straight along year in and out? I doubt it, Mr. Fosdiek; I doubt it consid'able. 'Course I don't know your daughter——"

"I do—and I share your doubts."

"Um-h'm. But whether she liked it or not she'd have to come here if she married my grandson. Either that or he'd have to go to New York.

"And if he went to New York how would he earn his livin'? Get a new bookkeepin' job and start all over again; or live on poetry?"

Mr. Fosdick opened his mouth as if to speak, seemed to change his mind and closed it again without speaking. Captain Zelotes, looking keenly at him, seemed to guess his thought.

"Of course," he said deliberately, but with a firmness which permitted no misunderstanding of his meaning, "of course you mustn't get it into your head for one minute that the boy is figgerin' on your daughter's bein' a rich girl. He hasn't given that a thought. You take my word for that, Mr. Fosdick.

"HE DOESN'T know how much money she or you have got and he doesn't care. He doesn't care a continental darn."

His visitor smiled slightly.

"Nevertheless—" he began. The captain interrupted him.

"No, there ain't any nevertheless," he said. "Albert has been with me enough years now so that I know a little about him. And I know that all he wants is your daughter. As to how much she's worth in money or how they're goin' to live after he's got her—I know that he hasn't given it one thought. I don't imagine she has, either.

"For one reason," he added, with a smile, "he is too poor a business man to think of marriage as a business, bill-payin' contract, and for another—for another— Why, good Lord, Fosdick!" he exclaimed, leaning forward. "Don't you know what this thing means to those two young folks? It means just moonshine and mush and lookin' into each other's eyes, that's about all. *They* haven't thought any practical thoughts about it.

"Why, think what their ages are! Think of yourself at that age! Can't you remember? Humph! Well, I'm talkin' fifty revolutions to the second. I beg your pardon."

"That's all right, Snow. And I believe you have the situation sized up as it is. Still——"

"Excuse me, Mr. Fosdick, but don't you think it's about time you had a look at the boy himself? I'm goin' to ask him to come in here and meet you."

Fosdiek looked troubled.

"Think it is good policy?" he asked doubtfully. "I want to see him and speak with him, but I do hate a scene."

"There won't be any scene. You just meet him face to face and talk enough with him to get a little idea of what your first impression is. Don't contradict or commit yourself or anything. And I'll send him out at the end of two or three minutes."

WITHOUT waiting for a reply he rose, opened the door to the outer office and called, "Al, come in here." When Albert had obeyed the order, he closed the door behind him, and, turning to the gentleman in the visitor's chair, said:

"Mr. Fosdick, this is my grandson, Albert Speranza. Al, shake hands with Mr. Fosdick from New York."

While awaiting the summons to meet the father of his adored, Albert had been rehearsing and rerehearsing the speeches he intended making when that meeting took place. Sitting at his desk, pen in hand and pretending to be busy with the bookkeeping of Z. Snow & Company, he had seen only not the ruled page of the day-book, but the parental countenance of the Honorable Fletcher Fosdick.

And, to his mind's eye, that countenance was as rugged and stern as the rock-bound coast upon which the Pilgrims landed, and about as yielding and impregnable as the door of the office safe.

SO, WHEN his grandfather called him, he descended from the tall desk-stool and crossed the threshold of the inner room, a trifle pale, a little shaky at the knees, but with the set chin and erect head of one who, facing almost hopeless odds, intends fighting to the last gasp.

To his astonishment the Fosdick countenance was not as his imagination had pictured it. The blue eyes met his, not with a glare or a glower, but with a look of interest and inquiry. The Fosdick hand shook his with politeness, and the Fosdick manner was, if not genial, at least quiet and matter-of-fact.

He was taken aback. What did it mean? Was it possible that Madeline's father was inclined to regard her engagement to him with favor?

A great throb of joy accompanied the thought. Then he remembered the letter he had just read, the letter from Madeline's mother, and the hope subsided.

"Albert," said Captain Zelotes, "Mr. Fosdick has come on here to talk with us—that is, with me and you—about your affairs. He and I have talked up to the point where it seemed to me you ought to come in for a spell. I've told him that the news that you and his daughter were—er—favorably disposed toward each other was as sudden and as big a surprise to me as 'twas to him. Even your grandma don't know it yet.

"Now I presume likely he'd like to ask you a few questions. Heave ahead, Mr. Fosdick."

He relit his eigar-stump and leaned back in his chair. Mr. Fosdick leaned forward in his. Albert stood very straight, his shoulders braced for the encounter.

The quizzical twinkle shone in Captain 'Lote's eye as he regarded his grandson. Fosdick also smiled momentarily as he caught the expression of the youth's face.

"WELL, Speranza," he began in so cheerful a tone that Albert's astonishment grew even greater, "your grandfather has been kind enough to get us through the preliminaries, so we'll come at once to the essentials. You and my daughter consider yourselves engaged to marry?"

"Yes, sir. We *are* engaged."

"I see. How long have you—um—been that way, so to speak?"

"Since last August."

"Why haven't you said anything about it to us—to Mrs. Fosdick or me or your people here?

"You must excuse these personal questions. As I have just said to Captain Snow, Madeline is our only child and her happiness and welfare mean about all there is in life to her mother and me. So, naturally, the man she is going to marry is an important consideration.

"You and I have never met before, so the quickest way of reaching an understanding between us is by the question route. You get my meaning?"

"Yes, sir, I guess I do."

"Good. Then we'll go ahead. Why have you two kept it a secret so long?"

"Because—well, because we knew we couldn't marry yet a while, so we thought we had better not announce it for the present."

"Oh! And the idea that perhaps Mrs. Fosdick and I might be slightly interested didn't occur to you?"

"Why, yes, sir, it did. But—but we thought it best not to tell you until later."

"Perhaps the suspicion that we might not be overjoyed by the news had a little weight with you, eh? Possibly that helped to delay the—er—announeement?"

"No, sir, I—I don't think it did."

"Oh, don't you! Perhaps you thought we *would* be overjoyed?"

"No, sir. We didn't think so very much about it. Well, that's not quite true.

"Madeline felt that her mother—and you, too, sir, I suppose, although she didn't speak as often of you in that way—she felt that her mother would disapprove at first and so we had better wait."

"Until when?"

"UNTIL—until by and by. Until I had gone ahead further, you know."

"I'm not sure that I do know. Gone ahead how? Until you had a better position, more salary?"

"No, not exactly. Until my writings were better known. Until I was a little more successful."

"Successful? Until you wrote more poetry, do you mean?"

"Yes, sir. Poetry and other things—stories and plays, perhaps."

"Do you mean—did you figure that you and Madeline were to live on what you made by writing poetry and the other stuff?"

"Yes, sir, of course."

Fosdick looked aeross at Captain Zelotes. The captain's faee was worth looking at.

"Here, here, hold on!" he exclaimed, jumping into the conversation. "Al, what are you talkin' about? You're bookkeeper for me, ain't you; for this concern right here where you are?

"What do you mean by talkin' as if your job was makin' up poetry pieces? That's only what you do on the side, and you know it. Eh? Ain't that so?"

Albert hesitated. He had, momentarily, forgotten his grandfather and the latter's prejudices. After all, what was the use of stirring up additional trouble?

"Yes, grandfather," he said.

"'COURSE it's so. It's in this office you draw your wages."

"Yes, grandfather."

"All right. Excuse me for nosin' in, Mr. Fosdick, but I knew the boy wasn't puttin' the thing as plain as it ought to be, and I didn't want you to get the wrong notion. Heave ahead."

Fosdick smiled slightly.

"All right, eaptain," he said. "I get it, I think. Well, then," turning again to Albert, "your plan for supporting my daughter was to wait until your position here, plus the poetry, should bring in sufficient revenue. It didn't oceur to you that—well, that, there might be a possibility of getting money—elsewhere?"

Albert plainly did not understand, but it was just as plain that his grandfather did. Captain Zelotes spoke sharply.

"Mr. Fosdick," he said, "I just answered that question for you."

"Yes, I know. But if you were in my place you might like to have him answer it. I don't mean to be offensive, but business is business, and, after all, this is a business talk. So——"

The captain interrupted.

"So we'll talk it in a business way, eh?" he snapped. "All right. Al, what Mr. Fosdick means is had you cal'lated that, if you married his daughter, maybe her dad's money might help you and her to keep goin'? To put it even plainer; had you planned some on her bein' a rich girl?"

Fosdick looked annoyed.

"Oh, I say, Snow!" he cried. "That's too strong, altogether."

Continued on page 91

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Continued from page 88

THE PORTYGEE

"Not a mite. It's what you've had in the back of your head all along. I'm just helpin' it to come out to the front. Well, Al?"

The red spots were burning in the Speranza cheeks. He choked as he answered.

"No," he cried fiercely. "Of course I haven't planned on any such thing. I don't know how rich she is. I don't care. I wish she was as poor as—as I am. I want *her*, that's all.

"AND she wants me. We don't either of us care about money. I wouldn't take a cent of your money, Mr. Fosdick. But I—I want Madeline and—and—I shall have her."

"In spite of her parents, eh?"

"Yes. I'm sorry to speak so, Mr. Fosdick, but it is true. We—we love each other. We—we've agreed to wait for each other, no matter—no matter if it is years and years.

"And as for the money and all that, if you disinherit her, or—or whatever it is they do—we don't care. I—I hope you will. I—I—she——"

Captain Zelotes's voice broke in upon the impassioned outburst.

"Steady, Al; steady, son," he cautioned quietly. "I cal'late you've said enough. I don't think any more's necessary. You'd better go back to your desk now."

"But, grandfather, I want him to understand——"

"I guess likely he does. I should say you'd made it real plain. Go now, Al."

Albert turned, but, with a shaking hand upon the door-knob, turned back again.

"I'm—I—I'm sorry, Mr. Fosdick," he faltered. "I—I didn't mean to say anything to hurt your feelings. But—but, you see, Madeline—she and I—we——"

He could not go on. Fosdick's nod and answer were not unkindly.

"All right, Speranza," he said; "I'm not offended. Hope I wasn't too blunt, myself. Good day."

When the door had closed behind the young man, he turned to Captain 'Lote.

"Sorry if I offended you, Snow," he observed. "I threw in that hint about marrying just to see what effect it would have, that's all."

"Um-h'm. So I judged. Well, you saw, didn't you?"

"I did. Say, captain, except as a prospective son-in-law and then only because I don't see him in that light, I rather like that grandson of yours. He's a fine, upstanding young chap."

The captain made no reply. He merely pulled at his beard. However, he did not look displeased.

"HE'S a handsome specimen, isn't he?" went on Fosdick. "No wonder Madeline fell for his looks. Those and the poetry together are a combination hard to resist—at her age.

"And he's a gentleman. He handled himself mighty well while I was stringing him just now."

The beard-tugging continued.

"Um-h'm," observed Captain Zelotes dryly. "He does pretty well for a South Harniss gentleman.

"But we're kind of wastin' time, ain't we, Mr. Fosdick? In spite of his looks and his manners and all the rest, now that you've seen him you still object to that engagement, I take it."

"Why, yes, I do. The boy is all right, I'm sure, but——"

"Sartin; I understand. I feel the same way about your girl. She's all right, I'm sure, but— We're agreed on everything, includin' the 'but.' And the 'but' is that New York is one place and South Harniss is another."

"Exactly."

"So we don't want 'em to marry. Fine! First-rate! Only now we come to the most important 'but' of all.

"What are we going to do about it? Suppose we say no and they say yes and keep on sayin' it? Suppose they decide to get married no matter what we say? How are we goin' to stop it?"

His visitor regarded him for a moment and then broke into a hearty laugh.

"Snow," he declared, "you're all right. You surely have the faculty of putting your finger on the weak spots. Of course we can't stop it. If these two young idiots have a mind to marry and keep that mind they *will* marry and we can't prevent it any more than we could prevent the tide coming in to-morrow morning.

"I REALIZED that this was a sort of a fool's errand, my coming down here. I know that this isn't the age when parents can forbid marriages and get away with it, as they used to on the stage. Boys and girls nowadays have a way of going their own gait in such matters.

"But my wife doesn't see it in exactly that way and she was so insistent on my coming down here to stop the thing if I could that—well, I came."

"I'm glad you did, Mr. Fosdick, real glad. And, although I agree with you that the very worst thing to do, if we want to stop this team from pullin' together, is to haul back on the bits and holler 'Whoa,' still I'm kind of hopeful that, maybe——

"Humph! I declare, it looks as if I'd have to tell you another story. I'm gettin' as bad as Cap'n Hannibal Drane used to be, and they used to call him 'The Rope-Walk,' 'cause he spun so many yarns."

Fosdick laughed again.

"Go as far as you like with your stories, captain," he said. "I can grow fat on them."

"Thanks. Well, this ain't a story exactly; it just kind of makes the point I'm tryin' to get at.

"Calvin Bangs had a white mare one time and the critter had a habit of runnin' away. Once his wife, Hannah J., was in the buggy all by herself, over to the Ostable Fair, Calvin havin' got out to buy some peanuts or somethin'. The mare got scared of the noise and crowd and bolted.

"As luck would have it, she went right through the fence and out onto the trottin'-track. And around that track she went, hell bent for election.

"All hands was runnin' alongside hollerin': 'Stop her! Stop her!' but not Calvin—no, *sir!* He waited till the mare and buggy and his wife was abreast of him, the mare on two legs and the buggy on two wheels and Hannah most anywheres between the dasher and the next world and then he sung out:

" 'Give her her head, Hannah! Give her her head! She'll stop when she runs down.' "

He joined his visitor in the laugh which followed.

"I gather," observed the New Yorker, "that you believe it the better policy to give our young people their heads."

"In reason—yes, I do. It's my judgment that an affair like this will hurry more and more if you try too hard to stop it. If you don't, so any one would notice it, try at all it may run down and stop of itself, the way Calvin's mare did."

Fosdick nodded reflectively.

"I'm inclined to agree with you," he said. "But does that mean that they're to correspond, with love-letters, and all that?"

"Why, in reason, maybe. If we say no to that, they'll write anyhow, won't they?"

"OF COURSE. How would it do to get them to promise to write nothing that their parents might not see?

"Of course I don't mean for your grandson to show you his letters before he sends them to Madeline. He's too old for that and he would refuse.

"But suppose you asked him to agree to write nothing that Madeline would not be willing to show her mother—or me. Do you think he would?"

"Maybe. I'll ask him. Yes, I guess likely he'd do that."

"My reason for suggesting it is, frankly, not so much on account of the young people as to pacify my wife. I am not afraid—not very much afraid of this love-affair. They are young, both of them. Give them time and, as you say, Snow, the thing may run down, peter out."

"I'm in hopes 'twill. It's calf-love, as I see it, and I believe 'twill pay to give the calves rope enough."

"So do I. No, I'm not much troubled about the young people. But Mrs. Fosdick—well, my trouble will be with her. She'll want to have your boy shot or jailed or hanged or something."

"I presume likely. I guess you'll have to handle her the way another feller who used to live here in South Harniss said he handled his wife.

" 'We don't never have any trouble at all,' says he. 'Whenever she says yes or no I say the same thing. Later on, when it comes to doin', I do what I feel like.'

"Eh? You're not goin', are you, Mr. Fosdick?"

His visitor had risen and was reaching for his coat. Captain Zelotes also rose.

"Don't hurry, don't hurry," he begged.

"Sorry, but I must. I want to be back in New York to-morrow morning."

"But you can't, can you? To do that you'll have to get up to Boston or Fall River, and the afternoon train's gone. You'd better stay and have supper along with my wife and me, stay at our house overnight, and take the early train after breakfast to-morrow.' '

"I wish I could; I'd like nothing better. But I can't."

"SURE?" Then with a smile he added: "Al needn't eat with us, you know, if his bein' there makes either of you feel nervous."

Fosdick laughed again.

"I think I should be willing to risk the nervousness," he replied. "But I must go, really. I've hired a chap at the garage here to drive me to Boston in his car and I'll take the midnight train over."

"Humph! Well, if you must go you must. Hope you have a comf'table trip, Mr. Fosdick. Better wrap up warm; it's pretty nigh a five-hour run to Boston and there's some cool wind over the Ostable marshes this time of year.

"Good-by, sir. Glad to have had this talk with you."

His visitor held out his hand.

"So am I, Snow," he said heartily. "Mighty glad."

"I hope I wasn't too short and brisk at the beginnin'. You see, I'd just read your wife's letter and—er—well, of course I didn't know—just— You see, you and I had never met and so——"

"Certainly, certainly. I quite understand. And, fool's errand or not, I'm glad I came here.

"If you'll pardon my saying so, it was worth the trip to get acquainted with you. I hope whatever comes of the other thing, that our acquaintanceship will continue."

"Same here, same here. Go right out the side door, Mr. Fosdick; saves goin' through the office. Good day, sir."

HE WATCHED the bulky figure of the New York banker tramping across the yard between the piles of lumber. A moment later he entered the outer office.

Albert and Keeler were at their desks. Captain Zelotes approached the little bookkeeper.

"Labe," he queried, "there isn't anything particular you want me to talk about just now, is there?"

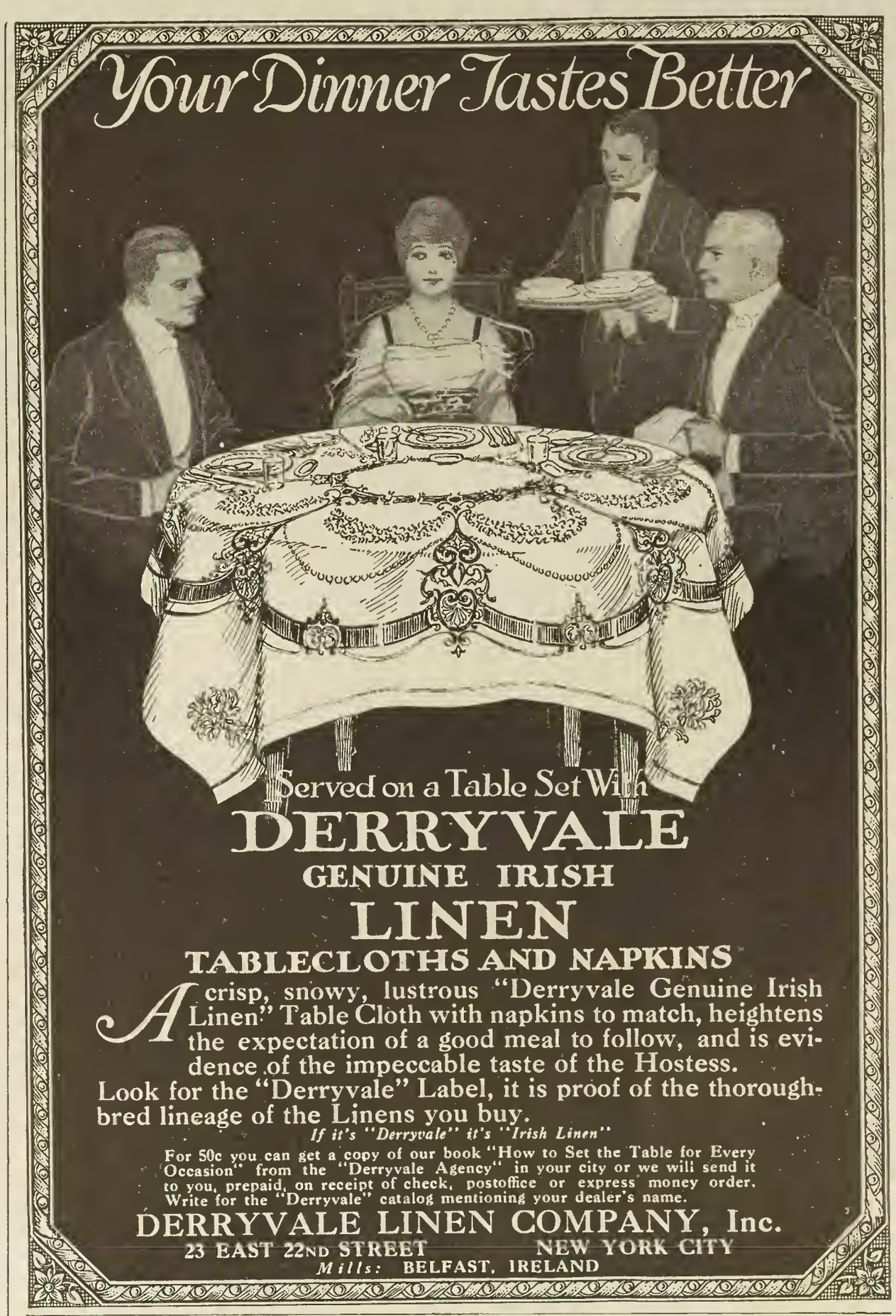
Laban looked up in surprise from his figuring.

"Why—why, no, Cap'n 'Lote; don't know's there is," he said. "Don't know's there is, not now; no—no—no."

His employer nodded.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Then I'm goin' back inside there and sit down and rest my

Continued on page 92



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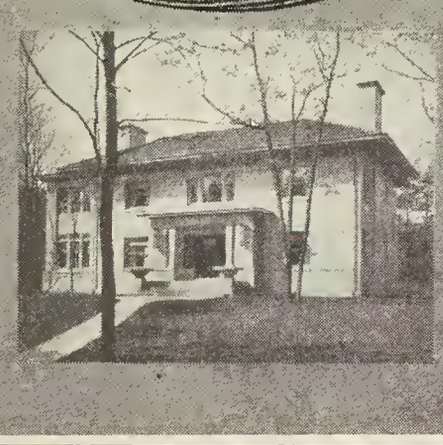
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Continued from page 91

THE PORTYGEE

chin for an hour, anyhow. I've talked so much to-day that my jaws squeak. Don't disturb me for anything short of a fire or a mutiny."

He was not disturbed; and that evening, after supper was over, he was ready to talk again. He and Albert sat together in the sitting-room.

Mrs. Snow and Rachel were in the kitchen washing dishes and Captain Zelotes told his grandson as much as he thought advisable to tell of his conversation with Honorable Fletcher Fosdick. At first Albert was inclined to rebel at the idea of permitting his letters to Madeline to be read by the latter's parents, but at length he agreed.

"Um-h'm. Now, son, I'm goin' to ask for another promise. It may seem a hard one to make, but I'm askin' you to make it.

"I want you to give me your word that, no matter what happens or how long you have to wait, you and Madeline won't get married without tellin' her folks and yours beforehand. You won't run away and marry. Will you promise me that?"

Albert looked at him. This *was* a hard promise to make. The captain was watching him keenly.

"Think it over, Al," he said kindly. "Don't answer me now, but think it over and to-morrow mornin' tell me how you feel about it."

He hesitated a moment and then added:

"You know your grandmother and I, we—well, we're a little mite prejudiced against this elopin' business."

So Albert thought and the next morning, as the pair were walking together to the office, he spoke his thought. Captain Zelotes had not mentioned the subject.

"Grandfather," said Albert, with some embarrassment, "I'm going to give you that promise."

HIS grandfather, who had been striding along, his heavy brows drawn together and his glance fixed upon the frozen ground beneath his feet, looked up.

"Eh?" he queried uncomprehendingly.

"You asked me last night to promise you something, you know. You asked me to think it over. I have, and I'm going to promise you that—Madeline and I won't marry without first telling you."

Captain Zelotes stopped in his stride; then he walked on again.

"Thank you, Al," he said quietly. "I hoped you'd see it that way."

"Yes—yes, I—I do. I don't want to bring any more—any more trouble of that kind to you and grandmother. It seems to me that you—that you have had too much already."

"Thank you, son. Much obliged."

The captain's tone was almost gruff, and that was his only reference to the subject of the promise; but somehow Albert felt that at that moment he and his grandfather were closer together, were nearer to a mutual understanding and mutual appreciation, than they had ever been before.

To promise, however, is one thing, to fulfil the obligation another. As the days passed, Albert found his promise concerning letter-writing very, very hard to keep.

When each evening he sat down at the table in his room to pour out his soul upon paper it was a most unsatisfactory outpouring. The constantly enforced recollection that whatever he wrote would be subject to the chilling glance of the eye of Fosdick *mater* was of itself a check upon the flow.

To write a love-letter to Madeline had hitherto been a joy, a rapture; to fill pages and pages a delight. Now, somehow, these pages were hard to fill. Omitting the very things you were dying to say, the precious, the intimate things—what was there left?

And Madeline's letters to him were quite as unsatisfactory. They were lengthy, but oh, so matter-of-fact!

He found himself growing disconsolate and despondent. Summer seemed ages away. And when at last it should come—what would happen then?

He could see her only when properly chaperoned, only when mother, and probably Googoo, the dog, were present.

He flew for consolation to the Muse and the Muse refused to console. The poems he wrote were "blue" and despairing likewise. Consequently they did not sell.

HE WAS growing desperate, ready for anything. And something came. Germany delivered to our Government its arrogant mandate concerning unlimited submarine warfare.

A long-suffering President threw patience overboard and answered that mandate in unmistakable terms. Congress stood at his back and behind them a united and indignant people. The United States declared war upon the Hun.

South Harniss, like every other community, became wildly excited. Captain Zelotes Snow's gray eyes flashed fiery satisfaction.

The flags at the Snow place and at the lumber-yard flew high night and day. He bought newspapers galore and read from them aloud at meals, in the evenings, and before breakfast.

Issachar, as usual, talked much and said little. Laban Keeler's comments were pithy and duly pointed. Albert was very quiet.

But one forenoon he spoke. Captain 'Lote was in the inner office, the morning newspaper in his hand, when his grandson entered and closed the door behind him. The captain looked up.

"Well, Al, what is it?" he asked.

Albert came over and stood beside the desk. The captain after a moment's scrutiny of the young man's face, put down his newspaper.

"Well, Al?" he said again.

Albert seemed to find it hard to speak.

"Grandfather," he began, "I—I— Grandfather, I have come to ask a favor of you."

The captain nodded slowly, his gaze fixed upon his grandson's face.

"All right; heave ahead," he said quietly.

"Grandfather, you and I have had a four-years' agreement to work together in this office. It isn't up yet, but—but I want to break it. I want you to let me off."

"Humph! Let you off, eh? What for?"

"That's what I came here to tell you. Grandfather, I can't stay here—now. I want to enlist."

CAPTAIN ZELOTES did not answer. His hand moved upward and pulled at his beard.

"I want to enlist," repeated Albert. "I can't stand it another minute. I must. If it hadn't been for you and our promise and—and Madeline, I think I should have joined the Canadian army a year or more ago.

"But now that we have gone into the war I *can't* stay out. Grandfather, you don't want me to, do you? Of course you don't."

His grandfather appeared to ponder.

"If you can wait a spell," he said slowly, "I might be able to fix it so's you can get a chance for an officer's commission. I'd ought to have some pull somewheres, seems so."

Albert sniffed impatient disgust. "I don't want to get a commission—in that way," he declared.

"Humph! You'll find there's plenty that do, I shouldn't wonder."

"Perhaps, but I'm not one of them. And I don't care so much for a commission, unless I can earn it.

"And I don't want to stay here and study for it. I want to go now. I want to get into the thing. I don't want to wait."

Captain 'Lote leaned forward. His gray eyes snapped.

"Want to fight, do you?" he queried.

"You bet I do!"

"All right, my boy, then go—and fight. I'd be ashamed of myself if I held you back a minute.

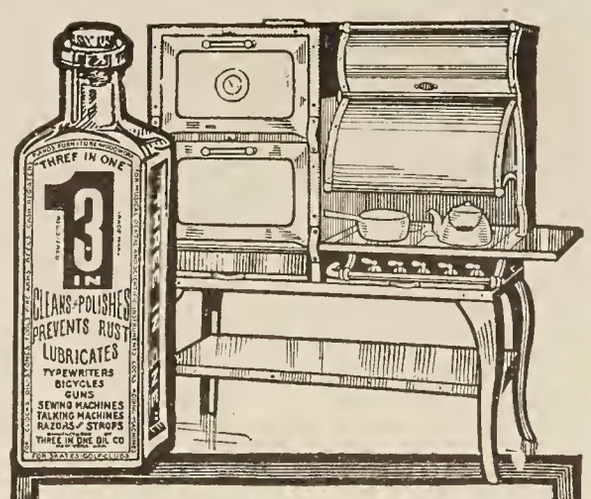
"Go and fight—and fight hard. I only wish to God I was young enough to go with you!"

Continued in March DELINEATOR

DOWN MEMORY'S LANE

IF I could close my eyes and go
Wherever I might wish, I know
I'd follow down a little lane
I used to walk, and feel the rain
From every overhanging bough
Drip in my face. I wonder how
Those trees have grown, and if the air
Still smells of lilac-blossoms there?
There ought to be, just past the lane,
An open space—I see it plain—
From which one can look out beyond
Across the fields, and see the pond,
Where I was wont to while away
The careless hours of Yesterday—
A vision of cloud-tinted skies
Is mirrored in its depths, and lies
A quivering, captivated mass
Of color waves. If I could pass
Along that little lane once more,
I sometimes think I'd find the door
I came out once, so long ago—
The door to Youth's House, and I know
If I could enter, I might find
The little child I left behind.

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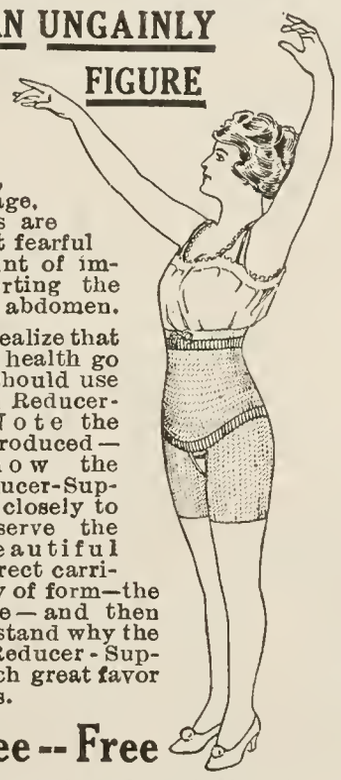
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Continued from page 21

OXALIS

her slender, cameo-like profile across the shadowy aisles of the church.

The three women worked briskly and cheerily over the arrangements. Such a dinner-party was no mean undertaking. Each of them had her work; no one shirked.

Luella was kind. "Hadn't you better bring down one of your little print aprons?" she asked. Roxy and Luella were to serve.

Roxy came down, dressed for the dinner-party. In white. And pink. And blue. And gold. The colors were Roxy; the white was the dress. The dress was very plain, but Roxy wasn't. And over the plain white dress was a pink print pinafore.

Estelle was pronounced and impressive, smiling her wide, fan-like smile. Her dress, of a printed fabric, might have been patterned from the bow-window foliage plants. It made her seem larger and plumper and older, and very, very sure.

Estelle was sure. She looked at Roxy kindly and said, "Well, kitten—you look sweet."

But just as the guests were being seated, Luella came flusteredly out into the kitchen where Roxy was slicing the bread.

"Charlie wants me to sit down with them—you wun't mind. You can bring it all on and then there wun't be much of anything to do—well—Charlie wants me to!"

Luella pronounced "wants" with a sharp, short "a" like a whine. It was indeed one of Luella's half-truths. Charlie, manlike, had wanted all of them to sit down together. He had not meant that Roxy should be left out.

Roxy in her petaled apron, with her petaled color, carried in the platters and tureens. Both the Carrol girls nodded brightly to her; and the eyes that belonged to the church-gazer scanned, with a sort of simplicity of eagerness, the blue and gold and rose of her.

Minnie Weaver asked, when she had gone out: "Wherever did you get her, Mrs. West? She ought to be set on a chimney-piece! She's exactly like——"

"Why, Minnie Weaver!" broke in Margie Carrol. "Do you mean to say you hadn't met her? Why—she's the Wests' cousin."

"SHE'S Charlie's cousin," said Luella distantly.

"Yes, she's Roxy," spoke out Charlie wholeheartedly. "Studying to be a schoolma'am. Why, I thought—" He looked at the remaining solitary plate, destined for himself; he looked about the table with its complement of guests; he looked at Luella.

Luella gave him back a cold look out of eyes that had a greenish cast like agate—or gooseberries. The ever-ready laugh of Estelle rang out. She was engaged in a gay interchange of sallies with her neighbors. The fan-like smile was never still.

Luella had meant all the time to sit down with the rest. And the suggestion anent the pink apron had not been dictated by kindness. The blue checked all-over would have looked odd in the dining-room. Luella was not honest. That little gymnast that was Roxy's heart swung out—out—in a great arc between those school-teacherish hopes and loyalty to Charlie.

The crowning feature of the dinner was to be strawberries. A great glass bowl of them, a crimson, fragrant heap under a drift of sugar, was the chiefest adornment of Luella's great arched and mirrored sideboard. Luella rose stiffly, and set down before her this crowning dish glowing rose-red like rose hips under snow.

By now coffee-cups were drained. Small-town social ethics dictate coffee throughout dinner as well as at the end of it. Luella had meant to summon Roxy, but her cold green glance had encountered the steely blue one of Charlie. While she hesitated the time had gone on. She wished she had risen, naturally and matter-of-factly, herself to the service. Now it was too late. Better let it appear merely an oversight.

ESTELLE wondered a little about the coffee. She did not know just how to take her cousin Luella. Luella had strange miser traits. She looked inquiringly at Luella. Luella looked almost imploringly at Charlie. Charlie's eyes were curiously opaque.

It became almost an obsession with Luella. The clatter, the bashful hilarity were to her only a sort of accompaniment to her thoughts. She could not see the bounty of the table for those empty cups. And there stood her ruined table with its huddled dishes. She had meant it to be cleared for the cake and fruit.

Roxy had been waiting for Luella's signal before coming into the dining-room again. But now she heard the scraping back of chairs, the processional to the living-room beyond, the closed door, the chords of Luella's upright piano; and Estelle's robust soprano in the refrain of a sentimental song. Other voices joined.

Roxy cleared a space, carried in a steaming cup, and began methodically to butter a piece of bread. It would have been fun to wait on table if only there had been another to skylark with her. She wondered, child-like, if Luella could mean to leave her alone with all those dishes.

Tears of weak self-pity started to her eyes. A queer pride dried them—but some one had come in.

It was the church-gazer, though Roxy could not know that. The clamor beyond the door was by now tumultuous. He stood a moment, his hand on the knob, finger to lip. And then in a sort of magical metamorphosis, napkin across arm, he had become the subservient waiter, plying her with helpings from platter, dish and bowl.

"Any more?" he asked in a delightful, conspirator-like whisper, and indicated her steaming cup.

It appeared that the supply had not been exhausted. Luella had, in fact, borrowed the Aid Society coffee-pot for the occasion. There was magic in it.

Roxy found herself deliciously hungry. It was as though that sorry waiting had been a sort of penitential fast.

"Well, I declare! Would you look at that! The nerve of some folks!"

Estelle in her gorgeous foliage gown stood laughing in the door, the glistening fan of her teeth giving a certain generous width to her smile.

"Why, Mr. Morris—I'm amazed at you! Stealing off that way! Cousin Luella—what do you think! Mr. Morris had to have his after-dinner coffee!"

"What's the matter of the rest of us having some!" cried the inspired Charlie, his eye falling upon the Aid Society pot perched perilously in the center of the table like a sort of primitive samovar.

It put the crowning touch to the dinner. They snatched up their cups gaily, emptying the cold, discolored residue into their saucers. Afterward, the efficient Mr. Morris assumed charge.

"Clear out now!" he ordered. "All but Miss Roxy here, and Margie Carrol. Can't have any one cluttering up! Forward—the Dish Brigade!"

He washed and they wiped. The church-gazer had a naturally selective mind. Margie was a master stroke. He could almost have married Margie for her warm, unconscious camaraderie. Almost. But not quite.

Afterward, when it was all over, all the gay evening in which she had had a modest part, she had lain awake and reverenced—that was the word—reverenced Ed Morris and Margie Carrol.

WHAT matter if afterward Estelle had monopolized him? It could not change what he had given her; that good, plain, honest thing that could never cause her either throb or ache.

It seemed perfectly natural, as the days went on, and the small-town social affairs arranged themselves, that Estelle's group should include the young married folks, like the Wests and the Oldhams, to the exclusion of unsophisticated youth like Roxy. To be sure, Minnie Weaver was asked; but that was on account of the Weaver money.

Roxy engaged in no Cinderella mopings among the ashes. She perceived that Estelle was to all intents years older in everything that counted. Estelle might have been the contemporary of those young married folks to whom Roxy was "the Wests' little cousin."

The clothes, the charms, the conquests of Estelle were always on Luella's lips. Some evenings a little picked company was asked to the house.

"You'll want to study," Luella told Roxy, "if you're to pass that teachers' examination. You can just slip quietly up to your room and nothing need disturb you."

Nothing did disturb Roxy; not the laughter, nor the singing, nor any vain longing. She was as free in her room, away from Luella's cold, green, critical look, from Estelle's kindly patronage, from the others' disregard, as if her hopes had already come true, and she had achieved her schoolroom. There was only one of them to whom she ever gave a thought.

THAT acquaintance had widened amazingly, considering the briefness of their casual meetings. Somehow he had come into possession of her confidence, and she had told him all about those troublesome stocks and bonds.

It was quite by chance—one Sunday afternoon. She had gone to Beahm's Grove. And he had been standing on the old bridge.

They had walked back together, as far as his street. Roxy had not mentioned this walk to Luella.

Luella by now was quite frankly bent upon making a match between him and Estelle. She was always beginning sentences with "Ed and Estelle."

And there could be no doubt he was Estelle's most favored cavalier. Estelle did not hesitate to command him.

It was conceivable that Estelle, for all her capability and her excellent position, was a little tired of school-teaching. Luella began to picture to herself a certain social item in the little town daily:

> The engagement is announced of Miss Estelle Walmer to Mr. Edward Morris. Miss Walmer is a cousin of Mrs. Charles West, and was a very attractive visitor the past Summer. Mr. Morris is too well known in the city to require introduction, having been for a number of years the efficient cashier of the City National Bank. The marriage will probably take place during the holidays.

ONCE she asked Charlie what he thought. Charlie hooted.

"Estelle's all right, Luella. It's her style, and it goes. But it's her doing the courting—don't you lose sight of that!

"It may work, too. Sometimes does. Take me 'n' you, for instance—" He winked at the stupendous humor of it.

Small-town festivities always include a parting picnic tendered to the visiting girl. Estelle's picnic was the most ambitious hitherto attempted. Beginning for nucleus with those closest Summer intimates, its guest-list widened to include whole families.

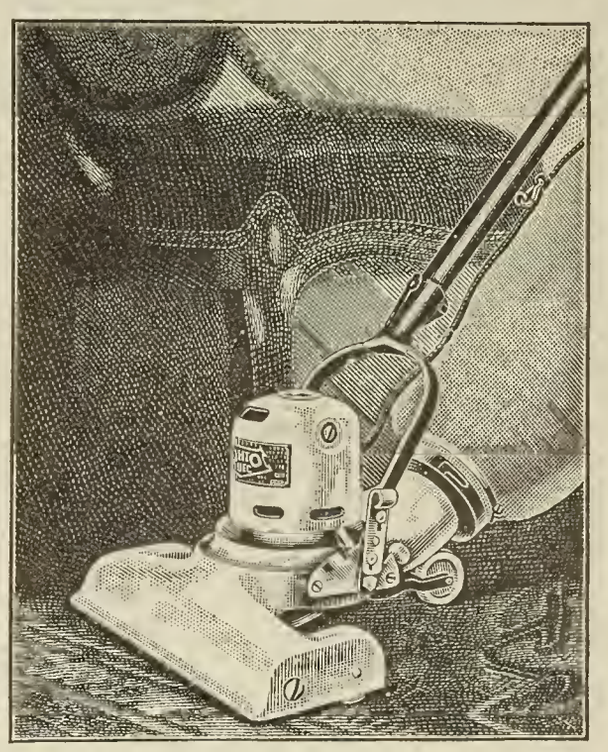
It even included Roxy. Estelle liked things done on a big scale. The picnic made her a sort of Midsummer queen.

The very thought of the picnic held for Roxy a curious pleasurable thrill. She had not minded—much—the not being included in all those earlier, exclusive functions for Estelle. But this was different—in the open—and in her grove.

And there would be children. She would gather them up, and they would hunt for those later, hidden posies that were working out a queer little secret design upon the magic carpet. There would be the swings; and perhaps a boat-ride.

And then she had such a pretty dress—she had sewed it on solitary afternoons as a relief

Continued on page 94



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Continued from page 93

OXALIS

from the considerations of percentages and investments. There was something pathetic (considering the negligible character of her resources) in her efforts to decide "which would be the better investment, City 5's at 84, or Government 6's at 124."

But the dress was a different matter. It was a lawn, with cool, blue pin-dots. The pattern was a little old—a little full for the season's style. It gave the dress rather a quaint air.

She had blackened and polished her slippers; they looked almost new—so carefully and so lightly worn. Her hat looked almost new, too—a darling poke. It had a fresh ribbon.

The dress and hat hung against her wall—Cousin Charlie had put her up some hooks—under a protecting length of muslin curtain. The little blackened shoes stood beneath.

Sometimes, in the days preceding the picnic (when the problems of one sort or another proved especially difficult), she would pull aside the muslin curtain. What a vista it opened:

The grove; the wishing-rug; the children and young folks; the games—and she—in her fresh, pin-dotted lawn, her hat with its blue ribbon, her polished shoes—a part of it all!

Once she even rubbed her cheek against a fold of the dress like a little loving kitten.

It was to be a picnic supper, so that the men could come. Dinner, in the fortunate households, was scrappy that day. Luella, Estelle and Roxy had baked all morning.

PERSPIRING from her labors, Roxy had gone down into the cellar to freeze the cream. Luella had prepared all the ingredients; now Roxy turned and turned the handle of the freezer, and ached with happiness and fatigue.

By three, everything was ready. She filled her pitcher with the good rain-water and went happily up to her room.

She drenched and laved her little dripping person. Her hair hung wetly, in little viney tendrils, about her beaded forehead, and Luella's oxalis blooms were not so pink as her face.

On the bed lay laced and ruffled lengths. Out from their muslin-hung seclusion emerged the dress, the slippers and the hat. Roxy turned an impudent, tilted nose upon the rubbed greenish covers of the arithmetic. They seemed to turn an even more malignant green in the light from the raised window-shade.

Roxy could not herself believe the little square mirror. It was not possible she looked as well as that! She went happily down-stairs.

Luella stood in the dining-room, angrily surveying a crate of raspberries, great beaded beauties, distilling a sort of aromatic fragrance.

"It's too mean," cried Luella, "that they had to come now! I never dreamt when I ordered them they'd come to-day of all days! And they're so ripe—they ought to be put up right away!"

"Wouldn't they do set down-cellar till morning?" asked Estelle.

"No. They've got to be done up right away!"

She looked at Roxy. Luella had experienced a trifling difficulty in the matter of her dress.

She found that it had shrunk in the washing. It drew over her shoulders, and hung unevenly in the skirt.

The sight of Roxy, cool as a flower, aroused all the old spiteful antagonism. A little flame seemed to lick about her eyes.

"I GUESS you and me's elected to stay home and do 'em!"

Estelle cried out: "Why, Cousin Luella! You can't do that! You're my hostess—how would it look? Let the old berries go!"

"'Go!'" snorted Luella, her grievance getting the better of her manners. "A whole crate of berries? These berries cost three-fifty!"

"Let's take them to the picnic," suggested Estelle. "That would be topping!"

"Let some one else do the topping," derided Luella, "that ain't baked and froze the whole day!"

There was silence.

"Well," said Luella, "that's how it stands." Her miser instinct prodded her on. "The whole picnic ain't worth three-fifty!"

Estelle turned away in a sort of injured silence.

Luella began to rip open the buttons of her blouse. She turned a withering look upon Roxy.

"What you waiting for? You going to do up berries in that?"

"Oh, now, Luella," began Estelle, "that'd be a shame! I'd rather stay myself."

"You better be ready when Charlie comes to take you," Luella said in a tight voice.

When Roxy came down in her old morning print, Luella had a kettle of the fruit boiling. She had rebuttoned her blouse, and had her hat and gloves. She approached Roxy almost in a secretive manner.

"ESTELLE wants me to go," said Luella, pronouncing the word with her accustomed whining emphasis; "and it would look funny for me to stay away. Ed would think it was queer. I look for him and Estelle— Scald the jars and seal 'em tight. If I'd known they were so ripe, I don't know as I'd have took 'em.

"It took me so sudden—you won't mind. Mebbe you'd like to come down for the evening—you could. you know."

"I don't think I care to, Luella," Roxy said.

Luella went out. Roxy never knew what passed when Charlie was apprised of her exclusion. For, the first thing, there was Charlie suddenly in the house, and seated obstinately in a chair, reiterating:

"Then I won't go either!"

Luella, flustered and breathless, hovered about him. "Think, Charlie West! Think how it would look—we're Estelle's hosts."

"We're Roxy's hosts, too," said Charlie in a breathed voice.

"Roxy don't care. She said she didn't care. I asked her and she said she didn't." Luella addressed herself to Roxy almost fearfully. "Didn't you say you didn't care to go?"

Roxy recognized, with a sort of pity for Luella, the old half-truth. Luella, for all the crowd, for all the outing, stood alone. Her selfishness, her tyranny, her petty jealousy, inevitably defeated her.

Roxy looked at Charlie, and all that old, warm, unconscious loyalty to kin rose up in her.

"I don't mind, Charlie—now. Go right along. I wouldn't want 'em to think—to think— And they'll never miss me."

Charlie went out dazed. Women were too much for him. The pungent, sweetish odor of boiling fruit attended him. It was even in his nostrils in the open of Beahm's Grove.

He was curiously quiet—not jolly Charlie West. Once Luella whispered explanatorily:

"Oh, he's tired. Had a hard day, I guess. Business men have all sorts of upsetting things come up."

Estelle had on her foliage dress. She was very bright and smart—the center of everything.

She laid her commands upon them all, but most of all upon Ed Morris. Every one called him Ed. "Ed" expressed him—good, solid, dependable, without airs.

Among the small-town eligibles, Ed was most desirable. He had everything—good looks, good manners, good nature, a good position, a future.

Estelle was nearing twenty-six. She had taught eight of those years. She was tired of beaus. She had had so many. She was getting too old for that sort of thing now.

The picnic supper was a huge success. It was so huge in every particular. There were so many, and they were so gay. And there was so much, and it was so good.

The grove was like a great canvas, or a tapestry done in wonderful colors, and with wonderful moving figures. The green of interlacing branches, the strained blue of atmosphere merging into dusk, the somber tarnishing of trunk and loam, picked out with vines and little pale flowers.

Against this background, the shifting shapes of mortals—children like impish Pucks; and strangely recurring groups—maid and man; maid and man.

At a distance cows grazed, their gentle sides heaving rhythmically. The river flowed between willow-lined banks. Sometimes a little vagrant wind ruffled the grove—a tapestry blown outward.

ONE of the recurring groups was Estelle and Ed Morris. Estelle had conducted him along Roxy's magic carpet, but neither of them knew that.

Estelle thought he might speak. It was so stupid—being silent.

Ed spoke: "The Wests' little cousin didn't come."

Estelle answered, "No." There was really nothing else to say.

After a pause he went on: "This makes me think of her—the outdoors and all. It's her natural element—a little woodsy creature."

"Wood violet," suggested Estelle, who didn't think much of the flower.

Ed considered. "No. I don't think I'd call her that. She's different some way. More spirit. A violet's too submissive."

There was a little green patch at his feet—diminutive green leaves with peering pink petals: "Wood-sorrel! That's got a tang to it."

Estelle laughed out. "And you think Roxy has a tang?"

"I didn't say that. But the tang in the flower is spirit in the girl. It's hard to explain—I don't know if you see what I mean—both so elusive."

Estelle was not elusive. And she had not brought him here to discuss such extraneous matters as Roxy and wood-sorrel. He blundered happily on:

"She's game, all right. I suppose she's told you about those stocks and bonds of hers? Stands right up to 'em!"

"I—don't—remember—" said Estelle stupidly. Investments!

"Told me about 'em one day we walked up from the grove."

"WALKED up from the grove!" repeated Estelle. "You and Roxy?"

"Quite by chance; yes."

"It's funny she never spoke of it," puzzled Estelle. And she wondered what Luella would think if she knew.

"Not changing the subject at all—now did you ever put a name to the flower I make you think of?"

He looked down at her brilliant face, with its flashing, fan-like smile; at her gorgeous, foliage dress. Estelle always gave, somehow, the effect of gorgeousness. She waited, the illuminating, fan-like smile widening.

"A zinnia," he hazarded. "Zinnies, we used to call them. My grandmother had them in her garden—big, honest, golden blooms."

"Big . . . honest . . . golden . . ." These were not the words she had come to hear. Suddenly, in the queerest way she felt her eyes fill. It was not Roxy who was left out. And his attributes for her—did she measure up to them?

She said suddenly: "You know I am leaving Monday."

He replied: "We'll miss you. The old town won't seem the same."

It was the old, quiet, unaltered friendliness in his voice that was separating them—not distance. Estelle continued:

"Some of the young folks are coming down to see me off. I want you to do something else. Come up for a little while the night before—just for good-by. I've a surprise for you. Will you?"

"I'll come," he promised.

LUELLA was rather cross and unapproachable all the way home; Charlie was moody; Estelle curiously silent. It was not late, but Roxy had gone up.

The cloying, pungent odor of preserved

Concluded on page 97



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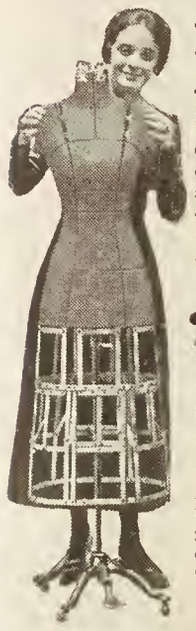
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Continued from page 24

THE TREE OF JOY—VIII

AT THE KRIEMHILDE LINE

"IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE"

colonel had told me, "that you'll see not a sparrow in a tin helmet could have escaped being hit." And here they were all about, like the crater at the edge of which I stood. The gigantic missile that had struck here with such fearful force exploded to kill surrounding scores of men.

OTHER overwhelming evidence there is of what happened here. This is the center of the terrane over which swept the operations of the Argonne offensive.

The American sector is some sixteen miles wide and thirty miles long. Over all the area of it this Summer wind in 1919 wafts more than the fragrance of flowers of forest and field. On every breeze that blows one gets it; it's the ghastly odor of death!

Oh, none of us can ever know but these boys who went straight through the fires of hell to do it what it cost to get the world safe so that Lea Vauchelet may sit and sew again on her little girl's dress.

For four years of war her village had lain behind this formidable stretch of fortified hills the Germans deemed so impregnable they even gave it the name of a divinity of their old mythology. To all the rest of the war-weary world, too, it had come to seem well-nigh invincible.

So that when the youngest, strongest nation got over here in the fight the other allies said: You can best afford to lose the men. You go up against the Kriemhilde line.

And those brave boys in khaki did. As unflinchingly as to a football scrimmage they went. Even, it is said, they tore their coats off, to tackle more effectually in their shirt sleeves.

And you couldn't stop them. On they went straight to the finish.

Of the seventy-five thousand who died in France, forty-three thousand went down in this Argonne offensive. Of those, seventeen thousand fell within fifteen square kilometers of St. Georges.

That is why to-day the great cemetery which is to be to the American expeditionary forces overseas what Arlington has always been to the Grand Army of the Republic is located here at Romagne.

IT WAS on September twenty-sixth that the first American Army "stepped off," as they say, for this job assigned them by all the other armies. With terrible fighting they cleared Bantheville Forest and the hills of Chantillon and Dame Marie. Through the Argonne Forest, the troops say, they had to claw their way by inches day by day.

The front stretched from Grand Pré to the Meuse on that morning of November first when the most stupendous artillery formation in history was massed here before St. Georges. Thirty train-loads of shells were brought up by 7 A.M.

Two hours later the American Army had broken right here the famous Kriemhilde line. Landres and St. Georges were the first villages to be delivered from the dominion of the enemy.

Into the Bois des Loges adjoining near-by Grand Pré the Americans poured eighty-thousand rounds of ammunition. And by noon such Germans as could escape were retreating in a rout that was a cross-country run for Sedan.

The marines of the Second Division were hung with Distinguished Service Medals for what they did here on the hill above our little DELINEATOR village. But it was also an all-American job. An army *communiqué* of November third says:

> In addition to regulars there were in this attack divisions composed of National Army troops from Texas and Oklahoma; from Kansas, Missouri, Colorado and New Mexico; from New York; from New Jersey, Maryland and West Virginia; from the District of Columbia and Virginia.

HOW this achievement leading directly up to the armistice that ended the great World War is going to read to future generations we may learn from "General Orders No. 232," issued in December, 1918, by John J. Pershing, General, Commander-in-Chief, to the American Expeditionary Forces. This is what he says:

> It is with a sense of gratitude for its splendid accomplishment, which will live through all history, that I record in General Orders a tribute to the victory of the First Army in the Meuse-Argonne battle.
>
> Soldiers of all of the divisions engaged under the First, Third and Fifth American Corps—the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 26th, 28th, 29th, 32d, 33d, 35th, 37th, 42d, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82d, 89th, 90th and 91st American Divisions, the 18th and 26th French Divisions, and the 10th and 15th French Colonial Divisions—you will be long remembered for the stubborn persistence of your progress, your storming of obstinately defended machine-gun nests, your penetration, yard by yard, of woods and ravines, your heroic resistance in the face of counter-attacks supported by powerful artillery fire. For more than a month, from the initial attack of September twenty-sixth, you fought your way slowly through the Argonne, through the woods and over hills west of the Meuse; you slowly enlarged your hold on the Côtes de Meuse to the east, and then, on the first of November, your attack forced the enemy into flight. Pressing his retreat, you cleared the entire left bank of the Meuse south of Sedan, and then stormed the heights on the right bank and drove him into the plain beyond.
>
> Soldiers of all army and corps troops engaged—to you no less credit is due; your steadfast adherence to duty and your dogged determination in the face of all obstacles made possible the heroic deeds cited above.
>
> The achievement of the First Army, which is scarcely to be equaled in American history, must remain a source of proud satisfaction to the troops who participated in the last campaign of the war. The American people will remember it as the realization of the hitherto potential strength of the American contribution toward the cause to which they had sworn allegiance. There can be no greater reward for a soldier or for a soldier's memory.

So you see there is scarcely a more important place on the continent of Europe now than this very little commune in France that our soldiers wrested from its German invaders. But the attack that accomplished that rescue completed the destruction of its buildings.

"*Méfiez vous! Très dangereux!*" Albert Vauchelet, schoolmaster of Landres, exclaims hastily.

HE POINTS in warning to one of the treacherous unexploded hand-grenades embedded in the ground directly in my path. With the utmost caution I step over it instead of on it.

He extends a hand to aid. Across trenches and over dugouts we climb. Down the sloping side of Hill 230 we arrive in front of what remains of the house of Monsieur Gouvernant, who is the constable for the two villages.

Landres and St. Georges are so almost continuous they are usually mentioned as one. It is on the initiative and courage of Albert Vauchelet, schoolmaster, that both of them lean to-day.

And broken and blown to pieces as they are, his vision is leading in their reconstruction. The *Société Coopérative Civile*, authoritatively to represent the commune in the arrangements for rebuilding, was organized last night around the kitchen-table in his home.

Lea Vauchelet sat by and sewed. She must always be near like that. In all that the schoolmaster undertakes she has a part. It is the French way with marriage.

You remember how I told you that Jean and his wife Marie, back there in the Aisne, hoed beets together? Just so, the schoolmaster and his wife have always taught school together. She has the girls and he takes the boys.

In the evenings there are her household duties. And there are clothes to be made for her little daughter Arlette.

So the Vauchelets came to know the great publishing house in far-off America. It's a curious fact about the paper patterns that were originally invented by the Yankee founder of the Butterick Company. More of them are sold at the Butterick shop on the Avenue de l'Opéra in Paris than are sold at any other pattern shop anywhere in the world.

ALL France uses them. Madame Vauchelet's mother before her, a dressmaker at Charleville, did. All of Arlette's dresses have always been made by them.

When our soldiers had saved Landres and St. Georges, it seemed that there was nothing that Americans could not do. Like demigods from overseas they speak of them in France.

By a common inspiration one day the Vauchelets looked at each other across a Butterick pattern. I think it was Monsieur Vauchelet who voiced the idea in the eyes of both:

"Write to THE DELINEATOR. Perhaps," he breathed, "the Americans would adopt our town."

And don't you who read these lines think that we have special cherished interests there? These boys of ours gave their lives to make it free. Isn't there something the rest of us might wish to do for Landres et St. Georges?

A little to the south in Salamagne in the Meuse, whither the schoolmaster had led the convoy of refugees from our commune, they waited for the war to be over. M. Vauchelet was made town major of the American troops billeted there.

In April, 1919, these villagers who had been four years banished from their homes began to plan for their return. And together with the others who came back, civil prisoners released from Germany, about two hundred of the original four hundred and fifty population finally reassembled in Landres et St. Georges last Spring, most of them having walked miles to get here.

They found only seven houses that still had so much as four walls standing. Most of the habitations which had been their homes were reduced to piles of stones.

There were a few that might be patched up to afford a sort of rude shelter. Only nobody had any means of doing this. Everything, you remember, everything is gone in a devastated district.

M. Vauchelet sent an urgent appeal to Paris to the Ministry of the Liberated Regions, the government department that had been set up to deal as best might be with these dazed districts on whom the heaviest blows of the great World War has fallen. Beneath the clearing battle-smoke they lay stunned and helpless little towns.

From Paris arrived the *chef des travaux urgents* appointed by the Government to help fix up houses so they may be temporarily occupied. He may be able to brace up a leaning wall so that a house can be lived in.

Continued on page 96



"The Road to Heart's Desire"

LEARN how the skin grows and continually renews itself. When you understand the cause of blackheads, enlarged pores, lines and wrinkles, it is easy to correct them. The same applies to thinness, superfluous flesh or other difficulties. Everything is fully explained in the

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Acne	Perfect Contour of Face, Neck, Bust, Arms, Shoulders
Brown Spots	Youthful Hands
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ANTISEPTIC
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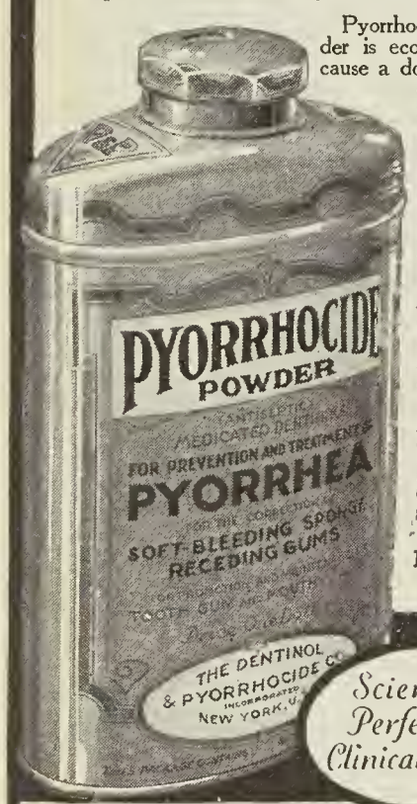
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Continued from page 95

THE TREE OF JOY—VIII

AT THE KRIEMHILDE LINE

"IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE"

He brings tar paper for holes in the roof and oiled paper for the windows, and hammers and nails and a little lumber.

Lumber, you know, is scarce in France. There was no one to cut it for so long. Even scarcer than lumber are the freight-cars to bring it anywhere.

There hasn't been anybody to make freight-cars, or even to mend them, for years. Nor any one to keep in repair the railroads.

Even such railroads as there were have many of them been torn up and the rails you see to-day twisted and rusting and thrown to one side of what used to be the track. They're just part of the débris that remains all over the place where contending armies have struggled together.

It's an awful mess in which war has left the world. And the mess is worse here at this little village than you in orderly America can have any conception of.

The most serious situation faced by the folks who tried to start living here again in the Summer of 1919 was the difficulty of getting any of the household implements with which to begin. Before the war nearly everything they needed by which to live they had had handed down to them from past generations. Or they made it themselves.

They came back to discover the loom gone on which Monsieur Mauvais, as his fathers before him, wove the village sheets for which every one could grow their own flax. The village cobbler had no tools now with which to make shoes.

All the lovely shining copper cooking utensils which had come down to every one from grandmothers and great-grandmothers had disappeared. Because pots of copper were taken by enemy soldiers for making munitions of war, or sometimes by French soldiers.

PERHAPS even American soldiers had appropriated some of these household possessions. Any kind of soldiers do.

If you had found yourself a villager here at Landres et St. Georges after the fall of civilization, you would have looked about perplexed on a strange new world. Everything of which you now had need would have to come to you from the cities of which once you had only heard, away over there beyond your own blue horizon line.

It takes railroads to bring these things. There used to be one that came within three miles of the village. This is broken to-day.

The nearest railroad at all is now six miles distant, and the only one with worth-while connections is fifteen miles away. Even these facilities are signally limited.

If you are just an ordinary citizen of our DELINEATOR village, nothing can come on either of these railroads to you. You can't, for instance, send to Paris and have a cook-stove consigned to you by freight.

For so many years freight hasn't been able to move in France that now there is a congestion which the Government has had to meet by an order that goods may be sent only in carload lots. You, a mere householder, of course can't afford to rent a whole car.

And what are you to do for your sheets and your shoes and your cook-stoves and everything else that is far off over that blue horizon line? Even if you had money to pay for them, there were in the Spring of 1919 none of these things in the Ardennes to buy.

The *Comité Américain* that brought those supplies to the Aisne was far away. Nobody was bringing them here.

That was the desperate condition of affairs when the *Mission Anglo-Américaine de la Société des Amis* heard about it. These are the Quakers, who, since the beginning of the awful conflict, have been sending relief units over the map of Europe for first aid to war victims.

THEY had a headquarters in the Meuse, the adjoining *département* or district, from which they sent a detachment to open a cost-price store in the Ardennes. But to get their supplies up there the American boys of this Quaker group had to rig up their own transportation, a Liberty motor mounted on a hand-car to run on a narrow-gage track from Grand Pré.

Now such household equipment as at first they could only salvage from the trenches the folks of our little village have been able to add to by purchases from this store up at Buzancy. But it's ten miles away. A horse costs a thousand dollars to-day in France, so that not many people, you see, can have one.

There is a municipal cart, a wagon formerly used by the army for the transport of munitions, and two horses to draw it, which has been allocated to the village by the Government for transportation purposes. But there is everything to be brought. And it seems to take so long for the cart to go.

Furniture, seeds, tools to get even a garden going, plows when you have fields where the bombs have been picked up so that they're safe to work, all these things are at least as far off as Buzancy. And sometimes when you get to Buzancy you find what you need most is farther still, away off beyond another blue horizon line, too hopelessly far for the municipal cart to go.

There were the chickens which our whole village was appalled about. Chickens, you should know, together with rabbits, provide all the meat the French peasant has for his table.

It's a catastrophe in France when you can't get chickens. There weren't any left in the Ardennes when the war was over. Not in any locality as far as the municipal cart could travel were any chickens to be found.

It was the *Société des Amis* who came to the relief of the despairing villagers. The *Société* has an automobile. Through distant *départements*, beyond what had been the war zone, it went searching for chickens.

Each family in our village now has two chickens apiece. When the *Société des Amis'* automobile brought them it had to be a *pro rata* sale in the public square of Landres.

NO MATTER how much money a householder might have, each family had to be limited to the purchase of just two fowls. Because the Quakers' automobile has so many other things to do that it can not go after more chickens.

It is the one automobile that I saw in the whole district of the Ardennes to do the things which the French villages so need to have done these days. There are official documents to be registered at the county seat, twenty miles away, for a community that is to collect its *dommage de guerre*.

Or sometimes it's at the State capitol at Mézières, which is fifty miles from Landres, that the business must be transacted. And when Mayor Juillen or Schoolmaster Vauchelet, who is secretary of the commune, is obliged to go to Mézières in the matter of public affairs, it takes two days by the roundabout railway connections.

There is another errand that takes a long, long time. The doctor who used to be at Landres died a civil prisoner in Germany.

The nearest doctor now is at Buzancy. There aren't any telephones. And when folks are dying in our DELINEATOR village, or being born there, the municipal cart that must go ten miles to Buzancy for the doctor may not get back in time.

And so with all sorts of difficult new situations like these the little commune struggles to find itself. The *chef des travaux urgents* has fixed up some twenty or more dwelling-places.

They are just that, "places" of protection against wind and rain, not by any means finished or permanent structures. Of these, twelve are wooden barracks of one or two rooms, for which the old lumber was salvaged from the trenches around here. There are as many more of the original village houses which have been patched up.

Orders have been placed for ten new barracks which it is hoped in time to have from Paris. But when it may be possible to get them no one in France can tell.

Permanent rebuilding will be done some day. The expense of reconstructing all of the little stone houses and the *mairie* and the school and the village church will be met with the indemnity collected from Germany for the damage done.

MEANWHILE the business of daily living must be got under way. The first indication of the attempt was forecast when a typewritten notice was tacked up beside the front door of the house where the *Société Coopérative Civile* was organized. It reads:

M. Vauchelet, secretaire de mairie, est à là disposition des habitants tous les jours de 9 h. à 11 h. sauf les dimanches et jours de fête.

That means:

Monsieur Vauchelet, secretary of the *mairie*, is at the disposal of the inhabitants every day from 9 to 11 except Sundays and fête-days.

The *mairie*, you see, which formerly combined the town hall and the boys' school and the living-quarters for the teacher's family, is among the buildings hopelessly in ruins. This, where the Vauchelets are now housed, is the small two-room building that was formerly the girls' school.

There is tar paper on the roof and oiled paper for the window-panes. I noticed, as I came down the street this day in Summer, that Lea Vauchelet had set a pot with a flowering plant on the window-ledge.

It's the little look of home that's dear to the human heart. What will not a woman's brave trying do to make life worth living even in a ruined town!

I think Albert Vauchelet feels that way. His wife had come down the steps to meet us.

She had recently had a touch of neuritis, from which she limped slightly as she walked. Her husband very tenderly put an arm about her waist to assist her as we went into the house. There passed between them a smile of the most perfect and beautiful understanding.

LEA VAUCHELET has told me that the upper room of the house she has fixed up for their sleeping-quarters. The lower room is in one corner—we may say, the kitchen.

The sausages and the side of salt pork hang there in the window-frame above the stove where she cooks the meals for her family. The oilcloth-covered table separates this from the corner that is called the parlor, where the *armoire* stands.

This is a new one, of unpainted pine bought at Buzancy to replace the lovely old one of French walnut. All the furniture the family had has been destroyed, even all of their photographs and treasured mementoes.

Of their great store of household linen, all that remains for the *armoire* shelves is the napkins. They are of beautiful heavy linen, embroidered in the corner with the initials "M. V." intertwined with a forget-me-not garland.

The other side of the room is, as a matter of fact, the *mairie*, the town hall of the commune

Concluded on page 97

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Concluded from page 96

THE TREE OF JOY—VIII

AT THE KRIEMHILDE LINE

"IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE"

to-day. All of its recent records are ranged on the tier of shelves of new lumber above the desk at which the secretary sits.

Like this the Vauchelets are living. It has to be most simply. But anyhow it's home.

What they miss most, I think, is their books, all of which are gone. There were three hundred of them. And that's a large library, you know, for a village schoolmaster. I asked him what they were.

"Oh, all of Dumas and Victor Hugo and Racine and Voltaire and Jaurès and many others," he said.

Ah, then that explains the schoolmaster of Landres. The library lists minds that dared in their day to think new thoughts. Almost every one who ever has a new thought is ostracized or exiled or killed for it.

That's as sure as history and our own current newspaper reports. A new thought is a very courageous undertaking.

To have had that library, Albert Vauchelet has courage. That's the best kind of quality to have in a devastated district.

And it rings in this man's voice as he tells me of his ambitions for his village, ambitions that have even winged a way across the Atlantic to ask aid of the America he so much admires. I had come to France as the special commissioner of THE DELINEATOR to find out how the readers of this magazine could make Landres et St. Georges our Town of the Golden Book.

SO I asked Albert Vauchelet what we could do to have our names written there. You remember how, in that first letter of appeal he sent, he suggested that the little French commune would make a "golden book" in which should be recorded the names of all THE DELINEATOR readers who should assist in its relief.

Now I have found out what, of all the things that we might give them, these our friends in France would rather have first. I wonder if you can guess what is this, their greatest need?

In the tranquil days before the war, a peasant's cart did very well for all transportation purposes. But these are other times, terrible, topsy-turvy times, for folks who for the first time have to cross a blue horizon line to provide for their simple and every-day necessities.

It's an automobile that's required to link up a little, dazed, lost village, for four years cut off from civilization behind the enemy's lines—and still so far away. From what I've told you, I think you will see that the only sure way of getting anything in France to-day is with an automobile of your own, to go as far as may be for what you need and bring it back.

Then there is one other use for a car in this, our particular village. It may interest you most of all. We who cast our bread upon the Atlantic are going to get it back.

Our little Town of the Golden Book has already planned some reciprocal adopting for us. It's the boys, our boys who will never return from France!

Oh, mothers and fathers in Brooklyn, and elsewhere in the United States! And dear little kiddies and sweethearts all, to whom they can never come back, do you understand?

IT'S the boys, five hundred and sixty of them, who fell right here in defense of St. Georges, that the commune would take to its heart. These five hundred and sixty graves at Romagne, the great American cemetery near, our DELINEATOR Town of the Golden Book has asked me to tell you it wishes formally to adopt to keep green forever.

These our boys that the army had to leave in a foreign land, the loss of them, oh, the loss of them is heart-breaking beyond any grief that has ever before befallen our nation! The anguish and the pain of it made all Summer sad in 1919.

There was the sound of women weeping through all the silent stillness of the empty, echoing spaces that stretched about me, as I stood that day at the Kriemhilde line. And it seemed such a long, long way from New York or Ohio, to lay a wreath on a far-off grave in France.

Dear hearts, isn't it a beautiful message I bring that THE DELINEATOR village will do this for you? They're going over on Memorial Day, May thirtieth, to strew them with flowers, these graves which they have told me shall be ever as sacred as if it were their own sons beneath this sod.

It's seven miles to the cemetery. The population is planning to walk this distance to do this service for America. But if they had an automobile—let's make it an automobile truck—the older ones and the smaller ones might ride. Hadn't we better send it?

And our heroes who fell where flaming poppies now red spatter the fields of France, God rest them there at the Kriemhilde line!

HOW TO REMIT

CONTRIBUTORS to the relief of France should make out all checks and money-orders to the French-Relief Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York. Unless otherwise designated, these contributions will be devoted to the Town of the Golden Book.

Concluded from page 94

OXALIS

fruit still clung about the house. On the zinc-covered kitchen table, row on crystal row, filled, sealed and polished, stood the fruit-jars.

Charlie said irascibly, "For a cent I'd smash the last one!"

Luella's eyes, green, and bulging like monster gooseberries, glowered from under the crescent wrinkles of her forehead.

Estelle essayed a light tap at Roxy's door. There was no answer. To the refreshing ablutions of the afternoon had succeeded, when her work was done, the blessed refreshment of tears.

The clean, laved, little wild-woods spirit of her communicated its solace to the tired little body. In all that wakeful house Roxy slept undisturbed.

IT IS not the small-town custom to infringe upon the privacy of courting. Luella, apprised of the Sunday-evening visit, sentenced the reluctant Charlie, with herself in tow, to the evening church service.

She had suggested the inclusion of Roxy in this excursion, but Estelle had demurred. Oddly, Estelle had wanted Roxy to stay. But then, Roxy was not officious.

Estelle was unbelievably slow about dressing. And then it seemed she could not do her hair to suit her. She put it up and took it down countless times.

IT'S the heat. It makes it so moist. Now your hair looks like an aureole, Roxy, all light and fluffy."

"Oh, Estelle!" breathed Roxy. "Your hair's so thick and heavy—your braids like a great twist of molasses taffy!"

"It's the dickens," said Estelle. "There—wasn't that the bell? You'll have to let him in, Roxy. Say I'll be down. Give him that chair by the window."

Roxy let him in. She thought he looked surprised—a little—to see her. For of course he had expected it would be Estelle. She said: "Estelle will be down presently. Won't you step in, Mr. Morris?"

Mr. Morris stepped in.

"This chair, please," denoted Roxy.

In the half-dusk her little white figure had a curious, distinct value. She sat at a little distance, farther within the room.

He began to talk in that pleasant fashion of his, as if he had known her always. There was something dear and intimate in their association—the friendly dusk (for Estelle had said nothing about lights), his friendly voice, the timid friendliness of her response.

For a long moment she forgot. Forgot Estelle, and her school, and stocks and bonds, and why she was sitting here.

Once he glanced out, at some slight distraction. He sat forward, and looked a little closer, his head bent in greeting. Then he had turned to her again.

"I can't think what is keeping Estelle," suddenly remembered Roxy; "maybe she needs me—I'll go see——"

"Don't go," he said.

"Don't go?"

"She's not there."

Roxy gazed at him, poised for departure.

He had got up by now. Now he was by her. Somehow he had got her hand.

"ESTELLE asked me to come to-night to say good-by. She said she had a surprise. That was she I nodded to out of the window—she was running down the walk and waved to me—for good-by."

"Estelle—for good-by—the surprise—" faltered Roxy.

"Oh, you stupid little woodsy creature—Roxy— You're the surprise!"

"But I don't—we don't—" began Roxy, whose other hand he had got by now. "I never went all those places with the rest, Mr. Morris——"

"Try 'Ed,' " he suggested.

She tried "Ed."

"You were there all the time—only you—only you!"

"I was there!" whispered Roxy.

Something told her it was true.

Oh, pinker than any blossom now in Luella's basket of oxalis—pinker than the bloom of those honest little poor relations, the wood-sorrel—Roxy's face. For now he had more than her hands. He had her lips.

THE SMILING HEART

GOD gave me this gift for my portion,
To ease life's burden in part;
That whatever I do or suffer,
I have a singing heart.

So I shall not fear in the darkness,
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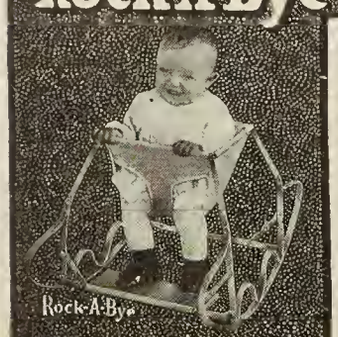
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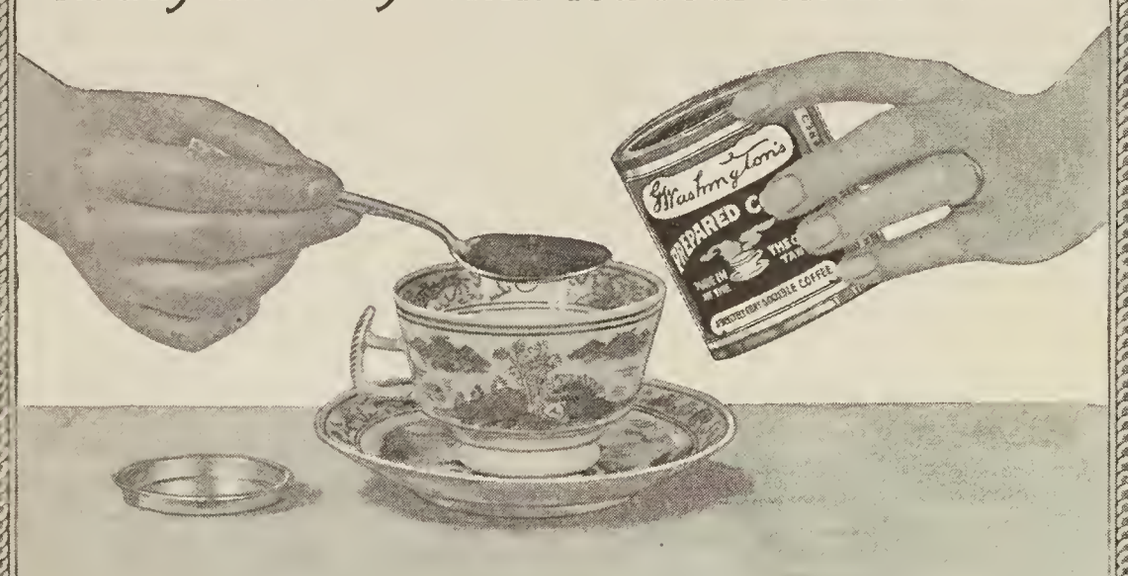
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Continued from page 11

THE FIRST RUNG

word, and our big open fire at night to talk before, and roast nuts or make candy messes, and talk—about things I understand—he'd see a different Kathleen, and she'd be interesting to him."

"But, darling," the mother protested, a little bit dazed, from her tone, "It was you who wanted to come to New York."

"Oh, don't keep flinging that at me," Miss Kathleen declared rudely. "But if we had our own house, where I could manage things in my own way—— Do say you'll at least look at furnished houses to-day, momma." They were evidently moving on, and her voice died away down the corridor.

"Ellen Lee, there's a very wise old saying about opportunity only knocking once," I said—I usually talk out loud to myself when I'm thinking out things; it seems to help clear the air somehow. "And if this isn't your opportunity, I don't know what will be. You've just *got* to make a plan "

BUT nothing worth a second thought occurred to me at that minute, so I put on my hat and went for a walk. There's nothing like a good brisk walk to send you home again with a whole sot of new ideas on any subject. I tried not to think about the Merrills at all while I was out, and after I'd had my walk, I stopped in at one of the big department-stores on Fifth Avenue, remembering that the housekeeper had asked me yesterday to order some bath-mats if I was in that neighborhood and had the time.

It didn't take long to pick these out, for the hotel had a special pattern they always ordered and this particular shop kept it in stock; and after I'd got that off my conscience, I went down to the floor below, for a stroll through the furniture department. Sometimes I see some odd little piece—a table or an extra pretty or comfortable chair, that makes a nice addition to certain rooms we set aside for some of our regular patrons who are either a little bit cranky, or else are semi-invalids, and want things just so.

I hadn't gone half-way down the center aisle, when suddenly I stood stock still before a solid little mission table set out with the most adorable copper chafing-dish outfit you ever laid eyes on. I'm sure I would have thought it was worth stopping by at any time, but right at the very instant my eyes lit on it, an idea—Opportunity itself—fairly jumped up and hit me.

It was such a new, scrumptious, utterly practical idea that I walked round and round that table, examining every blessed piece of copper on it, and hugging myself joyfully for my luck, or imagination, or whatever you choose to call the thing that gave me the inspiration.

Then I went back to the Van Dyke, and asked the clerk at the desk whether the Merrills were in yet. Mrs. Merrill wasn't, he told me, but Miss Merrill was. Miss Merrill would do, so up I sailed, and knocked boldly on her door, without having myself announced. She knew who I was because I'd often had a word with her and her mother at the desk about letters, and such things. Well, anyhow, she opened the door herself, and Ellen Lee and her Opportunity marched in, kind of trembly inside, but determined.

"Oh, it's you, Miss Lee," she said civilly enough, and stood aside to let me come in if I would.

"I PASSED you and Mrs. Merrill in the corridor this morning," I said quickly. "And I happened to hear you mention that you were giving a theater-party to-morrow night, with supper afterward. Now, of course, you may have your plans all laid for where you are going to take them to supper, and in that case it's decidedly none of my business."

"But just in case you haven't, I thought you might be interested—on the ground of its being something different, you know—in our chafing-dish room It gives all the nice homey flavor to a party, without the housekeeping bother "

She was a pretty girl, Miss Kathleen, with very alert, wide-open blue eyes, and the softest, curliest hair that was exactly the shade of gold some babies have (and usually lose directly they grow up). She looked at me now, her eyes opening wider than ever, and I could see her attention was caught by what I had said.

"I don't think I was ever told there was such a room in the hotel," she said quite severely.

"It hasn't been opened for some time, not since you have been here, Miss Merrill," I explained, improvising as fast as my brain would work. And this wasn't a lie, either. It hadn't been open—there not being any such room until my great idea had evolved it out of that copper outfit on the little brown mission table this afternoon.

"It's being redecorated," I went on, and this, if not the exact truth now, was going to be in a few minutes if things went as they should. "It's a new feature in our service to our guests, and I believe we are the only hotel in Manhattan that has such a room.

"People are getting tired of the usual cabaret stuff," I added confidentially, with an air of taking it for granted she, with her experience, would certainly agree with me. "This is a novelty, and that's always interesting. It's a private supper-room, of course. Your party would be exactly as if you were giving it in your own home."

SHE appeared to consider for a minute or two.

"You say the room is being redecorated," she said then. "Suppose I wanted to have my supper-party there to-morrow night. Would it be ready?"

"It will be ready, Miss Merrill," I promised firmly.

Inwardly I was saying shakily to myself, "Oh, Ellen Lee, this is either promotion for you, or being fired, according as Mr. Graham happens to view these rash promises." But I didn't let any of these thoughts get outside my own brain.

Miss Kathleen's cheeks had grown quite pink, and her blue eyes sparkled like an excited little girl's.

"I think I'll go out and buy a new gown," she said ingenuously. "I'm great on backgrounds, Miss Lee, and if this is to be a homey, comfortable sort of party, I'm going to fit.

"Too bad I didn't know before, so I could tell the other girls," she added, a dimple peeping out of one pink cheek, which meant of course that it was the exact reverse of too bad.

She was going to hog the whole background, and she was tickled to pieces over the prospect. I guess she hadn't had any too much of that kind of rôle since she left Montana.

"Well, I'll engage the chafing-dish room for to-morrow night," she declared decidedly. "You can put it on the bill. Poppa won't kick whatever it costs, if I'm satisfied. Let's see, now, what shall we have for supper?"

"Suppose it were your home in the West, what would you give them under the same conditions?" I suggested. "You see, as this whole thing is to be different, the more different it is from the usual New York party, the more of a success it'll be."

She clapped her two pink little palms together like a five-year-old.

"If we were giving the party out in Red Hole, after a movie, say," she said, her face lighting up till she looked out-and-out beautiful, "I'd get out my chafing-dish, and I'd make the crowd a Welsh rabbit—I'm kind of famous for my rabbits," she put in wistfully.

"And we'd have beer right off the ice, and momma would have made some of her corking sandwiches, and we'd have the percolator bubbling, and smelling that nice, *hungry* coffee smell—and everything would have a good time, including me," she wound up with an abruptness that had a hint of tears in it.

I FORGOT that she was the rich patron of the Van Dyke, and I the humble stenographer, and spoke to her impulsively as girl to girl.

"I bet you," I said, "that if you had that kind of party to-morrow night you'd score the biggest success, counting by enjoyment of it, of anything that's been given your guests this season. They've done the other thing till they're fed up with it. Give them your sort now, and let's see."

For a minute I was afraid she wouldn't like my speaking of "her sort" of entertainment, but she was too taken with the new plan to think of anything else

"I'll go you!" she cried enthusiastically. "And I'll give these New York swells a rabbit such as they've never tasted in their silly old restaurants. Just see that the chef sends up lots of good fresh cheese—mind, it must be fresh and no mistake, or the thing's a failure."

"No fear," I assured her. "I'll see to it myself. And the sandwiches as near to your mother's standard as the hotel can produce, working its top-hole best.

"Will you leave the details to me, Miss Merrill? I promise you no hitches, and a party that your friends will all envy you the originating of. What time will you want supper?"

"Oh, about eleven," she said eagerly. "Or as soon as the show is out, and we can get across town. Say, Miss Lee, if we pull this off as it looks like we will, I'll owe you my everlasting gratitude."

"And the same here," I added under my breath, almost as excited as she was, and took myself down to the office, and my manager, to find out if he was going to back me up in my daring, or fire me for my presumption.

Success meant so appallingly much to me. If my plan went through, it would almost surely mean a raise, and perhaps I could fix it so I could get a morning off at least once a week for my art class. Color, which was my strong point, as the teacher admitted, really needed daylight work.

Oh, all kinds of enchanting possibilities loomed ahead with this for a beginning. My ideas and opportunities needn't stop with the first success, and I might work on and up till——

This was all by way of bolstering up my courage for the talk with Mr Graham. I wasn't going to let nervousness trip me now, when I had succeeded so beautifully with Miss Kathleen.

I WALKED into the office, and fortunately for me the manager was miraculously disengaged, and quietly reading the paper; smoking a big fat cigar, which always denoted at least half an hour of leisure ahead.

I don't remember the exact words I used to break my story to him—in fact, I couldn't have remembered them ten minutes afterward, I had talked so fast, and was so nervous inside—but whatever they were, they somehow proved as convincing as those I had found to convince Miss Kathleen herself.

Mr. Graham has a trick of tugging at his gray mustache, and then smoothing the ends out with his thumb and finger afterward, when he's interested in anything. He was doing this now, I noticed with a little jump of my heart, and all at once I began to believe in myself, and my success as I talked.

I think he was smiling at my eagerness under cover of his fingers, but he never attempted to interrupt until I had finished and sat back rather rigidly in my chair, waiting for his comments.

"Pretty wide-awake young lady," he said dryly, but I was sure now about the smile "I think, myself, that you have hit on a very happy idea. I take it your plan is something of a glorified home atmosphere, with expert hotel service. Am I right?"

I nodded breathlessly, and he went on with another quiet little smile.

"Well, suppose you see what you can do, if you think you can keep your promise to have the room ready by to-morrow night. I'll leave the details to you to work out, since the

Continued on page 101

For the simplest dish or the most elaborate delicacy, I find the broad Del Monte line offers just the combination of quality, flavor, economy & convenience so needful in modern cookery — Winifred Stuart Gibbs



Winifred Stuart Gibbs, Consulting Home Economist; formerly Director, Extension Department, Mechanics' Institute, Rochester, New York; seven years lecturer at Teachers' College, Columbia University; author of "Lessons in Proper Feeding," "Economical Cooking," "The Minimum Cost of Living," etc.

THE war taught us that properly canned fruits and vegetables are absolutely essential in a food crisis; reconstruction is teaching us that these same foods are a strong ally during a shortage of domestic help.

If you are one of the many women who are trying to simplify housework without sacrificing that daintiness of detail demanded by modern standards, you will find Del Monte Products invaluable. When you use these delicious fruits and vegetables you may rest assured that for every dollar spent you are providing an honest dollar's worth of wholesome and satisfying food. Last, but not least, you will find it surprisingly easy to add that "little touch of party elegance" to the simplest dishes. And this artistic touch is most important, for it gives just the subtle eye-appeal needed to stimulate quick digestion and easy assimilation of food.

In the following recipes I have kept constantly in mind the hundreds of homes where I have been welcomed for friendly conference with the housekeeper. As an introduction to these suggestions, illustrating the wide usefulness of Del Monte Products, I have chosen a soup which I call Del Monte Mock Bisque. To make it, and have enough tomatoes left for a delicious rarebit, open a large can of Del Monte Solid Pack Tomatoes. Put 4 cups of water in a saucepan, add 1½ teaspoons salt, a sprinkle of pepper and another of celery salt. Then stir in ¾ of a cup of rolled oats, 1½ cups Del Monte Tomatoes and a teaspoon of chopped onion. Let this mixture boil an hour, strain it and serve with chopped parsley sprinkled on top.

Next day make this delicious rarebit from the remaining tomatoes. Stir ½ cup of soft bread crumbs, ½ pound of grated cheese, 1¾ teaspoons of salt and ⅛ teaspoon of pepper into a cup of strained Del Monte Tomatoes. Turn this mixture into a saucepan, cook until smooth, stirring constantly, and serve piping hot on small crisp crackers. This use of a single can of tomatoes shows how easy it is to make two delightful dishes very economically.

A heartier dish, very simple and easy to prepare, is Bean Timbales. Mash 2 cups of Del Monte Baked Beans to a smooth pulp, season with celery salt, onion juice, salt and pepper. Stir this into 1 cup of milk into which you have beaten an egg. Press this mixture into buttered timbale molds, put the molds in a pan of water, place the pan in a moderate oven and bake timbales until the custard "sets." Garnish with parsley and serve with Del Monte Catsup.

As an economical and healthful meat substitute, you will enjoy this delicious vegetable loaf. To ¾ of a can of Del Monte Spinach, add 3 cups of boiled rice, 3 tablespoons Del Monte Peeled Green Chile, chopped fine, and 2 cups of thick white sauce. Make the sauce by thickening 1½ cups of milk with 3 tablespoons flour rubbed smooth in 3 tablespoons of butter, and season with 1½ teaspoons of salt. After stirring the spinach into the white sauce, form the whole mixture into a loaf, bake 20 minutes and serve with heated Del Monte Tomato Sauce.

Another simple meat substitute that is sure to please is Del Monte Asparagus served with cheese sauce. It is made by thickening 2 cups of milk with 4 tablespoons of flour rubbed smooth in a little cold water, and seasoned with a little salt and pepper. Into this mixture stir slowly one cup of grated cheese and beat all together until absolutely smooth. Then heat one can of Del Monte Asparagus, arrange on slices of toast, garnish with chopped Del Monte Pimientos and pour the sauce around the toast with just a spoonful on each slice.

Del Monte Perfection Fruit Salad is another delicious dish that can often be made by combining the left-over portions of any Del Monte canned fruits. For instance, if you have, let us say, a half cup of Del Monte Cherries left over from a previous night's dessert, take a small can of Del Monte Pineapple, cut it into small pieces, add two sliced bananas, half a grape fruit or orange, and the half cup of left-over cherries. This combination served with a cup of mayonnaise dressing is a most enticing delicacy.

There is of course no end to the attractive desserts that can be made from the great variety of fruits included in the Del Monte line. Take peaches, for instance. Delicious to eat as they come from the can, they likewise offer the widest choice of tempting combination desserts that are as economical as they are good. Del Monte Peach Mondae is a sample. Boil 3 tablespoons of rice in 4 cups of salted water, blanching it so that each kernel stands out separate. Mold the rice in custard cups that have been wet in cold water and allow to cool. Then turn out the molds of rice and place an inverted half Del Monte Peach on top of each, and make a border of peaches cut in strips radiating around the molds. Served with the juice of the peaches this is delicious.

Del Monte Apricot Pudding is another simple dessert that will illustrate the easy possibilities of a large can of any Del Monte Fruit. Make a baking powder biscuit dough of 2 cups of flour sifted with 4 teaspoons of baking powder and ½ teaspoon of salt. Chop 2 tablespoons of fat into this and moisten the whole with a two-thirds cup of milk.

Pat this dough out into an oblong about ½ inch thick and place in the middle one cup of mashed Del Monte Apricots. Then roll the dough like a jelly roll and bake in a bread tin for about 25 minutes. Place a few halves of apricots on top and serve with a sauce made of one tablespoon of cornstarch, one tablespoon of sugar mixed with a salt spoon of salt, and all stirred into the apricot fruit juice. Cook slowly until thick.

As you will discover, the foregoing recipe calls for less than a full can of apricots. The remaining fruit is, therefore, available for use next day in some other combination, thus providing two delightful desserts at very reasonable cost from a single can of fruit.

These are only a few of the great variety of appetizing and economical uses that will occur to every housewife who employs Del Monte canned fruits and vegetables regularly.

To those women who wish to learn more about canned foods in general and the many ways to use them, I suggest sending for a copy of "Del Monte Recipes of Flavor" a 64-page book containing over 500 palatable and wholesome recipes and suggestions for serving canned foods economically in every-day meals. A copy will be sent free to any one on request to Department D, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.



Del Monte Mock Bisque



Tomato Rarebit



Del Monte Bean Timbales



Del Monte Spinach Loaf



Asparagus with Cheese Sauce



Del Monte Apricot Pudding



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Perfection Fruit Salad



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Continued from page 98

THE FIRST RUNG

plan is yours. But"—he scribbled a name on a slip of paper, and passed it over to me—"Torrance & Howe are the decorators who had charge of furnishing this hotel, and Howe will help you out both in hurrying the thing through, and with suggestions, if you feel the need of a little advice. He's a nice young chap and has quite a reputation for decorating apartment-houses and hotels. I'm not so sure he's strong on the home stuff, but I understand he's keen to get a try at it."

He got up, and walked over to his desk, and I could see he was still smiling sort of quizzically to himself.

"Do you mean," I gasped, not daring to believe my ears, "that you're letting *me* manage the entire decorating, and buying of the furnishings?"

"It was such a good idea," he said kindly, turning around a little, "that I rather fancy you'll find other good ones to help you carry it out. Call on me if you need any help I can offer.

"And I needn't tell you," he added, "that if you succeed, it will mean a great deal to the hotel, and you will find us properly appreciative."

I got to my feet in a whirl of excitement. I had my chance! The first rung of the ladder was in sight, and it was up to me whether I ever set my foot actually on it or not. Just as I was leaving the office, Mr. Graham called me back.

"What room, or rooms, were you thinking of using, Miss Lee?" he inquired as respectfully as if I'd been the head of the big decorating firm he had just mentioned.

"I'D LIKE a suite, with a large room, and a smaller one—a sort of alcove—for the chaperons, or any older people who aren't exactly in the spirit of the party, and would prefer to get off where it's quiet. In this case I think it's specially necessary, for I fancy that in Red Hole, Montana, the young people don't lay as much stress on this chaperon business as New York society does. Then, there ought to be two small rooms for coatrooms, and—well, that's all, but I do need that.

"Oh, and Mr. Graham, the big room ought to have a fireplace. I know that all the suites on the east end of the hotel have open fireplaces, but with gas logs. We'll have the gas taken out and real logs substituted, if you approve." I stopped, thinking hard.

He gave a little chuckle out loud.

"You've got a regular man-size brain, Miss Lee, under that thatch of black hair," he mentioned. "There's a vacant suite you can have on the eighth floor, and as it happens—if I'm not mistaken—there was something wrong with the pipes in that particular fireplace, and the gas logs were temporarily removed. Better go up and look the place over."

"Thank you," I said fervently, and went on the word.

The suite he had suggested turned out to be very well fitted for my plan. The whole hotel had been redecorated the Summer before, so the two rooms to be used for coatrooms would do as they were, but the big one, and the adjoining alcove, I made up my mind were to be done over to look like a comfortable sort of library in somebody's home.

I THOUGHT of all sorts of shades and combinations of shades for the walls, and finally I remembered—this was my second flash of inspiration—the library in a lovely old farmhouse at home that had been done over by some newcomers to Wynnsboro. I could see the walls all at once, quite distinctly—a soft golden brown burlap that caught and held the light; and there was heavy, comfortable mission furniture—big substantial chairs built four-square, and a substantial, square-looking table of the same finish.

I decided to stick to that old library for a model, and lighten the brown with just a touch or two of dull red—a lamp-shade, or a sofa-cushion, and some red in the rugs.

It was exactly like planning a picture, only lots easier. My teacher had told me that color was my forte and that I had ideas—it was only my fingers that were stiff and clumsy in carrying out my brain's directions with a pencil or a brush.

I even made a rough little sketch of what the room was to look like when it was finished, and I took this with me when I went down to see Mr. Howe at Torrance & Howe.

Time being now my biggest problem, I committed the extravagance of a taxi, and got down to the big decorators' office in exactly six minutes. I was lucky enough to find Mr. Howe in, and he proved to be quite as nice about the scheme as Mr. Graham had been.

He was a young man, with unruly-looking dark hair, a jolly sort of smile and a brisk, capable manner.

I GAVE him a brief outline of the plan, and I could see that though he smiled a little, just as Mr. Graham had done, he was interested, too.

"Must be ready, you say, by to-morrow evening," he said, half to himself. "Doesn't give us much time, that; but we'll see. I suppose you leave the furnishing to us, as usual?" he added with an air that seemed to take the answer for granted.

He was considerably astonished and not a little annoyed when I stuck to it that I, and nobody else, was to choose that.

"But, my dear young lady—" he said rather crossly; only right there I begged his pardon for interrupting him, and told him that I was being judged by the results, and that if he wasn't willing to cooperate with me to the extent I wished, and no more, I would prefer to go the whole thing alone, and trust to getting the job done on time.

I was so in earnest that my voice shook a little before I came to the end of my speech, and that seemed somehow to smooth him down better than anything I could have put into words.

"Oh, well, wilful woman must have her way, I suppose, as usual," he said, smiling again. "Come down into the shop and let's look at burlap samples. I guess we've got just the shade you had in mind."

He had, and it was prettier, and fuller of lovely golden tints than the one I remembered, and he agreed to attend to getting a force of paperhangers on the job, with a night shift to finish it up on time.

"You're a determined young woman, you know," Mr. Howe said to me, wagging his head warningly. "You may come a cropper over that some fine day, and it's only fair to warn you. However, I'll do my best to see that it's not this time at all events. Our part of the work will be done by this hour to-morrow, and I rather think I'll come around myself about six that evening to see how your ideas look, carried out."

"That will be kind of you," I said politely, and went off to buy the copper chafing-dish outfit and the little square mission table it had stood on.

THERE were so many things that had to be got, and so many others to be added if I found just the right ones, that I was still in the full tide of shopping when the stores heartlessly shut up for the night. It was after midnight before I got into bed, and when I finally fell asleep it was to dream of mission tables, rolls of browny-gold burlaps, and dark-haired young men who argued with me, and then shook hands and wished me luck.

I was up with the city equivalent for the lark—the noisy little dust-colored sparrows quarreling on the window-ledge—and hurried into my clothes, and down to the eighth floor.

So started another hectic day; but when that evening came, and six o'clock brought Mr. Howe, true to his promise, and not a little curious as I could see. I had my payment in the quick little flash of admiration that shot across his face when I ushered him into Suite Number 808.

"Say, ever done this sort of thing before?" he asked quickly, looking hard at me.

I shook my head. "No, but I'm—or hope to be—an artist. I tried to make a picture of the room instead of painting one. That's all."

"And what position do you hold in the hotel?" he flung at me.

"I'm secretary to Mr. Graham," I said demurely.

"By George!" he exclaimed, and his eyes were twinkling. "I'd give a good deal for a secretary who used her brains for the good of the business like this. If you're ever out looking for a job, you know where to come."

I LAUGHED, and we went down in the elevator, without saying anything more. But just as we were stepping out at the main floor, he said again, sort of sharp and quick: "I meant that, Miss Lee. The offer'll hold, too." And we said good night at the office door.

"Miss Merrill, up in 709, has been calling for you, miss," the desk clerk said as I came in. "She left word would you be so good as to step up and see her for a minute."

At once I had a horrible fear of a hitch somewhere, and tore for the elevator. I was trembling by the time I reached the seventh floor, and knocked on the door of her room.

She was looking as worried as I felt when she opened the door, which wasn't reassuring.

"Oh, come in, please, Miss Lee," she said hurriedly. "Of all things to have happen tonight! Momma's laid up with one of her bad headaches, and goodness knows who's to chaperon my party. I got Mrs. Sills—Mrs. Reginald Sills, the Smythes' cousin, you know—to promise she'll go with us to the theater, but she can't come back here with us afterward.

"Now, what on earth am I to do? I just knew something would have to spoil the only thing I've looked forward to enjoying in New York."

"I'm so sorry about your mother," I said inadequately, my heart going down into my boots with a big *plop*. Oh, my poor little brilliant idea!

MISS Kathleen glanced at me rather shyly, and there was a funny, expectant pause. Then she leaned nearer and laid her hand on my arm.

"Would you—oh, Miss Lee, just as a mighty favor to me—be willing to play chaperon for this one evening? Of course, I know you're not nearly old enough to be one really," she hurried apologetically, "but you do represent the hotel, and that way—in a sort of official capacity—you'd do beautifully. That is—if you'd be willing——"

"I'd be only too glad," I said, quite as much relieved by this solution as she was herself. "Of course I would."

She gave an ecstatic wriggle exactly like a little girl with the prospect of her first party ahead, and pirouetted madly on one small velvet-shod foot.

"Look at the new dress I bought specially for your old chafing-dish-room," she commanded, coming to an abrupt halt before me. "I've been waiting for you to speak of it. Doesn't it look simple and *homey*—and won't poppa gasp when he gets the bill for its charming simplicity?"

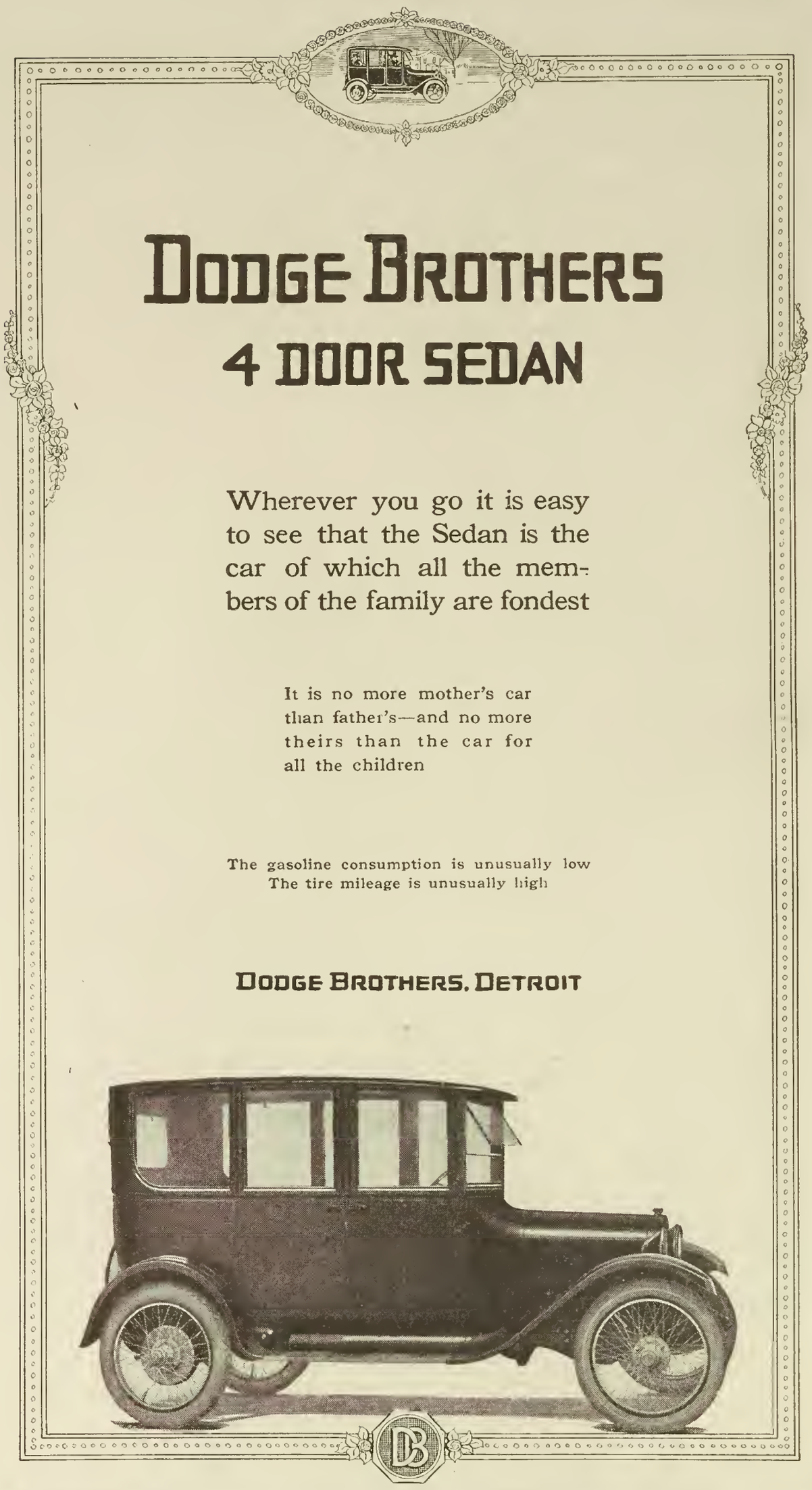
"I should think he might," I said with a laugh. "I suppose it could be called simple, and I know it's expensive. It has the look. But it suits you marvelously."

"Yes, doesn't it?" she agreed in innocent satisfaction, revolving on tiptoe for my better inspection.

CERTAINLY nobody with eyes in his head could have helped agreeing with me. The dress was the color of dark copper, shot with unexpected lights and shadows as if firelight were playing on it, and the material was some crinkly, silky stuff that clung softly about the pretty slimness of her, and made her look somehow like a vivid little flame strayed out of somebody's fireplace.

She glanced down, patting her fluffy skirts

Continued on page 102



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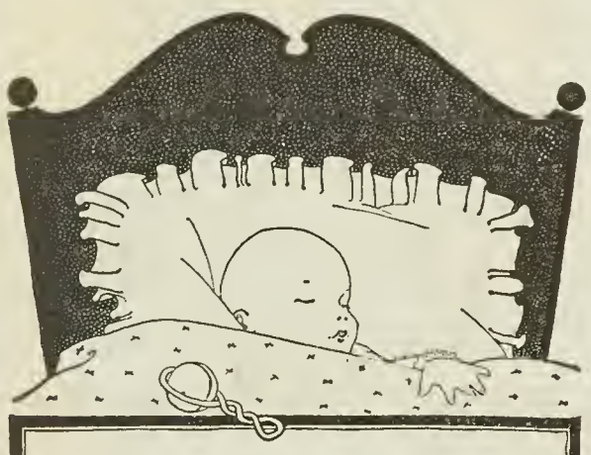
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Continued from page 101

THE FIRST RUNG

complacently. Then suddenly she returned to the matter in hand.

"We-ell," she queried, with a quick, nervous breath, "you won't fail me to-night?"

"You can count on me," I promised with the proper solemnity. "I'll be on hand. And don't worry, Miss Merrill, your party is going to be all that you want it to be."

"It had jolly well better," said Miss Kathleen energetically, and there was a look on her face that reminded me of her father.

I couldn't help grinning as I went downstairs. She was so amply competent to manage her life along the lines she meant it to roll on. I hadn't a doubt that if she had set her heart on Mr. Perry Smythe, and a position as leader of New York society, she would shortly achieve it, no matter what the odds seemed at present.

AFTER dinner I happened to be in the front office making out some bills, and I noticed Mr. Perry Smythe rather closely, when he arrived and sent up his name to Miss Kathleen. He was a big, well-built young fellow, with faultlessly fitting clothes, and perhaps a too-slender figure for any one whose taste ran to the athletic type masculine.

However, he had a quick smile, and rather sentimental brown eyes, and nice, very smooth brown hair. I decided that he would make a good foil for Miss Kathleen's sparkling golden prettiness—a background, as she might have termed it.

A few minutes later Miss Kathleen came down muffled in a big and costly sable coat that seemed to half swallow her up. Perhaps it was that her whole manner had subtly changed, in the company of this new admirer of hers, but she was quite a different person from the assured, happy girl who had twirled on the tips of her toes and showed herself off to me with the light-hearted abandon of a child.

She was talking hurriedly, and her voice sounded shriller than I had heard it. Her manner, too, was hurried and self-conscious.

I guessed that the Kathleen I had had a glimpse of this afternoon had been the Kathleen of Red Hole, of the long rides on horseback across country, and the picnic suppers before the open fire. Miss Kathleen Merrill, trying nervously to break into a new order of society, was not so charming nor so happy a creature.

I had a little flutter of nervousness myself when it came time to go up to the newly decorated 808 and take charge of the evening's success or failure. I had put on my one house dress, a simple (inexpensive simplicity, in my case) dark-blue chiffon, with a touch of tan at neck and cuffs. Oh, quite a chaperonly dress, with no furbelows about it.

I HAD rolled my hair low on my neck at first; and then, fearing that it was too youthful for the part, I piled it up on top of my head, and fastened it with a sparkling rhinestone pin, which did a little, I thought, to lighten me up. I'm a black-looking creature at best, but then, I reflected, that I also would provide an excellent background for Miss Kathleen to-night.

I had a little thrill of triumph when I entered the door of 808 at a few minutes before eleven. The lights had been turned on, and glowed enticingly and warmly under their shades, which were, as it chanced, almost the exact color of Miss Kathleen's gown to-night.

There were two fairly good-sized Turkish rugs on the floor, which repeated touches of the same shade of copper, and the furniture and the walls were brown, with golden lights. I had stuck to the mission style in the furniture, and everything was square and solid and comfortable. I had even a big square bookcase, which I had filled from the second-hand bookstores to avoid too new and shiny an appearance.

The little mission table, set near the open fireplace, where a carefully placed log-fire was just beginning to burn brightly, held a shimmering array of copper bowls, pitchers, and dishes, coffee-pot, and chafing-dish. A sight to make a home scene out of even the stiffest of rooms, which mine was *not*—emphatically.

I spread my arms out, and—there being no one to see—spun about on my toes as Miss Kathleen had done that afternoon. If any party of young and healthy animals, no matter what their upbringing, couldn't lose themselves and their dignity under the influence of my spandy new chafing-dish room, and its copper cooking-outfit, then there was something very wrong with the universe.

BUT I didn't believe there was. And then—well, after the first rung, there comes the second on any ladder.

I heard the sound of footsteps and laughter in the hall outside, and in a minute the door opened, and my charges trooped in.

Last of all, though it was her party, came Miss Kathleen. Her expression was discontented again, not to say cross, and I guessed, with a little stab of pity for her, that so far the evening had proved disappointing. But at the first look about the room she began to brighten.

The girls were frankly curious, and plied both Miss Kathleen and myself with questions. They had never heard of such a room. What a bully idea, was their final verdict.

And no less than five of them slipped up to my side, where I sat reading a book in the alcove, and requested me to see that the room was reserved for them for a specified future occasion. I began to see all kinds of dazzling possibilities in my opportunity.

Sitting demurely under the lamp in the little alcove, my eyes ostensibly buried in the book in my lap, but really peeping over the top of it each chance I got, I took in most of what was happening during the evening. The most important was that Miss Kathleen came out of her sulks with the first feel of the big copper-handled spoon in her fingers, and forgot herself and her fancies under the familiar environment. She mixed, and stirred, and ordered her awe-inspiring guests about exactly as, on similar occasions, she had been wont to order young Red Hole to do her bidding.

And the others responded with a more gradual, but no less sure, yielding to the evening's spell. I saw one pretty young thing roll her fluffy tulle angel sleeves impatiently out of her way, while she experimented on beating an egg, and when the tulle turned refractory, she tied it into two hard, ruthless little knots about her neck, and completed the beating of the egg to the *chef's* satisfaction.

The immaculate Mr. Perry Smythe himself went about with a big dab of melted cheese on his black silk lapel, and neither noticed it nor attempted any protection against similar encounters. He hung over Miss Kathleen on one side, laughing uproariously at her sallies, and on the other side she had annexed a second assistant in the person of a stocky, red-haired young man with a grin that defied the soberest gravity.

He had improvised an apron out of two napkins, and had got himself deftly tied into it by one of the girls, and was now stirring the bubbling rabbit, turn and turn about with Miss Kathleen. The latter introduced him to me quite triumphantly as a compatriot from a neighboring State in the West. It was the first time, I believe, since she had come to New York, that she had boasted of her home State, and I took it to be a good sign of Miss Kathleen *au naturel*.

Well, the evening went somehow, in a racket of noise, and much laughter, and the party broke up at some disgracefully late—or early—hour. There didn't seem to be any reasonable room for doubt that everybody had enjoyed it.

I TUMBLED sleepily up the stairs to my own room, and all but fell asleep with my clothes on. Ideas and opportunities are sometimes wearing, if otherwise eminently satisfactory.

Mr Graham and I had a talk the next morning that was even more satisfactory—to me—than the party itself, and then for several days I was so busy with some work that had piled up, that I had no time to notice the comings and goings of the Merrill family I learned from Mr. Graham, however, that the new chafing-dish room was engaged now regularly every evening, to the exceeding profit of the Van Dyke and the continued rise of Miss Ellen Lee in favor with the management.

About two weeks went by like this, and then, one morning I received a second summons to Miss Kathleen's room.

I didn't have to knock this time. Miss Kathleen had the door open and was waiting for me.

"Come in, please, Miss Lee," she said gaily, and then hesitated, and blushed prettily. "I have something to tell you," she said in a low voice.

"Give me a chance to guess," I suggested knowingly.

"You couldn't," she countered, shaking her curly head, "and, anyhow, you mustn't. I'm engaged to be married—am going to be married in the Spring."

"Well, I think I was going to guess that very thing," I rallied her. "I suppose it's——"

But she put her fingers over my lips.

"I don't want you to guess wrong. I don't even want you to *guess* me engaged to the wrong person," she cried laughing, and blushing beautifully over her nonsense. "You think it's somebody whom I'd never, *never* in the wide world look at now I know what a real man can be."

"THEN it's not poor Mr. Smythe?" I wondered.

"Do you remember the man from Oregon, who helped me stir the cheese?" Miss Kathleen whispered, her blue eyes beginning to sparkle like two twinkling stars. "The red-haired one, with the—the smile you can't help grinning back at when you see it. Oh, Miss Lee, we were both strange fish out of our native water, Johnny and I, here in New York, and that evening was just like one of the jolly old parties back home.

"And we discovered before the evening was over, that we—we, well, we just *belonged*. He came to see me every night that week, and by Saturday we were engaged.

"Poppa and momma are awfully pleased. Poppa knows his father in Oregon.

And"—she lowered her voice, as if she didn't know whether this last bit of news pleased her or not—"he's the *fearfully* rich John McCullough—they call him the Copper Prince out home—he owns mines in Arizona, and in Alaska, and I never knew who he was till we'd been engaged three whole days. He's bought the Halberth house up on Fifth Avenue, and we're going to spend our Winters there—when we feel like it."

"The—the Halberth house," I echoed faintly. For it is the one special big showplace that tourists are taken to see first of all, as every New Yorker who reads this will know.

Miss Kathleen laughed, more softly this time. Her blue eyes had a sudden far-away look.

"WE'RE not afraid of New York any more, Johnny and I," she confided. "We're so happy we can throw any old bluff that's needed, and not wink. Look here, Miss Lee, I owe every bit of it to you—or at least most of it, anyhow.

"If my supper-party hadn't been so informal and *different*, Perry Smythe wouldn't have brought Johnny, because he knows John hates big, formal affairs. And if he hadn't come, why, of course, he'd never have seen me—with my right background."

When I got up to go, Miss Kathleen came with me to the door, and slipped a letter and a little box in my hand.

"Don't open them till you're in your own room," she commanded.

Concluded on page 103

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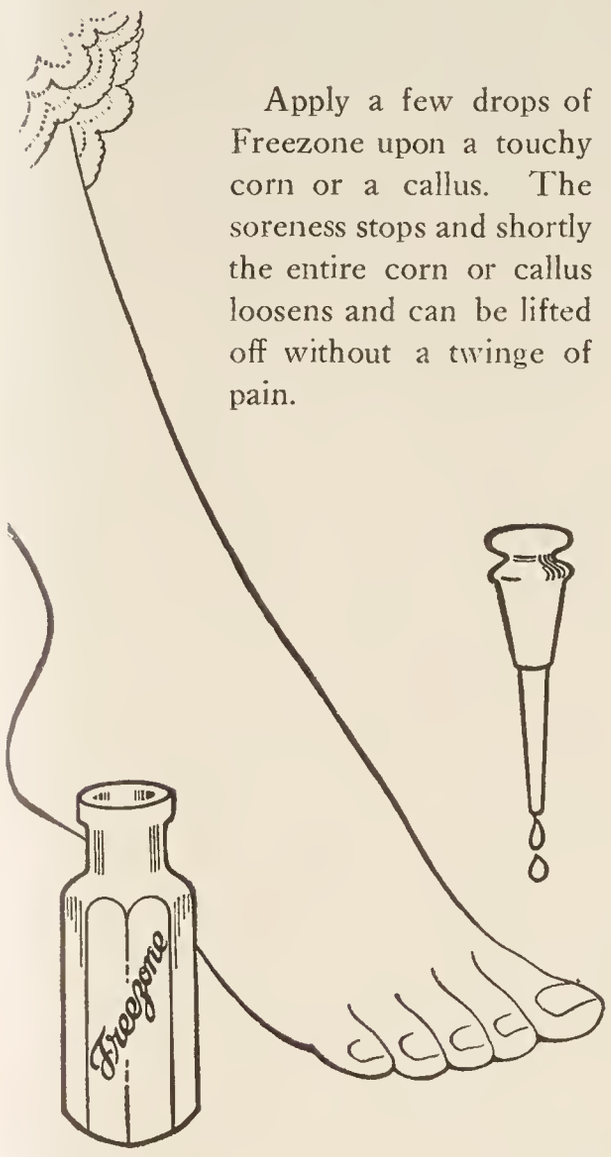
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Continued from page 19

THE BIRTHDAY TALE

Narr did not pay one particle of attention, only to jiggle baby in her arms as she walked along and hum an intricate little air she had learned back home, and knew so perfectly well that she did not have to think at all to sing it. What she thought, and kept thinking, was:

"Mayby there'll be a letter! Or a paper! Or a post-card!"

ALL of which was just an excuse. She didn't really expect a letter, or a paper, or a post-card. But it was a good excuse. Because once a week letters *did* come over Sitkum Summit, rattling loosely in a lank leather pouch on the back of Beulah, the lean old mountain mail-nag that could follow a trail even when there was no trail to follow, so the crotchety, one-legged mail-carrier who went along with Beulah claimed. Once a week the mail came, except in Winter when snows and slides and things sometimes made it six months late. But nobody seemed to mind *that*. They were used to it.

The post-office itself wasn't much of a post-office. Really it was the partitioned-off end of a rickety porch, and it was kept by middle-aged, taciturn Mrs. Benschotten. In fact, there was not a single postmaster at any of the stops on the Other Side of Sitkum Summit. Every postmaster was a postmistress. Perhaps this was because there was never much mail, and the men-folk didn't consider being postmaster a man-size job. And there was never much mail because most of the inhabitants on the Other Side of Sitkum Summit were four-footed, and never wrote letters to their relatives. And it wasn't a man-size job because there wasn't much money in it. The post-office paid its keeper just the amount canceled in stamps.

It is said that the crotchety, one-legged mail-carrier kept a critical watch, and if a postmistress on that long mountain route began to get the dumps, he would carry a letter in his pocket (quite contrary to rules and orders and regulations) half the length of the trip and back again in order to give the discouraged postmistress a stamp to cancel. But, as to that, I am not sure.

But, as I said, it was seven miles to the post-office. Inola Narr walked rapidly. Two miles were gone before she knew it. But the next mile was as long as the first two put together.

A baby, even a tiny baby, gets heavy after a time, especially when she cries, and wiggles like a little live eel. And one can't exactly throw a baby about like a sack of meal. You see, Norine had been waked in the middle of her morning nap, and she didn't like it.

AND once (so busy was she hushing baby) Inola walked right into an oozy puddle of mud, slimy mud, that ran off the humped-up roots of the trees and stood in dank, sloppy pools waiting for the sun to get through and dry it up, which it usually did by the end of the Summer. Inola stopped and pulled a handful of the delicate, lacy fronds of maidenhair fern and wiped the murk from her sturdy, low-heeled shoe. Then she went on.

Presently, all of a sudden, she stopped, *and looked behind her!* It was just an impulse, and she hadn't the faintest idea in the world why she did it.

It did itself—the way your arms fly up, and your feet do little steps when the fresh, wet wind is in your face. But after the baby's mother had stopped and looked—she listened, frozen into the great green shadow of a great green fir. But she couldn't tell why she listened, either, and all she heard was the soughing of a sea-breeze high in the trees, and the saucy challenge of a chipmunk from behind a green-mossed myrtle. Not a thing more. Not a thing!

"There really isn't a thing *to* hear," futilely fretted Inola Narr, "except baby's fussing."

But she was puzzled, and she was impatient; for, after that first time, every now and then some manner of bewitchment seemed to pull her head about, quickly, so that she would glance behind her, appraisingly, down the team-track.

"'Fraid-Cat!" she mocked. "'Fraid-y 'fraid-cat!"

But she didn't really mean it in spite of her precipitous positiveness concerning something uncanny behind. She didn't really know what it was to be afraid.

She never had been afraid, not even to go up-stairs alone in the dark when she wasn't any taller than you. Nevertheless, she felt the creepish ghost of something behind, and she turned around and looked, every now and then, as a needle turns when a magnet comes near.

So she walked on and on and on, and *on!* To the Big Bend, and past! And her arms ached, carrying Norine.

And the time lagged along in awful ages; only it really wasn't a whole half-hour.

FINALLY she couldn't stand it any longer. She whispered softly to the baby, who had whimpered herself to sleep:

"I'm going back a bit, and peek round the Big Bend. I'm going to find out what it is I'm trying so hard to see."

She tucked the baby into a fairies' jungle of ferns by the side of the road and stood up and stretched her tired arms. Then she stooped again and tucked the blanket tenderly about the baby, a bit closer, and turned and ran lightly, pat-pit pat-pit, back along the team-track. She meant to find out about that supposititious thing!

But she never did. Instead, before she got half way, quick as the whisk of a lamb's tail, she pirouetted panic-strickenly about and flew to the baby.

But Norine was exactly as she had left her. Ex-act-ly! There wasn't a thing the matter. Not a thing!

Inola snatched up her baby in a tempest of resentment, hugging her so hard that Norine whimpered again, softly, and hurried on down the team-track toward the post-office two miles away, just as fast as she could walk. And she never looked behind her another time. Not once!

And so occupied was she with her new determination, and with crooning to the baby, that she plumped round the very next turn, where a beautiful rhododendron clump glistened and preened itself quite at home in a saucer of sunlight, almost slappety-dappety up against an old black horse poking along with his nose down.

"Vell, it is Mis' Narr," shouted Peter Benschotten excitedly. And more curiously: "Vare was you going? You peen running—not?"

"I've just—been—walking fast," gasped Inola, getting her breath. "I was going to the post-office."

"So?" Peter Benschotten poked through the pockets of his blue denim blouse. "I haf you some mail myself."

Concluded on page 104

Concluded from page 102

THE FIRST RUNG

The letter was just four lines, but they put that first rung of the ladder I was trying to climb solidly under my feet!

> You, and no one else, are to decorate the house for us, and buy the furniture to go with it. Johnny says so, too, and will you please get busy on it this week?

The box contained a lovely star sapphire-and-pearl pendant on a platinum chain. It was the first real bit of jewelry I'd ever owned, but I think it was the little act of girlish comradery that pleased me most. I wasn't just part of the hotel management to Miss Kathleen; I was another girl, one she liked.

I sat with the letter and pendant on my lap for nearly an hour, not moving, and thought things out. If I wasn't proving much of a success as an artist with paints and brushes, what about my trying to be an artist with rooms and homes?

If you're following the wrong road, it's best to realize it and turn back. I gave a little sigh; then, without saying anything to any one in the hotel, I put on my hat and went down-town to the office of Torrance & Howe.

Once again I was fortunate, and found Mr. Howe in, and disengaged.

"I've come for the job," I announced boldly, as I entered the door.

HE LOOKED me over quizzically, and pursed up his lips for a whistle, but no sound came.

"Sit down," he invited. "Let's hear about it. But I meant what I said," he added quickly.

"Yes, but I'm not asking to be your secretary," I said in a matter-of-fact voice, that I hoped didn't show how I was quaking inside. "I want you to take me on as your assistant with a salary of"—here my voice shook a bit, and I had to swallow before I could go on—"of thirty-five dollars a week to start, and a commission on all work I bring in to you."

"My dear young lady!" Mr. Howe said in a pained tone. "I thought you appeared to be quite a businesslike person, and yet this—"

He shook his head hopelessly, and stared at me.

"Well, you see, I can bring you a bit of work as a start," I offered meekly, and drew out Miss Kathleen's letter. "This is the girl I decorated the room for, you remember. She is marrying Mr. John McCullough, the man they call the Copper Prince out West."

He read the letter several times through before he spoke, and then his manner was curiously altered. He still stared at me, but there was a funny little smile trying to break through his serious aspect.

"Do you know the house they have bought?" he asked.

I nodded

"The Harlberth house up near Seventy-—Street," I said carelessly.

"Oh," he remarked thoughtfully.

Then the little grin forced its way through.

"I THINK once before I told you you were a determined young woman," he said. "That desk over by the window there used to belong to a former assistant whom I fired a month ago because he was a brainless ass with no ideas. You might go over and try his chair. See if it's comfortable."

"When you find me a brainless ass with no ideas," I said cheerfully, "you have always the recourse of firing me, too."

And we both grinned openly.

"Why, yes," he agreed. "I can, of course. And now, you might swing your chair about, and we'll talk over that matter of a commission."

I peeled off my gloves with a flourish, and laid them on the desk, quite as if I were already at home there. Then I swung about obediently to face Mr. Howe.

The revolving-chair creaked excitedly as I turned it, and every creak seemed to be calling out joyously:

"Ellen Lee. Ellen Lee, it's a nice old, kind old world, after all. And the little penny-opportunities—if you take care of them—turn into pounds of luck! Just watch out!"

It was a wise old desk-chair; it had seen a lot in offices.



Send us the coupon or a post card and we will gladly send you, Free, enough Nestlé's Food for 12 feedings and also a Mother's Book which tells all about how to take care of babies.

NESTLÉ'S FOOD COMPANY, Inc.
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Please send me Free a Mother's Book and trial package.

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ARMAND

COMPLEXION POWDER

In The LITTLE PINK & WHITE BOXES



THERE'S one way and *only one*, for you to know that Armand Complexion Powder is as wonderful as we claim—and that is to try it.

Go to any of the better shops and buy a box of Armand Armand "Bouquet" is a fairly dense powder, and Armand "Aida" is a dense cold cream powder, different from any other face powder made The Bouquet comes in a square box at 50c and the Aida in a miniature hat box at $1. If you prefer, send 15c and your dealer's name for three samples. Address

ARMAND, Des Moines
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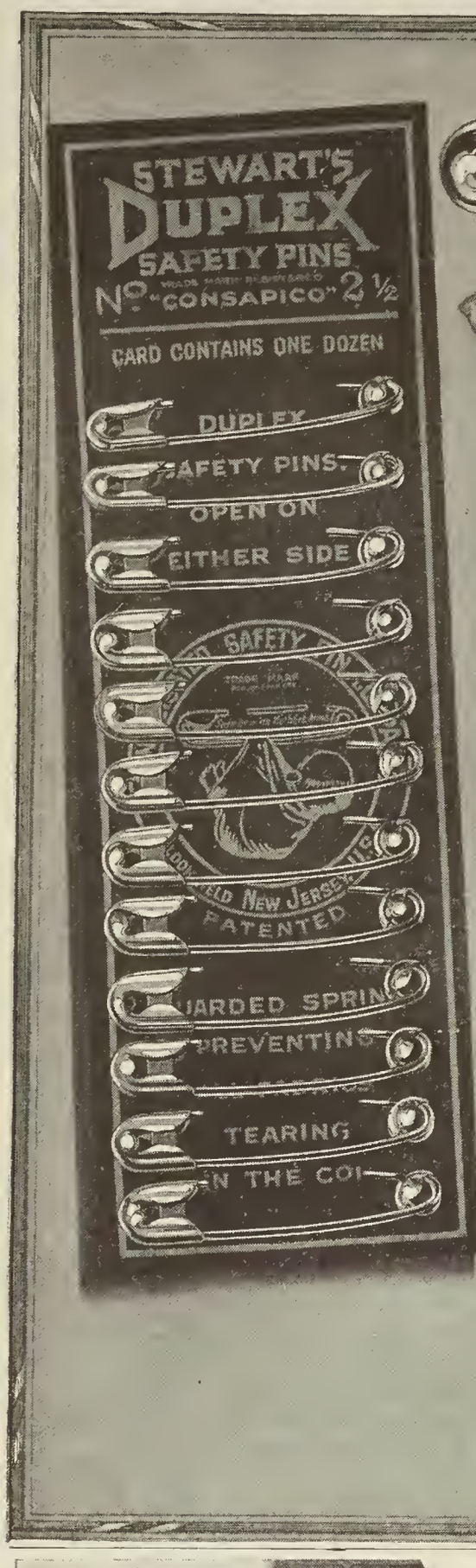
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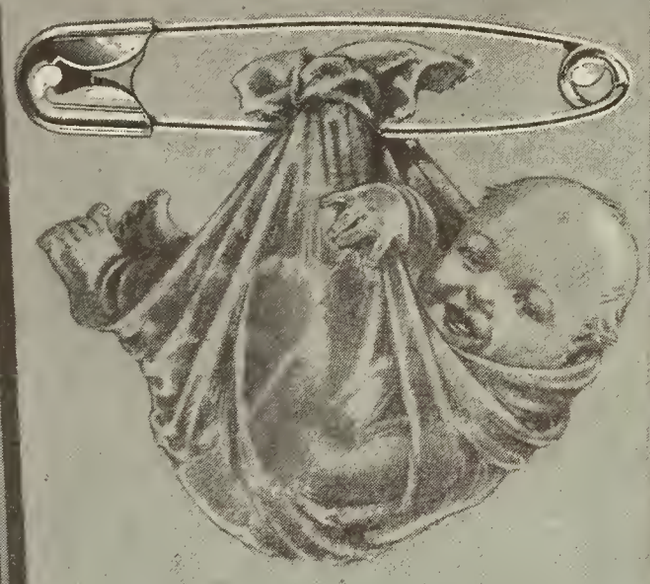
Save washing. Make the little tots happy. Keep them strong and sturdy

Built for service—of the finest quality material, fit and workmanship Write for descriptive booklet showing styles, patterns etc or order now, stating age and sending price of garment wanted and name of nearest dealer.

Ages 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 years, $1.75
" 7, 8, 9, 10 " 2.00
" 11, 12, 13, 14 " 2.50

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I am the sign of the safest safety pins—

STEWART'S DUPLEX SAFETY PINS

Stiff, strong, rust-proof brass wire. Long, sharp bevelled point. Cannot open accidentally. Tongue in head and guard over coil prevent delicate fabrics from catching and tearing.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 4c for sample card.

Consolidated Safety Pin Co.
Bloomfield, N. J.



Even the newborn baby knows

AT that tender age when nurse administers the first cleansing, healing dose, baby learns how easy it is to take Kellogg's Tasteless. Nurse used to say when baby gargled and refused to swallow the old fashioned kind, "My, what a strong baby!" But today children take Kellogg's Tasteless without fighting.

Have you tried it in your family? If not, ask your neighbor. The kind that's easy to take.

There is no argument as to the efficacy of Castor Oil and the benefit following its use—every mother knows there is no substitute. Now she welcomes a Tasteless Castor Oil free from flavoring and 100% pure. The name and fame of Kellogg's Tasteless is spreading fast because it is made absolutely pure and tasteless by a newly discovered refining process.

Kelloggs have been making oils for over ninety years.

Have a bottle in your medicine cabinet as a safeguard against sickness.

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Refiners of Vegetable Oils
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Keep Baby Well

The double lap over the chest and abdomen gives protection where it is most needed and wards off coughs and colds. Adjustable belt assures a perfect fit, and makes dressing easy. Made in all materials for children of all ages. If your dealer hasn't it, write to us. Insist on RUBENS. Look for the RUBENS signature.

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None genuine without this signature



No Buttons No Trouble
Trademark Reg. U. S Pat Off

Concluded from page 103

THE BIRTHDAY TALE

He handed Inola a very thin yellow envelope with a three-cent stamp cocked tipsily against one corner.

"I go on to mill," he explained. "It is better you ride pack—so?" The sturdy old Swiss pioneer waited.

Inola hesitated. She did not feel as much like walking as she had. In fact, she felt tired, and Norine had grown extraordinarily heavy.

Besides, her perfectly good excuse was gone. Peter had brought the letter. There would be nothing more for a week. Not even a paper! Or a post-card!

"Das baby is heafy," suggested Peter, waiting.

"So heavy for a tiny baby," smiled Inola, wearily.

SHE went close to the wagon, which lacked both box and bed. Four long boards were strung between the wheels and lashed to position. Peter Benschotten pushed a pile of empty sacks into the center, exactly between the front wheels and the back wheels, where the jolt of the wagon would not be so bad, and held Norine while Inola climbed on.

Then he took his place between the front wheels on an old sack stuffed with straw The baby's mother curled up comfortably, Turk fashion, with Norine in her lap, and began to scrutinize the letter.

Over and over she turned it, and held it up to the light, and wondered who sent it. Nobody she knew ever made an "M" like *that*.

But it was surely hers—"Mrs. Joseph N. Narr"—as plain as plain! But *who* could know Hunter Joe's middle name was Nathan? Who *could* it be *from?*

Puzzling over her letter, Inola scarcely noticed when the old horse lifted his nose, pricked up his ears, snorted, and shied wickedly to one side of the road. She merely steadied herself, grasping the edge of a board. Nor did she notice much when Peter Benschotten stopped and climbed down from his sack of straw, remarking he would cut von switch for der ol' nag.

But Peter did not cut the switch immediately. Instead, he walked slowly about; once he stooped and examined the film of dust about the wagon-track, and once, a pat of mud spreading like putty across the road. When he did cut a switch it was the first hazel that came to hand; he stuck it in a knot-hole in the bottom of the wagon, and *never used it once!*

HE DROVE on rather swiftly, never saying a word until he reached Hunter Joe's cabin, but occasionally he contemplated the baby and the baby's mother rather curiously out of the tail of one eye.

Inola, however, was absorbed in her letter, which she didn't open—so you and I will never know who sent it, or what was in it—not till she reached home and went in and shut the door.

And Hunter Joe was home. He took baby Norine and carried her in the cabin and tucked her into her little crib, where she finished the nap her mother had so very uselessly spoiled. But he said to Inola in a sort of caution:

"Next time you go 'way, Honey-Girl, leave a scribble. I 'lowed you'd been kidnaped."

And, really, an extra worry-wrinkle *had* trekked straight down Hunter Joe's very broad, tanned forehead.

But Inola merely laughed merrily, she was that happy! She felt she had been gone a century of mornings. It seemed so good to be safe home—why, all the world lay right at home! Perhaps, because Hunter Joe had come.

And Peter Benschotten did not drive on to mill. Instead, he stabled his old black horse in Hunter Joe's barn. The two men, and two dogs (one of which never came home) and two guns back-tracked along the team-trail that led to the post-office seven miles away.

When Hunter Joe returned it was quite dusk, and the winged ants from the white-rotted stumps had begun to fly, and Old Tiger had a torn ear, and Hunter Joe was very silent.

BUT when the dishes were all washed, and the fire burned its brightest in the great sooty stone fireplace, he drew his wife down on the little hard home-made stool, which was afterward Norine's very own and said very earnestly:

"You must never leave our own clearing again—when I am gone. Promise me."

And Inola easily promised. Then she questioned, "Why?"

A moment Hunter Joe puffed at his old black pipe, thoughtful, silent. Instead of answering, he asked:

"Did you hear anything—*behind you*—before you met Benschotten?"

Inola hung her head, ashamed. *How* had Hunter Joe known? But she told him about looking behind—just as though she had been afraid! About going back to peek round Big Bend—which she never did! About her fierce determination *not* to look back at the creepish thing shadowing so somberly down the trail *only* Mr. Benschotten had come along—and she had come home.

"I knew there was no mail," she excused, 'and Norine had grown so—heavy."

"Lucky she did," answered Hunter Joe slowly, "and lucky you met Benschotten *when* you did. Do you know, Honey-Girl, the big yellow cat that's been pestering Coquille Creek all Spring—the ugliest cougar-varmint I ever clapped eyes onto—was boldly pussy-footing along in your tracks not fifty feet behind?"

"Oh!" gasped Inola, wide-eyed. And, "Oh!" she gasped again.

"We killed him this afternoon," went on Hunter Joe simply. Then, "Did the Little-Un cry—any?"

He nodded toward the crib.

"Yes," breathed Inola. "She was a perfect little fuss-budget, first to last."

"Then that was it," said Hunter Joe, "I'd 'lowed so. Pant'ers don't generally attack grown folks unless they're powerful hungry, and there ain't no good reason why they should be this Spring. But a baby's crying will coax 'em on every time. The ol' varmint was right there in the bresh when Benschotten drove by."

Inola shuddered. She shrank close to Hunter Joe's knee. It was then that fear was born in her heart.

She did not need to be told what might have happened had she not met the middle-aged, taciturn postmistress's husband. She knew. And, very likely, so do you. But she merely said:

"The black nag shied once. I'd only just got on, seems like."

"He smelled the varmint—the breeze being right," commented Hunter Joe.

"PETER cut a whip. He never used it."

Inola's thoughts were tagging backward, picking up stray observations she would otherwise have entirely forgotten.

"An excuse. Peter was feared to frighten you. He didn't count on making any hulla-baloo. Besides, he wa'n't sure till he'd snooped for tracks."

Inola brightened visibly. "Perhaps the panther went first."

But Hunter Joe shook his head.

"Listen, Honey-Girl," he said. "There were your little flat-heeled footprints, plain as day. I'd 'a' knowed 'em in the moon. And right *atop* of *your* track, time and agin, was the ol' cat's paw, the biggest I ever see.

"And top o' both came the wagon-track. We found it in dust, where there was dust, and in putty-mud where there was putty-mud. In fern and trash it faded, but 'ud crop up again further on. Now, girl o' mine, who came first? And who came last?"

Inola shrank, and shivered, though her face was hot from the fire.

"And where you laid Baby in the brake——"

Hunter Joe hesitated.

Inola's hands, gripping white, crept over her heart. "Yes—?" she questioned.

"The ol' cat had stopped, and circled round and round, snuffing and snooping. We found his trail. He hid, when you started so lickety-split for Big Bend, and watched. He hadn't quite got ready to— But——"

"I got back to my baby—*first*," gasped Inola.

HUNTER JOE gently stroked the brown head at his knee.

"I sometimes think," he wondered solemnly, "as there's Some-Un, big and powerful, as knows a sight more'n we do, what watches over us. I reckon it was Him as put it into Peter's head to go for shorts—as he hadn't meant to go. I 'low, maybe, He lamed the old nag—a-purpose."

Hunter Joe's voice had grown very deep, and he found it necessary to blow his nose very hard, so hard that Norine waked up and whimpered, and Inola ran and took her up.

Days after, Hunter Joe brought home the great cat's skin, telling Inola she could keep it for a rug; but Inola Narr would have none of it, she much preferred her own clean, hand-made rag rugs with no such haunting memories. So Hunter Joe sold the skin, and a mighty fine skin it was, and bought his wife a sewing-machine with the money—which was the first sewing-machine ever carried down the Other Side of Sitkum Summit.

And so, even until Norine was a big girl, quite as big as you, when Hunter Joe told the story of the great yellow cat, her mother would shudder and pull the curtains closer, and pile pitch-pine on the fire, till the shadows hid behind the chairs, and back of the great couch, and deep down in the wood-box.

But Norine's eyes always grew big and wide, and she was never at all afraid, and her nimble thoughts conjured many questions to puzzle Hunter Joe.

But the last time Hunter Joe told the tale, Norine interrupted before he had quite finished the ending that was always the same.

"Why-e-e—!" she said. "Why-ee-ee!" in a queer little quivering voice, her eyes quite like live coals from very excitement. "If——"

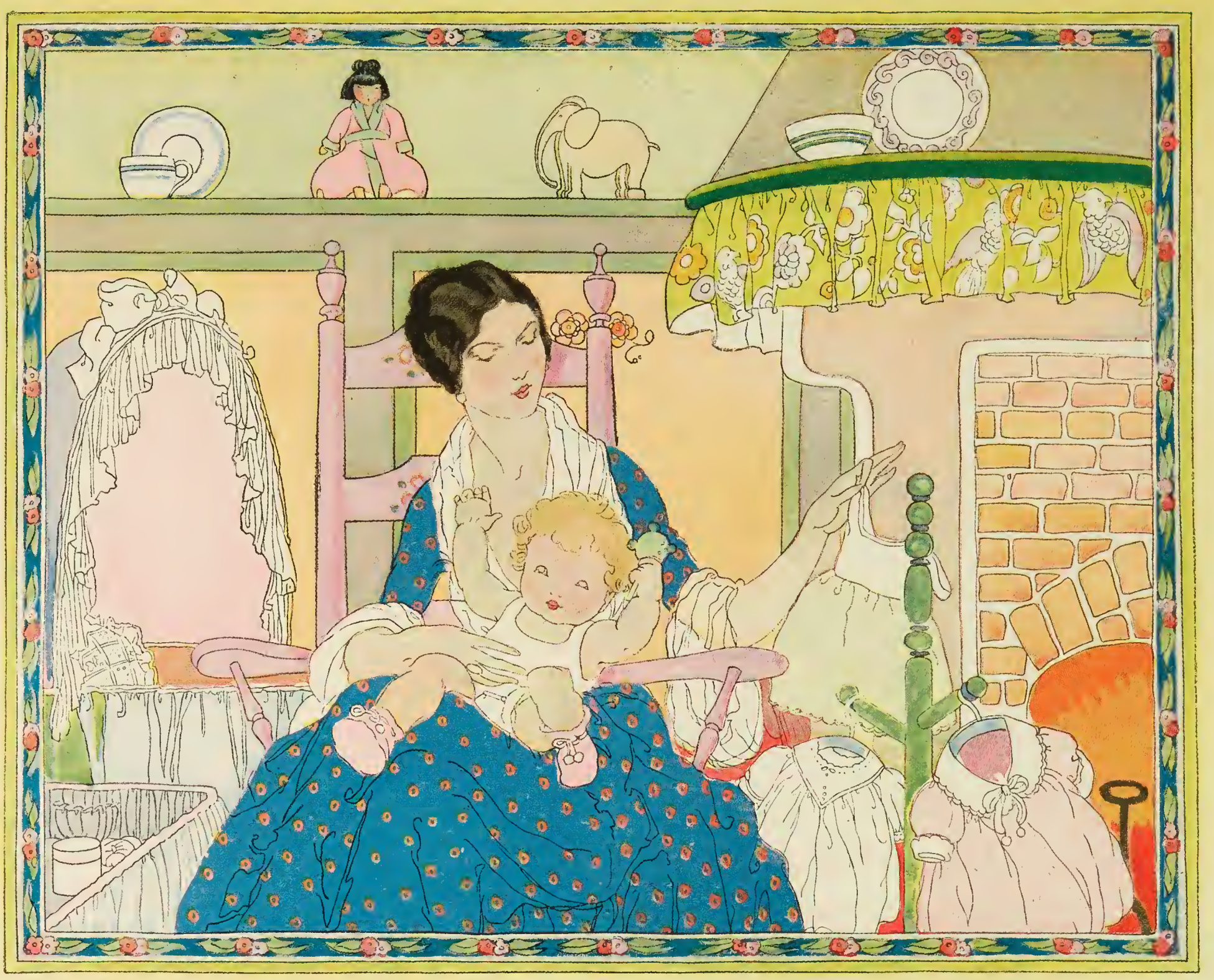
And then she stopped. But, almost at once again:

"*If*—if everything hadn't happened *just* as it did happen, there wouldn't be any little girl 'zackly like me sitting on my low stool my birthday night and listening—*would* there?"

TO MY MOTHER

I LOVE our house. All day the sunlight streams
Through open windows, touching yellow walls
And polished brass and pictures, as it seems
To find each shining thing. And through the halls
A soft wind blows the scent of roses in.
I love the sunlight, shining on your hair
And in your eyes, whenever you have been
About your household tasks with loving care.
And after twilight comes and tasks are done
I love to see you sitting there in white.
The shining things have darkened one by one,
Except your eyes, touched by the candle-light;
And watching you, I wish that you could see
How beautiful you make our house for me.

MARY PRESCOTT PARSONS.

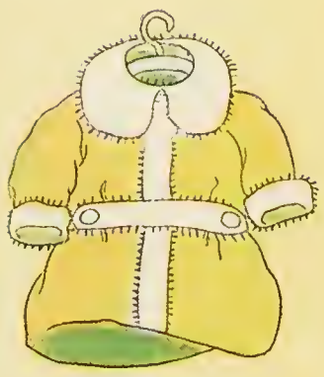


Cunning woolens, delicate frocks, tiny wraps of silk

THEY CAN BE LAUNDERED TO SUIT THE MOST FASTIDIOUS BABY

OF course, he's particular! "Fussy as an old bachelor," mother says. He takes the greatest delight in his own blue quilted silk bathrobe—and is specially fond of the dotted Swiss rompers that are smocked with pink.

From his bootees to his bib, each garment must be sweet and clean for the daintiest baby in the world. His little petti-skirts of finest cashmere with sweet baby scallops, the frocks of batiste tinily tucked and daintily embroidered, cunning negligée jackets of pale crêpe de Chine and French knots—he adores to put them on so spic and fresh from their Lux laundering.

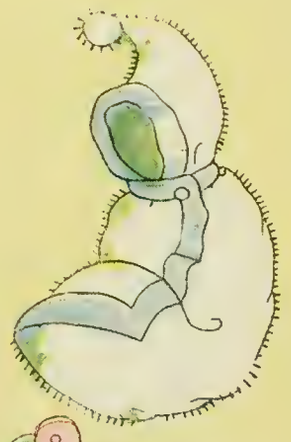


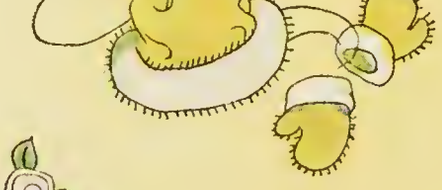
And his wool things—so silly small they look like make-believe—are all very real to him. Not a single scratchy shirt, not one shrunken band in his whole wardrobe!—they're kept so soft and fine with Lux.

Never allow his pretty things to stay soiled

His clothes have to be done so often and so carefully—they need the most delicate laundering there is. Gather them up every night and toss them into a big bowlful of Lux suds. The lovely transparent flakes melt the instant they touch hot water and whisk into a wonderful bubbly lather. Then just sousing, and gentle pressing of the rich suds through the soiled spots.

No matting and shrinking of those important soft little woolens, because there's no rubbing, you see, to hurt the fine fibres. He can wear the most delicately tinted silks without feeling the least bit extravagant. Oh, it's so easy to let Lux take care of his pretty things—keep every baby garment fresh and lovely! Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux.—Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.







NO SUDS SO WONDERFUL FOR DAINTY BABY THINGS

To wash his woolens, his fluffy blankets

SO important to keep them soft! So easy to do it with Lux! Just use two tablespoonfuls to a bowlful of water. Whisk into a lather in very hot water Add cold water until lukewarm. Work woolens up an' down in suds and squeeze rich suds through garments. *Do not rub* Rinse in three clear lukewarm waters dissolving a little Lux in last water. Squeeze water out. *Do not twist.* Dry in a moderate temperature Press with a warm iron.



For his fine dresses, his fashionable silks

NOT the least bit extravagant today! Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a rich lather in a bowlful of very hot water. Let white garments soak a few minutes. Squeeze suds through. Do not rub. Rinse in three hot waters Squeeze—do not wring. Dry in the sun Dampen, then press with a hot iron.

For silks and colored things add cold water until lukewarm. Wash quickly Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Roll in a towel to dry. When nearly dry press with a warm iron

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During the winter there's always a time when someone in the family needs a treatment for chapped hands, or for cold in the head or chest. Here are some of the special

Vaseline Preparations

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

for external use particularly valuable for just these emergencies---"Vaseline" Capsicum and "Vaseline" Eucalyptol Jellies, and "Vaseline" Camphor Ice. And you can rely on their purity and effectiveness. Make these "Vaseline" necessities the basis of your family medicine chest to use freely whenever the occasions arise. They are first-aids that eliminate the need of further relief. Sanitary metal tubes. All druggists.

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
17 State Street (Consolidated) New York

for Colds in Chest

—better than a mustard plaster—clean—won't blister. Easy to apply.



Vaseline Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. CAPSICUM PETROLEUM JELLY

for Chapped Skin

before and after exposure rub on hands and lips to prevent chapping and roughness.



Vaseline Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. CAMPHOR ICE

for Colds in Head

—snuff up nostrils and rub over the bridge of nose—relieves congestion in head.



Vaseline Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. EUCALYPTOL PETROLEUM JELLY

for Toilet Use

this preparation in use effectively for a generation.



Vaseline Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY

REBUILDERS OF FRANCE

THE NAMES OF BIG-HEARTED DELINEATOR READERS WHO HAVE GIVEN, BETWEEN AUGUST 1 AND NOVEMBER 1, 1919, TO SHATTERED FRANCE THROUGH THIS MAGAZINE FOR THE AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR DEVASTATED FRANCE AND THE TOWN OF THE GOLDEN BOOK, MANY CHILD READERS, AND OLDER ONES BESIDES, RESPONDED TO THE APPEAL OF THE OCTOBER CUT-OUT

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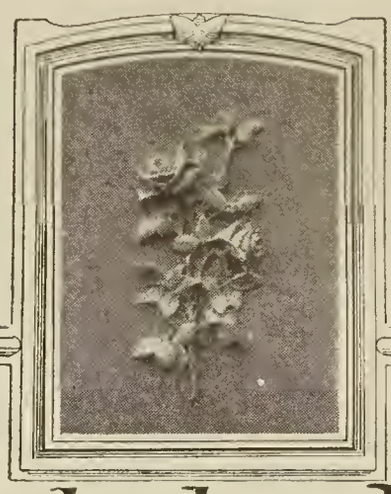
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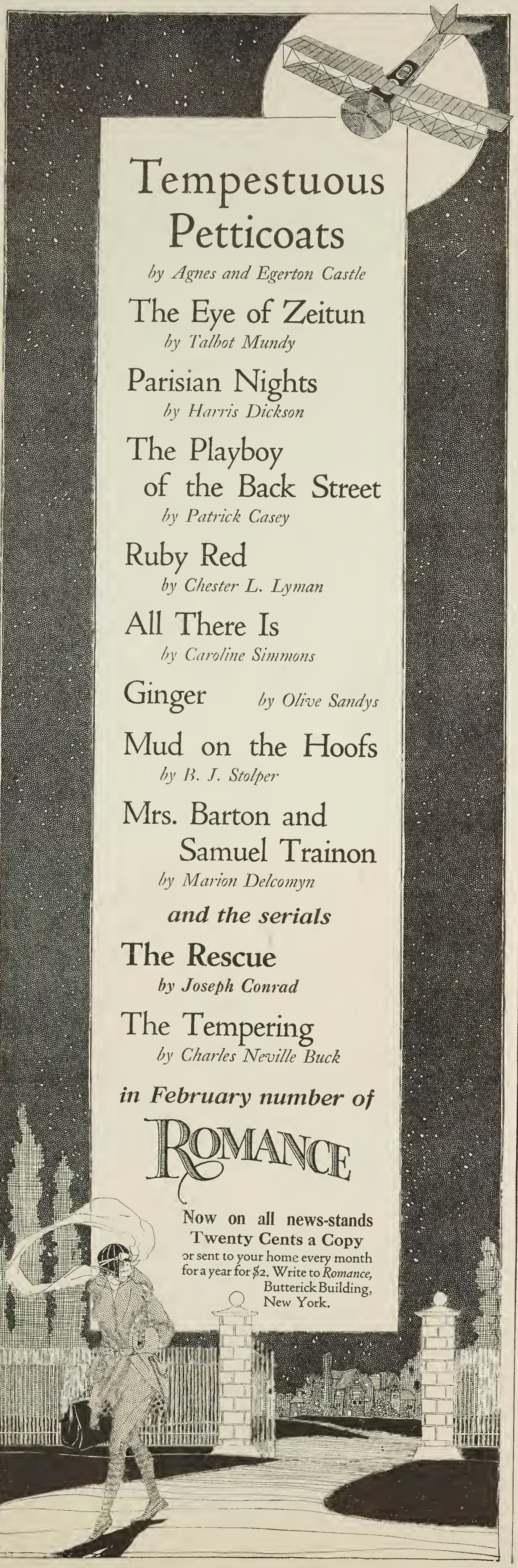
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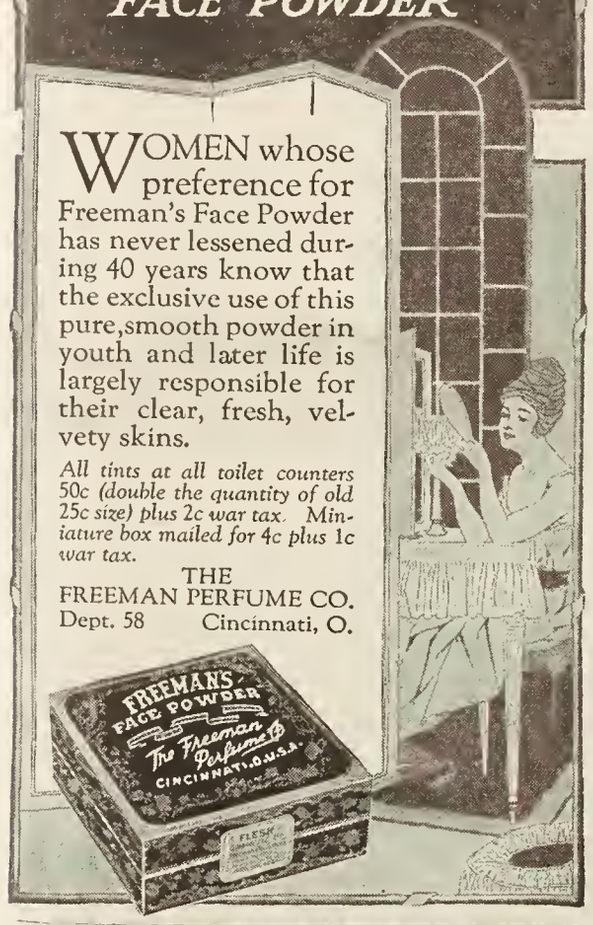
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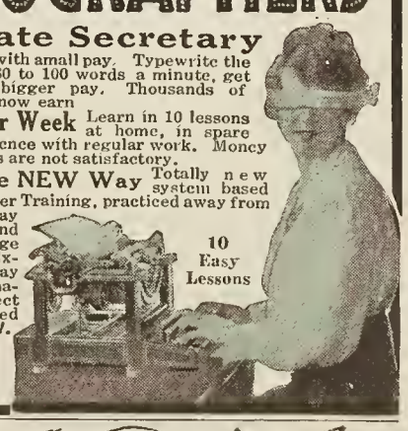
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BÉBÉ DANIELS OF THE PARAMOUNT PICTURES. MISS DANIELS RECENTLY APPEARED IN "MALE AND FEMALE." HER NEW PICTURE, WHICH WILL BE SHOWN SOON, WILL BE "WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE?"

SPRING FASHIONS are more hardy than Spring flowers. They make their appearance regardless of snow, sleet and an intemperate thermometer. The first of them are here now, ruffling their tunics, shortening their jackets to Eton proportions, cutting off their sleeves in the pride of their youth.

The straight silhouette takes a little easier line but without a marked increase in width. Accordion plaits are used in many cases, both in skirts and in the lower part of the chemise dress. The egg-shaped silhouette is retained in draped skirts, skirts trimmed at the side, and in the new apron tunic.

The interest in the waist is chiefly in the short French sleeve, the collar *versus* the collarless neck, the blouse over the belt or a drapery at the hip.

Spring jackets may be short and straight—very smart they are too, with an accordion-plaited skirt—or long and semi-fitted. There are also many half-way coats, longer than the Etons and bloused or belted at the waistline.

THE DELINEATOR

FEBRUARY 1920



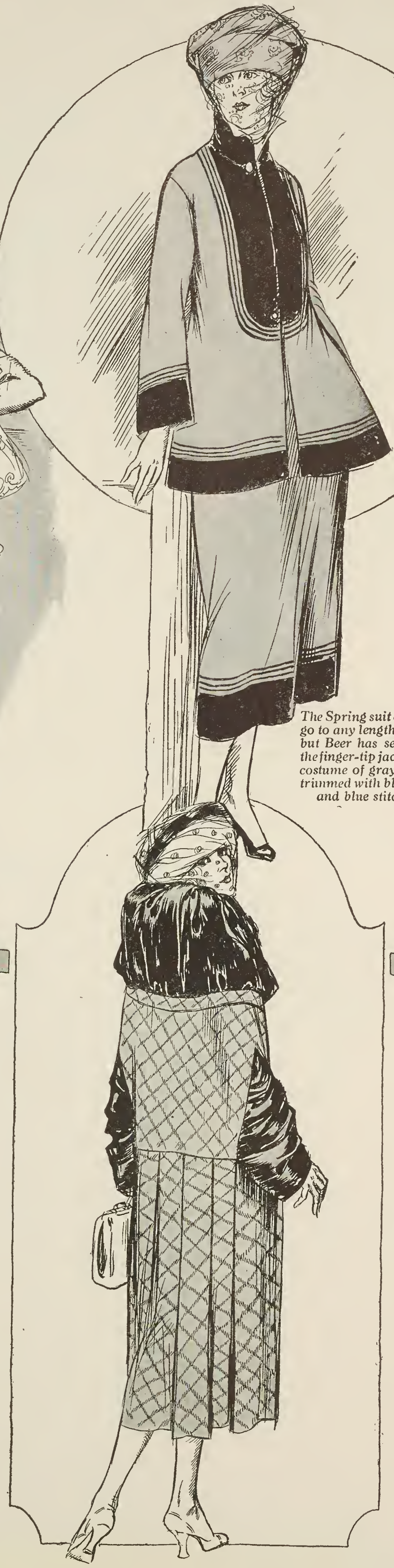
DANGEROUS FASHIONS FOR LEAP YEAR

WHAT are the perils of war compared to the risk of the peace-time Leap Year when women make themselves dangerously seductive in cloth of gold clouded with black tulle and festooned with grapes and Autumn foliage? The evening dress by Georgette, illustrates admirably the fashion of the simple bodice with the trimming concentrated on the bouffant skirt. Sometimes the fulness is introduced in tunics as in this instance, or in ruffles or in a hip drapery, or in flounces placed at the side. This is true not only in evening gowns, but in day dresses as well, though in the latter cases the new fulness is often disposed in the straight lines of an accordion-plaited skirt.

THE PARISIENNE DEPARTS FROM PARIS



The Riviera is to be gay again this Midwinter and although it will miss the soldiers "en permission" it will welcome the brilliant colors of women's dress no longer subdued by the war. An interesting frock by Alice Bernard shows the egg-shaped silhouette in a dress of white cloth with bright touches of scarlet in the kid-covered buttons and leather piping



The Spring suit coat can go to any length it likes, but Beer has settled on the finger-tip jacket for a costume of gray kascha trimmed with blue cloth and blue stitching



The Parisienne when she visits Nice and Monte Carlo does not wear the lingerie frocks common to the Florida beaches, but chooses for a less tropical climate, white shantung trimmed with black monkey fur, with straps of green leather embroidered in gold on the barrel skirt. By Charlotte et Germaine

At this season of the year when Paris is nothing but a "dépôt de départ" for the Midi, the "manteau de voyage" assumes a new importance. Soulié himself has designed a cloak of banana-colored cloth, checked with dark brown, with an interesting collar and sleeves of brown satin

MIDWINTER in Paris this year with little coal and many restrictions as to its use is a good place to leave behind one. So argues the Parisienne who is on her way south to Nice and Monte Carlo and Mentone. It is interesting to catch her in her moment of flight, as Soulié has done, and examine the frocks and costumes and *manteaux de voyage* which constitute her wardrobe.

One notices that the sleeve of a cloth frock may be long, that it becomes shorter for silk, and either disappears altogether or is a mere shadow of its former self in evening gowns. The waistline wanders a bit from the normal line to the hip and while there is soft fulness in everything, the hem retains its narrow look. It gives a distinctly new silhouette, rounded, youthful and still slender, but without the attenuation of line that accompanied the narrow fashions of a few years back.

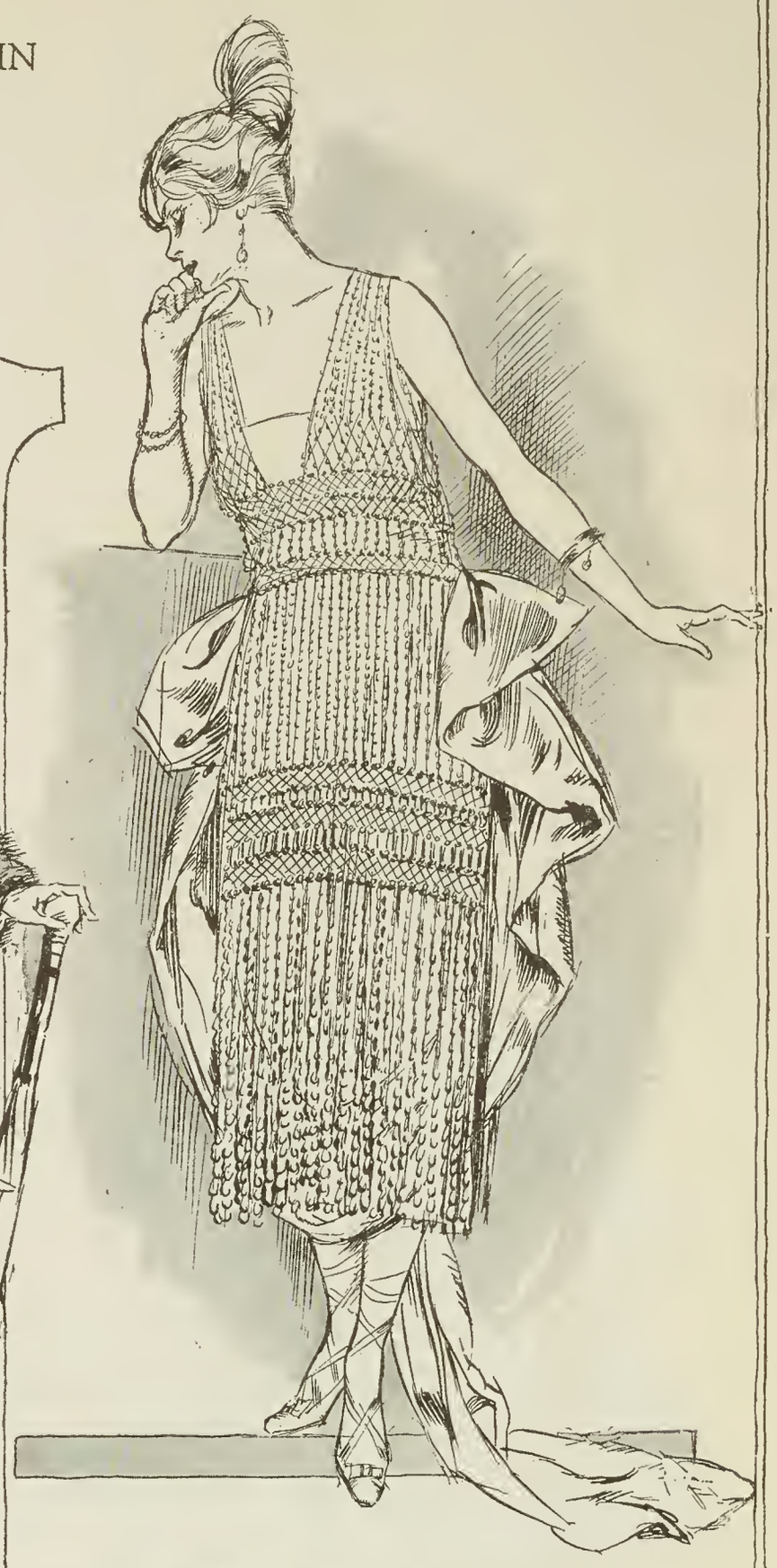
LUXURY LIFTS ITS HEAD AGAIN IN FRENCH FASHIONS



Bertha Hermance plays with fire in the flame and black embroidery which she uses on a dress of golden-brown charmeuse. A small apron of the silk is weighted with heavy tassels. The soft fulness, the short sleeve and round collarless neck are characteristic of this type of dress



In a mantle of navy blue duchess satin trimmed heavily with petit-gris, Bourniche repeats on easier lines the soft full silhouette of the barrel style. The Parisienne does not fasten her collar, but holds it to her throat with a pretty gesture of a small gloved hand



It is only in fairy tales and France that one wears a gown made of crystals and pearls. The slip, the drapery and the train are of white satin and it is Marthe Wingrove who has "imagined" this charming dress



Elise Poret has used vivid cherry-colored velvet in the draped bodice, bouffant skirt and narrow train of an elaborate tea-gown. A coat-tunic of gray and silver net, is partially composed of silver lace, and a wreath of silver roses marks the waistline



An evening cloak of "Lancret" blue velours mousseline is puckered in a cord at the shoulders, waist and hip, trimmed with heavy gold guipure and worn over a frock of black Chantilly lace. By Bulloz. The French train is long and narrow and may be thrown over the arm when one dances

MIDWINTER NORTH AND SOUTH OF THE COAL-LINE

THE little croquis on these two pages were made by Mme. Dartey, a Parisian artist, whose work is closely associated with that of the great French dressmakers. Mme. Dartey's sketches have appeared in the French publication FEMINA, *but we believe that* THE DELINEATOR *is the first American magazine to secure them.*

While Mme. Dartey's sketches are highly original they are also absolutely authentic representations of the ideas of the most notable Paris houses. The use of embroidery on the mantle, the full ruffles above the narrow hem, the exaggerated high collar, the disposition of a trimming to widen a skirt at the side, are variations of the mode entirely in the latest French manner.





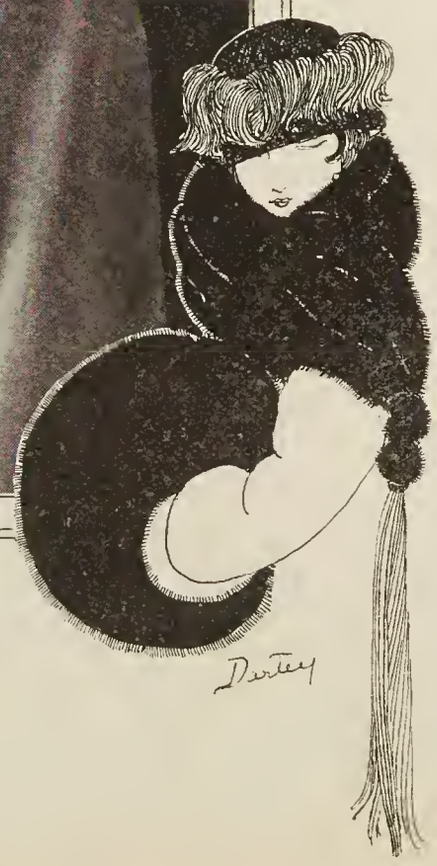
Photograph by Ira E. Hill

For the leisure class European travel has still a dubious attraction, so unless all signs fail, there will be a brilliant Midwinter season in California and the South. If we could all look like Jeanne Eagles in lingerie frocks and sun hats, Palm Beach wouldn't be such a bad substitute for Monte Carlo and the Midi





Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild



Black hair cut straight above finely drawn black eyebrows and blue eyes is the unusual hair-dressing adopted by Miss Elizabeth Pope. Miss Pope is doubly fortunate. She is very beautiful and she is also the sister of Ruby Ross Goodnow, the well-known interior decorator





Jet braces, ending in a crystal shower, monkey fur on Georgette, a new version of the short sleeve, a hat that might be used with an afternoon gown or a semi-formal dinner frock, an interesting coiffure and a décolletage of lavender taffeta trimmed with flat silk roses, sketched in Paris by Dartey









Photograph by Abbé



Both Ina Claire and Miriam Collins (oval) soften the collarless neck of their velvet frocks with lines of fur. Miss Collins's hairdressing is the deceptively simple kind that is only safe when one is very young and very lovely. Ina Claire's beauty is a French type—fascinating, disturbing, sophisticated and very exquisite



The three photographs on this page are by Abbé. Norma Talmadge in her lingerie frock represents the type of Summer dress worn at our Southern beaches in Midwinter, while Ina Claire and Miriam Collins are wearing the velvet dresses that are used for afternoon engagements in the North



COSTUMES MET DURING THE DAY REFLECT

The Jacket May Be Long, Short or Shorter, Suit Skirts are Straight

2142—1733—A costume for the tea-hour is the embroidered blouse. The blouse slips over the head, fastening on the left shoulder. Use silk voile, chiffon cloth or crêpe de Chine. The two-piece skirt could be taffeta, serge, gabardine, checks, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2 yards Georgette 40 inches wide, 2¼ yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide. Bottom 1½ yard.

Blouse, 2142, is for ladies 32 to 44 bust. Skirt, 1733, is for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.



Blouse 2142
Skirt 1733
Embroidery design 10797

2155—2127—Rows of plaiting mount up to smart trimming in a blouse worn with a charmeuse skirt. The sleeve has one seam. The straight skirt is in one piece. Use satin or taffeta with a blouse of crêpe de Chine, etc. Bottom 1¾ yard.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1⅞ yard net 40 inches wide, including plaitings, 2½ yards charmeuse 40 inches wide.

Blouse, 2155, is for ladies, 32 to 50 inches bust; skirt, 2127, is for ladies 35 to 47½ inches hip.



Blouse 2155
Skirt 2127



Blouse 2080
Skirt 2170

Blouse 2169
Skirt 2188
Braiding design 10755

2138—Pocket your straight silhouette and you immediately achieve the standout hip. This frock is in one piece. The back closing is smart. Tricotine, serge, soft twills, checks, tricolette, satin and charmeuse are the Spring materials used for this dress. A blouse body lining is offered.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards gabardine 54 inches wide. Braiding design 10803 trims the dress. Bottom 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also adapted to misses.

2169—2188—A rose design in braid is used on a blouse worn with a two-pieced skirt. The sleeve has one seam. Blouses of silk voile and crêpe meteor are worn with gabardine, check or satin skirts.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1½ yard Georgette 40 inches wide, ¼ yard contrasting Georgette 18 or more inches wide, 2¼ yards tricotine 44 to 54 inches wide. Embroidery design 10755 trims dress. Bottom 1⅞ yard.

Blouse, 2169, for ladies 32 to 44 bust; skirt, 2188, for ladies 35 to 49½ hip.

2080—2170—Soft revers cut in one with the collar make a smart blouse. The sleeve has one seam. The straight skirt could be accordion plaited. Use crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile, with a skirt of gabardine, tricotine, satin, taffeta, charmeuse, checks, plaids or stripes.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2⅛ yards crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide, 1⅞ yard novelty wool 48 inches wide. Bottom 1⅞ yard.

Blouse, 2080, for ladies 32 to 44 bust; skirt, 2170, for ladies 35 to 42½ hip.

Dress 2138
Braiding design
10803

2178—The good points stand out in a French frock, with the emphasized hip, standaway collar and the kimono body. The draped skirt is in two pieces. The frock slips over the head. Use satin, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, plaid check or striped silk, duvetyn or tricotine.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards taffeta 36 inches wide including plaitings, ⅜ yard taffeta in contrasting color 27 or more inches wide. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

Dress 2178

Other views of these garments are shown on page 135

OUR FONDNESS FOR THE PARIS FASHIONS

And Accordion Plaits Are New and Frocks Show the Stand-Out Hip



Coat 2197
Skirt 1733

2197—1733—The Parisienne is seen at the races in a belted suit of black with a hair-line check. The double pockets are effective. The skirt is in two pieces. Use gabardine and serge. Bottom 1½ yard.

36 bust, 38 hip require 3¾ yards checked suiting 48 inches wide, ¼ yard contrasting material 48 inches wide for sash.

Coat, 2197, is for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust, also for misses; skirt, 1733, is for ladies 35 to 47½ inches hip.

2198—1805—An interesting diagonal trimming is formed by machine-stitching on a suit. The long straight collar is gathered at the back. The skirt is two-pieced. Use duvetyn, gabardine, soft twills, serge, satin or taffeta.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3⅜ yards tricotine 54 inches wide. Bottom 1¾ yard.

Coat, 2198, for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust, also for misses; skirt, 1805, for ladies 35 to 47½ inches hip.



Coat 2198
Skirt 1805



Coat 2175
Skirt 1985

Coat 2194
Skirt 2188

Coat 2195
Skirt 2170
Braiding design 10743

2195—2170—Paris and Spring join hands when the new short, braided coat is worn with a graceful accordion skirt. The costume is made of gabardine, tricotine, serge, or satin and taffeta. The straight skirt can be plaited in two different widths. Bottom 2⅞ yards or 2¼ yards.

36 bust and 38 hip require 4 yards gabardine 54 inches wide.

Coat, 2195, for ladies 32 to 42 bust; it is also good for misses. Skirt, 2170, is for ladies 35 to 42½ hip.

2175—1985—A French model has the bloused effect combined with a peplum in a coat made in kimono fashion. There are kick plaits at the two seams of the skirt. Use faille or tricotine, serge, duvetyn or gabardine.

36 bust and 38 hip require 4 yards satin 40 inches wide (with body cut on a lengthwise fold and piecing through sleeve; peplums cut crosswise), ¼ yard contrasting material 36 inches wide for sash. Bottom 1⅝ yard.

Coat, 2175, for ladies 32 to 44 bust; skirt, 1985, is for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

2194—2188—The new cutaway closing gives distinction to one of the simplest tailored costumes of gabardine. The notched collar and large pockets are smart for a young girl also. There is a plait at each seam of the two-piece skirt. Trioctine, soft twills, serge and checks would be good-looking.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3½ yards gabardine 54 inches wide, ⅜ yard contrasting material 18 inches wide. Bottom 1⅞ yard.

Coat, 2194, for ladies 32 to 44 bust; skirt, 2188, for ladies 35 to 49½ hip.

2196—1974—Duvetyn is one of the most satisfactory fabrics to use for the suit with the soft bloused-over lines at the belt. An elastic in a casing gives the bloused effect. There is a kick plait at the back of the three-piece skirt. Use tricotine, serge or gabardine. Bottom 1¾ yard.

36 bust, 38 hip require 3⅝ yards duvetyn 54 inches wide.

Coat, 2196, for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses; skirt, 1974, for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.



Coat 2196
Skirt 1974
Braiding design 10675

Other views of these garments are shown on page 135



Dress 2150



Waist 2136; skirt 2166



Dress 2154

SIGNS OF SPRING

Apron Tunic, Bloused-Over Effect, Banded Ruffles, Extended Hip, Vestee and Cord Trimming Show How Paris Winds Blow

2150—A black satin frock has the new pointed collar and French cord trimming in peplum effect. It slips on over the head, and the straight skirt is gathered to the waist, giving the appearance of a one-piece dress. It can be bloused at the waistline by using an elastic or a drawstring in a casing. The waist has the sleeve made in one piece with the body. The blouse body lining can be cut in camisole effect. Foulard, plaid silk, striped silks, checks, charmeuse, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, or, if you are planning your Summer frocks, cotton voile or cotton crêpe could be used.

36 bust requires 3½ yards satin 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust.

2136—2166—Fashion thinks well of her apron tunic, so she adds accordion plaited straight frills. The waist has a draped jumper worn over a side body. There is a body lining and the skirt is straight. Use taffeta or crêpe de Chine alone or combine a jumper and skirt of charmeuse, satin or taffeta, with sleeve, apron and frill of Georgette, chiffon cloth or silk voile; or a dress of satin, charmeuse, taffeta, crêpe de Chine or crêpe meteor with lace, Georgette, silk voile, chiffon cloth or tulle frill. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

36 bust and 38 hip require 6¼ yards taffeta 36 inches wide, 1 yard Georgette 32 or more inches wide for side body.

Waist, 2136, for ladies of 32 to 46 bust; skirt, 2166, for ladies of 35 to 45 hip.

2154—Graduated taffeta ruffles gathered to Georgette trimming bands give one of the smartest and most attractive silhouettes of the season. The skirt itself is gathered and straight and the waist is made in surplice kimono style and draped into sash ends. The blouse body lining can be cut at the camisole top line. Tricolette, taffeta, satin, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine and messaline, could have bands of the same material or of Georgette, silk voile or chiffon cloth; or use taffeta, satin, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine or messaline with lace, chiffon, Georgette, silk voile and silk net ruffles.

36 bust requires 5½ yards taffeta 36 inches wide, ⅜ yard Georgette 40 inches wide for bands. Bottom 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies of 32 to 42 bust.

2133—A lengthened vestee in contrast accentuates the smart, simple lines of a tricolette dress. The sleeve is made with only one seam and the straight skirt has soft gathers. Satin, charmeuse, taffeta, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, plaid silks, striped silks and checks would be the materials to use if a silk frock is desired, and for a smart Spring street dress, serge, gabardine, tricotine and soft twills would be the thing. The full length close fitting sleeve might be selected in this case.

36-inch bust requires 3¾ yards tricolette 36 inches wide including material for a sash, ⅝ yard taffeta 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies of 32 to 44 bust.

2102—Short sleeve, hip frills and peplum give the French note to a dress. The frills are draped and the one-piece skirt is straight. The soft fulness of the front of the waist is gathered to the back which comes over the shoulders, and a camisole lining is offered. Taffeta, radium, gros de Londres, faille, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, stripes, checks or plaids could be used. Satin should be used with Georgette frills, and if you are planning your Summer frocks now, it is a pretty style for cotton voile, organdy, batiste, dimity, dotted swiss, lawn, silk crêpe, silk voile or crêpe de Chine.

36-inch bust requires 4¼ yards satin 40 inches wide, ⅜ yard Georgette 18 or more inches wide. Bottom 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies of 32 to 42 bust.

2144—1983—Charmeuse is selected for a dress where the chief charm lies in the grace and smartness of line. The surplice waist is draped to form sash ends and has a one-seam sleeve. A blouse body lining is offered. The two-piece skirt is also draped in the popular hip-widened effect. It would be equally smart made of satin, taffeta or faille, and contrasting collar and buttons trim it effectively and simply.

36-inch bust, 38-inch hip require 4⅞ yards charmeuse 40 inches wide, ½ yard velevt 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

Waist, 2144, is for ladies of 32 to 46 bust; skirt, 1983, for ladies of 35 to 45 hip.

2114—A decidedly new and becoming collar and the slightly emphasized hip gives distinction to one of the very simple new dresses. The dress slips on over the head and has the upper part made in one with the sleeves and the front and back of the skirt. The straight side pieces are gathered on. A blouse body lining is offered. Foulard would be smart for Spring as well as satin, charmeuse, taffeta, tricolette, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, stripes, checks or plaid, or serge and tricotine.

36-inch bust requires 4¾ yards satin 36 inches wide, ¼ yard chiffon 18 or more inches wide. Lower edge of skirt with plaits drawn out measures 2¼ yards.

This dress is for ladies of 32 to 44 bust.

2136—2096—For an afternoon frock of the more elaborate type there is a draped jumper that ties in a sash at the back, over a blouse body lining with a side body. The straight skirt is two-piece with draped side frills. A taffeta or charmeuse dress could have a silk crêpe, silk voile or chiffon cloth side body, and a satin dress could have both side body and frills of silk crêpe, or the entire dress could be made of charmeuse, taffeta or crêpe meteor.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 3¼ yards crêpe meteor 40 inches wide, 1⅞ yard flouncing 21 inches wide for side body, 5⅛ yards edging 10 inches wide for frills. Bottom 1⅝ yard.

Waist, 2136, is for ladies of 32 to 46 bust; skirt, 2096, for ladies of 35 to 45 hip.

2158—The new bloused-over-the-waist effect is carried out in a tricotine frock. The one piece overdress slips on over the head, and if bloused is made with a blouse lining. If drawn down straight, the lining is a matter of choice. It is worn over a separate straight skirt. Serge, gabardine, soft twills or, charmeuse, satin and taffeta are smart. A Georgette or silk-voile blouse could be worn over a satin skirt, and the lining cut with the camisole top would also be of satin.

36 inch bust requires 4⅜ yards tricotine 36 inches wide, ⅞ yard material 32 inches wide for upper part of skirt. Lower edge measures 1⅝ yard.

This dress is for ladies of 32 to 42 bust.

2146—1981—A bloused waist and tunic skirt are combined in one of the new season's dresses. The waist has the back extending over the shoulders with the fulness of the front gathered to it. The sleeve has one seam and there is a blouse body lining. The side tunic is gathered to the straight skirt. Satin, charmeuse, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor or faille could be used. A tunic of silk crêpe, silk voile, chiffon cloth, tulle, or fine serge, would be smart over satin.

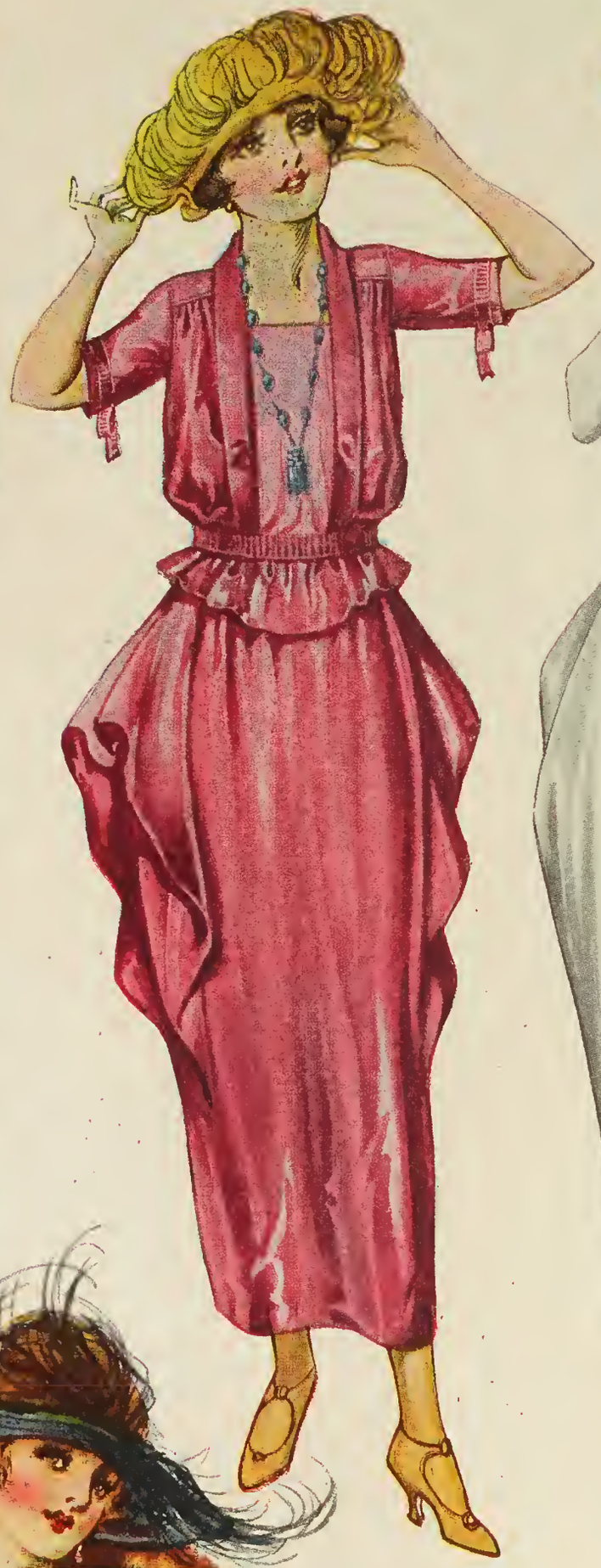
36-inch bust, 38-inch hip require 5⅛ yards silk poplin 40 inches wide including a sash, ⅝ yard checked silk, 36 inches wide for vest, to line bow and ends. Bottom 1½ yard.

Waist, 2146, is for ladies of 32 to 48 bust; skirt, 1981, for ladies of 35 to 49½ hip.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 135



Dress 2133







Dress 2114



Dress 2102



Waist 2144
Skirt 1983



Waist 2136
Skirt 2096

Dress 2158

Waist 2146
Skirt 1981

Other views of these garments are shown on page 13

Dress 2135
Embroidery
design 10693

Dress 2108

Dress 2140
Embroidery
design 10793

Dress 2092

Dress 2164
Embroidery
design 10789

Dress 2152

Blouse 2162
Skirt 1974

Other views of these garments are shown on page **135**



Dress 2176
Beading design 10785

Dress 2187
Braiding design 10762

Dress 2192

IN SILK AND WOOL

Embroidery Upholds Its Share of the Trimming and Accordion, Blouse and Long-Body Effects the Favorites

2135—Varied-colored darning stitches are used on a vestee effect that is achieved by wearing a coatee over a long-bodied dress. The lower part is in two pieces. A blouse body lining is offered. Use tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, serge, checks, satin, charmeuse or taffeta, with the vest effect of satin, brocaded, corded or plaid silks; or satin, plaid and checks can have a serge coatee. Tricotine, gabardine, etc., may be made with sleeves and vest effect of satin, taffeta, etc.

36 bust requires 2 yards 36 inches wide velvet for coatee and belt, 3 yards satin 36 inches wide, 1⅜ yard material 36 inches wide for long body. Bottom 1⅝ yard.

This dress is for ladies of 32 to 44 bust. It is also for misses.

2108—An ingenious way of giving the line of a long body straight silhouette is by attaching a straight tunic at the hip. The dress is in one piece and slips on over the head. The sleeve is made with but one seam and the use of the blouse body lining is a matter of choice. Satin, charmeuse, taffeta, or tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, checks, stripes and plaids can be used. A dress of satin could have a serge tunic, collar and cuffs. Plaid or stripes could be combined with plain material.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards tricolette 36 inches wide, 1⅛ yard material 36 inches wide for middle section of front and back. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for ladies of 32 to 44 bust.

2140—An afternoon gown that is simple in detail is elaborate in effect because of its all-over brilliant-hued embroidery. The dress itself has a becoming vestee and the new blouse effect at the waist. The sleeve has one seam and the use of a blouse body lining is optional. The straight skirt is simply gathered. Satin, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, radium and foulard, or plaid, striped and checked silks are smart for Spring.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards charmeuse 40 inches wide, ⅝ yard chiffon 40 inches wide for collar and cuffs, ⅜ yard material 18 or more inches wide for vestee. Embroidery design 10793 trims the dress. Bottom measures 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust.

2092—One of the most fashionable endings that a straight line can come to is a redingote dress. It is a becoming style for a young girl also. It is made over a two-piece slip under which a blouse lining can be used. Use tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, serge or checks. A slip of satin can be used with these materials, or charmeuse, taffeta, satin, moire or faille can be used alone.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards duvetyn 54 inches wide, 3 yards fur banding 3½ inches wide, ⅝ yard material 27 or more inches wide for upper part of back. Bottom of slip 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies of 32 to 46 bust. It is also for misses.

2164—Stand-out pockets and knee-deep embroidery are simple ways of distinguishing a street costume with the wide hip line of the season. It has the long body and the front panel is made in one with the front of the lower part which is cut in two pieces. A blouse body lining can be cut in camisole effect. This dress is liked by the young girl too. Tricotine, duvetyn, gabardine, soft twills, checks and serge are used alone or with the side body of satin or plaid. Satin, charmeuse and taffeta are suitable.

36 bust requires 2½ yards gabardine 54 inches wide. Embroidery design 10789 trims the dress. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies of 32 to 44 bust. It is also for misses.

2152—Patent leather is used on one of the serge frocks of the coming season. The dress closes at the back and the waist is bloused in the new way also. The straight skirt is cut in one piece. An all-over embroidery or braiding design or flat silk braid could be used, or narrow braid bands in groups would be good-looking. Use tricotine, tricolette, gabardine, soft twills and serge, or satin, taffeta and crêpe meteor. A blouse body lining can be used.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards serge 54 inches wide including a sash, 2½ yards braid to trim waist and pockets, 1⅝ yard braid to trim one row on the skirt. Lower edge measures 1⅝ yard.

This dress is for ladies of 32 to 42 bust.

2162—1974—For the fashionable combination of plaid and plain material a new blouse is used with a good-looking tailored skirt. Both close at the back. A blouse lining with a camisole top is offered. The skirt is in three pieces and has a convenient kick plait at the back. The dress can be made of duvetyn, tricotine, gabardine or serge. The blouse, which is pretty for young girls too, could be silk crêpe, silk voile, crêpe de Chine, satin, crêpe meteor and tricolette, or batiste, cotton crêpe, voile, lawn or handkerchief linen and worn with a wool skirt.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2¼ yards serge 44 inches wide, 1½ yard plaid serge 54 inches wide for skirt. Bottom 1¾ yard.

Blouse, 2162, is for ladies of 32 to 44 bust, also for misses; skirt, 1974, is for ladies of 35 to 47½ hip.

2176—The much-loved chemise style frock of Paris is suggested in an afternoon dress made with a beaded overdress of Georgette combined with satin. The soft fulness of the front is gathered to the back just below the shoulder. The sleeve has one seam and there is a blouse body lining. The straight skirt beneath is in one piece and is gathered. Use Georgette, silk voile and crêpe de Chine alone or over a satin foundation, or satin, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, charmeuse and tricolette could be used.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards Georgette 40 inches wide, 2⅛ yards satin 36 inches wide for skirt and camisole. Beading design 10785 trims the dress. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

2187—The ease of line in the accordion-plaited lower part gives a decidedly Parisian accent to a braided gabardine street frock for Spring. The accordion effect is very new and becoming to young girls as well as women. In this dress there are two different widths offered. The skirt is straight. The long body can be made with a blouse body lining cut like a camisole. Use serge, tricotine, gabardine, plaids, checks and stripes alone or combined with satin or silk, or satin, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, charmeuse, plaid, checked and striped silks.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards gabardine 54 inches wide. Bottom, accordion plaited, 2⅞ or 2¼ yards, gathered 1⅞ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2192—Velveteen on tricotine calls attention to the graceful ripples of the pointed tunic and forms the straight collar and sash in one. The collar which stands away at the neck frames the face in a becoming, soft fashion. The skirt underneath the tunic is straight and if the blouse body lining is used it can be cut in camisole effect. Use serge, gabardine, soft twills and duvetyn, or charmeuse, crêpe meteor, taffeta, foulard, crêpe de Chine, stripes, checks or plaids.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards tricotine 54 inches wide, 1½ yard velveteen 27 inches wide, ⅜ yard chiffon 18 or more inches wide for vestee. Bottom 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 135

AFTERNOON AND EVENING MODES WITH AN EASE OF LINE DISTINCTLY PARISIAN



2161—Tricotine is banded with satin and knee-deep in embroidery. The kimono waist is draped into a large sash that ties on the left hip. The skirt is straight and a blouse body lining can be cut like a camisole. Serge, gabardine or soft twills would be smart, as well as satin, charmeuse, taffeta, foulard, plaid, stripes or checks.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards tricotine 36 inches wide, ⅜ yard satin 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 inches bust.

Dress 2161
Embroidery design 10789



Evening waist 2083
Skirt 1706

2083—1706—The French short-sleeve effect in the drapery distinguishes an evening gown. The girdle beneath is draped over a body lining. The straight lower edge of the one-piece skirt drapery is tacked to a two-piece knee-length foundation skirt. Use taffeta, charmeuse, etc., with net, fine lace, Georgette, etc.

36 bust, 38 hip require 4½ yards brocaded faille silk 40 inches wide, ¾ yard tulle 18 or more inches wide for sleeve drapery, 1⅛ yard material 32 inches wide for foundation. Bottom 1¼ yard.

Waist 2083 is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; skirt 1706 is for ladies of 35 to 47½ inches hip.



2126—2170—French to its last plait is a frock that has a bloused jumper and the accordion skirt. The camisole lining has a one-seam sleeve. The skirt is straight. Use satin or charmeuse with Georgette, silk voile or chiffon cloth. Bottom 2⅞ or 2¼ yards.

36 bust, 38 hip require 4 yards taffeta 36 inches wide, 1¼ yard Georgette 40 inches wide for sleeves, vestee, ruffles, to face linings.

Waist, 2126, for ladies of 32 to 46 bust; skirt, 2170, for ladies of 35 to 42½ hip.

Waist 2126
Skirt 2170



Dress 2167

Evening waist 2172
Skirt 2166

2172—2166—A dance frock has an apron tunic trimmed with a straight frill. The skirt is straight and the jumper is draped. Use satin or charmeuse with sleeve and frill of fine lace, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2¼ yards crêpe meteor 40 inches wide for jumper and skirt, 3⅝ yards tulle 40 inches wide, ⅜ yard extra material 40 inches wide to bind. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

Waist, 2172, for ladies of 32 to 44 bust; skirt, 2166, for ladies of 35 to 45 inches hip.

2167—A vestee widened at the waist calls attention to the Parisian hip extension. The sleeve is made in one with the body and the draped skirt is two-pieced. A blouse body lining can be cut in camisole effect. Use satin, taffeta, foulard, crêpe de Chine and crêpe meteor.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards charmeuse 40 inches wide, ½ yard contrasting charmeuse 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 135

LINGERIE FROCKS WITH THE FRENCH LINE AND EXQUISITE TRIMMINGS



Dress 2150

2150—Bloused kimono waist joined to a straight gathered skirt gives the effect of a one-piece frock. The dress slips over the head. An elastic or drawstring in a casing is used and a blouse body lining in camisole effect is offered. Use cotton voile, cotton crêpe, batiste, lawn, dimity, Georgette or silk voile, or foulard.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards cotton voile 40 inches wide, ¾ yard net 40 inches wide for plaitings. Bottom 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.



Dress 2179



Dress 2154

2154—A French frock has a draped surplice kimono waist and straight gathered skirt with net trimming bands to which are gathered lace ruffles. Use satin, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, messaline or tricolette with bands of the same material or bands of Georgette, silk voile or chiffon.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards taffeta 36 inches wide, 6¾ yards lace flouncing 9 inches wide, ⅜ yard net 40 inches wide for bands. Bottom 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.



Waist 2119
Skirt 2096

2119—2096—A frock with draped side frills and a surplice jumper has the side body in kimono style. The straight skirt has two pieces. Use dimity, fine lawn, cotton voile and batiste.

36 bust, 38 hip require 4⅞ yards figured Georgette 40 inches wide (cut crosswise), 1½ yard plain Georgette 40 inches wide (cut cross-wise) for side body and chemisette. Bottom 1⅝ yard.

Waist, 2119, is for ladies 32 to 46 bust; skirt, 2096, is for ladies 35 to 45 hip.



Dress 2185

2185—The straight silhouette is selected for a lingerie frock. The front is gathered to the back where it comes over the shoulders. The sleeve has one seam and there is a blouse body lining. The straight tunic is over a foundation skirt. Use cotton crêpe, batiste, dimity or lawn.

36 bust requires 5⅛ yards figured cotton voile 40 inches wide, ¾ yard organdy 40 inches wide including plaitings. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2179—An organdy frock is made in surplice fashion. The back comes over the shoulders and has the front gathered to it. The sleeve has one seam and a blouse body lining can be cut in camisole style. The skirt is straight. Cotton voile, cotton crêpe, batiste, lawn, dimity, mull, or crêpe de Chine, Georgette, foulard or tub silk could be used.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards organdy 40 inches wide, ¼ yard filet lace 14 inches wide for vestee, 1¾ yard filet banding 6 inches wide, 2 yards edging. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 135



FASHION KEEPS HER EVERY-DAY AFFAIRS UP TO THE MINUTE

1452—2183—A camisole that slips over the head is worn with circular open drawers cut in one piece and made with an inverted plait or in habit style at the back. Use batiste, nainsook and long-cloth.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2⅞ yards batiste 36 inches wide, 1¼ yard narrow edging, 1¼ yard wide insertion, 1¼ yard beading, 6⅛ yards narrow insertion, 2⅞ yards wide edging, 2 yards ribbon for shoulder-straps.

Camisole, 1452, for ladies, 32 to 44 bust; drawers, 2183, for ladies 35 to 52 hip.

2160—1796—A corset cover that is cut on new lines can have the short sleeve which some women like made with only one seam. The open drawers have neither plait nor fulness at the back. Use long-cloth, nainsook, cambric, batiste, crêpe de Chine and wash silk with drawers of long-cloth, nainsook, cambric, batiste and muslin.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2¾ yards nainsook 36 inches wide. Width of each leg about 30 inches.

Corset cover, 2160, is for ladies 32 to 48 bust; drawers, 1796, for ladies 35 to 52 hip.

2111—A splendid combination for fashion's straight silhouette is made with the camisole top. The French open drawers look very much like "knickers," as they are gathered into a band of beading. Use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, China silk, wash silk and wash satin and nainsook, etc. Width at bottom of leg band 20½ inches.

36 bust requires 1⅞ yard crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide, 3⅛ yards banding, 1¼ yard beading for leg band, 1¾ yard edging, 1¼ yard ribbon for strap and bows.

This combination is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2180—An apron of percale does its job well by covering one completely and adds a little joy to a busy life by being extremely becoming and well cut. It slips over the head and the closing comes on the left side of the front panel. The contrasting collar is a pretty touch and the inside pocket is something new for an apron. Gingham and chambray as well as percale can be used. Bottom 1⅝ yard.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards percale 36 inches wide, ½ yard plain chambray 36 inches wide.

This apron is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

2174—When a woman's place is in the home, house dresses that are ready for work yet succeed in being becoming are always in demand. This one of striped gingham has the new blouse effect at the belt. The back drops over the shoulder and has the front gathered to it. The straight skirt is also gathered. Use gingham, chambray, percale and cotton poplin. Bottom 1¾ yard.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards gingham 32 inches wide, ⅝ yard chambray 32 inches wide.

This house dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2156—The only rest the fashionable long body can get is in a crêpe meteor tea-gown. It makes a charming little gown to wear at dinner with one's family. The sleeve, in kimono effect, is pretty and the straight skirt which is gathered could be in contrasting material. Use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, silk voile or wash satin, and for the warmer months cotton crêpe or lawn. Bottom 2 yards.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards crêpe meteor 40 inches wide, 4 yards lace edging, ¼ yard lace 18 inches wide for pockets.

This rest or tea-gown is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 135



REST-GOWNS AND LINGERIE THAT FOLLOW THE FRENCH TRADITION

2025—Flat rose-and-gold taffeta flowers mark the waistline of a tea-gown of cream net with a sleeveless lace coatee. The slip underneath the coatee has the flaring sleeve. Crêpe de Chine, Georgette, chiffon, silk voile and charmeuse are lovely, or a coatee of lace or brocade can be used over a slip of crêpe de Chine or Georgette, or chiffon or Georgette over brocade, or figured silks over plain silks.

36 bust requires 4 yards net 40 inches wide, 2 yards all-over lace 40 inches wide for coatee. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This rest or tea gown for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2057—2040—When one has the hip extension in her step-in pajamas she is likely to wear a pretty boudoir cap. The pajamas are in one piece and made of crêpe de Chine, etc.

36 bust requires 5 yards washable satin 36 inches wide including all frills, 3 yards lace banding, 1½ yard ribbon for sash; for cap in ladies' size, ⅝ yard washable satin 22 or more inches wide, 1½ yard ribbon, 2⅜ yards rosebud trimming on cap and robe.

Pajamas or lounging robe, 2057, for ladies 32 to 44 bust; cap, 2040, for ladies and misses.

1452—2117—Long bloomers come disguised as a petticoat with a camisole that slips over the head. Messaline, soft satin, batiste and long-cloth are used for the bloomers and silk crêpe, wash satin, batiste, etc., for the camisole.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3¼ yards crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide, ⅜ yard rosebud trimming, 9½ yards insertion, 2 yards edging, 2 yards ribbon for shoulder-straps, 1½ yard ribbon to trim.

Camisole, 1452, is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; bloomers with petticoat flounce, 2117, for ladies 35 to 49½ hip.

2078—Long sleeves of lace half veil a tea-gown of flesh-colored messaline drawn in with a mauve ribbon sash and tiny French buds around the neck. Use crêpe de Chine, China silk and messaline with side draperies of Georgette, silk voile or chiffon or silk voile and chiffon cloth alone.

36 bust requires 3 yards messaline 40 inches wide, 1¾ yard lace 40 inches wide for sleeves, 2½ yards ribbon for sash, 1¼ yard rosebud trimming. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

This rest or tea gown is for ladies of 32 to 44 bust.

2025—Tea is an interesting affair when this gown with a slip of gold Georgette under a sleeveless coatee of king-blue-and-gold metallic cloth is present. Both slip and coatee can be of crêpe de Chine, Georgette, chiffon, silk voile or charmeuse, or the coatee could be lace or brocade with crêpe de Chine or Georgette. Lower edge 1½ yard.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards Georgette 40 inches wide, 1⅝ yard metal cloth 36 inches wide for coatee, 3 yards of ribbon for sash, 1⅝ yard ball fringe.

This rest or tea gown is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2018—The softest of drapery is used in a tea-gown of French-blue charmeuse with orchid feather banding. It is one of the simplest that can be made. If more brilliant colors are selected, it would be lovely embroidered in metallic thread or in color. Use wash satin, crêpe de Chine, Georgette or fancy silk, and if you plan this gown for Summer, dotted swiss, cotton voile or cotton crêpe.

36 bust requires 4½ yards charmeuse 40 inches wide, 3¼ yards feather trimming.

This rest or tea gown is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Other views of these designs are shown on page 135

JOYOUS FROCKS FOR GAY DANCES AND PARTIES



Dress 2067

Dress 1987

Dress 2098

Dress 2130

Dress 1934

Dress 1834

Dress 2036

2067—Ivory-white taffeta has its hip puffs caught up and its Empire line marked with large conventional silk roses in variegated colors, and the draped surplice girdle is caught on the shoulders with flat pearl straps. A side body made in one with a short sleeve could be used. The draped skirt is made in two pieces. Flowered silks, faille, satin, charmeuse and moire would be pretty made up in this dainty style.

16 years requires 2¾ yards taffeta 39 or 40 inches wide. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years.

1987—Robin's-egg-blue tulle with silver ribbon veils satin of the same shade. The draped girdle could have a kimono side body and the straight tunic is gathered over the foundation skirt. Use metal cloth, taffeta, flowered silk or radium with a tunic of silk voile, silk crêpe, chiffon cloth or lace flouncing. Lower edge 1¼ yard.

16 years requires 2¼ yards satin 36 inches wide, 1¾ yard tulle 40 inches wide for tunic, 1¾ yard ribbon ¾ inch wide.

This dress is for misses of 14 to 19 years; also for small women.

2098—A shrimp-pink taffeta jumper slips on over the head in a frock of cream-colored dotted net. The underbody is made in one with the sleeve, and the tucks form a pretty trimming on the straight skirt. Point d'esprit silk crêpe and crêpe de Chine are dainty for party frocks; and for the more simple dress batiste, cotton voile, lawn, dotted swiss and plain swiss are smart.

13 years requires 3 yards dotted net 40 inches wide, ¾ yard taffeta 36 inches wide for jumper, 1⅞ yard ribbon for sash.

This dress is for girls 6 to 15 years.

1934—Flowered silk is quaintly trimmed with ruchings of itself. The front of the waist is draped into sash ends and the sleeve is made in one with the body. The tunic is cut in handkerchief outline and the straight skirt underneath is fastened to the underbody. Net, point d'esprit, silk crêpe, silk voile, crêpe de Chine, silk mull, taffeta, flowered silks or batiste, organdy, dotted swiss or cotton voile would make a dainty frock.

12 years requires 4⅜ yards flowered silk 40 inches wide, including ruchings.

This dress is for juniors 8 to 15 years.

1834—Silver bow-knots are the only trimming on a frock of French-blue taffeta. The skirt is draped in the popular hip extension effect and is cut in two pieces. The jumper is also draped into sash ends, tying at the back, and worn over a Georgette underbody that is made in one with the sleeves. For a party dress, taffeta, flowered silks, messaline and moire are the loveliest materials to use. It is also pretty made of crêpe de Chine, plaid silks or check silks alone or over silk crêpe. If tub dresses are being considered, cotton voile, gingham, chambray, linen and cotton poplin can be used also.

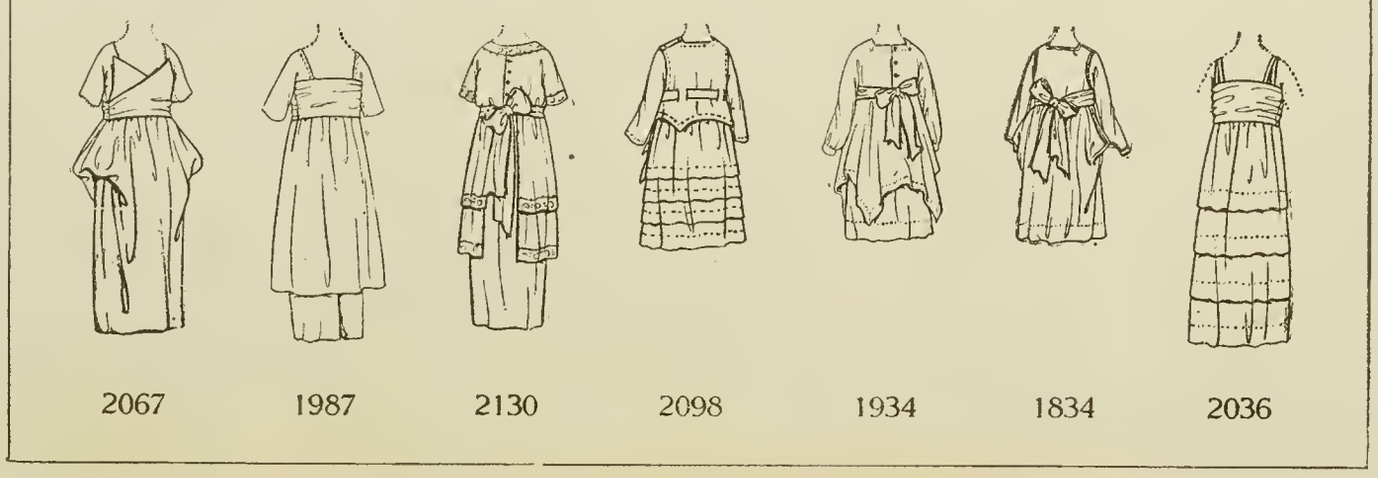
12 years requires 2⅞ yards taffeta 36 inches wide for jumper and skirt, ¾ yard Georgette 40 inches wide for underbody.

This dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

2130—Pale-yellow messaline is combined with Georgette of the same shade and trimmed with yellow satin ribbon and French flowers. The body is in one with the sleeve, and the straight skirt is one pieced. There are side tunics and a camisole lining if desired. Messaline, crêpe meteor, taffeta, radium and crêpe de Chine can be used or satin and Georgette can be combined. Lower edge 1¼ yard.

17 years requires 2¾ yards Georgette 40 inches wide. 2⅛ yards messaline 36 inches wide for camisole, skirt.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years; also for small women.



2036—Silver and deep rose flowers and a rose satin girdle trim a flesh Georgette dance frock. It is pretty for the small woman too. The girdle is draped over a body lining. Straps could supplant the side body, which is made in one with the sleeve. The soft straight skirt is pretty made of silk crêpe, silk voile, silk mull, crêpe de Chine or net and worn with a satin, velvet or metal fabric girdle.

16 years requires 3⅛ yards Georgette 40 inches wide, ½ yard satin 36 inches wide for girdle. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

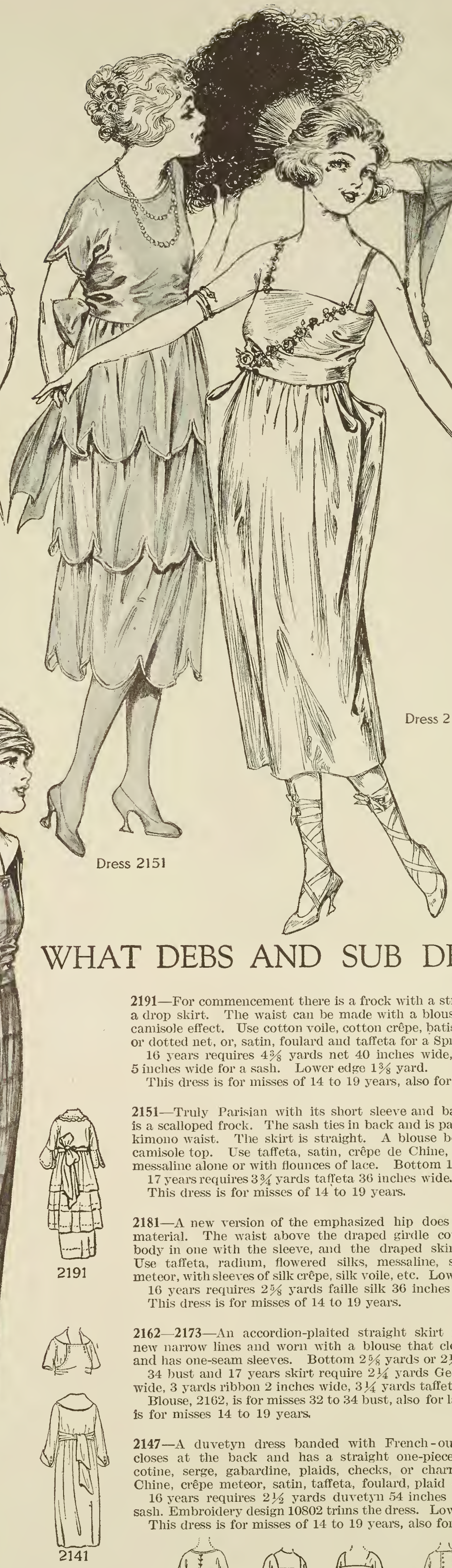
This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years; also for small women.



Dress 2191

Dress 2141

Dress 2151



Dress 2181



Blouse 2162
Skirt 2173
Beading design 10768



Dress 2147
Embroidery design 10802

WHAT DEBS AND SUB DEBS CHOOSE

2191—For commencement there is a frock with a straight tunic over a drop skirt. The waist can be made with a blouse body lining in camisole effect. Use cotton voile, cotton crêpe, batiste, dimity, swiss or dotted net, or, satin, foulard and taffeta for a Spring frock.

16 years requires 4⅜ yards net 40 inches wide, 3 yards ribbon 5 inches wide for a sash. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for misses of 14 to 19 years, also for small women.

2191

2151—Truly Parisian with its short sleeve and back-lacing bodice is a scalloped frock. The sash ties in back and is part of the draped, kimono waist. The skirt is straight. A blouse body lining has a camisole top. Use taffeta, satin, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor or messaline alone or with flounces of lace. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

17 years requires 3¾ yards taffeta 36 inches wide.

This dress is for misses of 14 to 19 years.

2181—A new version of the emphasized hip does not take much material. The waist above the draped girdle could have a side body in one with the sleeve, and the draped skirt is two-pieced. Use taffeta, radium, flowered silks, messaline, satin and crêpe meteor, with sleeves of silk crêpe, silk voile, etc. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

16 years requires 2⅝ yards faille silk 36 inches wide.

This dress is for misses of 14 to 19 years.

2141

2162—2173—An accordion-plaited straight skirt is made on the new narrow lines and worn with a blouse that closes at the back and has one-seam sleeves. Bottom 2⅝ yards or 2⅛ yards.

34 bust and 17 years skirt require 2¼ yards Georgette 40 inches wide, 3 yards ribbon 2 inches wide, 3¼ yards taffeta 36 inches wide.

Blouse, 2162, is for misses 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies; skirt, 2173, is for misses 14 to 19 years.

2147—A duvetyn dress banded with French-outline embroidery closes at the back and has a straight one-piece skirt. Use tricotine, serge, gabardine, plaids, checks, or charmeuse, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, satin, taffeta, foulard, plaid or check silks.

16 years requires 2½ yards duvetyn 54 inches wide, including a sash. Embroidery design 10802 trims the dress. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This dress is for misses of 14 to 19 years, also for small women.

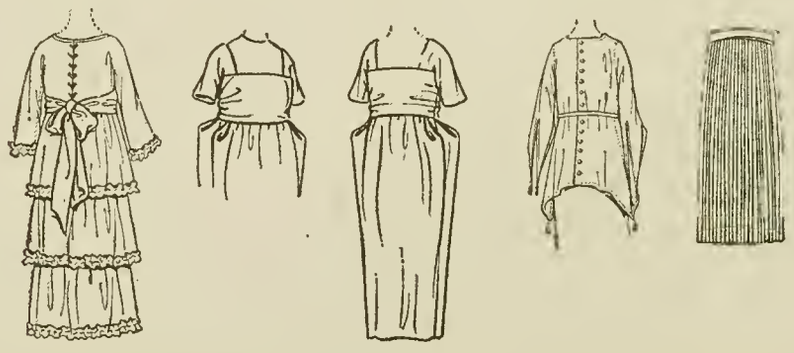
2147

2107

2141—A new dress has a bib draped into sash ends. There is a one-seam sleeve and a straight skirt. Use serge, tricotine, gabardine or soft twills alone or over satin, plaids or checks. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

16 years requires 2⅛ yards plaid wool 48 inches wide, 1¼ yard satin 36 inches wide for sleeves, side front and back, ¼ yard contrasting silk 36 inches wide.

This dress is for misses of 14 to 19 years, also for small women.



2151 2181 2162 2173

2107—A dance frock has draped side frills on the straight two-piece skirt. Use crêpe meteor, charmeuse or gros de Londres, or taffeta, crêpe de Chine, satin, etc., with frill and sleeves of fine lace, etc.

17 years requires 4¼ yards figured taffeta 36 inches wide, ⅝ yard silver cloth 20 inches wide for bodice, 3¾ yards narrow velvet ribbon. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This dress is for misses of 14 to 19 years, also for small women.

YOUNG IN YEARS BUT ADVANCED IN THE SEASON'S FASHIONS



2171—A peplum frock is made in the new bloused style with the inverted vestee and straight skirt softly gathered. It is becoming to a small woman as well. Use serge, gabardine, tricotine, soft twills, alone or with a skirt of checks, plaids and stripes. Satin, taffeta and tricolette could be used. There is a blouse body lining.

16 years requires 2⅜ yards serge 54 inches wide, ½ yard satin 27 inches wide, 9⅜ yards braid. Bottom 1½ yard.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years; also for small women.

2186—A true love for the Parisian has the little lady who selects a coat with an accordion-plaited lower part and long body. It is a style that is most distinctive yet really simple. If the lower part is accordion plaited, serge, broadcloth, faille, satin or taffeta can be used; if gathered, checks can be added to these; and if side plaited, velours, serge, broadcloth, etc., can be used.

8 years requires 2 yards tricotine 50 inches wide, 3½ yards braid.

This coat is for girls 4 to 12 years.

2189—2173—The ripple of a fitted coat gives the fashionable hip extension above the straight accordion-plaited skirt. It is a smart costume in tricotine, gabardine, serge and checks, or satin and taffeta. The skirt can be cut in either of two widths.

16 years requires 3⅞ yards tricotine 54 inches wide, ¼ yard contrasting material 27 or more inches wide for collar. Bottom 2⅝ yards, or 2⅛ yards.

Coat, 2189, is for misses 14 to 19 years, also small women; skirt, 2173, is for misses 14 to 19 years.

2130—A repeated tunic with a short-sleeved kimono waist makes a charming afternoon frock for a girl or small woman. The bloused waist can be made over a camisole lining. The straight skirt is one-pieced. Use messaline, crêpe meteor, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, plaid, checks or stripes, or combine satin with Georgette frill and tunics.

16 years requires 4¼ yards charmeuse 40 inches wide, ¼ yard chiffon 40 inches wide for frill, ½ yard extra material 40 inches wide for sash. Lower edge 1¼ yard.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years, also for small women.

2165—She's only three, but has captured something decidedly new in the line of her rippled faille coat. The round yoke gives the fuller lower part a pretty flare. Broadcloth, serge, velours, cashmere, gabardine, henrietta, Bedford cord and checks are used, and for later Spring and Summer faille, taffeta and pongee make attractive coats for little girls.

3 years requires 1⅝ yard faille 40 inches wide, ¼ yard contrasting material 40 or more inches wide.

This coat is for little girls ½ to 6 years.

2193—For the first suit there is a youthful box-plaited model in tweed trimmed with velours. The Norfolk coat is becoming to the very young girl. The skirt is in two pieces and has a jumper arrangement, It can be worn with guimpes. Such suits are also made of velours, serge, Oxford, checks, mixtures and homespun, or a plain coat is worn with a plaid or checked skirt.

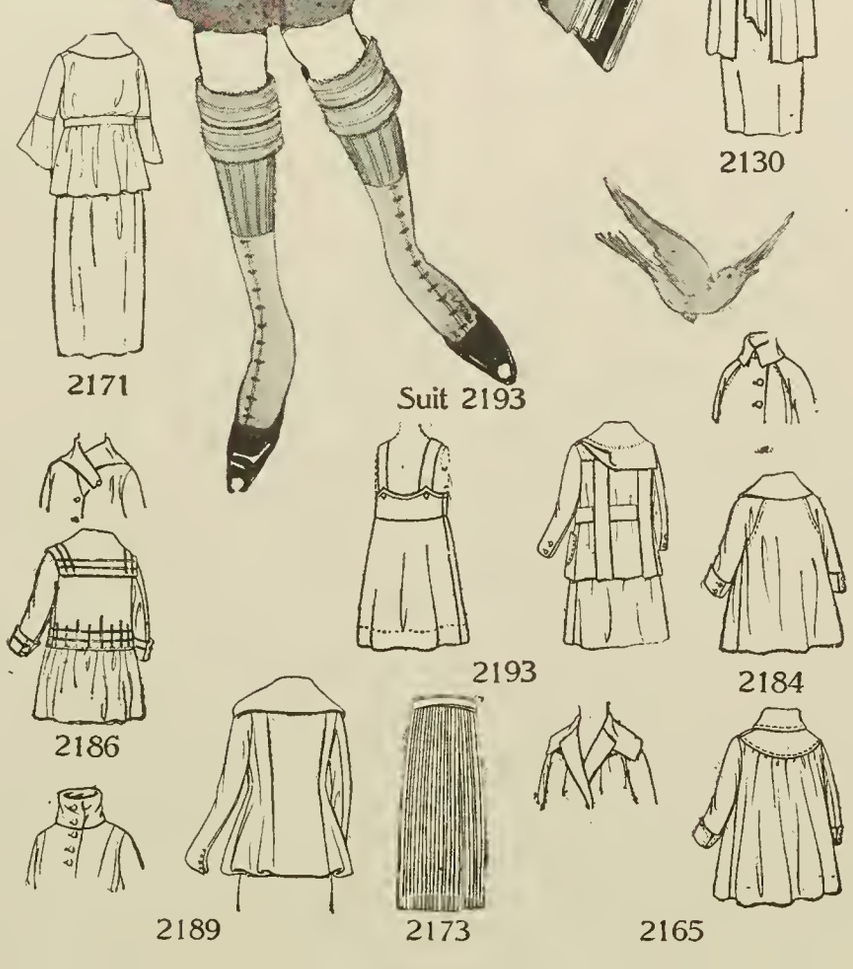
12 years requires 3 yards tweed 44 inches wide, ½ yard velours 32 or more inches wide.

This suit is for juniors 10 to 15 years.

2184—One has to run when she is so small and so up to the minute in fashion matters as to have a camel's-hair top-coat made on raglan lines. The ripple is pretty. The long buttonholes are French and couldn't be expected to do the usual thing, so they take upon themselves the responsibility of two buttons apiece. Velours, cheviot, serge, mixtures, checks and broadcloth are used.

4 years requires 1½ yard camel's-hair cloth 50 inches wide, ⅜ yard contrasting material 36 inches wide.

This coat is for girls 2 to 12 years.



"NEW FROCKS TO MY VALENTINE" SAYS FASHION TO YOUTH



Dress 2143
Embroidery design 10677

Dress 2159

Dress 2163

Dress 2149 Dress 2139
Smocking design 10700

Dress 2153

Dress 2089 Dress 2079
Embroidery design 10676

2143—A bolero frock will make somebody at the party wear his heart on his sleeve. The gathered straight skirt is pretty and the sleeve has one seam. Batiste, lawn, cotton voile, organdy, dimity, crêpe de Chine, point d'esprit or Georgette are used alone or with contrasting jumper, or radium, figured silk, etc. are good.

10 years requires 2¼ yards batiste 36 inches wide, 5¼ yards edging, 2⅛ yards insertion.

This dress is for girls 2 to 12 years.



2143

2159—When one feels particularly joyful she has organdy with tucks plus frills. It makes an unusually dainty frock with its straight little skirt. and the body and sleeve in kimono style. It would be just as pretty made of batiste, lawn, cotton voile, net, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, point d'esprit, taffeta or mull.

12 years requires 2¾ yards organdy 40 inches wide including plaitings.

This dress, 2159, is for girls 4 to 15 years.



2159

2149—Smocking marks the pretty yoke outline of a frock. The skirt is straight and the sleeve is made in kimono effect. Batiste, cotton voile, crêpe de Chine, lawn, handkerchief linen, wash satin, wash silk, chambray and dimity are good materials to smock. Gingham, plaid, or flowered with plain material, can be used without smocking.

8 years requires 2⅛ yards mull 36 inches wide. Smocking design 10700 is used to trim.

This dress is for girls of 2 to 12 years.



2163

2163—The much-coveted lace valentine comes to life in a beruffled lace frock. The straight ruffles are gathered to a plain waist and straight foundation skirt, also gathered. Use organdy, net, point d'esprit, crêpe de Chine and taffeta, or batiste, cotton voile, lawn, swiss or mull.

13 years requires ½ yard net 40 inches wide for body, 3 yards lace flouncing 7½ inches wide, 7⅛ yards lace flouncing 10 inches wide for skirt ruffles, 1⅝ yard material 36 inches wide for foundation skirt.

This dress is for girls 4 to 15 years.



2149



2139



2089



2153

2139—Flowered taffeta with an adorably draped waist ending in a sash is a pretty costume. The gathered skirt is straight and the sleeve has only one seam. Taffeta, crêpe de Chine, flowered or plaid silks, or cotton voile, batiste, lawn, dimity and organdy could be used, and for school gingham or chambray.

10 years requires 2¼ yards flowered taffeta 36 inches wide.

This dress is for girls of 8 to 15 years.

2089—What's a mere party to a girl who wears a smart gingham frock? The dress closes on the side and has the straight skirt, with its two plaits at each side of the front and back, attached to give a one-piece dress effect. The sleeve has one seam. Use chambray, linen, cotton poplin, gabardine, repp, serge, checks or plaid.

8 years requires 2⅜ yards plaid gingham 32 inches wide, ¼ yard plain material 32 inches wide.

This dress is for girls 6 to 15 years.



2079

2079—A linen frock has a Balkan-style middy blouse. It slips on over the head and has the body and sleeve cut in one piece. The straight skirt can be attached to an underbody or the belt. Use serge, gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, linen or drill, or serge with plaid or checks drill with serge, chambray with gingham.

10 years requires 2⅝ yards linen 36 inches wide. Embroidery design 10676 is used to trim.

This dress is for girls of 6 to 15 years.

2153—An up-and-down trimmed point d'esprit frock has a taffeta bib that ties in a sash at the back. The straight skirt is gathered on in one-piece dress effect. Use taffeta, plaid silk, etc., for parties; and serge, checks, gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, linen or pongee for every day. Or combine serge with plaid silk or taffeta.

10 years requires 1¾ yard point d'esprit 40 inches wide, ⅝ yard extra material 40 inches wide for ruffles, ¾ yard taffeta 36 inches wide.

This dress is for girls of 8 to 15 years.



CHENEY SILKS

Cheney Shower-Proof Foulards

THERE is a novelty, a youthful appeal about Cheney Shower-proof Foulards for Spring, not due to design alone. It is marked in novel spacing effects, in widely varied ground-colorings which include Navys, Blacks, Copens, Browns, as well as lovely shades of French Gray and French Blue.

There is a new freshness and beauty, too, in the remarkable Iridescent Prints for linings—a new development in Printed Silks.

CHENEY BROTHERS
4th Avenue at 18th Street, New York



New for February

"DOVE" Night Gown No. 611. Handkerchief style made of lustrous-finish, flesh-color batiste. Trimmed with a dainty design of hemstitching and the new five-needle stitching in blue. Two rows of shirring in front. Matches "DOVE" Envelope Chemise No. 612 shown here. We cannot fill mail orders but can tell you the nearest store that sells these and other new "DOVE" styles.

DOVE Under-garments
Beautiful Well-made Lingerie

THE very latest style ideas are expressed in the new designs created in "DOVE" Under-garments. Dainty needlework trimmings of smart simplicity, or, if you prefer, beautiful laces and embroideries just elaborate enough to please good taste. The fabrics are soft and fine and strong. The workmanship is high-class and the garments are scientifically accurate in fit. Lovely in appearance and yet wear long. Prices very reasonable.

Sold by Leading Stores Everywhere

D. E. SICHER & CO., "World's Largest Makers of Lingerie," 45-51 W. 21st St., New York



Dress 2157
Embroidery design 10799



Cloak and Cap 2177
Embroidery design 10627



Dress 2168



Blouse 2142
Skirt 2173
Bag 10775



Rompers 2190

EVERY AGE HAS ITS NEW FASHIONS

2157—When one has an embroidered nainsook frock her mind is apt to be distracted from the plainness of mere bread and butter. Some of the fulness can be arranged in an inverted plait under the arm, or a gored seam is used there. Use nainsook, lawn, batiste, cotton voile, mull and flouncing. The lower edge is straight. It is good for the baby's first short dress.

2 years requires 1⅝ yard nainsook 36 inches wide, 1¼ yard edging.

This dress is for infants and children up to 5 years.

2177—First impressions are lasting, so it's a wise baby that influences you to dress him in a faille silk cloak and cap for his first appearance in the outside world. The cape can be cut longer. The turned-back points of the cap are most becoming. The entire costume would be sweet in cashmere, henrietta, Bedford cord, faille silk or corded silk.

Infants' size requires 1⅝ yard faille silk 36 inches wide for coat and cap. Embroidery design 10627 trims.

This cloak and cap are for infants.

2168—Miss George Washington can not tell a lie—she picked this dress herself. It is in one piece and has most convenient bloomers. Her mother says, they save laundry work and that the dress is very easy to make. The sleeve has one seam. She could have chambray, cotton poplin, linen or fine piqué as well as gingham, and serge, checks and plaids would be smart.

4 years requires 2⅝ yards gingham 32 inches wide for dress and bloomers, ¼ yard chambray 32 inches wide.

This dress is for little girls 2 to 10 years.

2142—2173—For the girl there is a blouse that slips over the head and closes on the left shoulder. The skirt is straight. Overblouses of Georgette, chiffon cloth and crêpe de Chine are worn by women, also with satin, taffeta, charmeuse, plaid and checked silk, gabardine, tricotine, plaid, check or striped wool skirts.

32 bust or 15 to 16 years requires 2 yards figured voile 40 inches wide including sash, 2⅜ yards satin 36 inches wide for skirt in 16 years' size. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

Blouse, 2142, for misses 32 to 34 bust, also ladies; skirt, 2173, for misses, 14 to 19 years.

2190—These new rompers were made expressly for a full day of play and admiration. Their comfort and practicability take care of the play and the new line to the collar and smart twist to the belt insure the admiration. The straight trousers are different. These rompers wear well made of gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, percale and seersucker.

3 years requires 1¼ yard linen 36 inches wide, ⅜ yard contrasting color 36 inches wide.

This romper is for children 1 to 6 years.



2157 2177 2168 2142 2173 2190



PRACTICAL FASHIONS FOR THE MEN OF THE FAMILY

2148—With the present high prices women are fortunate who can make the simple articles of a man's wardrobe. A nightshirt that is very easy in construction comes for men and boys. It is in sack effect and can be made with or without a collar. It can have a yoke facing at the back. Nightshirts are made of madras, long-cloth, muslin or flannelet.

38 breast or 15½ neck measure requires 3¾ yards long-cloth 40 or more inches wide.

This nightshirt is for men 24 to 50 breast measure, also for boys.

9103—A reefer is just the sort of coat that an active boy likes to wear for his Spring games and outdoor business. It is comfortable and light, but warm enough for the sharp chill that is sometimes in the air. This coat has both an attached and a removable collar and can be made of flannel, cheviots, mixed coating, corduroy, checks, covert-cloth, and for the Southern season of piqué and linen.

7 years requires 1⅜ yard cheviot 54 inches wide, ½ yard contrasting material 32 or more inches wide.

This reefer is for little boys 2 to 8 years.

2068—A smart, good-looking blouse suit is made for the small boy. The yoke facing has an unusual outline and there is a box plait at the front and back of the blouse. The trousers are straight. Homespun, khaki, galatea, chambray and linen, or woolen mixtures, serge and gabardine are serviceable. These suits are very often braid-trimmed.

6 years requires 2⅛ yards striped galatea 32 inches wide for blouse and trousers, ½ yard contrasting material 32 or more inches wide, 1½ yard braid.

This suit is for little boys 2 to 7 years.

2145—A new blouse for the small active boy slips on over the head and is laced at the front and sides. The straight trousers are attached to the underbody. The suit is good-looking made with a white blouse, color trimmed, and with colored trousers to match. Serge, gabardine, galatea, piqué, chambray and linen are the most satisfactory materials to use for boys' suits.

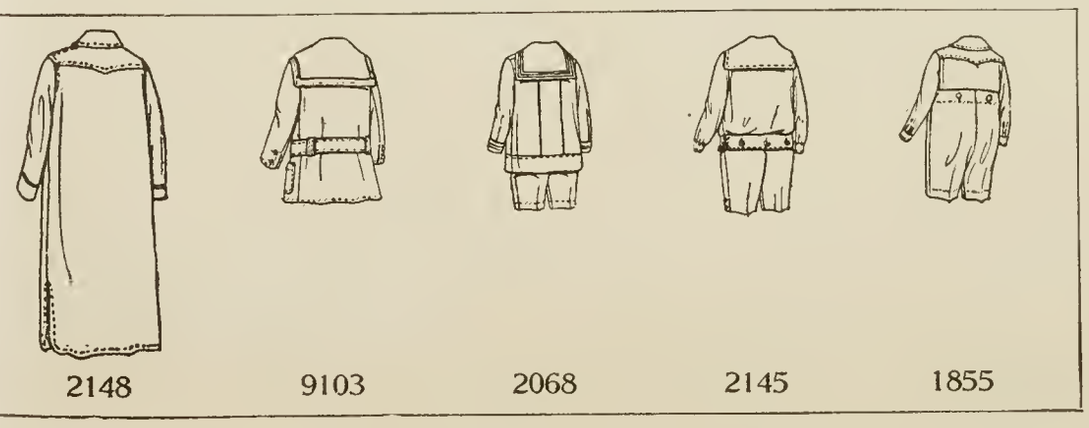
4 years requires 1 yard galatea 32 inches wide, 1⅛ yard contrasting galatea 32 inches wide for collar, cuffs and trousers.

This suit is for little boys 2 to 7 years.

1855—A small boy's suit is made in contrasting materials. The straight trousers are buttoned at the high waistline to the waist, which can have a plait or coat closing. A madras, cotton, linen and poplin waist can be combined with linen, serge or gabardine trousers; and galatea, chambray, drill, repp and poplin can be used alone. A combination of white with colored material is smart.

3 years requires ⅞ yard flannel 36 inches wide, ⅝ yard mixture 44 inches wide for collar, cuffs, trousers and to trim.

This suit is for little boys 2 to 5 years.





Duretta Cloth

With Lustre Finish

DURETTA CLOTH is a white cotton fabric somewhat like a bleached "Jean" or "Twill," but to which, through an entirely new process originated by the Pacific Mills, a high-lustre finish has been applied. This finish is a mark of beauty on a durable white cloth and makes it stand out above all others as most distinctive.

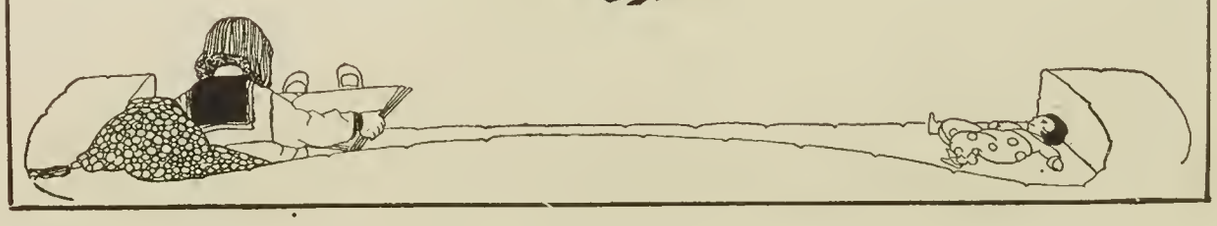
Duretta Cloth is well adapted to Middy Blouses, Skirts, Uniforms of all kinds, aprons, children's dresses, rompers and boys' suits, for which, at last, has been found a graceful as well as a practical long-wearing material.

The very word "Duretta" suggests durability, but it is seldom that so beautiful a cloth has so many advantages. A durable cloth usually means heavy weight, but there is a softness about Duretta that lends itself to graceful folds as well as making garments which look very smart when tailored. Another feature about Duretta Cloth is that it retains its snow whiteness through laundry. Most heavy cotton materials grow gray or yellow with wear, but Duretta grows more beautiful in whiteness with constant washing.

Every wide-awake woman wants to know about the new things and their advantages, and if your dealer does not sell Duretta Cloth, that is woven, bleached and lustre-finished by the Pacific Mills, the largest manufacturers of printed, dyed and bleached cotton dress goods in the world, write to us, giving dealer's name and mentioning *The Delineator,* and we will send samples and quote prices to you, and your order will be filled by parcel post.

Pacific Mills

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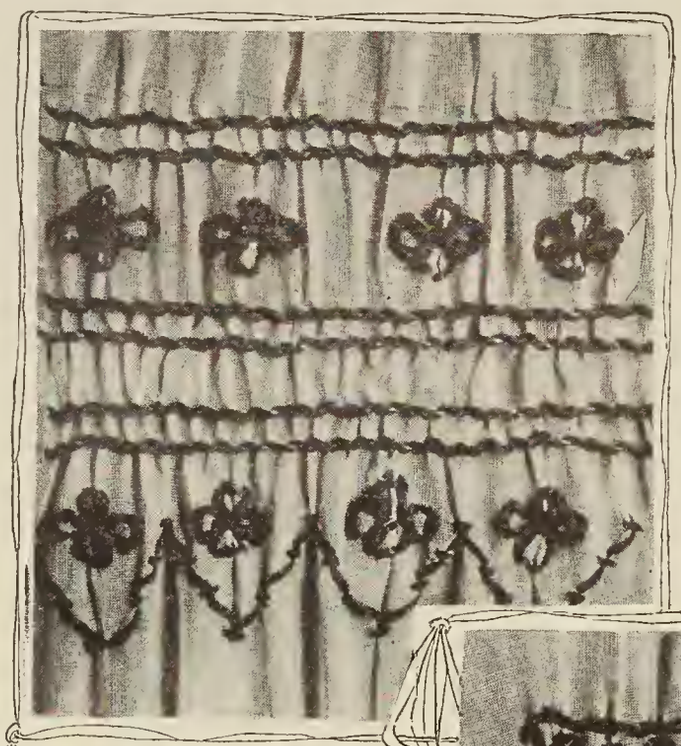
HUMP HAIR PIN MFG. CO.
SOL. H. GOLDBERG, PRES. CHICAGO

DON'T miss it—the new magazine, named and devoted to—
ON ALL NEWS-STANDS

ROMANCE

WHEN, WHERE AND

Honeycomb and Diamond Designs with



Smocking design 10798 is adapted to about 1¾ yard of dots 3¼ inches wide for style 1, about 1¾ yard of dots 3½ inches wide for style 2 and about 1¾ yard dots 2⅛ inches wide for style 3

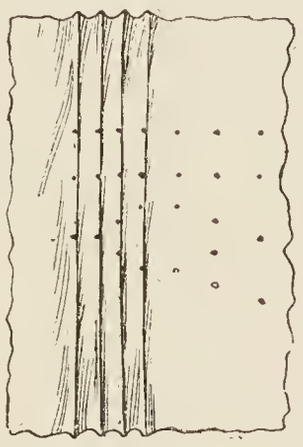
Style 3

Style 2

SMOCKING, smart in its very quaintness and daintiness, is used effectively on little folks' frocks and rompers and such things and it is also pretty for blouses, dresses and lingerie. Heavy material is usually smocked in large squares and voile, batiste, Georgette crêpe, handkerchief linen and soft chambray are pretty done in small squares.

Smocking design 10679 and 10592 can be worked in honeycomb or diamond stitch. In 10592 the dots are three-eighths inch apart and in the first one the dots are three-fourths of an inch apart. Diamond and honeycomb stitches are both done in the same manner (Ill. 6). In diamond-stitch the thread is worked on the outside of the material. In honeycomb-stitch the thread is passed under the material. To work either bring the thread up in the first dot of the first row on the left-hand side. Take a stitch

Style 1



Method of Plaiting Material for Smocking

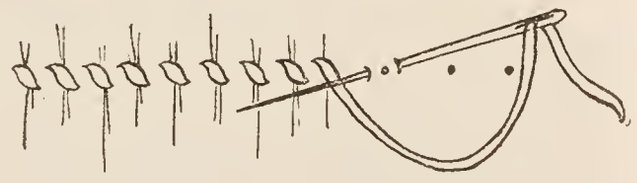


Illustration 1

dot of same row drawing them together. Pass thread through next dots already worked in row above. Pass thread through next dot in row below and continue all the way across.

Smocking design 10798 offers three charming suggestions for fancy smocking. For the first style—Work the first row of dots in single cable-stitch (Ill. 2). Work next two rows in double cable-stitch reversing the stitches of the third row so that the thread is above the needle under the

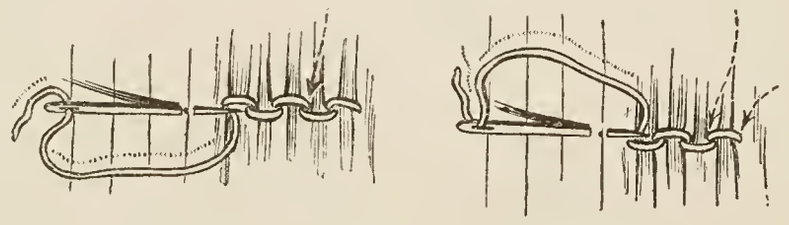
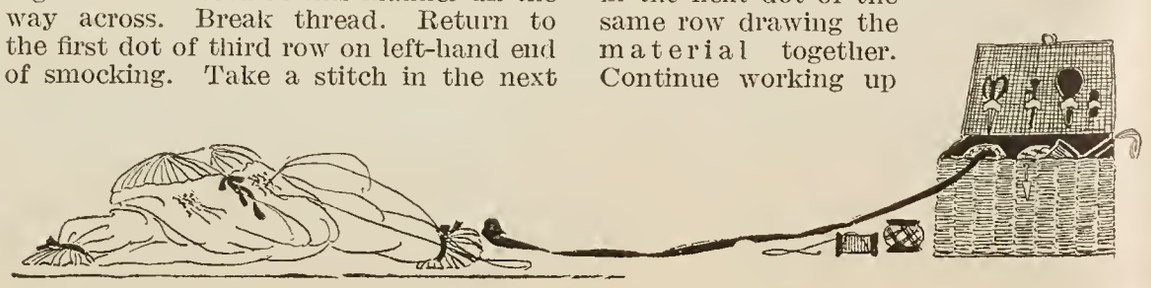


Illustration 2

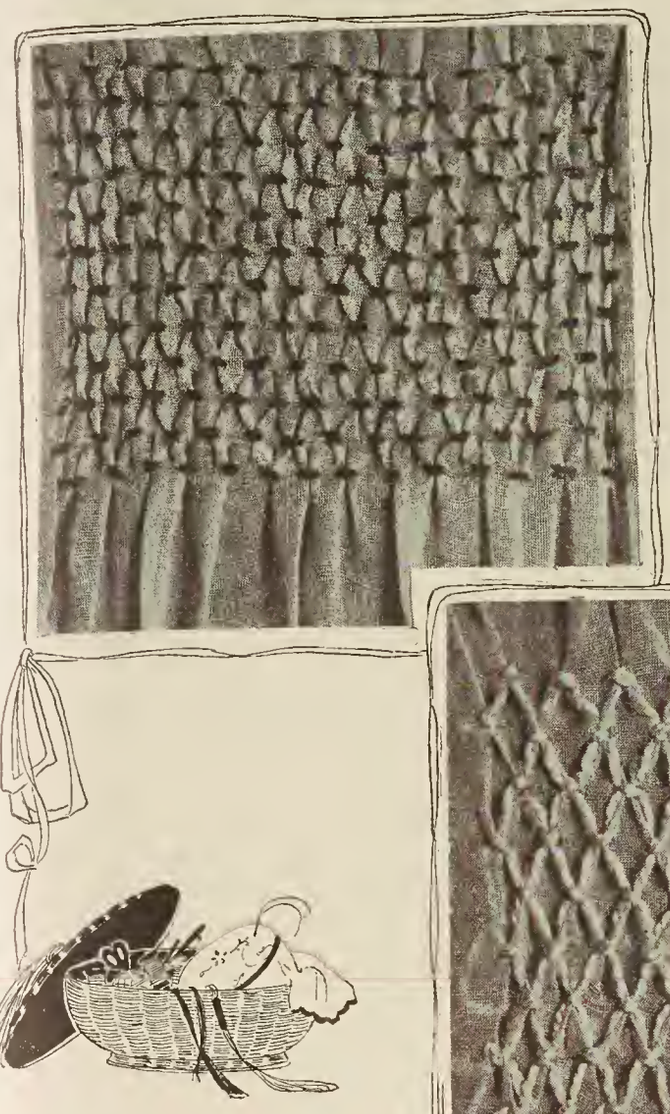
in the next dot of the same row drawing them together. Pass thread either over or under material to the first dot of the second row, leaving the thread loose. (This dot should be directly below the second dot in the first row.) Take a stitch in the next dot of the second row, draw dots together, pass the thread to the next dot in the row above, take a stitch in the next dot in the same row drawing them together. Proceed in this manner all the way across. Break thread. Return to the first dot of third row on left-hand end of smocking. Take a stitch in the next

first stitch and below the needle under the second stitch. Work the fourth and fifth rows of dots the same as the second and third. Work the sixth row the same as the first. Work the points in Van Dyke stitch as follows: Bring needle up through first dot in eighth row. Take a stitch through the next dot of the same row drawing material together. Take a stitch in the first dot of the upper row. Take a stitch in the next dot of the same row drawing the material together. Continue working up

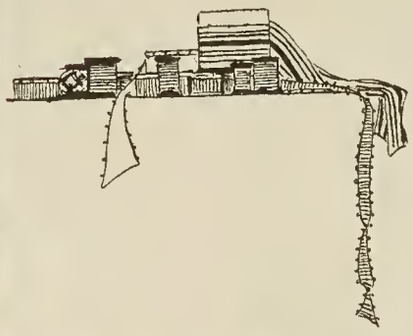


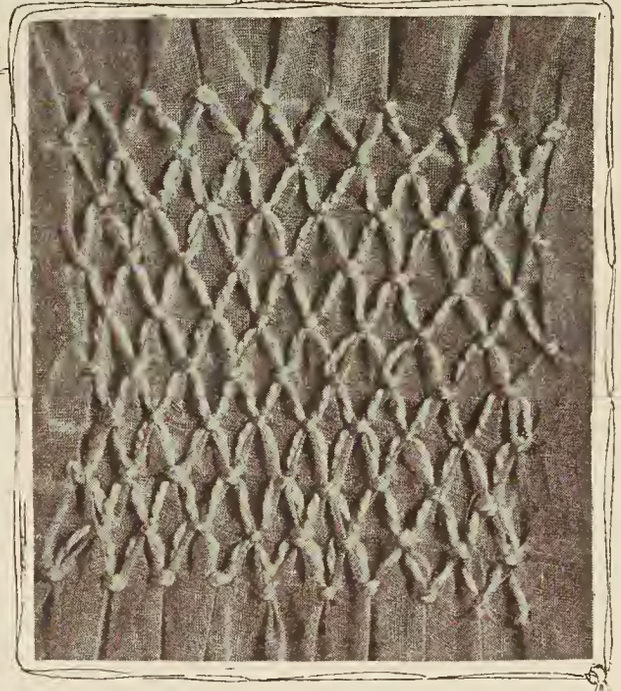
HOW TO SMOCK

New Flowered and Cross-Stitch Effects



Smocking design 10679 is adapted to 2 bands for neck outlines and 29½ inches of straight dots 11 inches wide





Smocking design 10592 is adapted to 7 yards of smocking in two styles 3½ inches deep (3½ yards of each style)

and down all the way across. When row is completed break thread and bring needle up through the first stitch of eighth row on left-hand end. Take a stitch in first dot below. Take a stitch through next dot of same row drawing material together. Take a stitch through next stitch above.

For the second style—Work the first two rows in outline stitch as follows: bring needle up through first dot (Ill. 1). Take a stitch through next dot in same row with thread below needle drawing material together. Continue all the way across. Now work the little flowers as follows: bring the needle up in second dot of next row (2 in Ill. 3). * Take a stitch in next dot of same row drawing material together. This is center of flower. With thread on outside of material, take a stitch in first dot straight below (4 in Ill. 3). Leave thread a little loose. Take a stitch in next dot of same row, drawing material together. Take a little stitch back from first to second dot, pull tight. Take a stitch in center of flower from right side. Do not draw thread tightly. This should form a little petal like the loop of Illustration 4. Take a stitch in first dot straight above center. Take a stitch in the next dot drawing the material together. Take a little stitch from first to second dot. Take a stitch through the center, from right side. Push needle through top dot you skipped (5 in Ill. 3), bringing it out at lower dot, passing thread under point of needle as you would for buttonhole-stitch. Pass needle back from lower dot to upper dot. Pass needle through center of flower from left to right. Make a similar petal on two next dots on same row. Skip next two dots. Pass needle under material to next dot in same row. Repeat from * all the way across. Work next four rows in outline-stitch (Ill. 1). Work flowers in next rows repeating between * all the way across. Work point as follows: Take a stitch in first dot of row at top of cross petals. Take a stitch in next dot drawing material together. With thread on right side of material take a stitch in the first dot of the row below. Take another stitch in the next dot below. Take a stitch in next dot of last row. Take a stitch in next dot of same row drawing material together. Work up to eighth row in the same manner.

For the third style—Work first row in outline-stitch (Ill. 2). *Second row*—* Bring needle up through first dot of second row. Take a stitch through next dot in same row drawing material together. With the thread on the right side of the material take a stitch in the first dot of the row below. Do not pull thread too tight. Take a stitch in the next dot of the same row drawing material together. Continue working up and down in same manner all the way across. Work the next row of dots in outline-stitch (Ill. 2). In the next row take a stitch through first dot of row. Take another stitch in the next dot drawing material together. Take a stitch through the first dot in the row below. Do not pull thread tight. Take another stitch in the next dot of the same row drawing material together. Take another stitch in next dot in row above leaving thread loose. Take a stitch in next dot of same row drawing material together. Pass your thread under the material and bring needle up in the first dot of the seventh row. Take a stitch in next dot of same row drawing material together. Take a stitch through first stitch in row above, leaving thread loose. Take a stitch in next dot of seventh row. Take a stitch in next dot — pull tightly. With thread under material pass to next dot in fifth row and repeat all the way across. Repeat between * for next four rows. Break thread. The flower and cross-stitch effects in smocking are different and dainty.

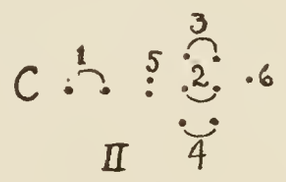


Illustration 3

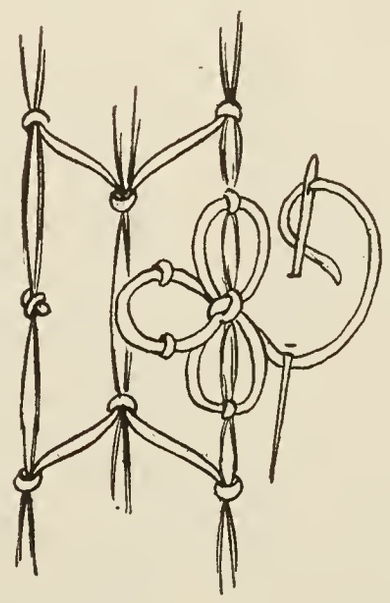


Illustration 4

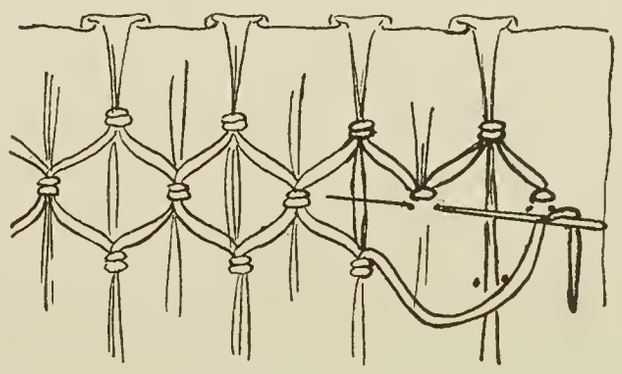


Illustration 6



"No, it's not new—this is a Made-Over Dress."

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They save money through SKINNER wearing quality.

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None genuine without it

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A specialist has at last perfected a pure face powder that is guaranteed harmless to the most delicate baby skin. It beautifies wonderfully, because it helps to clear and lighten the skin and protect the complexion from blemishes. And it really stays on better than any other face powder. Of course, every one knows the famous La-may Powder (French, Poudre L'Amé). This is the powder that does not contain starchy rice powder or dangerous white lead to make it adhere. White lead is a deadly poison and rice powder turns into a gluey paste that ruins the complexion by causing enlarged pores, blackheads and rice powder irritations. Five thousand dollars reward will be given any chemist who finds that La-may contains any white lead or rice powder. All dealers carry the large sixty cent box, and many dealers also carry the generous thirty cent trial size. When you use this harmless powder and see how beautifully it improves your complexion, you will understand why La-may so quickly became the most popular beauty powder sold in New York. We will also give you five thousand dollars if you can buy a better face powder anywhere at any price. Herbert Roystone, Dept. R, 16 East 18th St., New York. Save this notice.







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Effective Outline and Braiding or Fine Work



Blouse 2169
Beading design 10800

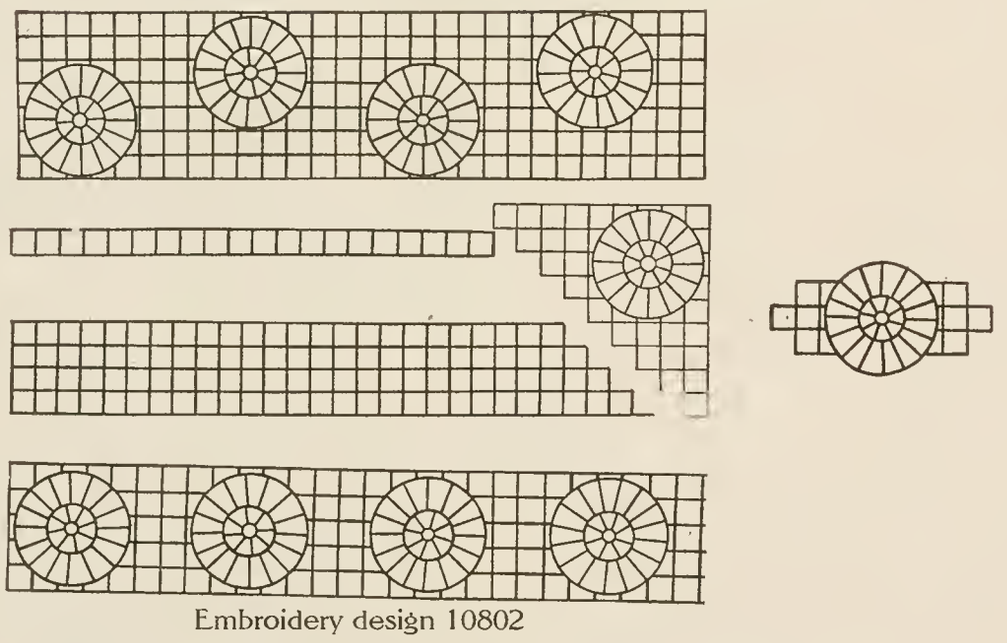
Dress 2143
Embroidery
design
10799

Braiding design 10803

Dress 2158
Embroidery design 10802

Dress 2138
Braiding design 10803

Braiding Design 10803—Braiding is one of the most approved methods of trimming the Spring street frock. This new design is adapted to 5 yards of banding 8 inches wide, 3 yards banding 2 inches wide, 3 neck outlines, 6 motifs 3½ by 6½ inches, 16 motifs 4 by 4½ inches, 3½ yards of edging ½ inch wide.



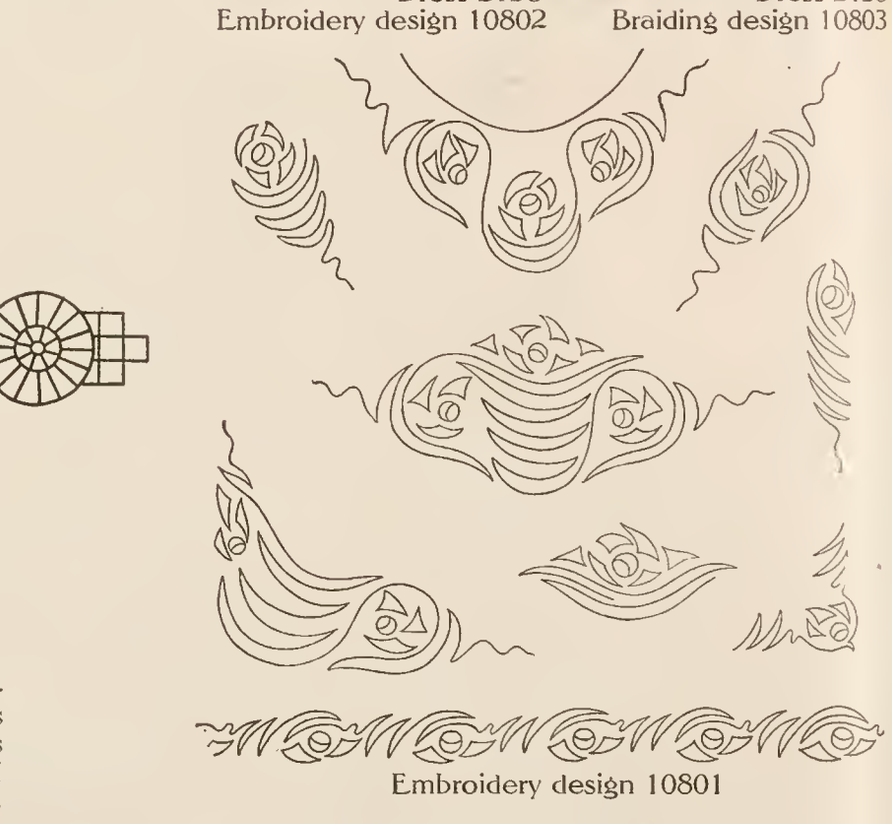
Embroidery design 10802

Embroidery Design 10802—Outline stitch arrives at a fashionable conclusion. It is adapted to 2½ yards banding 5¼ inches wide, 5 yards banding 4 inches wide, 2¼ yards banding 3 inches wide, 2½ yards banding ¾ inch wide, 3 corners 9⅜ by 5¼ inches, 6 motifs 6¾ inches long, 6 motifs 3½ inches in diameter.



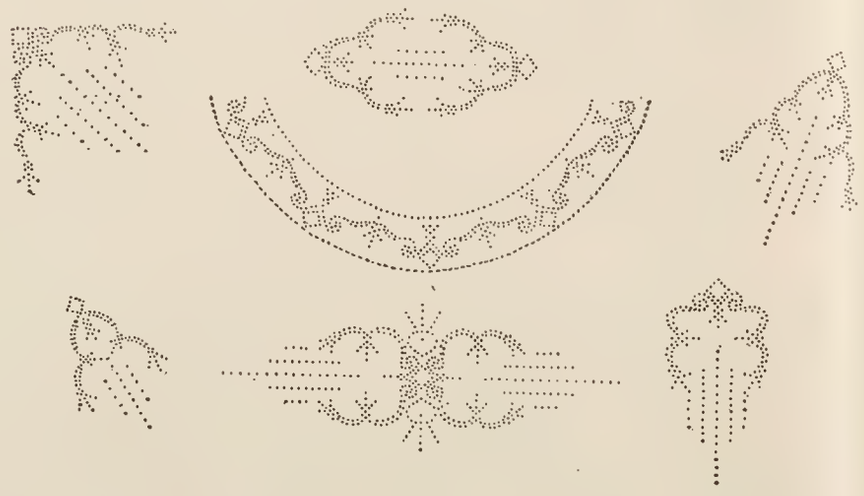
Embroidery Design 10799

Embroidery Design 10799—Like youth's daintiness itself is an exquisitely fine embroidery trimming that is used on a young girl's frock. It is adapted to 3⅜ yards of scallops that are 1¾ inch wide, 1 neck outline and also 78 assorted motifs.



Embroidery design 10801

Embroidery Design 10801—A more elaborate embroidery design is adapted to 5 yards banding 1¾ inch wide, 2 neck outlines, 2 motifs 5¾ by 14¾ inches, 4 corners 12½ by 6 inches, 8 motifs 3¼ by 6¾ inches, 8 motifs 6 by 2¾ inches, 4 motifs 2¾ by 9 inches, 8 motifs 1½ by 6½ inches, 4 corners 5¾ by 3 inches.

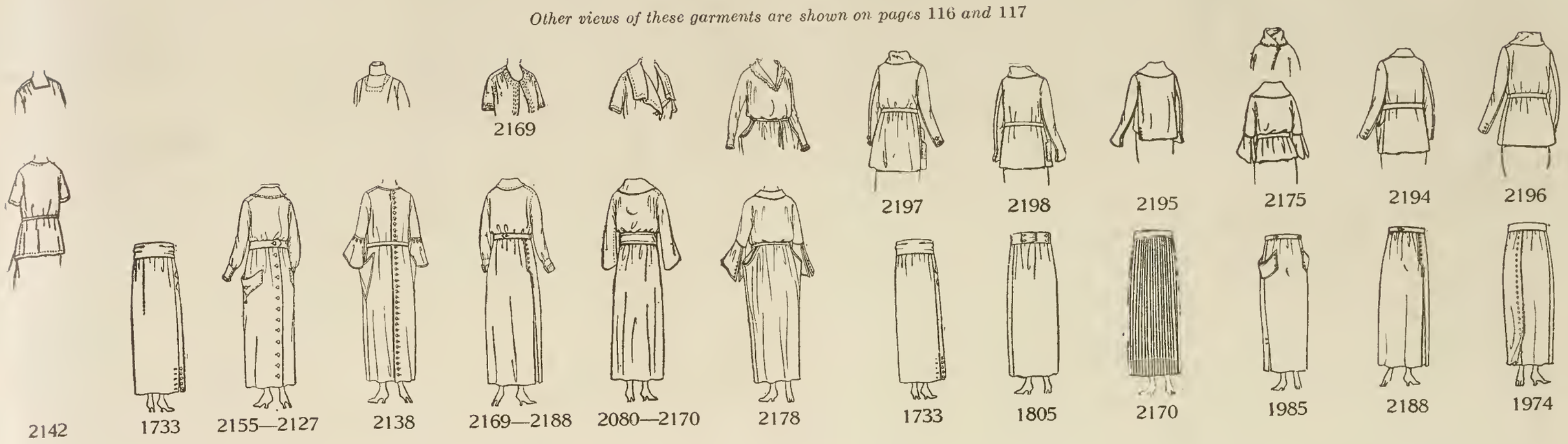


Beading design 10800

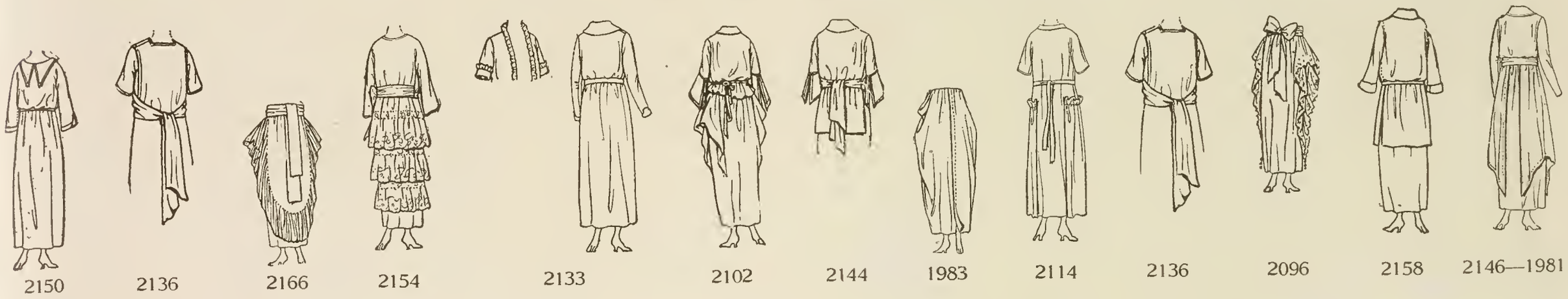
Beading Design 10800—Bead trimming emphasizes the new line of the inverted V of a smart vestee. It is adapted to 5⅞ yards banding ¾ inch wide, 4 corners 5½ by 7½ inches, 2 motifs 11⅝ by 4⅜ inches, 3 motifs 7 by 3⅜ inches, 4 motifs 4½ by 3 inches, 3 motifs 6¼ by 3 inches, 4 motifs 6¼ by 4½ inches, 1 neck outline.

OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES ON PAGES 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124 AND 125

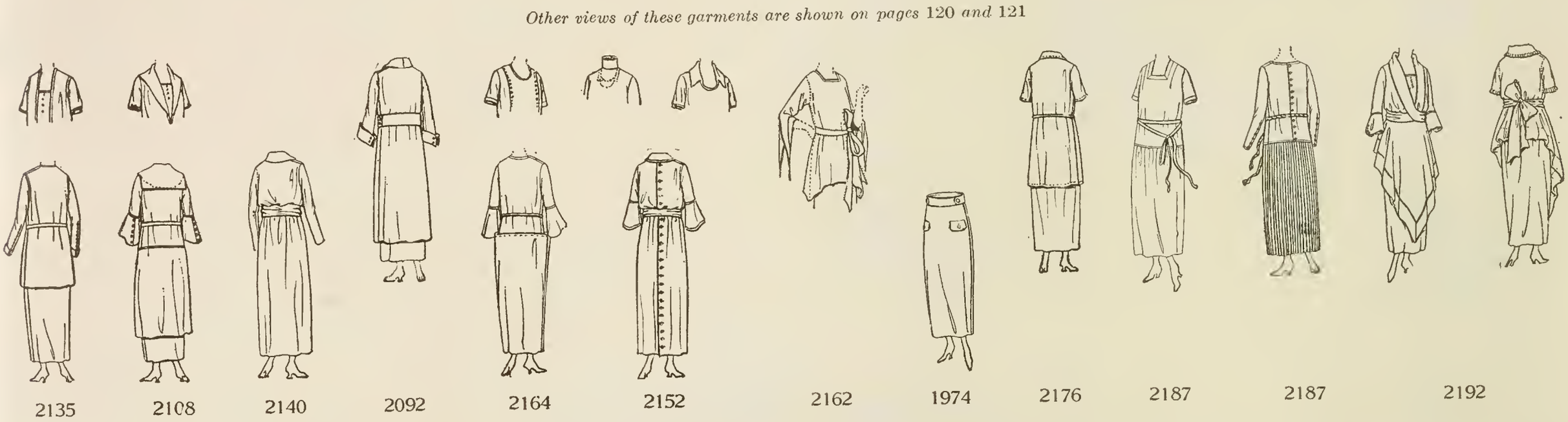
Other views of these garments are shown on pages 116 *and* 117



Other views of these garments are shown on pages 118 *and* 119



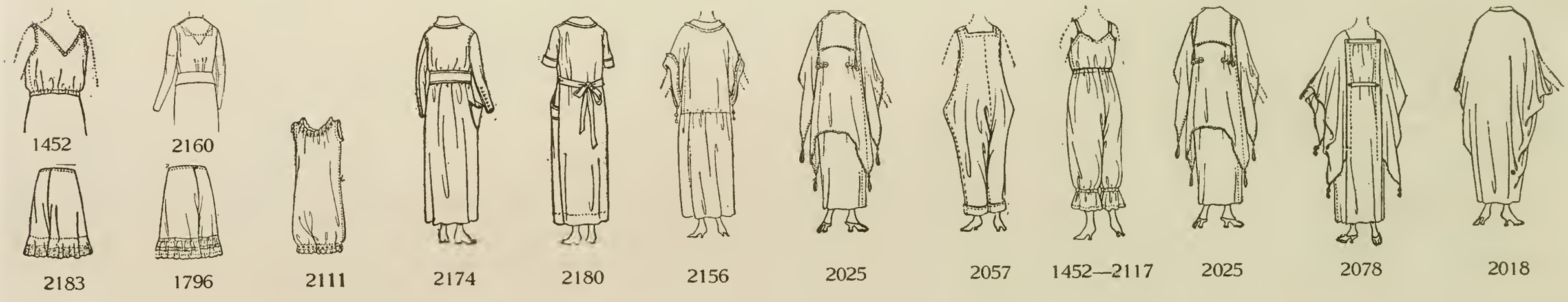
Other views of these garments are shown on pages 120 *and* 121



Other views of these garments are shown on pages 122 *and* 123



Other views of these garments are shown on pages 124 *and* 125



A N N O U N C E M E N T

Brunswick

INDIVIDUALITY GRAVEN INTO THEM

RECORDS

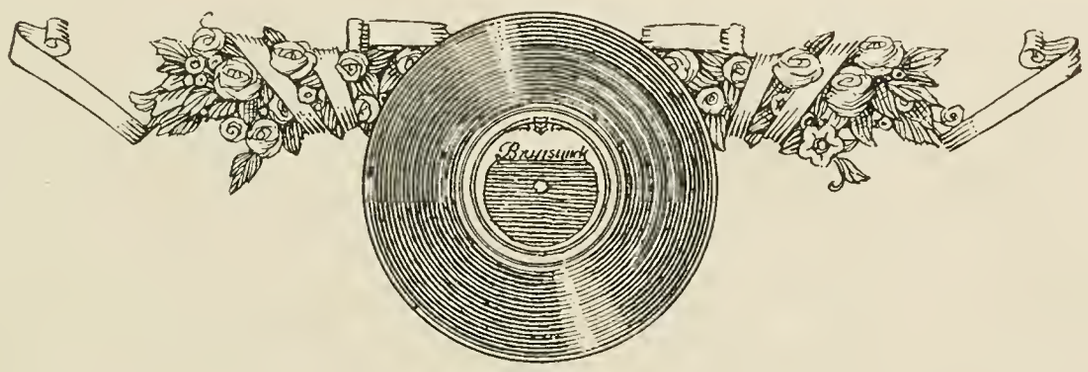
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THE DELINEATOR

HONORÉ WILLSIE, EDITOR VOL. XCVI MARCH, 1920 NO. THREE JAMES EATON TOWER, MANAGING EDITOR

With the Editor

ABOUT LYING

ONE of the worst aspects about lies is that one can never tell when or how they may react on the liar or the lie-ee. Even the best meant lie can have dread consequences.

Alice is twelve years old. She was abandoned when she was about a year old. Just left to die in a basket in an empty freight-car. Nobody knows anything whatever about her parentage.

She was put into an orphan asylum, where she was given excellent physical care and, at the age of four, she was a delight to the eye and the heart.

Enters now Mrs. Stanley Prentess. When Alice was four, Mrs. Stanley Prentess was thirty. She was clever, college-bred, charming of manner, married to a man of her own type, who, as the head of his department in a great manufacturing concern, had an income of ten thousand a year.

The Prentesses wanted to adopt a little girl. The orphan asylum was extremely careful about the homes in which it placed its children and the Prentesses, before they took little Alice, were carefully investigated. They passed the rigid inspection with an enthusiastic O. K. by the investigators, and Alice was installed in her delightful home.

That was eight years ago. This Winter, the woman who had charge of placing Alice received a telegram: "Meet Alice on the four-thirty from A—— to-day. Am giving her up. Letter follows. MRS. STANLEY PRENTESS."

While nothing in the vagaries of either foster or real parents surprises Miss S——, she was, we will say, disturbed by the message. She met Alice—sweet Alice, with big, troubled, puzzled gray eyes and lips that trembled.

"I don't know what happened. Everything's gone to pieces. Mother isn't my real mother. Daddy isn't my daddy. They can't have me any more. Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Visit me, my dear, until we find out what the trouble is," said Miss S——.

The letter arrived the next day, rambling, but none the less final. The Prentesses were getting a divorce. Neither, in their bitterness of spirit, wanted to keep Alice. They were willing to provide for her until some other home was found.

Miss S—— looked through the files for the Prentesses' application-blank and put her finger on the query: "What is your object in taking a child into your home?" The Prentesses had written this answer: "Having no children of our own, we wish to provide for some other child's happiness."

"There was the rotten spot," said Miss S—— to us. "That was the point where they lied, and there was no way for us to discover that they lied. Nothing is so important in the matter of child-adoption as the motives of the foster-parents in taking the child. The truth, as Mrs. Prentess confessed when I went to see her, was that eight years ago the Prentesses were tired of each other, and Mrs. Prentess took Alice in an effort to keep her husband's interest in her and the home. For eight years she succeeded in keeping the home intact. Yet all the time, except for a mutual, kindly interest in the child, they were drifting further and further apart. At last, as Alice says, everything went to pieces. And they never had told Alice she was adopted! Did you ever know anything more tragic for a child? Put yourself in her place. She may never have any real faith in human beings again. Of course, they are legally responsible for Alice. But would any one wish to force the child on either foster-parent?"

There are all sorts of lies, but the lie about motives is the most difficult to detect. It is, when it concerns the welfare of human beings, the most despicable lie on earth. The Prentesses were selfish people, entirely preoccupied with their own life-drama. They probably superficially believed that they would play fair with the child, but when the end came she became only one other portion of the sad wreckage of the home, and they cast her aside. If they had not lied in their application-blank, Alice could have been saved from permanent injury. Lying doesn't pay.

THE HEART'S DESIRE

AS WE understand it, your vocation is the job by which you earn your living. Your avocation is the work in life you like best to do. Very rarely does this happen to be your bread-and-butter job.

"What," was asked at a distinguished dinner-party, "do you like best to do?"

A famous portrait-painter ate a nut thoughtfully. "I dislike painting pictures," he said. "What I've always wanted to do is to sing negro dialect. And I'm punk at it."

The woman concert-singer laughed. "And I'd rather earn my living by raising pigs than at anything else. Really, I've raised some wonders!"

The member of the cabinet chuckled. "Well, my avocation is simple, but not quite so low-brow as yours. If I can ever get out of politics, I'm going to own and run the speediest airplane in the world."

"I," said the great surgeon, "can make the cleverest pottery you ever saw. When I retire, I'll show Wedgwood a clean pair of heels."

"As for me," exclaimed the suffragist with an international reputation, "anything looks good to me that has nothing remotely connected with women about it. I've always disliked women. They bore me to extinction. If it weren't for my silly family, I'd go into the movies and play a man's part as a swimming-expert. Some of you should see me swim. Don't look astonished! If you'd seen the side of women that I've seen for twenty years you'd feel as I do. I'm with Kin Hubbard. 'Women is like elephants. I like to look at 'em but I'd hate to own one.'"

"Well," said the lawyer, "I like my own job. I wouldn't swap it for any other, except to fish, and to make trout-flies. Yes, I would like to end my days, making flies." It's a queer world, entirely.

LOVE

HE WAS tall and thin and middle-aged. He was always tired-looking and his face and manner were as distinguished as his very remarkable business career. Once and only once, he told us what he really thought.

"I don't know anything about the philosophy of life that women have," he said, "if they have any. Most of them don't, I imagine. Most of them I know never think. They only talk and feel. The few women of big brain that I have met are unhappy. Life has no permanent place for a woman with great mental capacity.

"Now, listen to me! There is just one thing in life that really counts with men and that is women. And for every man there are two women. One is the woman of his youth. He asks nothing of her except that she love him as wildly, as blindly, as passionately as he does her. This woman is a sort of heavenly fever with him; see? It must run its course, but its course is too virulent to last long. By the time he is thirty it is all over, and never, never can it have its way with him again. He is at thirty-five utterly changed from what he was at twenty-five. He has lost his illusions. He has fought a man's fight. He is not afraid to look hard truth in the face. The second woman need not be beautiful, but she must have charm and she must have that which makes possible mental intercourse between them. She must, most of all, appeal to the intense spiritual hunger that loss of illusions and ideals develops in a man of this age.

"She must know how not to quarrel. Quarreling was a glory in that first love-affair. Both the man and the girl delighted in it. But the second woman will not quarrel. She knows that nothing is worth quarreling over. Some things in marriage are worth killing for; nothing is worth quarreling over. She will be uncritical, for she will know that a man past thirty-five can not be changed. She will have a sense of humor whose source is inexhaustible because it is based on a true sense of values.

"And the man will love her. By Heaven, he will love her with a still passion that shall cease only with his breath! Do you recall the passage in 'Ben Hur' where the desert-weary traveler finds an oasis? In the oasis was a spring, gushing from a rock, and in the rock above the crystal falls some grateful thirstling had inscribed this single word—'God.' Such a spring to a life-parched man can be this love of middle age!"

Well! So we wrote down what the man had said and we showed it to three other men. And the first man of the three said.

"He talks like an opera-singer about to get a divorce."

And the second man said:

"I don't see why you'd let a man talk such idiotic drool to you."

And the third man said:

"That fellow has had troubles of his own."

And we showed it to three women. And the first woman said:

"The man is just bad, that's all. If he's married, he abuses his wife and takes his stenographer out to lunch."

The second woman said:

"He's quite right, you know. I feel exactly that way about love, myself, even if I am an old maid."

The third woman said:

"How old is he? Is he married? How much money has he? Why don't you ask me to tea with him? What is his favorite color?"

MEMORIES

OCCASIONALLY when we were small, when school let out and we dashed into the schoolyard, we saw our mother with little sister in the go-cart. She was waiting to walk home with us. Life has brought us many joys and left us many sweet memories. None sweeter than this memory of the quick thrill of love and joy that rose in our heart at this unexpected vision of our mother.

Our mother used her hands. She sewed and brewed and baked, embroidered and painted. Once we slapped a little playmate in the face because she said our mother's hands were not flawlessly beautiful. Once we had an illness—measles, probably, or mumps. The doctor said we must have eitner an ice-pack on our head or a hot-water bottle; we have forgotten which. But we cried and insisted that nothing should be on our forehead but our mother's hand. And there it lay for hours—or was it days?—soothing our hot little brow—that patient, beautiful, beautiful hand. We have seen many fine paintings and sculptures in our lives. The only vivid picture of a hand that lives in our memory is of our mother's. It was very lovely.

Our mother, as we children grew older, took an active part in the club and civic work of our town. Yet we have no recollection of a time, unless she came to meet us, or was ill, that mother was not at home when we returned from school—at home, waiting for us in a clean white apron. As we grew older the apron grew smaller and daintier, but she always wore one. And she was always there, like the sun, or the stars, or God.

Sometimes people wonder why men and women are so tender of their memories of their mother. We don't.

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NEXT DOOR

BY FRANCES L. GARSIDE

THE romance attached to the-light-in-the-window-for-me is overdone. There is no one who goes home late at night who would not rather find the house dark than some one sitting up watching and waiting.

It is Aunt Sarah's observation that there are few people who haven't some one in the family whose name is never mentioned. Aunt Sarah thinks this should make every one a little more charitable.

Do you pass a grumble on? A society should be organized for the purpose of overtaking the grumble before it reaches the third person and suppressing it. Some think it should be suppressed before it starts, but this has been found impossible.

A church society met recently to talk of the "Work of Our Missions in India," and decided before adjourning, First, that money taken in for the sale of old furniture belongs to the wife; second, that beef loaf is improved by one-third pork; third, that the preacher's daughter is spending too much on her wedding garments, and fourth, that a committee of women not present be appointed to report on mission work in India at the next meeting.

There is a family in every neighborhood that furnishes amusement for the rest of the neighborhood—and doesn't know it.

A compliment is a good deal like a snow-ball; it leaves a spot on the person it hits.

Elderberry blossoms make excellent cough sirup, and the berries a little later make a cooling Summer drink. But we have noticed that the woman who uses them in this way lives in Maine, or in Idaho, and her address is unknown, or that she is dead and didn't leave the recipes behind her. If living, she may be here next Spring when there are no elderberries, but she is never present in elderberry season.

It is not the amount of money a man makes that marks him a success in life, but what he does with what he makes.

Many folks are like hungry little birds in a nest: When you praise them, they lie still with their mouths open waiting for more.

Love is a most exacting thing. Tell a man he is the finest in the county one day, and unless he is told tomorrow that he is the finest in the State, he thinks your love is growing cold.

Ask a man what disease he fears most, and he will say: "Bright's disease," thinking of himself. Put the question to a woman, and her reply will be: "Diphtheria," thinking of her children.

The man next door has his clothes made to fit him, and they say that the woman next door has herself made to fit her clothes.

A certain man's fatal illness lasted seven months, and during that time the devotion of his wife was the talk of the neighborhood. "I never left him," she sobbed, "to go to parties, weddings, to church, to shop, or to see the neighbors. In all those seven months the only times I left him were when there was a fire, and then I hurried back as soon as the firemen had it under control."

WASHINGTON SPECIALS

BY MAYME OBER PEAK

IF THOSE who attended a certain public dinner in Washington and who witnessed the amazing spectacle of a doughboy slapping the Secretary of War on the back could have heard the doughboy's explanation of it, they probably wouldn't have been so horrified.

"You'll remember that dinner at the 'Y.' that Secretary and Mrs. Baker came to, donchu?" the doughboy said.

"Well, I never have understood why 'twas the secretary picked me out of the bunch, for I've got more arms and legs than the rest of 'em had altogether, but anyhow, I was sitting at a table alongside, when first thing I knew there stood Secretary Baker in front of me, holding out his hand.

"There wasn't anything in my book of military regulations about how to greet the high mogul C. C. at a dinner-party, and I was so flabbergasted for a moment that I stood like a ramrod at 'tenshun. But the secretary was so pleasant in his talk that I didn't want him to think I was a military stiff, and having always heard that he was the sort of fellar that you felt like slapping on the back, why I just up and did it so as to ease things up."

Senator Phelan, of California, has a double or, rather, there is another man so much like him, from the mouth down, that he got him to sit for his portrait.

Out in San Francisco, his home town, the senator owns a skyscraper called the Phelan Building, and in this building has the finest suite of offices ever. The factotum of this suite is a faithful old employee, Mr. O'Dooley, who has been with the senator for a long time.

Besides being a member of the United States Senate, three times mayor of San Francisco, regent of the University of California, member of Library Trustees and Park Commission, member of Society of California Pioneers, and-so-forth-and-so-on, Mr. Phelan is president of a San Francisco bank and director in several others. His duties in Congress seem like a mere vacation compared to what he is called on to do when he gets home.

However, he allowed himself to be prevailed on by his sister to have his portrait painted, the artist selecting one of his offices in the Phelan Building as the proper background. The sittings went along pretty smoothly for a few days and the work was progressing well when the senator began to get wriggly.

"Say, O'Dooley," he called one morning to his faithful aide, "come on and take my place for a while." And slipping off his Prince Albert coat he put it on O'Dooley, who seemed to be built for the part.

Mr. O'Dooley assumed the pose of the senator and was sitting there looking like the martyr that he was when Miss Phelan, the senator's sister, walked in. At the sight before her, she held up her hands.

"Good heavens, Mr. O'Dooley, what does this mean?" she cried.

"Calm yourself, madam," said Mr. O'Dooley, "it's not me face he's getting; it's just me legs!"

Congressman Sumner, of Texas, was taking a party of visiting constituents through the Library of Congress and expatiating on the satiny texture of the marble stairway and pillars, explaining the symbolic meaning of the tilings and painting, etc. As he warmed up to his subject, he noticed that a strange man attached himself to the party and refused to be separated.

When the beauties of the magnificent building had been exhausted and the party was preparing to pass out of the big bronze doors, the stranger came up to Mr. Sumner and placing in his hand a twenty-five-cent piece, walked unconcernedly down the steps and climbed into the "rubber-neck" sightseer waiting at the curb.

The supposed guide stared at the quarter for a moment, and then taking in the situation, with a laugh flung it with unfailing aim into the rubber-neck wagon. It fell at the feet of the stranger, who picked it up and returned it to his pocket.

"That's the trouble with these Washington guys," he said. "They're never satisfied with the tips you give 'em. They'd break a millionaire in a year!"

AN AUTHOR WHO INSPIRES CONFIDENCE

FAME has its drawbacks. Samuel Merwin, author of "Hills of Han," now running in this magazine, got this note in his mail the other day:

Samuel Merwin,
Butterick Company,
New York.

Dear Sir: Please send me Patterns No. 5767B and No. 3744A.

Yours truly,
Sarah A——

It was the lady's good luck that Mr. Merwin is not the kind of author that lets letters lie around his desk. So her mistake added only a few extra days' traveling in the mails for her order. For the benefit of all, let us state that Mr. Merwin does not carry patterns.

FROM A FRIEND OF LADY ASTOR

NANCY ASTOR has always been a sprite. In their young days in Richmond, Virginia, before the Langhorne sisters became celebrated the country over for their beauty, Nancy was, as her old mammy used to say, "de ringleader uv mischief in de fambly."

She was here, there, and everywhere, her eyes twinkling with fun, and on her lips the charming, disarming smile that won her so many friends in her recent winning campaign for a seat in the House of Commons.

She was hand in glove with all the small boys and girls in her neighborhood, no matter what their rank in the social scale, a good pal, a generous, whole-hearted playmate, and she won out in their rollicking games in those days as she won out in the bigger game of English politics later on.

There was not a tree she could not climb nor a horse she could not ride. Her boy friends voted her a good sport and the girls marveled at her daring and sought to imitate it.

There was plenty of mischief in her and not a spark of malice. The servants adored her and the sayings and doings of "dat l'il limb uv Satan" were delightedly repeated by them.

In after years, when Nancy Langhorne paid her first visit to Richmond as Nancy Astor, an old colored butler who had been her mainstay for cookies in her little girlhood stood in the hall of a house in which she had been lunching and held her coat for her. As she slipped into the coat she slipped at the same time a ten-dollar bill into the old man's hand. He looked at it, as colored servants will, to measure the denomination of his thanks by its figure, and when he saw the ten he made her a low bow. "Laws-amussy, Miss Nannie," he said, "who'd 'a' thought you'd ever give me sich a destination as dis!"

The old man was not the only recipient of Nancy Astor's favors in her home city. Many a little crippled child in the hospitals and many a feeble man and woman look today to Nancy Astor's generosity as the stepping-stone from poverty and misery and suffering to comfort and happiness.

She never turns down an appeal to her bounty and gives with that rare quality of insight into the needs of her pensioners and generous pleasure in the gift that makes the recipient feel as if a favor were being done her by the very acceptance of the offering.

In spite of her harum-scarum youth Nancy Astor is a wonderfully read woman. One can see her now, a small, lithe figure curled up in a corner of the couch with a huge pair of spectacles astride her saucy nose devouring the pages of some classic she had "borrowed" from her father's library. Her own library grew apace, a strange library for a sprite to have, with Darwin and Huxley, Thackeray, the Bible and the latest French novel rubbing shoulders on its shelves.

Nancy Astor's knowledge of the Bible and her biblical quotations have amazed many of her new friends, but to her old friends who have seen her turning the leaves of the sacred book with as much interest as if it were the latest novel, her knowledge of the scriptures is a matter of every-day fact.

That she will endow her new position with all the interest, the vivacious intelligence, the honest desire, "to help somebody somewhere," that has always characterized her is a foregone conclusion. Nancy Astor could not be dull if she tried, and she may prove to be the little leaven that will leaven the whole lump of that political body in England that is sometimes admitted even to outweigh an average volume of "Punch."

TO BE TAKEN AFTER MEALS

"ISN'T Harvard College in Boston?" inquired an English visitor of a Cambridge professor. "Only about half of the time," answered the professor gravely.

AN ACTOR of whom Raymond Hitchcock tells was rehearsing the part of a gentleman, and bit off the tip of his cigar and threw it on the floor. "Looka here," exclaimed the director, "don't you know you're supposed to be a gentleman in this piece? A gentleman doesn't do that in a lady's boudoir! Now cut off the end of your cigar neatly and drop it in the cuspidor."

ARTHUR BRISBANE, the million-dollar-a-year (more or less) editor, says the discreet woman is one whose husband, after seven years of marriage, doesn't know whether her hair is true or false.

A TRAINED nurse had an Italian patient, very ill and feverish with pneumonia. She had orders to give him a cold sponge bath every three hours. She did this twice; the third time she started, a faint voice whispered, "Lady, that's not dirt; that's the color of my skin."

AN OFFICIAL in the New York State government has a beautiful little copy of the Winged Victory on the desk in his office. Ninety per cent. of his visitors, he says, ask him when he broke the head off it!

"SHALL I call on you now?" said the fidgety toastmaster to the distinguished guest who sat at his right; "or shall I let them enjoy themselves a little longer?"

DON'T SEE TOO MUCH OF

A hunter who kills too much;
A doctor who pills too much;
A waiter who spills too much;
A singer who trills too much;
A statesman who swells too much;
A woman who tells too much.

Schumann-Heink makes Victor Records



Painting from photograph
© Hall

WHATEVER Schumann-Heink sings, that glorious voice of hers carries deep into your very soul. Heard on the Victrola it strikes the same sympathetic chord, for the Victrola Records by the great contralto contain all the power and richness of her wonderful voice.

Any Victor dealer will gladly play any of the fifty Schumann-Heink records, or Victrola Records by any other of the world's greatest artists. Victrolas $25 to $950.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 1st of each month







First On Her List

The selection of soap for the toilet or bath is a matter of importance if the skin is to be kept clean and healthy. That is why the discriminating woman places RESINOL SOAP first on her shopping list.

Most any soap will remove dust or dirt, but Resinol Soap does more—it refreshes and stimulates while it cleanses. Yet it contains no harsh drying alkali or artificial coloring, and can be used with confidence on the most delicate skin.

Its generous lather helps to overcome roughness, redness, clogged pores, blotches and other skin defects, because it contains the well-known soothing, healing Resinol properties, so helpful in relieving skin affections.

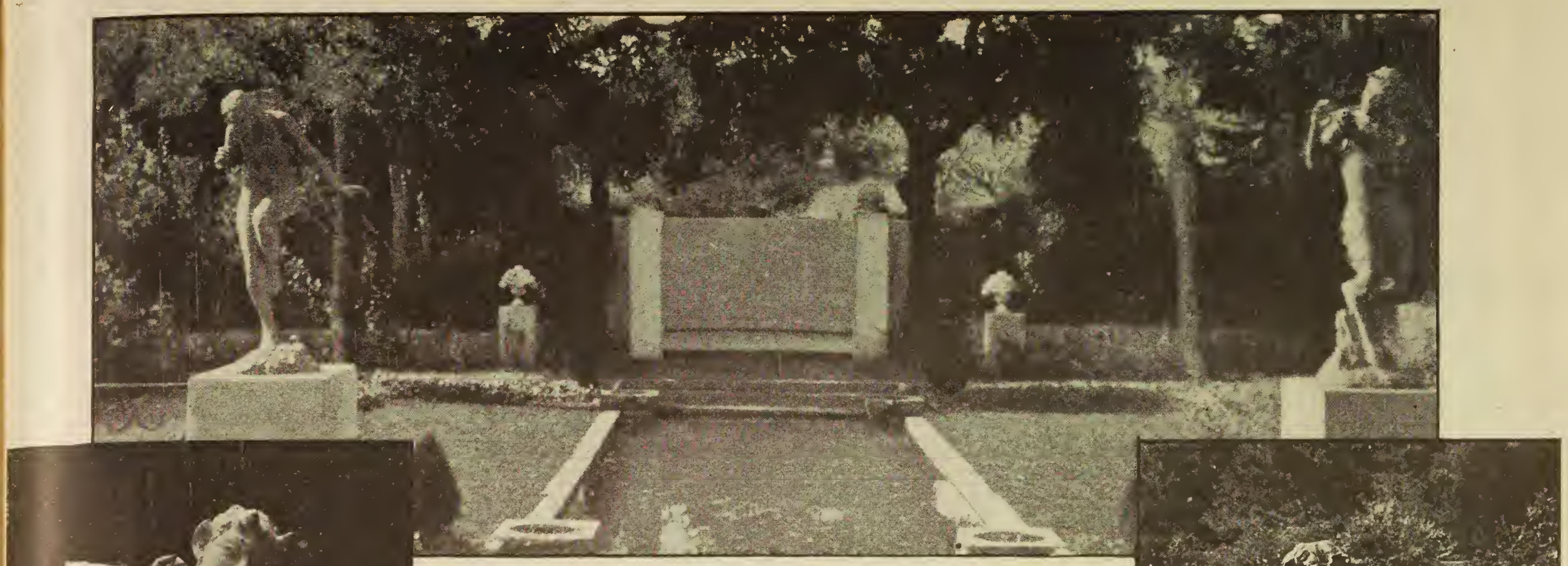
For baby's bath Resinol Soap cannot be excelled, as it tends to prevent chafing and to keep the delicate skin healthy. Many mothers have also found that it promotes the growth and strength of baby's hair, in addition to keeping it soft and lustrous.

RESINOL SOAP

RESINOL SHAVING STICK gives a creamy soothing lather which makes the use of after-shaving preparations unnecessary.

The Resinol products are sold by all druggists and toilet goods dealers. Trial free. Dept. 13-K, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.





"GARDEN SCULPTURE SHOULD FIRST OF ALL BE GRACIOUS, HAPPY AND BEAUTIFUL." NOTE MRS. BRACKEN'S METHOD OF LENGTHENING THE VISTA

THE STATUE IN THE GARDEN

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

THE day when a cast-iron stag or greyhound stood rigidly on the front lawn of the biggest house in the village is passing. Few of these terrifying animals are left to us—gone are they, gone with their rusty iron companion, the fountain crowned by a smirking little boy or girl, or both together, under a dripping metal umbrella, the water arriving in a thin little finger from the point of the ferrule. Even as a child I used to be irritated at the incongruousness of making the umbrella cover both jobs. I felt instinctively that even the stupidest child would throw away an umbrella that actually produced the bad weather from which it gave shelter. Without realizing it, I arrived at the conclusion that art must, at least, be logical.

But gardens and statues and fountains are ancient companions, each the lovelier for the other. The old gardens of France and Italy are rich with sculpture; the murmur of their fountains is more constant than the sound of the wind in the leaves of the trees that shade them, and you would as soon think of banishing their flowers as their nymphs and fauns of lichened stone. The ordered ways, the charming vistas of a garden call for the creations of the artist in stone or bronze and will not be denied. The owners of those ugly stags and dogs and treacherous umbrellas dimly felt this truth, and fumbled toward it. But to-day America is doing no fumbling. She wants her beautiful gardens beautifully adorned.

"If I had a hundred pairs of hands I could not begin to fill the orders that come to me for garden sculpture," said Mrs. Clio Bracken. "From all over the country these orders and appeals arrive. Only this morning I had a letter from a man in Texas telling me that he wanted me to plan his garden for him, statues and all. All he sent as a guide were the dimensions. People often leave me to do what I think best—it is most inspiring, an order of that sort, not for some definite garden figure, but for whatever seems to me most appropriate for a given situation. I'll show you how I am planning for that Texas man."

Mrs. Bracken was at the moment working on a sun-dial upheld by smiling babies, whose chubby little bodies marched round the base, lending themselves to their task with a joyful infant grace that bred a response of delight in the beholder. No sweet garden hours would be too long to spend in looking at a thing of such beauty. But she led me away from it, across the great studio to a corner where a garden, which would have convinced any child that there were fairies about, bloomed in miniature beauty.

Sometimes Mrs. Bracken visits the gardens she has been asked to decorate with sculpture, and ge her inspiration on the ground itself. So it was with a Long Island garden for which she has just completed the statues of a youth and a maiden, who regard each other across a lovely space of flowers. These two figures are of a flowing grace, and their attitude and their expression convey a kind of happy content at being where they are, and at the sight of each other—beautiful things in a beautiful world.

The artist believes that garden sculpture should first of all be gracious, happy and beautiful. The garden is no place for dramatic groups or tragic ideas expressed in stone or bronze. Violent action and a garden are incongruous, and lack of harmony is lack of art.

But in addition to working for gardens, like these and another in California, for which Mrs. Bracken has cut four figures in a rosy-golden marble, two of fauns playing on musical instruments to whose strains—inaudible perhaps to ours, but clear to ears of stone—two nymphs are dancing; beside such work as this, that can only be commanded by the very rich, the sculptor has designed many pieces that can be reproduced at comparatively small expense. And it is for these that the great demand comes.

Not so long ago the owner of a garden who wanted a statue, turned to some reproduction from the antique, and installed a god or a goddess from Greece. But now there is a growing desire to have something fresher, something that will better translate the spirit of the American garden, which has a distinct value of its own.

"Many of my designs can be reproduced in cement," says Mrs. Bracken. "This process is quite inexpensive, and I love cement. It has a quality of surface and color that har-

Concluded on page 102



Photo © by Press Illustrating Co.

THE MARBLE FAUN HAS BEEN A FAVORITE OUT-OF-DOORS FIGURE SINCE THE TIME OF PRAXITELES



Photo by M. E. Hewitt

THE UNSTUDIED GRACE OF CHILDHOOD IS ALWAYS A DELIGHTFUL SUBJECT TO THE ARTIST



Photo by M. E. Hewitt

GARDENS AND STATUES AND FOUNTAINS ARE ANCIENT COMPANIONS, EACH THE LOVELIER FOR THE OTHER



Photo by M. E. Hewitt

THE SPIRIT OF JOY AS WELL AS THE SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE IS LATENT IN MOTHERHOOD—JOYOUS, GAY AND FREE

There's no tell-tale
<u>laundered look</u> to silks that have
been washed with Ivory Soap Flakes

IT'S really fascinating to see a silk frock transformed into a thing of beauty again, after a dip into the wonder-working suds of Ivory Soap Flakes.

The secret lies in the mildness and purity of the rich Ivory lather, which dissolves the dirt instantly, without affecting the lustrous finish. (Did you know that many manufacturers of fine silks and silk garments recommend Ivory Soap for washing their products?)

No rubbing is needed, so you'll have none of the tiny wrinkles that simply will not press out of silk, once they are in.

You can't imagine, until you have tried it, what a big help Ivory Soap Flakes is in keeping your loveliest things looking like new. You never have to worry about a thing—Ivory Soap Flakes cannot injure any fabric or color that water alone will not harm, because it is *genuine* Ivory Soap, pure, mild, unadulterated.

For 41 years expert laundresses have been washing these same fabrics perfectly with Ivory Soap. Now that Ivory comes also in these quick-working Flakes, it makes the washing of silks so easy and safe that it really is no task at all.

Ivory Soap Flakes
Washes or Cleans

Baby Clothes
Blankets
Blouses
Cane
Centerpieces—white or colored
Chenille
Chiffons—plain, printed or embroidered
Chintzes
Collar and Cuff Sets
Corduroy
Crepe de chine
Cretonnes
Crocheted Silk Ties and Mufflers
Cushion Covers
Delicate Colored Fabrics
Doilies
Down Quilts
Embroideries
Fine Linens
Flannels
Furs
Gloves—silk, chamoisette and wash kid
Georgette Crepe
Habutai
Italian Silk
Ivory
Jersey—silk or wool
Knitted Caps and Tams
Knitted Goods
Laces—any kind
Lace Bed Sets
Lace Curtains
Linens
Lingerie—silk or muslin
Luncheon Sets
Madras Curtains
Mahogany
Men's Silk Shirts
Messaline
Mittens
Negligees
Net—silk or cotton
Oil Paintings
Organdie
Parasols—silk or linen
Photographs
Portieres
Quilts
Quilted Jackets and Coat Linings
Raincoats
Ribbons
Rugs—domestic or oriental
Scarfs
Serge
Sheer Materials
Silks
Silk Handkerchiefs
Silk Hose
Spats
Sport Silks
Statuary
Sweaters
Table Runners
Taffeta
Tapestries
Underflannels
Veils
Vestees
Wash Satin
White Ermine
White Shoes and Slippers
Wicker
Window Shades
Wool Dress Goods

IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Snow-like Flakes of Genuine Ivory Soap that melt, in warm water, to "SAFE SUDS in a SECOND"

TRIAL PACKAGE FREE!

We are so sure you will like Ivory Soap Flakes so much better than anything you have ever used for washing silks, laces, woolens, etc., that we will send you, *absolutely free*, a sample package holding enough Flakes for a thorough trial. To get this sample package, together with a booklet of simple instructions for washing all fine fabrics, just send your name and full address to Department 17-C, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.





From the painting by Carriere

MOTHERHOOD

TO YOUR TENTS, O ISRAEL!

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

Author of "Home Fires in France," "A Montessori Mother," etc.

I SIT down to my desk to begin an article about the life of children—the first writing I have done since the end of the war and my return from France; and after a moment I push the paper away, scared and oppressed by a conviction of the utter inadequacy of words. Yet this is not the first time I have had the temerity to write about what is best for our children. Four books with my name on the back stand on the shelf near me, all about children, books full of easy-going confidence in the world, of care-free sharing of the children's fun, of pleasant certainty that everything will somehow come out all right in the end, of ingenious little devices for "managing" children through the small difficulties of their varying temperaments, of mother-delight in their existence.

I glance into one of these books and find myself shocked at what seems to me the chatty, veranda-talk triviality of the treatment. To me now, burning and deeply questioning as I am, *as every mother in the world* must be in these days, with a sense almost awful of the immanence of disaster for our children, these cool, tolerant, half-amused paragraphs seem frivolous. I fling the book down with as disappointed an impatience as if I were not responsible for it. "A regular pre-war book!" I think, "with no more notion than a child has of the terror and bitterness and glory of the struggle we are all born into."

You other mothers and fathers to whom I write must all know, must all feel what I mean by calling it a pre-war book. You must all have experienced that same sensation of trying in vain to live back into pre-war days and thoughts, as Noah must have looked in vain from the deck of the ark, trying through the swirling muddy water to catch a glimpse of the agreeable, green country he had known and loved so well.

At least it seems to me to go without saying that you must feel thus. How could you not? After a disastrous flood with frightful loss of life, those charged with the safety of the children are not childishly satisfied with the temporary receding of the murderous waters; they are bitterly regretful for the insufficiency of the old embankments, remorsefully aware of their negligence which allowed that insufficiency to continue, and are anxiously, searchingly looking into the question of how better embankments may be constructed. Their old joy in young life is stabbed through and through with desperate apprehension.

One does not need to have talked with thousands of American parents to know that they are not now contentedly drifting back into the old ways of living and thinking and bringing up their children; one needs only to have a heart in one's bosom and children of one's own to be sure that, when something brings the recent catastrophe back with especial corrosive vividness, one has moments of panic-stricken terror and knows exalted hours of fierce, stern determination that the future shall be safer than the past.

Nothing can make me believe that American parents who have lived through the nightmare of the war, and through the months of slow, heart-sick disappointment which have followed the armistice, are not aroused as never before in their lives to the meaning of the life-and-death adventure in which human society finds itself. Other people may look on at what is happening in Europe to-day with wilfully indifferent eyes, and may stupefy themselves with the eat-drink-and-be merry anodyne for despair; but it is not in the nature of things that those directly responsible for children, seeing what is taking place on our globe, can be anything but profoundly moved to awe, to pity, to alarm and to an iron resolution to take wise and forceful action.



MRS. DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

WE CAN NOT RECONSTRUCT THE WORLD VERY MUCH IN THIS GENERATION. BUT OUR CHILDREN—WHAT EQUIPMENT CAN WE GIVE THEM? THE FIRST OF A SERIES BY THIS DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR

IT IS not that the war has changed the world. We very early outgrew any romantic hope that it might elevate or transform our society. Possibly it has done the human race no lasting harm. Temptation never altered any man's character. It only shows what was always there.

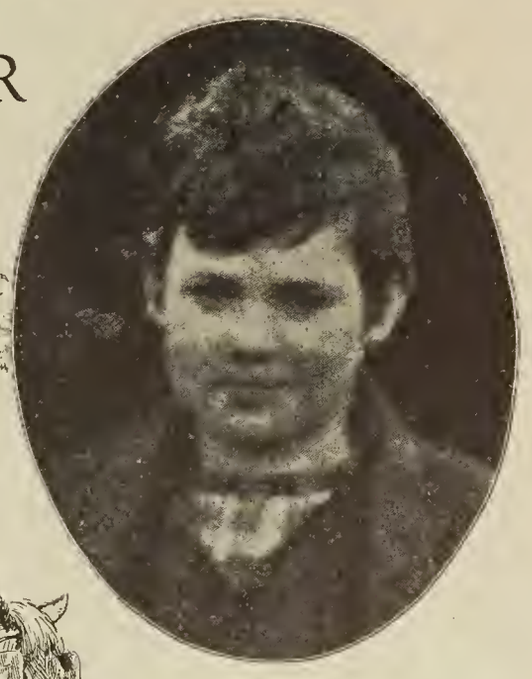
But one thing the war did do. It showed us blastingly what was always there, only we were too much occupied with trivialities to look at it. It may not have created any new or evil forces, but it has half-blinded us with the lightning revelation of the mighty forces we have to deal with, the raging, furious violences almost beyond our imaginations.

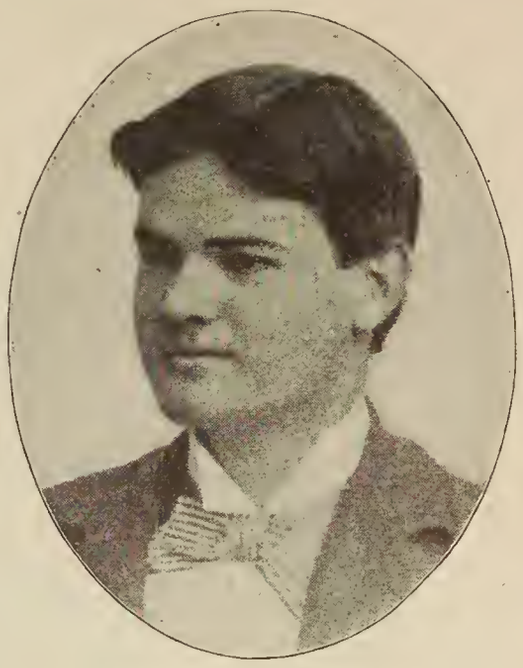
First of all, and most crudely, it has forced on our conceptions the great brute violences which were as

Continued on page 100

AMERICAN ROMANCES—II

HERBERT CLARK HOOVER

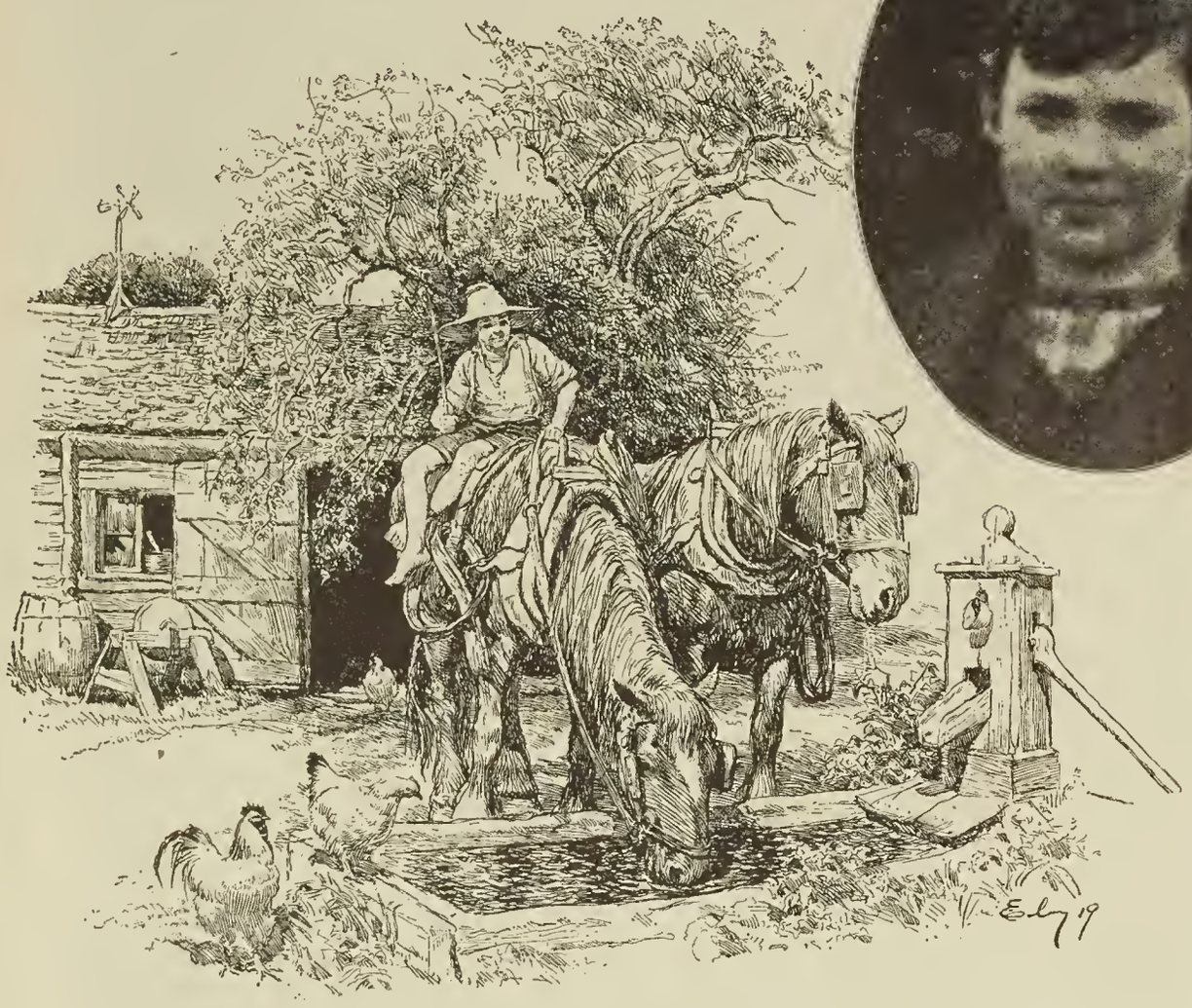






Photo, from Paul Thompson

The fighting chin and the firm mouth haven't changed much, from the 12-year-old picture to the present-day one of Herbert C. Hoover. It is the face of a strong executive—whether executing a career, an engineering job, or feeding about half the world



The same old story from Cincinnatus down the ages—the great man begins life on the farm. There must be something in it after all. The Quaker boy in Iowa must have learned how to handle somebody besides domestic animals. He is one of those extraordinary humans who can make people do pleasantly things they don't want to do



According to legend, he worked his way through Leland Stanford by raising vegetables, managing a laundry, and waiting on table at a sorority house. They say, the young ladies didn't like it when he came to the front door and made formal calls on a Miss Henry Never mind; she's Mrs. Hoover now



He wanted to be a mining-engineer, so he got a job in a Sierra mining-camp. What could be more logical? He found, however, that the educational facilities in pushing ore-cars about were not sufficiently ample. So he gave up his income of two dollars a day and departed for San Francisco, on a search for the brains of the business



He "picked" the engineer with the reputation of being the best in the West and went for a job in his office. The vacant one demanded an engineer, all right—typewriter engineer at forty-five dollars a month. Hoover took the job. Probably a few bits of information stuck in his head as he typed them down. At any rate, the next time we heard of him, he had a big job in China



Did Mr. Hoover, engineer, scramble hastily to safety when the Boxers came upon his engineering works in China? He did not. He and Mrs. Hoover stayed to save the Chinese workmen, an act of necessity and mercy which they achieved with the aid of one quick-firing gun, back of a breastwork made of bags of sugar and rice



SHE LOOKED LIKE A NYMPH OF PUREST RAY SERENE

MISS CASABIANCA

BY FANNY HEASLIP LEA

FANNY HEASLIP LEA WRITES STORIES THAT THOUSANDS OF WOMEN PICK OUT TO READ FIRST WHEN THE MAGAZINE COMES. YES, THIS ONE IS VERY ESPECIALLY THAT WAY

MARY MAGILL sat by the snowily curtained window of the Beauty Shop, with the afternoon sun striking coppery gleams from her soft bobbed hair, and passed the palm of her right hand a number of times across the nails of the pleasantly stout person who occupied to the full the chair on the other side of the manicure's table.

"Like a little higher polish?" inquired Mary, glancing up with a flattering surrender of her handiwork to criticism. (A jest was not intended in that last bit, but may be taken or left, at discretion.)

"Why, yes—I like them sort of high," the lady in the purple checked gingham responded thoughtfully; "you might make them a little pinker, too, if you don't mind."

Mary Magill didn't mind. She made them both a little higher and a little pinker with the greatest good humor, dipping into her little porcelain rouge-pot, and swishing her chamois-skin buffer back and forth upon the broad substantial nails of her client with an expression of absorbed interest.

"How's that?" she asked at length.

"That's fine—how much do I owe you?"

Mary Magill, tidying the little table and removing the hemstitched towel which had just assisted at the beautifying of Mrs. Scott's digits, considered half-aloud:

"Shampoo—lemon rinse—and manicure—a dollar and a half."

"Can you change five dollars?"

Mary Magill could and did. Business had been brisk that day.

Mrs. Scott, pulling on a pair of half-soiled buckskin gloves to protect her highness and pinkness from the outer air, lingered for a moment.

"Lovely weather, Miss Magill!"

"Suits me, lady," said Mary cheerfully.

"Are you going out to Pearl Harbor to see the secretary open the new dry-dock to-morrow?"

"I am not."

"Why? Everybody in Honolulu'll be there!"

"I'm not objecting to the company," said Mary with her own particular smile, which included shining gray eyes and a wide sweet mouth, irresistibly turned up at the corners.

"Then why don't you go? It's worth the ride—and to-morrow's a holiday."

Mrs. Scott's curiosity was kindly but insistent.

Mary's smile faded a little.

"Because I got a Facial and a Henna Rinse coming at eleven o'clock and at half-past one," she said quietly, "dates which I made before I knew there would be a holiday, and which I can't put off, now, because I don't know how to reach 'em. At that, they most likely won't come, but I got to be here, you see, in case they do."

"Why, you poor child!" said Mrs. Scott sympathetically. "Ain't that a rotten shame?"

"Thank you, lady."

"Don't you know where they live? Maybe they're in the telephone book."

"One of 'em lives with her brother—and I don't know his name—she's a widow—that's the Facial," said Mary, putting the covers on all the little jars on the manicure-table; "the Henna Rinse lives in a boarding-house—she's a tourist—and I don't know who runs it. It's a cinch they'll neither one of 'em keep their appointments here to-morrow—but I got to keep 'em—I made 'em. And this is a reliable shop."

She finished with the little jars and turned, hands in the pockets of her spotless white pinafore, with its curly B. S. embroidered on one shoulder, to smile once more at Mrs. Scott.

"Well, you poor child!" said that good lady again, being richer in sympathy than expression.

"It's just one of those things that can't be helped," Mary Magill assured her. "I guess I can make the best of it."

"Some people would just go off and leave them."

"Not the Beauty Shop!" said Mary proudly. "I don't run it that way."

"Couldn't you put a notice in the paper?"

"Too late—and besides they might not see it."

"Or in the post-office?"

"I don't know their addresses, you see."

"Sure enough! Well—it's too bad for you to miss it. They say the Marine Band is going to play."

Continued on page 104

THE TREE OF JOY—IX

A CHEMISE OF FINE WHITE CLOTH

"IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE"

BY MABEL POTTER DAGGETT

EDITORIAL NOTE: These Tree-of-Joy stories which we are now printing, are of vital interest to every household in this country. We have an army back from France who are telling their own home-folks about the other folks they have met over there, the customs and the traditions and the manners of life in that other land. What they tell you is fascinating. But it is all new and strange. You'd like to know more about all this background against which your men have lived, and which is so familiar to them, wouldn't you?

Well, you can find it out in THE DELINEATOR. *Read this story, "A Chemise of Fine White Cloth," and the others which are to follow, by Mabel Potter Daggett, our special commissioner to France.*

Women of America, it's your chance right here to catch up with your men. Mrs. Daggett, who has been executing the commissions with which you entrusted THE DELINEATOR, *is now making her report. The funds which you contributed she has carried right across to the devastated districts. Not every case assisted will it be possible to chronicle in the magazine. But we shall select the most typical.*

These stories are in the form of open letters to you, and with her vivid dramatic portrayal of the people to whom she went on your behalf, Mrs. Daggett is telling you just all the things you'd like to know about France. Here's your chance to catch up with your men. Don't miss it.

SHE is so absorbed in the loveliness of it that I want you to see her as she sews. It is to be a chemise "*avec jours à ta main*," which is "openwork by hand." That is what we in America would call hemstitching. There are to be tiny tucks. And it is of very fine cloth.

The small brown hands of Marie Amélie Bertrand hold the fabric with a caressing touch. She is setting the stitches close, with infinite care and pains. Not if she were saying the beads of her rosary could she do it with more religious devotion. There is a rapt expression of detached release on the sorrow-shadowed child-face bent over the white cloth. There is reverence in the lines of the little figure in the black *tabtier* as she leans intently forward, her saboted feet in their clumsy shoes clinging pathetically to the first round of the splint-bottomed chair. Not if she sat in a pew in church could Marie Amélie be more at worship than here in the light of an Aisne afternoon, silhouetted against the orange-checked window-curtains of *Comité Américain Éeole Ménagère*, which is "housekeeping school."

She is sitting apart from the other children, her chair moved slightly out of alinement with theirs, pushed a little back against the wall by the fireplace. Violette, Eugénie, Denise, every little while they are eagerly asking of the pretty sewing-teacher in the blue smock, "See mine, teacher; please see mine!"

But Marie Amélie isn't. Marie Amélie is never asking anything of any one. There on her chair she sits so still, almost as if she would not make the least little noise of moving lest some one should speak to her. You will see that the ribbon which ties the thick brown braid of her hair is black, while Denise has a lovely plaid silk hair-ribbon. Marie Amélie has always only her black-belted *tablier*, while Hermione is wearing a gay-figured apron specially made for *écote ménagère* which comes twice a week. And Gilberte to-day is here in a new crocheted shawl. It is the evidence of rehabilitation in this war-swept district. Even a devastated family begins right away to look about for a means to acquire some of the little trinkets that shall help to keep joy alive in the heart of a child.

It is different with Marie Amélie. She has no family but old *Veuve* Nollet, "Widow Nollet," with whom she has to live. Marie Amélie is apart. And Marie Amélie is poor. Every other child in Montigny-Lengrain knows it. And none better than Marie herself. She is a *triste* child, "sad." You see it all in her wistful little face. I do. And my hand goes to the lump in my own throat. It's—it's awfully hard never to have so much as a hair-ribbon like other girls. I wonder if you know.

But now Marie Amélie is to have a chemise of fine white cloth. Just as lovely as anybody's.

Because Miss Brock's and Miss Elliott's school at 909 S. Cheyenne Avenue, in Tulsa, Oklahoma, have made it possible. You children 'way across in America, it is with your money that the cloth for the chemise was bought and all the sewing-materials. And the teacher's salary is paid. This is the beginning of the Children's Center which the American Committee has planned with the aid of that wonderful gift of yours, the twelve hundred dollars you gave me to take to France. There is to be included a whole group of welfare activities besides the *éeole ménagère*, a kindergarten and an infant consultation, where babies will be weighed and examined.

It was decided to place the center here at Montigny because this is a less destroyed district than some others. This did not have to be "evacuated" until the Spring of 1918. There are houses that have been little damaged. The public school had only its windows broken and one hole in the roof. And the maps have disappeared and the drinking-water pail. The blackboard was gone. But they found it where the soldiers had carried it to use for a door at the military headquarters in Mme. Bergnet's house, when the front door there had been burned for firewood. With houses left good enough to live in, and a school to come back to, there are more children returned to this Commune now than you find in some other localities of devastated France. From all the neighboring villages, too, they will be invited to come to the Children's Center.

But first there will have to be a building. And you can't go down the street and rent one, you know, in a devastated village. You can't even erect one, because there isn't anything to build it with. The best you can do is to send to the Ministry of *Régions Dévastées* in Paris and have them place your request for a building on their list of applications. The order has been given like this for one of the demountable little wooden structures that come already made, to set up on the ground. But you remember that a great many of the carpenters in France are dead. There are others who have to work with only one arm. This at a time, too, when carpenters never needed to work



MAKING THEIR CONFIRMATION IN FRANCE

faster than now, because of the hundreds of thousands of houses that have been broken to pieces in the war. And all the people who lived in them are asking at once to have new ones. To get one of the wooden buildings that are sent from Paris you have to wait your turn. And it may be quite a long while.

So in the meantime the Children's Center has been commenced in *Veuve* Dupré's house, which she will let them use. And she will stay on a little longer with her daughter in another village where she fled when the enemy was marching on this one. The house had only a few holes from the shells that struck it, and these have been patched up. It's a regular picture-book sort of a house, a cute little yellow stone cottage, that looks just as if it were cut out of



MARIE AMÉLIE HERSELF SEWING ON THE CHEMISE OF FINE WHITE CLOTH

old ivory. The roof has notched edges that go up to the peak in indentations that seem like steps. Here and there in a cranny or crevice of the yellow walls, somehow a seed has taken root and a red poppy blooms and blows in the wind. Inside there are just two rooms, with raftered ceilings and red floors of tile laid in hexagonal shape, just as you will see the floors in peasants' houses all over France.

A real *éeole ménagère* will have, besides the sewing, laundry work and cooking. That will take a stove, and that too has been ordered. But like everything else one does not know when it will come. The only equipment here yet is a rough wooden table and a bench made out of lumber that was found in the soldiers' trenches. And there are six chairs. You can see how sewing would be the easiest to have first. The teacher brings all the things for it in her bright-flowered cretonne bag. The kindergarten has started too, on Mondays and on Fridays; because children can sing even in an empty room. And on days when it doesn't rain they are taken out to the loveliest forest where blankets are spread for them to sit on the ground. This forest belongs to the Commune. There is an old man with a high-peaked cap and a long gray beard and carrying a tall staff who pastures his cows here. When the village was evacuated, he took his cows along with him and went to the forest of Compeigne, where he found a little hut to live in. And he sold milk to the soldiers, he tells me, and got along very well. He is so old that he knew about the other war of 1870. But he says it was not nearly so terrible as this one.

Well, I shouldn't wonder but what the old man in the peaked cap will still be around when they get the children's building. It is in the communal forest here that the mayor has given permission to have it set up. It is to be right near the *lavoir*, the public washing-place, which the *éeole ménagère* will use for laundry instruction.

For you should know that Marie and the other girls will not be taught washing in tubs, as we do it. In France, you see, it's all done out-of-doors in a natural pool formed by a stream of running water to which everybody in the village brings their clothes. There is a quaint stone roof overhead to keep the rain from the kneeling women washing on the banks. The *lavoirs* of France I have always thought as picturesque in their way as the châteaux or the churches.

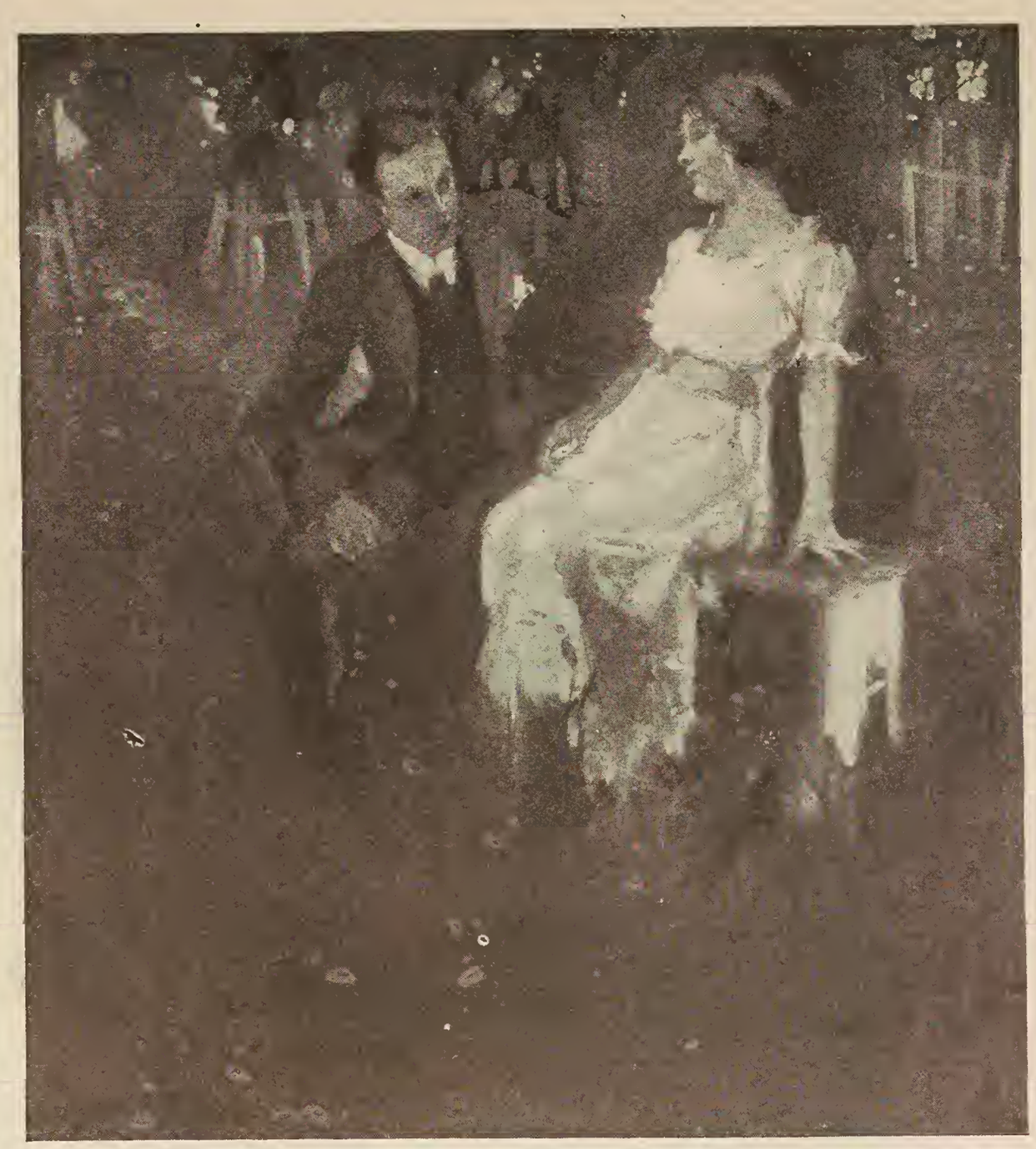
I am going to keep telling you about Marie. Because it seems to me that that is the way you will really know best about the institution you have founded in a foreign land, by knowing about one little girl who is a part of it. Your Miss Elliott wrote me along with your check, "This money was raised by children who are all under fourteen." So I guess there are some of you who will understand just about what it's like to be thirteen.

Marie Amélie will be thirteen on the fifteenth of September. The sewing-class that is held on Tuesdays and Thursdays is the happiness that she waits for through all the other days, as you do for your next party. Marie Amélie never had a party and never went to one.

There are about fifteen girls now in the sewing-class. They make room by squeezing along on the bench. And some one can sit on the door-step besides. It has been considered best to begin right away like this. Four or five years have been lost already out of girls' lives in France. It wasn't possible to learn very much when the guns were always booming and any moment the "*aterte*," as the alarm signal was called, might send you flying to the cellar for safety against a bombardment. And some had to live through those terrible times always on the move, ready any moment to run from one burning, falling town to another, safer one beyond. Really there wasn't much to sew or to cook. How could girls learn? And it's worse in France, because the *femme de ménage*, the homemaker versed in

Continued on page 99







"HOMER, DON'T YOU EVER WANT TO STAY HOME A NIGHT WITH YOUR MOTHER?"

GUESTS FOR DINNER

BY MARJORIE PRENTISS CAMPBELL

IMPOSSIBLE FOR ONE GENERATION TO UNDERSTAND ANOTHER? STILL, IT IS WORTH WHILE TO TRY. YOU MAY FIND OUT A GOOD DEAL, AS HOMER'S MOTHER DID IN THIS STORY

IT WAS her son, young Homer himself, who put the idea in Mrs. Garthewaite's head, though she would never acknowledge that it came from him.

At her fretful, nightly complaint, "Homer, don't you ever want to stay home a night with your mother?" he flung a final, bitter taunt:

"It's a gloom here. Why don't you ever ask any of my girls in?"

"But one only invites—a girl—if you're engaged to her—," she stammered. "And you're not engaged to any one—are you?"

It was then she realized that, in her sheltered life, she hardly knew any of the girls on whom her son called.

"Of course not!" He snapped shut his grandfather's watch. "Neither is Jim Cable; but he takes a girl home to dinner whenever he wants to!"

"But Mrs. Cable has four servants, and they're Southerners and used to entertaining," she expostulated; but he did not listen, stamping down-stairs for his overcoat and forgetting to kiss her good night. She heard him whistle joyfully as he banged the door and ran down the stoop. She had noticed lately that he always whistled—going away from home.

She drew her worsted shawl around her shoulders, wondering why the boy did not like the place. To her mind this room symbolized peace and contentment with its grate-fire for warmth, its oil-lamp for light and its heavy velours curtains to shut out peering outsiders. This had been her complete world in her long years of widowhood, yet now as a bond between herself and her son it seemed frail and inadequate.

A few minutes later Sarah Billings, who came for dinner, made the situation even more poignant as they went down-stairs to the basement dining-room. She was large and stout, her stiffly starched waist emphasizing her squareness. Her business being social service, and her friendship with Mrs. Garthewaite old, she was brutally frank:

"Homer out as usual?"

Mrs. Garthewaite, at the head of the table, murmured something about the boy's being asked to dinner all the time.

"Humph! Any place but home!" Though Sarah's words were always sharp, her horn-rimmed glasses hid kind blue eyes. "Still leaving you alone all the time?"

Mrs. Garthewaite's lips formed into the self-pitying droop that was becoming her habitual expression of late. "Yes," she murmured dolefully.

"It's your own fault." Sarah brandished her soup-spoon in her worst settlement-house manner. "Why don't you make this place more attractive?"

Across the primly set table Mrs. Garthewaite gasped.

"Of course he won't stay here. Like a grave. Nobody but you and Maggie!"

Only old friendship kept the hurt pride in Mrs. Garthewaite's face from expressing itself.

"Why don't you have people here for him?" demanded Sarah, tipping back her chair.

Mrs. Garthewaite glanced carefully at the kitchen door which had just swung to after Maggie.

"I can't entertain," she faltered. "Maggie isn't used to it."

Sarah Billings snorted.

"You're well and healthy. Why don't you help her out?"

Mrs. Garthewaite sighed. "It means getting out my good silver—it's so much trouble."

Adjusting her spectacles, Sarah combated every point. "You admit he won't stay home a minute?"

"He wants young people." His mother avoided a direct answer.

"Yes, and cheerfulness. You mothers make me tired way you complain and don't do anything. Perfect fools, all of you, I say!"

"How do you know? You haven't any children!" flamed Mrs. Garthewaite.

"If I haven't a son, I have ideas! And you might as well listen." Sarah grinned cheerfully over her chops. "If you had a daughter, you'd have beaus coming to the house all the time. You'd know them all and be part of it. You'd be leaning over the banister and sending them home, And humming her jazz music and eating her candy! And hearing all her telephone foolishness and dressing her for parties. Cussing it all, but loving it. But when it's a son!" Sarah made a despairing motion with her capable square-tipped fingers. "Son beats it, and you never know whom he's with or anything about him."

Mrs. Garthewaite would not admit that this statement of Sarah's was painfully accurate.

"Are you taking potatoes these days?" she asked with a delicate thrust at Sarah's stoutness, and hoping that she might stem the tide of suggestions.

"Fat, anyway; might as well." Sarah helped herself recklessly. "I look around at these mothers," she continued, "and they're all stupid, except one, and——"

Mrs. Garthewaite interrupted quite crossly; "I know just what you are going to say: Jane Cable—she can do it because she has money and lots of servants."

Sarah looked mildly surprised. "How'd you know what I was going to say? It's true, though. She has four sons and she makes the house so attractive that they never want to go anywhere else. But not another single mother does that. They just sit and whine about their boys being out all the time and are too selfish to do a thing!"

"It's not selfishness; it's the domestic problem," whispered Mrs. Garthewaite, a nervous eye on the kitchen door.

"Does keeping your servant mean more than keeping your son?" asked Sarah Billings defiantly.

Her words made such an impression on Mrs. Garthewaite that she hardly listened to the rest of Sarah's conversation, which had switched into a eulogy of Jewish family life. Later she led the way up the two flights of stairs to her own front sitting-room, quite careless of Sarah's puffing breaths.

Two people had now made the suggestion to her—her own son and her dearest friend. Wouldn't it, after all, be worth the trying? Sarah had said that all mothers were selfish.

When she went down-stairs with Sarah to let her out, Mrs. Garthewaite paused, the cold night air blowing the heavy door against her fingers.

"Sarah—" she faltered, "do you really think it would be a good idea—to have some girls—here for Homer?"

Sarah looked wisely over her glasses. "I should say so; that is, really attractive ones. Keep up with him!"

Mrs. Garthewaite's head reeled. "I'm beginning to think——"

"About time!" Sarah squeezed her hand fervently. "Let me know how it goes!"

Mrs. Garthewaite had long since given up any idea of sitting up for Homer, but now, in her own front sitting-room, the minutes slipped away as she arraigned herself and the room with fierce scrutiny. "Like a grave," Sarah had said. Just what had she meant?

The room contained the usual hodgepodge of furniture, including a rosewood center-table, whose red, crewel-worked cover could not conceal its dismal black marble top. She still thought she ought not to cover this darkly veined, polished legacy, for none of her respected great-aunts had done so; but she had once yielded to the lure of worsted-work and did not know where else to put the product. The green-shaded oil-lamp had been her husband's choice, even when they might have progressed to a gas drop-light, and on the table, in the same, never-changing place, where Mr. Garthewaite used to reach it easily, was the evening paper. At the other end—her end—was a magazine. Besides there was the oak Morris chair with its arms shaved narrow so that her father had been able to clutch them when he rose tremblingly to his feet; certainly half a dozen long-dead invalids had used that battered comfort and found ease in it.

It had never occurred to her to change the order of the books in the bamboo bookcase, for her mother had authoritatively decided that, and no one ever disturbed them. On the bottom shelf all the drab colors, then green, then the red ones, topped with the blue-covered set of the Victorian poets. Neither had she ever thought to draw out of its obscure corner her grandmother's really beautiful sewing-table. Things had always remained in the same places until the carpet had faded mellowly around them; and now they couldn't be moved.

Tenderly she smiled at her husband's upholstered arm-chair with its neat white tidy at the back, close to the lamp and the evening paper. Always insisting that he was not sick enough to go to bed, he had died in the chair, and she had faithfully kept it in the same place, hoping that Homer would also sit in it. But the boy had shunned it and she did not understand why.

The pictures took her careful attention and she studied them thoughtfully. There were two panels of hollyhocks which had hung for many years beside the fireplace. She still considered them very beautiful, likewise the fish piece, which had been a gift from a would-be artistic friend. There were several sentimental German photogravures, which she could not bring herself to destroy when the war came on. She could not read German, but there was one of a lovely lady on the deck of a steamer with a romantic officer assisting her to look through a field-glass. It had always appealed to her and she had spent many years in wondering what was printed below the picture.

The bric-à-brac she was very fond of, particularly the pair of nasturtium vases she had painted when her eyesight had been better. And there were the leather picture-frames, souvenirs of a trip to Niagara Falls.

As her eyes wandered to the photographs within the frames, her self-complacency wavered. That person was dead. So was the sister in the sweet-grass frame next to it. So was her husband on top of the bamboo bookcase. So was her mother in the one oil-painting across the room.

She moved forward in her rocking-chair, her thin, blue-veined hands clutching the arm. Perhaps that was what Sarah had meant. Every picture in that room was a dead

Continued on page 64



SHE SPENT MUCH TIME ON THE BEACH ALONE

THE PORTYGEE

BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Author of "Shavings," "Cap'n Eri," etc.

THE PEOPLE

CAPTAIN ZELOTES SNOW: of South Harniss, Massachusetts, ex-sea-captain, dealer in hardware and lumber. He is the hard-headed, shrewd, humorous, Yankee type, and carefully conceals from the common view the great disappointment of his life—the runaway marriage of his daughter, Jane, with an opera-singer named Speranza. That the man was famous meant nothing to him. He was a "Portygee." Captain Snow never saw his daughter again, and she died within a few years. When Speranza died, there was nothing for his seventeen-year-old son, Alberto, to do but to go to his grandfather Snow

MRS. OLIVE SNOW: Captain 'Lote's wife, a perfect grandmother

LABAN KEELER: Bookkeeper for Captain 'Lote. A delightful person—all except for his periodic sprees

RACHEL ELLIS: Housekeeper for the Snows. She is in love with Laban, but will not marry him while he drinks. They have been betrothed for eighteen years

ISSACHAR PRICE: Helper at the lumber-yard

HELEN KENDALL: The minister's daughter, sweet, charming; and oh, so clear-headed!

ALBERTO MIGUEL CARLOS SPERANZA, THE "PORTYGEE": Captain 'Lote's grandson, who finds it hard, after the life of a fashionable boarding-school and New York, to settle down with a family of "rubes" and go to work in the hardware shop. He and his grandfather do not understand each other at all

THE STORY SO FAR

Albert tries his best to reconcile the Latin temperament with a New England environment. The only mitigations of his hard lot are the sympathy of Helen Kendall in his literary ambitions, the occasional sale of a poem, and delight in the humors of Issy Price and Laban. He finally decides that he can not stand any longer his grandfather's criticism of his somewhat sketchy bookkeeping, and admits to Rachel Ellis that he is planning to run away. She persuades him to change his mind, and he and his grandfather make a bargain—no poetry in office hours and a decision as to his career to be made at the end of three years. In the meantime Albert's friendship with Helen Kendall lapses a bit when she goes to Boston; and Albert wins the heart of Madeline Fosdick, daughter of a wealthy New York man. When the Fosdicks find out about the Summer romance, there is a great disturbance, settled finally by Captain 'Lote's common-sense suggestion that they be allowed to write each other, Mrs. Fosdick to see all letters. Before the romance comes to any conclusion, the Lusitania is sunk, and Albert decides to volunteer

AND so, in this unexpected fashion, came prematurely the end of the four-year trial agreement between Albert Speranza and Z. Snow & Co. Of course neither Captain Zelotes nor Albert admitted that it had ended. Each professed to regard the break as merely temporary.

"You'll be back at that desk in a little while, Al," said the captain, "addin' up figgers and tormentin' Issy." And Albert's reply was invariably, "Why, of course, grandfather."

He had dreaded his grandmother's reception of the news of his intended enlistment. Olive worshiped her daughter's boy and, although an ardent patriot, was by no means as fiercely belligerent as her husband. She prayed each night for the defeat of the Hun, whereas Captain 'Lote was for licking him first and praying afterward. Albert feared a scene; he feared that she might be prostrated when she learned that he was to go to war. But she bore it wonderfully well, and as for the dreaded "scene," there was none.

"Zelotes says he thinks it's the right thing for you to do, Albert," she said, "so I suppose I ought to think so, too. But, oh, my dear, *do* you really feel that you must? I—it don't seem as I could bear to. But there, I mustn't talk so. It ain't a mite harder for me than it is for thousands and thousands of women all over this world. And perhaps the government folks won't take you, anyway. Rachel said she read in the *Item* about some young man over in Bayport who was rejected because he had fat feet. She meant flat feet, I suppose, poor thing. Oh, dear me, I'm laughin', and it seems wicked to laugh at a time like this. And when I think of you goin', Albert, I—I— But there, I promised Zelotes I wouldn't. And they *may* not take you. But oh, of course they will, of course they will! I'm goin' to make you a chicken pie for dinner to-day; I know how you like it. If only they *might* reject you! But there, I said I wouldn't and I won't."

Rachel Ellis's opinion on the subject and her way of expressing that opinion were distinctly her own. Albert arose early in the morning following the announcement of his decision to enter the service. He had not slept well; his mind was too busy with problems and speculations to resign itself to sleep. He had tossed about until dawn and had then risen and sat down at the table in his bedroom to write Madeline of the step he had determined to take. He had not written her while he was considering that step. He felt, somehow, that he alone with no pressure from without should make the decision. Now that it was made and irrevocably made, she must of course be told. Telling her, however, was not an easy task. He was sure she would agree that he had done the right thing, the only thing, but——

"It is going to be very hard for you, dear," he wrote, heedless of the fact that Mrs. Fosdick's censorious eye would see and condemn the "dear." "It is going to be hard for both of us. But I am sure you will feel as I do that I *couldn't* do anything else. I am young and strong and fit and I am an American. I *must* go. You see it, don't you, Madeline? I can hardly wait until your letter comes telling me that you feel I did just the thing you would wish me to do."

He hesitated and then, even more regardless of the censor, added the quotation which countless young lovers were finding so apt just then:

> I could not love thee. dear, so much,
> Loved I not honor more.

So when, fresh from the intimacy of this communication with his adored and with the letter in his hand, he entered the sitting-room at that early hour, he was not overjoyed to find the housekeeper there ahead of him. And her first sentence showed that she had been awaiting his coming.

"Good mornin', Albert," she said. "I heard you stirrin' round up in your room and I came down here so's you and I could talk together for a minute without anybody's disturbin' us. Humph! I guess likely you didn't sleep any too well last night, did you?"

Albert shook his head. "Not too well, Rachel," he replied.

"I shouldn't wonder. Well, I doubt if there was too much sleep anywhere in this house last night. So you're really goin' to war, are you, Albert?"

"Yes. If the war will let me in, I certainly am."

"Dear, dear! Well, it's goin' to be awful hard on your grandma and grandfather and me and Labe, all us folks here at home, but I guess it's the thing you'd ought to do."

Albert smiled. "I'm glad you think so, Rachel," he said.

"Well, I do, and if I'm goin' to tell the truth I might as well say I tried terrible hard to find some good reasons for thinkin' 'twa'n't. I did *so!* But the only good reasons I could scare up for makin' you stay to home was because home was safe and comf'table and where you was goin' wa'n't. And that kind of reasonin' might do fust-rate for a passel of clams out on the flats, but it wouldn't be much credit to decent, self-respectin' humans."

"I shouldn't wonder, Rachel. I understand what you mean."

"We're all goin' to miss you, Albert. This house is goin' to be a pretty lonesome place, I cal'late. Your grandma'll miss you dreadful and so will I, but—but I have a notion that your grandpa's goin' to miss you more'n anybody else."

He shook his head. "Oh, not as much as all that, Rachel," he said. "He and I have been getting on much better than we used to and we have come to understand each other better, but he is still disappointed in me. I'm afraid I don't count for much as a business man, you see; and, besides, grandfather can never quite forget that I am the son of what he calls a Portygee play-actor."

Rachel Ellis looked at him earnestly. "He's forgettin' it better every day, Albert," she said. "I do declare I never believed Capt'n 'Lote Snow could forget it the way he's doin'. And you— Well, you've forgot a whole lot, too. Memory's a good thing, the land knows," she added sagely, "but a nice healthy forgettery is worth consider'ble—sometimes and in some cases."

Issachar Price's comments on his fellow employee's decision to become a soldier were pointed. Issy was disgusted.

"For thunder sakes, Al," he demanded, "'tain't true that you've enlisted to go to war and fight them Germans, is it?"

Albert smiled. "I guess it is Issy," he replied.

"Well, by crimus!"

"Somebody had to go, you see, Is."

"Well, by crimustee!"

"What's the matter, Issy? Don't you approve?"

"Approve! No, by crimus, I don't approve! I think it's a divil of a note, that's what I think."

"Why?"

"Why? Who's goin' to do the work in this office while you're gone? Labe and me, that's who; and I'll do the heft of it. Slavin' myself half to death as 'tis and now—Oh, by crimustee! This war is a darned nuisance. It hadn't ought to be allowed. There'd ought to be a law against it."

But of all the interviews which followed Albert's decision the most surprising and that which he was the least likely to forget was his interview with Laban Keeler. It took place on the evening of the third day following the announcement of his intention to enlist. All that day, and indeed for several days, Albert had noted in the little bookkeeper certain symptoms, familiar symptoms they were, and from experience the young man knew what they portended. Laban was very nervous, his fingers twitched as he wrote, occasionally he rose from his chair and walked up and down the room, he ran his hand through his scanty hair, he was inclined to be irritable—that is, irritable for him. Albert had noted the symptoms and was sorry. Captain Zelotes noted them and frowned and pulled his beard.

"Al," he said to his grandson, "if you can put off goin' up to enlist for a little spell, a few days, I wish you would. Labe's gettin' ready to go on one of his 'vacations.'"

Albert nodded. "I'm afraid he is," he said.

"Oh, it's as sartin as two and two makes four. I've lived with him too many years not to know the signs. And I did hope," he added regretfully, "that maybe he was tryin' to break off. It's been a good long spell, an extra long spell, since he had his last spree. Ah, hum! It's a pity a good man should have that weak spot in him, ain't it? But if you could hang around a few more days, while the vacation's goin' on, I'd appreciate it, Al. I kind of hate to be left here alone with nobody but Issachar to lean on. Issy's a good deal like a post in some ways, especially in the make-up of his head, but he's too rickety to lean on for any length of time."

That evening Albert went to the post-office for the mail. On his way back, as he passed the dark corner by the now closed and shuttered moving-picture theater, he was hailed in a whisper.

"Al," said a voice; "Al."

Albert turned and peered into the deep shadow of the theater doorway. In the Summer this doorway was a blaze of light and gaiety; now it was cold and bleak and black enough. From the shadow a small figure emerged on tiptoe.

"Al," whispered Mr. Keeler. "That's you, ain't it? Yes, yes—yes, yes, yes—I thought 'twas; I thought so."

Albert was surprised. For one thing it was most unusual to see the little bookkeeper abroad after nine-thirty. His usual evening procedure, when not on a "vacation," was to call upon Rachel Ellis at the Snow place for an hour or so and then to return to his room over Simonds's shoe-store, which room he had occupied ever since the building was erected. There he read, so people said, until eleven sharp, when his lamp was extinguished. During or at the beginning of the vacation periods he usually departed for some unknown destination, destinations which, apparently, varied. He had been seen, hopelessly intoxicated, in Bayport, in Ostable, in Boston, once in Providence. When he returned he never seemed to remember exactly where he had been. And as most people were fond of and pitied him, few questions were asked.

"Why, Labe!" exclaimed Albert. "Is that you? What's the matter?"

"Busy, are you, Al?" queried Laban. "In a hurry, eh? Are you? In a hurry, Al, eh?"

"Why no, not especially."

"Could you—could you spare me two-three minutes? Two-three minutes—yes, yes. Come up to my room, could you—could you, Al?"

"Yes, indeed. But what is it, Labe?"

"I want to talk. Want to talk, I do. Yes, yes, yes. Saw you go by and I've been waitin' for you. Waitin'—yes, I have—yes."

He seized his assistant by the arm and led him across the road toward the shoe-store. Albert felt the hand on his arm tremble violently.

"Are you cold, Laban?" he asked. "What makes you shiver so?"

"Eh? Cold? No, I ain't cold—no, no, no. Come, Al, come."

Albert sniffed suspiciously, but no odor of alcohol rewarded the sniff. Neither was there any perfume of peppermint, Mr. Keeler's transparent camouflage at a vacation's beginning. And Laban was not humming the refrain glorifying his "darling hanky-panky." Apparently he had not yet embarked upon the "spree" which Captain 'Lote had pronounced imminent. But why did he behave so queerly?

"I ain't the way you think, Al," declared the little man, divining his thought. "I'm just kind of shaky and nervous, that's all. That's all, that's all, that's all. Yes, yes. Come, come! *Come!*"

The last "come" burst from him in an agony of impatience. Albert hastened up the narrow stairs, Laban leading the way. The latter fumbled with a key; his companion heard it rattling against the keyhole plate. Then the door opened. There was a lamp, its wick turned low, burning upon the table in the room. Mr. Keeler turned it up, making a trembly job of the turning. Albert looked about him; he had never been in that room before.

It was a small room and there was not much furniture in it. And it was a neat room, for the room of an old bachelor who was his own chambermaid. Most things seemed to have places where they belonged and most of them appeared to be in those places. What impressed Albert even more was the number of books. There were books everywhere—in the cheap bookcase, on the pine shelf between the windows, piled in the corners, heaped on the table beside the lamp. They were worn and shabby volumes for the most part, some with but half a cover remaining, some with none. He picked up one of the latter. It was "Locke on the Human Understanding"; and next it, to his astonishment, was "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland."

Mr. Keeler looked over his shoulder and, for an instant, the whimsical smile which was characteristic of him curved his lip.

"Philosophy, Al," he observed. "If Locke don't suit you, try the *Mad-Hatter* feller. I get consider'ble comfort out of the *Hatter*, myself. Do you remember when the *Mouse* was tellin' the story about the three sisters that lived in the well? He said they lived in everything that began with M. *Alice* says 'Why with an M?' And the *Hatter*, or the *March Hare*, I forget which 'twas, says prompt, 'Why not?' Yes, yes, why not? That's what he said. There's some philosophy in that, Al. Why does a hen go across the road? Why not? Why is Labe Keeler a disgrace to all his friends and the town he lives in? Why not? Eh? Yes, yes. That's it—why not?"

He smiled again, but there was bitterness and not humor in the smile. Albert put a hand on his shoulder.

"Why, Labe," he asked, in concern, "what is it?"

Laban turned away.

"Don't mind me, Al," he said hurriedly. "I mean don't mind if I act funny. I'm—I'm kind of—of— Oh, good Lord A'mighty, *don't* look at me like that! I beg your pardon, Al. I didn't mean to bark like a dog at you. No, I didn't—no, no. Forgive me, will you? Will you, Al, eh?"

"Of course I will. But what is the matter, Labe? Sit down and tell me about it."

Instead of sitting the little bookkeeper began to walk up and down.

"Don't mind me, Al," he said hurriedly. "Don't mind me. Let me go my own gait. My own gait—yes, yes. You see, Al, I—I'm tryin' to enlist, same as you're goin' to do, and—and *my* fight's begun already. Yes indeed—yes, yes—it has so."

Albert was more astonished than ever. There was no smell of alcohol, and Keeler had declared that he had not been drinking; but——

"You're going to *enlist?*" repeated Albert. "*You?* Why, Labe, what——"

Laban laughed nervously. "Not to kill the kaiser," he replied. "No, no, not that—not exactly. I'd like to, only I wouldn't be much help that way. But—but Al, I—I want to do somethin'. I—I'd like to try to show—I'd like to be an American, a decent American, and the best way to begin, seems to me, is to try and be a man, a decent man. Eh? You understand, I—I— Oh, Lord, what a mess I am makin' of this! I—I— Al," turning and desperately waving his hands, "I'm goin' to try to swear off. Will you help me?"

Albert's answer was enthusiastic. "You bet I will!" he exclaimed. Keeler smiled pathetically.

"It's goin' to be some job, I cal'late," he said. "Some job, yes, yes. But I'm goin' to try it, Al. I read in the papers t'other day that America needed every man. Then you enlisted, Al—or you're goin' to enlist. It set me to thinkin' I'd try to enlist, too. For the duration of the war, eh? Yes, yes."

"Good for you, Labe! Bully!"

Laban held up a protesting hand. "Don't hurrah yet, Al," he said. "This ain't the first time I've tried it. I've swore off a dozen times in the last fifteen years. I've promised Rachel and broke the promise over and over again. Broke my promise to her, the best woman in the world. Shows what I am, what sort I am, don't it, Al? Yes, it does—yes, yes. And she's stuck by me, too, Lord knows why. Last time I broke it I said I'd never promise her again. Bad enough to be a common drunk without bein' a liar—yes, yes. But this is a little different. Seems so to me—seems so."

He began his pacing up and down again.

"Seems different, somehow," he went on. "Seems like a new chance. I want to do somethin' for Uncle Sam. I—I'd like to try and enlist for the duration of the war—swear off for that long, anyhow. Then, maybe, I'd be able to keep on for life, you know—duration of Labe Keeler, eh? Yes, yes, yes. But I could begin for just the war, couldn't I? Maybe 'twould fool me into thinkin' that was easier."

"Of course, Labe. It's a good idea."

"Maybe; and maybe it's a fool one. But I'm goin' to try it. I *am* tryin' it; have been all day."

He paused, drew a shaking hand across his forehead and then asked: "Al, will you help me? I asked you up here hopin' you would. Will you, Al, eh? Will you?"

Albert could not understand how he could possibly help another man keep the pledge, but his promise was eagerly given.

"Certainly, Labe," he said.

"Thanks. Thank you, Al. And now will you do something for me—a favor?"

"Gladly. What is it?"

Laban did not answer at once. He appeared to be on the point of doing so, but to be struggling either to find words or to overcome a tremendous reluctance. When he did speak, the words came in a burst.

"Go down-stairs," he cried. "Down those stairs you came up. At the foot of 'em, in a kind of cupboard place



SHE PRAYED EACH NIGHT FOR THE DEFEAT OF THE HUN

under 'em, there's—there probably is a jug, a full jug. It was due to come by express to-day and I cal'late it did; cal'late Jim Young fetched it down this afternoon. I—I could have looked for myself and seen if 'twas there," he added, after a momentary hesitation, "but—but I didn't dare to. I was afraid I'd—I'd——"

"All right, Labe. I understand. What do you want me to do with it if it is there?"

"I want you—I want you to—to—" The little bookkeeper seemed to be fighting another internal battle between inclination and resolution. The latter won, for he finished with: "I want you to take it out back of the buildin' and—and empty it. That's what I want you to do; empty it, Al, every drop. And, for the Almighty's sake, go quick," he ordered desperately, "or I'll tell you not to before you start. Go!"

Albert went. He fumbled in the cupboard under the stairs, found the jug—a large one and heavy—and hastened out into the night with it in his hands. Behind the shoe-store, amid a heap of old packing-boxes and other rubbish, he emptied it. The process was rather lengthy and decidedly fragrant. As a finish, he smashed the jug with a stone. Then he climbed the stairs again.

Laban was waiting for him, drops of perspiration upon his forehead.

"Was—was it there?" he demanded.

Albert nodded.

"Yes, yes. 'Twas there, eh? And did you—did you——?"

"Yes, I did, jug and all."

"Thank you, Al. Thank you. I—I've been trying to muster up spunk enough to do it myself, but—but I snum I couldn't. I didn't dast to go nigh it. I'm a fine specimen, ain't I, now?" he added, with a twisted smile. "Some coward, eh? Yes, yes. Some coward."

Albert, realizing a little of the fight the man was making, was affected by it. "You're a brick, Labe," he declared heartily. "And as for being a coward— Well, if I am half as brave when my turn comes I shall be satisfied."

Laban shook his head. "I don't know how scared I'd be of a German bombshell," he said, "but I'm everlastin' sure I wouldn't run from it for fear of runnin' toward it, and that's how I felt about that jug. Yes, yes, yes. I did so. I'm much obliged to you, Al. I sha'n't forget it—no, no. I cal'late you can trot along home now, if you want to. I'm pretty safe—for to-night, anyhow. Guess likely the new recruit won't desert afore mornin'."

But Albert, watching him intently, refused to go.

"I'm going to stay for a while, Labe," he said. "I'm not a bit sleepy, really. Let's have a smoke and a talk together. That is, of course, unless you want to go to bed."

Mr. Keeler smiled his twisted smile. "I ain't crazy to," he said. "The way I feel now I'd get to sleep about week after next. But I hadn't ought to keep you up, Al."

"Rubbish! I'm not sleepy, I tell you. Sit down. Have a cigar. Now what shall we talk about? How would books do? What have you been reading lately, Labe?"

They smoked and talked "books" until nearly two. Then Laban insisted upon his guest departing. "I'm all right, Al," he declared earnestly. "I am, honest—yes, yes, I am. I'll go to sleep like a lamb; yes, indeed."

"You'll be at the office in the morning, won't you, Labe?"

The little bookkeeper nodded. "I'll be there," he said. "Got to answer roll-call the first mornin' after enlistment. Yes, yes. I'll be there, Al."

He was there, but he did not look as if his indulgence in the lamb-like sleep had been excessive. He was so pale and haggard that his assistant was alarmed.

"You're not sick, are you, Labe?" he asked anxiously. Laban shook his head.

"No," he said. "No, I ain't sick. Been doin' picket duty up and down the room since half-past three, that's all. Um-hm, that's all. Say, Al, if General What's-His-Name — er — von Hindenburg — is any harder snapper than old Field-Marshal Barleycorn he's a pretty tough one. Say, Al, you didn't say anything about—about my—er—enlistin' to Cap'n 'Lote, did you? I meant to ask you not to."

"I didn't, Labe. I thought you might want it kept a secret."

"Um-hm. Better keep it in the ranks until we know how this first—er—skirmish is comin' out. Yes, yes. Better keep it that way. Um-hm. Thank you—er—comrade. That's the right word between us soldier boys, ain't it? Comrade, yes, yes."

All day he stuck manfully at his task and that evening, immediately after supper, Albert went to the room over the shoe-store, found him there and insisted upon his coming over to call upon Rachel. He had not intended coming.

"You see, Al," he explained, "I'm—I'm kind of—er—shaky and Rachel will be worried, I'm afraid. She knows me pretty well and she'll cal'late I'm just gettin' ready to — to bust loose again."

Albert interrupted. "No, she won't, Laban," he said. "We'll show her that you're not."

"You won't say anything to her about my—er—enlistin' Al? Don't. No, no. I've promised her too many times—and broke the promises. If anything should come of this fight of mine, I'd rather she'd find it out for herself. Better to surprise her than to disapp'int her. Yes, yes, lots better."

Albert promised not to tell Rachel and so Laban made his call. When it was over the young man walked home with him and the pair sat and talked until after midnight, just as on the previous night. The following evening it was much the same, except that as Mr. Keeler pronounced himself more than usually "shaky" and expressed a desire to "keep movin'," they walked half-way to Orham and back before parting. By the end of the week Laban declared the fight won—for the time.

"You've pulled me through the fust tussle, Al," he said. "I sha'n't desert now, not till the next break-out, anyhow. I cal'late it'll get me harder than ever then. Harder than ever—yes, yes. And you won't be here to help me, neither."

"Never mind; I shall be thinking of you, Labe. And I know you're going to win. I feel it in my bones."

"Um-hm. Yes, yes, yes. In your bones, eh? Well, *my* bones don't seem to feel much, except rheumatics once in a while. I hope yours are better prophets, but I wouldn't want to bet too high on it. No, I wouldn't—no, no. However, we'll do our best, and they say angels can't do any more—though they'd probably do it in a different way—some different. Um-hm. Yes, indeed."

Two letters came to Albert before that week ended. The first was from Madeline. He had written her of his intention to enlist and this was her reply. The letter had evidently been smuggled past the censor, for it contained much which Mrs. Fosdick would have blue-penciled. Its contents were a blend of praise and blame, of exaltation and depression. He was a hero, and so brave, and she was so proud of him. It was wonderful, his daring to go, and just what she would have expected of her hero. If only she might see him in his uniform! So many of the fellows she knew had enlisted. They were wonderfully brave, too, although of course nothing like as wonderful as her own, et cetera, et cetera. She had seen some of *them* in their uniforms and they were *perfectly splendid*. But they were officers, or they were going to be. Why wasn't he going to be an officer? It was so much nicer to be an officer. And if he were one he might not have to go away to fight nearly so soon. Officers stayed here longer and studied, you know. Mother had said something about "a common private," and she did not like it. But never mind, she should be just as proud no matter what he was. And she should dream of him and think of him always and always. And perhaps he might be so brave and wonderful that he would be given one of those war crosses, the *Croix de Guerre* or something. She was sure he would. But oh, no matter what happened, he must not go where it was *too* dangerous. Suppose he should be wounded. Oh, suppose, *suppose* he should be killed! What would she do then? What would become of her? *Must* he go, after all? Couldn't he stay at home and study or something, for a while, you know? She should be so lonely after he was gone. And so frightened and so anxious. And he wouldn't forget her, would he, no matter where he went? Because she never, never, never would forget him for a moment. And he must write every day. And——

The letter was fourteen pages long.

The other letter was a surprise. It was from Helen. The Rev. Mr. Kendall had been told of Albert's intended enlistment and had written his daughter. She wrote:

So you are going into the war, Albert I am not surprised, because I expected you would do just that. It is what all of us would like to do, I'm sure, and you were always anxious to go, even before the United States came in. So I am writing this merely to congratulate you and to wish you the very best of good luck.

Father says you are not going to try for a commission, but intend enlisting as a private. I suppose that is because you think you may get to the actual fighting sooner. I think I understand and appreciate that feeling, too, but are you sure it is the best plan? You want to be of the greatest service to the country, and with your education and brains—this *isn't* flattery, because it is true—don't you think you might help more if you were in command of men?

Of course I don't know, being only a girl, but I have been wondering. No doubt you know best and probably it is settled before this, at any rate, please don't think that I intend butting in. "Butting in" is not at all a proper expression for a schoolmarm to use, but it is a relief to be human occasionally.

Whatever you do I am sure will be the right thing and I know all your friends are going to be very, very proud of you. I shall hear of you through the people at home, I know, and I shall be anxious to hear. I don't know what I shall do to help the cause, but I hope to do something. A musket is prohibitive to females, but the knitting-needle is ours and I *can* handle that, if I say it as shouldn't. And I *may* go in for Red Cross work altogether. But I don't count much, and you men do, and this is your day.

Please, for the sake of your grandparents and all your friends, don't take unnecessary chances I can see your face as you read that and think that I am a silly idiot. I'm not and I mean what I say. You see I know *you* and I know you will not be content to do the ordinary thing. We want you to distinguish yourself, but also we want you to come back whole and sound, if it is possible. We shall think of you a great deal.

And please, in the midst of the excitement of the *big* work you are doing, don't forget us home folk, including your friend

HELEN KENDALL.

Albert's feelings when he read this letter were divided. He enjoyed hearing from Helen. The letter was just like herself, sensible and good-humored and friendly There were no hysterics in it and no heroics, but he knew that no one except his grandparents and Rachel and Laban—and, of course, his own Madeline—would think of him oftener or be more anxious for his safety and welfare than Helen. He was glad she was his friend, very glad. But he almost wished she had not written. He felt a bit guilty at having received the letter. He was pretty sure that Madeline would not like the idea. He was tempted to say nothing concerning it in his next letter to his affianced, but that seemed underhanded and cowardly, so he told her. And in her next letter to him Madeline made no reference at all to Helen or her epistle, so he knew she was displeased. And he was miserable in consequence.

But his misery did not last long. The happenings which followed crowded it from his mind, and from Madeline's also, for that matter. One morning, having told no one except his grandfather of his intention, he took the morning train to Boston. When he returned the next day he was Uncle Sam's man, sworn in and accepted. He had passed the physical examination with flying colors and the recruiting officers had expressed themselves as being glad to get him. He was home for but one day's leave, then he must go to stay. He had debated the question of going in for a commission, but those were the early days of our participation in the war and Plattsburg training or at least some sort of military education was almost essential. He did not want to wait; as he had told his grandfather, he wanted to fight So he enlisted as a private.

And when the brief leave was over he took the train for Boston, no longer Alberto Carlos Miguel Speranza, South Harniss's Beau Brummel, poet and "Portygee," but Private Speranza, U S. A. The farewells were brief and no one cried—much. His grandmother hugged and kissed him, Rachel looked very much as if she wanted to, Laban and Issachar shook hands with him.

"Good luck to you, boy," said Mr Keeler. "All the luck there is."

"Same to you, old man," replied Albert. Then, in a lower tone, he added, "We'll fight it out together, eh?"

"We'll try. Yes, yes. We'll try. So long, Al."

Issachar struck the reassuring note "Don't fret about things in the office," he said. "I'll look out for 'em long's I keep my health."

"Be sure and keep that, Issy."

"You bet you! Only thing that's liable to break it down is overwork."

Captain Zelotes said very little. "Write us when you can, Al," he said "And come home whenever you get leave."

"You may be sure of that, grandfather. And after I get to camp perhaps you can come and see me."

"Maybe so. Will if I can. Well, Al, I—I—Good luck to you, son."

"Thank you, grandfather."

They shook hands. Each looked as if there was more he would have liked to say but found the saying hard. Then the engine-bell rang and the hands fell apart. The little group on the station platform watched the train disappear. Mrs. Snow and Rachel wiped their eyes with their handkerchiefs. Captain Zelotes gently patted his wife's shoulder.

"The team's waitin', mother," he said. "Labe'll drive you and Rachel home."

"But—but ain't you comin', too, Zelotes?" faltered Olive. Her husband shook his head.

"Not now, mother," he answered. "Got to go back to the office."

He stood for an instant looking at the faint smear of smoke above the curve in the track. Then, without another word, he strode off in the direction of Z. Snow & Co.'s buildings. Issachar Price sniffed.

"Crimus," he whispered to Laban, as the latter passed him on the way to where Jessamine, the Snow horse, was tied, "the old man takes it cool, don't he? I kind of imagined he'd be sort of shook up by Al's goin' off to war, but he don't seem to feel it a mite."

Keeler looked at him in wonder. Then he drew a long breath.

"Is," he said slowly, "it's a mighty good thing for the Seven Wise Men of Greece that they ain't alive now."

It was Issachar's turn to stare. "Eh?" he queried. "The Seven Wise Men of Which? Good thing for 'em they ain't alive? What kind of talk's that? Why is it a good thing?"

Laban spoke over his shoulder. "Because," he drawled, "if they was alive now they'd be so jealous of you they'd commit suicide. Yes, they would. Yes, yes."

With which enigmatical remark he left Mr. Price and turned his attention to the tethered Jessamine.

Continued on page 109



A DANCER

THROUGH powdered woods we softly go
On the soft new carpet of the snow,
Seeking in the clear white light,
For tracks of little folk last night.

Here from the brook a mink came up,
A squirrel dropped an acorn cup,
A partridge slept beneath those rocks,
And there sneaked by his foe, the fox.

This cottontail—we'll follow him
Through open glades and hemlocks dim;
Around his woodland world he went
And nibbled maple buds, content:

Content, and more, for here he found
A little square of level ground,
Beneath thick bushes bended low
With weight of freshly fallen snow—

A fairy hall with frosted roof,
That welcomed him and made him proof
Against the great horned owl. Entranced,
He scurried in, and then he danced.

You don't believe it? See, his track
Goes round and round, and forth and back.
A midnight wind to play the tune,
He danced the joy of the Winter moon.

Walter Prichard Eaton



"THE LAW!" SHE LAUGHED. "MUCH YOU CARE ABOUT THE LAW!"

THE INNER ENEMY

BY C. EADIE RICHENS

IN ALL the city you could, perhaps, not have found two more entirely commonplace, likable and tremulously happy young people than Jimmy Wharton, late a lieutenant in the A. E. F., and Rose Allen, as they strolled toward the vine-draped porch of the Allens' suburban home that Sunday evening. The last pale glow of the daylight-saving twilight had faded and the porch was shrouded in impenetrable and mysterious darkness, denser and more opaque even than it would be after the night had set in with its clear sapphire skies and silver-shedding stars.

She shivered a little, delightedly, with an odd, exciting fright. Her filmy white frock, so becoming to her slimness, her slender white ankles and feet, glimmered indistinctly in the dusk like some lightly moving night moth. "I'm afraid," she said.

His warm, strong hand pressed her cool arm, rested on the rounded elbow. "*Poor* little girl." His voice was half-mocking, half-caressing.

Enfolded in the fragrant Summer darkness of the porch, resonant with a thousand little chirping, singing things, he drew her down beside him on the swing, the scene of so many Summer idyls, and for a time they were silent. He puffed nervously at his cigaret, the faint glow bringing into half-visible relief his strong straight nose and the shadowy outlines of his cheek-bones.

"He's nervous," she thought compassionately, and refrained from fidgeting. High-strung and intuitive herself, she, perhaps of all the people he knew, spared him that nervous irritability he had brought back from the war. That was what had attracted him to her at first; later, there had been other and more compelling reasons.

Impulsively, as he always seemed to move, he leaned toward her, his shoulder brushing hers. "You're a good kid, Rose," he told her, his voice husky.

Her face was very close to his. "So're you," she returned softly, the utter depths of her in the inadequate, foolish little phrase. Then his lips met hers, and she was in his sinewy, imperious arms, his heart beating against her shoulder, his unsteady breath on her cheek. He had never kissed her before, she was not a girl easily won.

He released her at length. "I—I—love you, dear," he whispered, and at that, she hid her face in his coat, nor could she be induced to raise it, even to answer his stumbling, halting plea. He was somewhat sobered now. "I've got a good job, sweetheart, and I'll try awfully hard to be good to you."

She snuggled her head against his coat. "I—I—I'll be good to you, too, dearest."

And then, the tragically divine duet, with its primal antiphony of murmured broken phrases, was renewed. His passion at once filled her with delicious terror and roused something of the same protective instinct his war-jangled nerves had first awakened. As for him, the human desire for her was transcended by her slightness, her sweetness, her fragility, into something very like pain. They were very happy, so happy they were nearly sad.

When he rose to go, he looked down at her anxiously.

"I was in town to-day and heard there was some trouble with the niggers. Do you think you'd better go in to-morrow?"

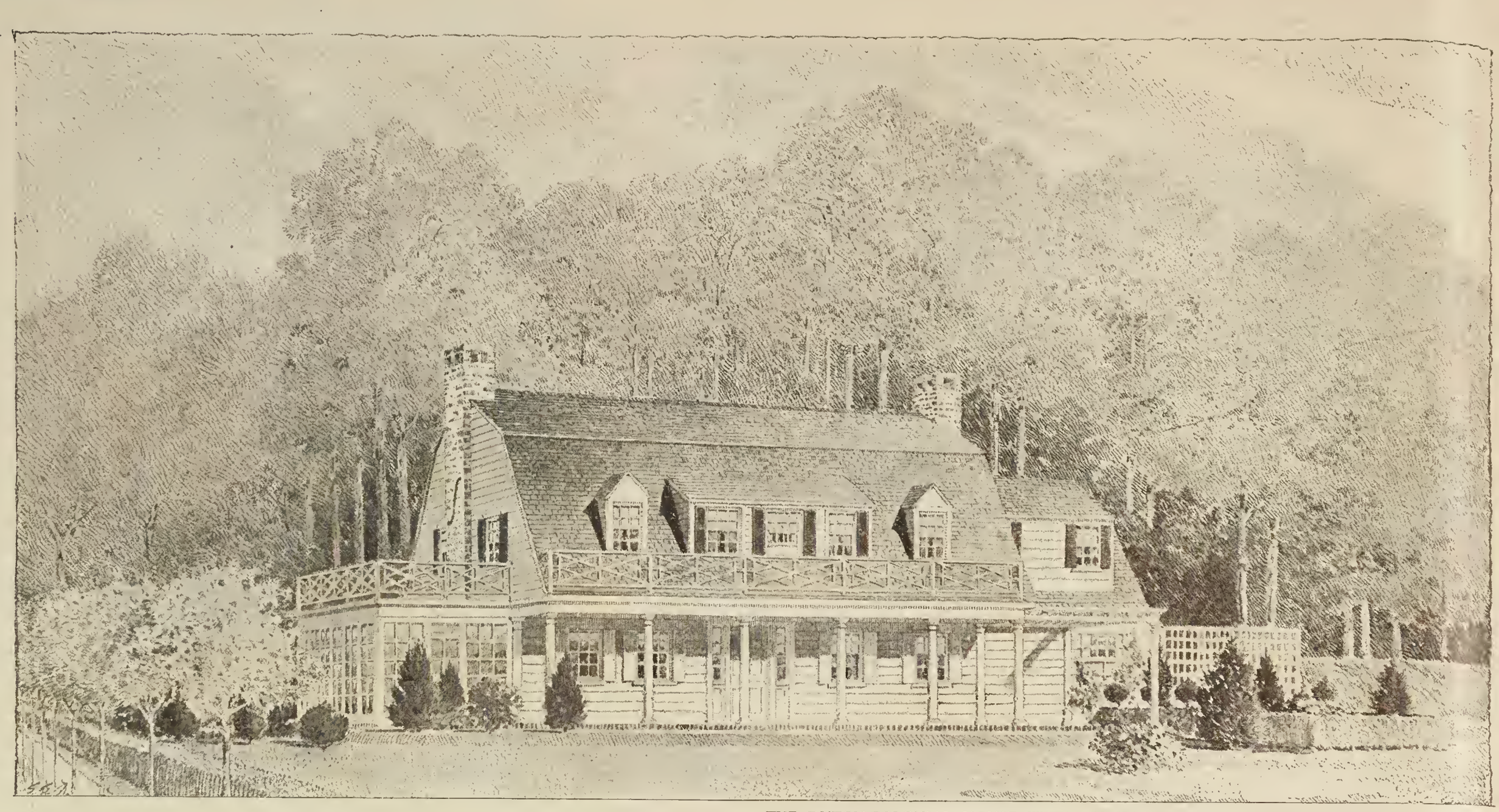
"Oh, I'll be careful," she promised vaguely, her warm mouth lifted to him like some fragrant night flower. Whereat he forgot his nebulous apprehensions and took quite an absurdly long time to say good night.

The girl went swiftly, silently, to her room, snapped on her light, and for a moment gazed on the mirrored counterpart of her flushed cheeks, her wide gray eyes, and her soft brown, tumbled hair, and then, like her myriad sisters, covered her face shamefacedly, and refused to look longer.

For a long time she lay wakeful, staring into the sweet, vibrant darkness, reviewing, as women will, the successive pictures that made up her romance. Of his coming, strong, dark-eyed, bronzed and taciturn, bathed in the glamour of his war record, living with his aunt at Lynwood. She half-confessed to herself how unconsciously she had preened for him, worn her prettiest clothes evenings, tried new ways of doing her hair. From the first, she had sensed his inner disquiet, his upset state, and with sympathetic comprehension had refrained from asking him to "tell her all about it," and had eschewed that phrase, detested of service men, "a great experience." When he had seemed to like her, she had regarded it incredulously as a miracle; she would not let herself think he might care. And as naturally, as unostentatiously as a tree puts forth its leaves, insensibly love had come—and he had told her he loved her.

The young man had stumbled homeward in a blissful

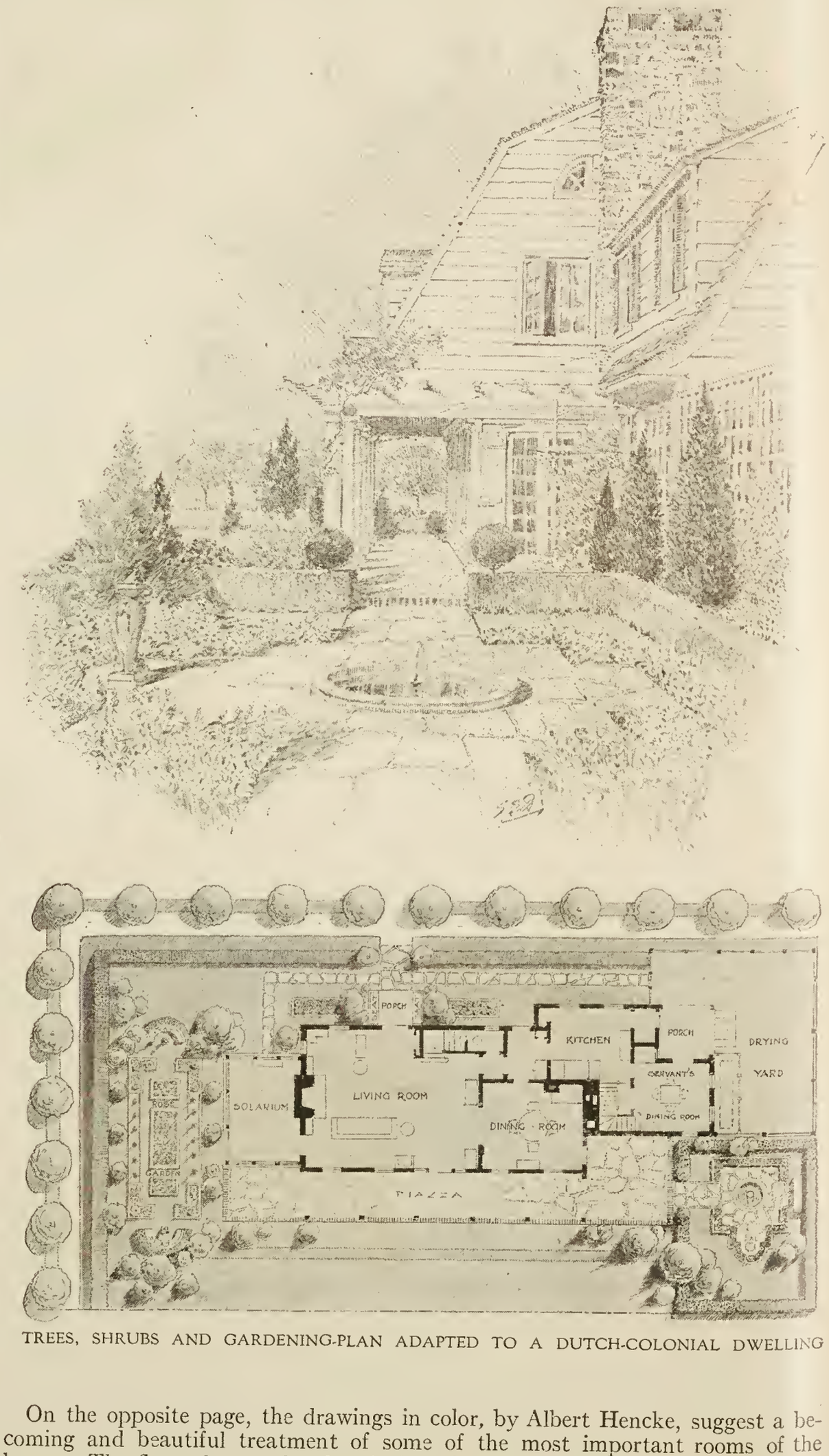
Continued on page 114



THE DUTCH-COLONIAL HOUSE WITH AN IDEAL BACKGROUND OF TREES







TREES, SHRUBS AND GARDENING-PLAN ADAPTED TO A DUTCH-COLONIAL DWELLING

A DUTCH-COLONIAL HOUSE

THE SECOND IN THE DELINEATOR'S SERIES OF HOME-TOWN HOUSES

John Graham, Jr., Architect; D. M. Kirkpatrick, Landscape Architect

THE drawing at the top of the page shows the Dutch-Colonial house virtually as it stands in a suburb of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The larger drawings below portray landscape-gardening treatment suggested by the landscape-gardener who is associated with the architect.

There is given also a ground plan, showing a layout of trees, shrubs and flower-beds appropriate to this type of house.

On the opposite page, the drawings in color, by Albert Hencke, suggest a becoming and beautiful treatment of some of the most important rooms of the house. The floor plans and a description of this dwelling are given on page 79.

In the April DELINEATOR, a house of brick designed by Ellis F. Lawrence, architect, of Portland, Oregon, landscape gardening by E. T. Mische, will be described and illustrated.



This bedroom of the Dutch-Colonial house, featured on the opposite page, has a soft, cheerful color-scheme of blues, grays and pink. The bed and dressing-table are of remodeled Colonial style

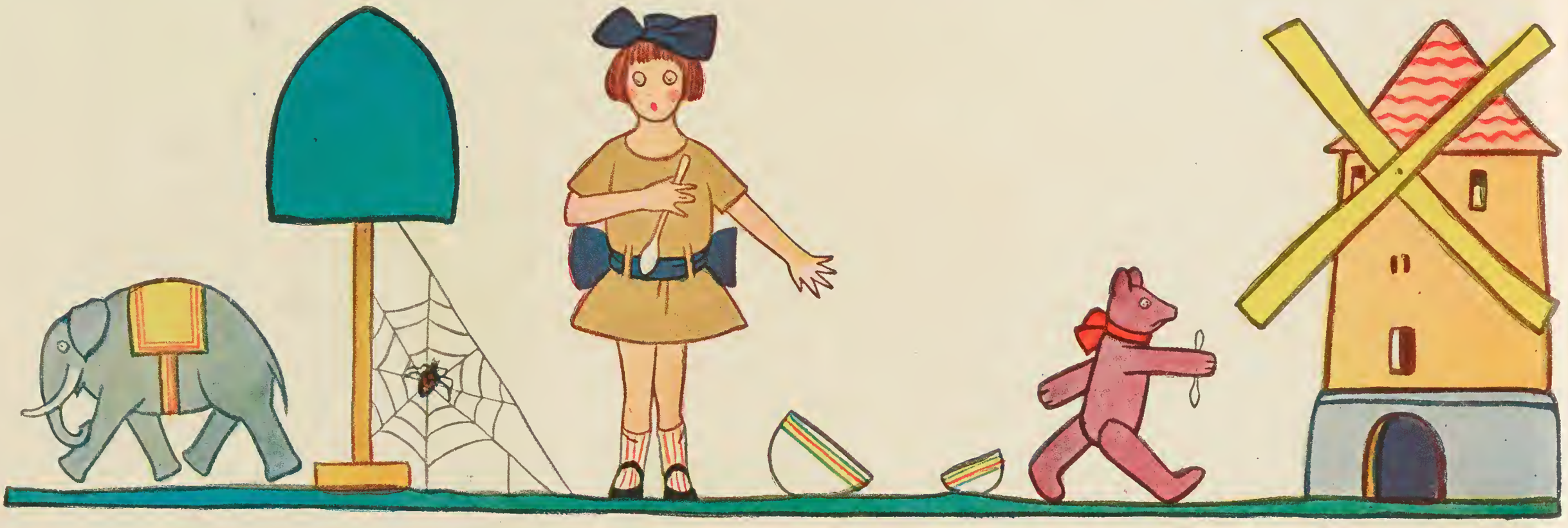


There is a Chinese note in the dining-room. The furniture is toned to a color of teakwood. In the Chinese cabinet is a set of unusual pieces of pottery in white glaze. Room treatments on this page are ideal, not actual

The living-room is cheerful and livable without losing its formal tone. The walls and large rug of gray are a dull background for the black-flowered chintz hangings. The covers of the table, at each end of the old-rose davenport with its pastel gray-green cushions, are black. The lamps have porcelain bowls and iridescent blue shades. The high narrow bookcases and the Italian antique chair before the fire add a note of distinction









LITTLE MISS MUFFET

BY ROBERT McQUINN

Directions how to enlarge these pictures to any desired size will be found on page 88 of this issue. These are admirably adapted for the decoration of furniture or for nursery friezes.



THEY EMPTIED SHELF AFTER SHELF OF BOOKS

THE DAUGHTER OF A DIPLOMAT

BY MABEL L. ROBINSON

ANOTHER FINE STORY FOR GIRLS BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "TAM" STORIES. THIS ONE IS ABOUT SOME VERY LIVE COLLEGE GIRLS IN CONSTANTINOPLE

THE college drawing-room took on the curiously expectant, watchful air that always characterized it when Diantha Severance was present. She stood talking to a pretty Greek girl who listened with complete absorption, flushing and dimpling as the intimate monologue went on, broken by Di's infectious gurgles of laughter. Suddenly Diantha slipped her arm about the girl, drew her to her feet on the polished floor, and with a kind of easy domination, guided her through the new dance. The girls who had been struggling with the steps hesitated and withdrew into little groups, pretending to talk but watching the pair drift down the room with an easy grace not one of them could master. Di's contralto voice ran in and out of the piano notes as she talked on, her gray eyes full of little quicksilver lights which held Sophie's wide, blue gaze. At the door Di dropped her and stood for a moment outlined against the curtain, while she spoke to one of the girls who had been watching her. Against the dark velvet curtain her cropped curly head and her straight white figure stood in sharp contrast with the fluffy softness of her neighbor. "Somehow," one of her admirers had said, "she makes us look like peasants. I think she has what you call in English *distinction*."

"Yes, and she knows it too well," retorted another who admired her less.

"It's the English way," replied the first girl tolerantly. "She happens to be the only one out here just now with all our different nationalities and so she feels a little set apart."

"I am the only Albanian," returned the second, "but I find no special consideration."

But she knew even as she spoke that Diantha's heady smile would win as quick a response from her as from any one, if it were only turned in her direction.

A little rustle went about the room. The piano started up again, girls dropped again into its rhythm, and the room took on its every-day air. Diantha, with a quick good night and a warm personal look at her companion, had gone upstairs.

"Plays them like a gambler," ejaculated Miss Henry, the psychologist, to the group of teachers who were finishing their coffee, "and always wins."

"Well, she is rather irresistible," said the Dean. "I had a talk with her to-day, thinking to persuade her that she had some responsibility about this magnetism, power, whatever you may call it, that she has over the girls. She stood there listening, her hands in the pockets of her Norfolk like a handsome boy, and when I had finished, she

Concluded on page 96



IMPULSIVELY HER ARMS WENT AROUND HIS NECK

HILLS OF HAN

BY SAMUEL MERWIN

Author of "The Passionate Pilgrim," "Temperamental Henry," etc.

THE PEOPLE

BETTY DOANE: Nineteen, charming, a thoroughly nice and very pretty girl. She has returned to China from America to live with her father, who is a missionary in T'ainan-fu.

GRIGGSBY DOANE: Betty's father, a man strong in every way. His religious convictions are changing into doubts, just as strong. He feels he is in the wrong work and he no longer is sure of his own beliefs.

JONATHAN BRACHEY: A curiously rude but sensitive young journalist who was on the liner when Betty crossed the Pacific. He fights it—but he falls deeply in love with her and she with him. He is married, most unhappily. He tells Betty the facts, and that he does not mean to see her again. They part miserably at Shanghai.

MR. AND MRS. BOATWRIGHT: Missionaries at T'ainan-fu.

THE STORY

Life in the missionary compound up in the Hills of Han is dull enough for the little American girl, in spite of the tenderness and sympathy of her father. There is much unrest in the province because of foreign concessions, and a young Chinaman, whom Betty met on the boat, commits suicide on the land of the French Ho Shan Company, as a conventional Chinese form of protest. Doane hears of trouble at another mission station and starts off afoot to see what he can do. He finds the mission destroyed and the battered body of a white engineer. In the Chinese inn, where he spends the night, is a woman from the seaport who had come up with the murdered engineer. Griggsby Doane's doubts and troubles come to a culmination in his yielding to her cheap charms. In the morning he sends a letter to the heads of his church at Shanghai, telling them the whole affair and asking to be relieved from his post.

While Doane is away, Brachey turns up, in spite of all his promises to himself, in T'ainan-fu. Boatwright has to help him out of passport difficulties, including incarceration in a native jail. Betty and Brachey have a short and poignant meeting on the stairs at the mission. They plan to meet later.

Mrs. Boatwright takes it upon herself to safeguard Betty's reputation and goes about it in the worst possible way—by attacking Betty's own motives and truthfulness. When Betty sees Brachey again, as she inevitably does, he tells her he is going away.

Doane, returning to the mission after Brachey's departure, finds a telegram summoning him to a mission college which is in sore danger from the Lookers or rioters. He immediately sets off afoot again toward Hung Chan.

The Boatwrights have told him about Brachey's appearance. Doane goes to Brachey at the inn, and makes him promise not to see Betty again. The next morning, as Brachey starts out with his caravan, a letter from Mr. Po, a young official who had visited Brachey when he was imprisoned, brings Brachey word that the Lookers are growing more and more troublesome and that they have killed Doane. Brachey goes to the mission and offers his escort for escape. None of the missionaries will leave, but Betty starts off alone with Brachey and Mr. Po for the compound of M. Pourmont, of the French Ho Shan Company, a journey of several days.

MEANWHILE the compound of the Ho Shan Company at Ping Yang was a buzzing hive of military preparations.

After news reached him of the death of Harley Beggins, at So T'ung, M. Pourmont called in all his men. There were engineers, instrument men, stake-boys, supply agents, clerks, timekeepers, foremen and others—fourteen Frenchmen, eight Australians, three Belgians, six Englishmen, two Scotch engineers, four Americans, two Russians. Three of the Chinese had served as non-commissioned officers in the British Wei Hai Wei regiment in 1900. There were a few native foremen who had been trained in the modern Chinese army of Yuan Shi K'ai. In all there were, including M. Pourmont himself and his immediate office force, forty-six whites and a large number of able-bodied Chinese. These latter were now being put through many hours of military drill every day in conspicuous places about the hillside.

A number of men acted as intelligence runners, and the activity of these, supplemented by occasional word from the *yamen* of the Shen magistrate, kept M. Pourmont informed with reasonable accuracy of the march of events in the province. Thus it could not have been twelve hours after Brachey bore the news of Griggsby Doane's death to the mission at T'ainan-fu that M. Pourmont knew of it, the word coming by wire to the local *yamen* and thence passing in whispers to the compound on the hill.

Then, late one afternoon, Doane's pretty little daughter came in, escorted by the American journalist, Jonathan Brachey, and a young secretary from the *yamen* of the provincial judge disguised as a muleteer. Brachey at once volunteered to help and was put in charge of preparing two small lookout-posts on the upper hill. He was uncommunicative and dryly self-sufficient in manner, but proved a real addition to the establishment, contributing the great Anglo-Saxon quality of confidence and tone. Though M. Pourmont would have preferred a more sociable man. His was a lonely life. He loved talk, even in broken English, for its own sake. He had himself vivacity and humor. And it was a disappointment that this Brachey didn't know Chambertin from *vin ordinaire*, and cared little for either.

Little Miss Doane touched his heart, she was so pretty, so quick in her bright, graceful way, yet so white and sad. But always brave, as if sustained by inner faith. She asked at once to be put to work, and quickly adapted herself to the atmosphere of Mme. Pourmont's work-room in the residence, where madame's two daughters and the English-trained nurse were busy directing the Chinese sewing-women. It transpired that the Mrs. Boatwright, who was in charge at the mission, had refused to save herself and those in her charge, so the mademoiselle had come on independently. This, thought M. Pourmont, showed a courage and enterprise suggestive of her father.

THAT night M. Pourmont telegraphed Arthur Boatwright confirming the news of Doane's death and urging an immediate attempt to get through to Ping Yang.

On the preceding day he had sent a party of twelve men, white and Chinese, in command of an Australian engineer, to Shau T'ing, on the eastern border, to get the supplies that had been shipped down from Peking. These men returned on the following day; and among the cases and bales of supplies borne on the long train of carts they guarded were the bodies of two dead Chinese and a Russian youth with a bullet in his throat.

News came then that a large force of Lookers had started in an easterly direction from Hung Chan. And Boatwright wired that the mission party was at last under way—seven whites and fifty natives.

M. Pourmont at once sent a party of forty mounted men westward along the highway, commanded by an Englishman named Swain. This small force fought a pitched battle with the Looker band that had been evaded by Brachey, suffering several casualties. A native was sent on ahead, riding all night, with a note to Boatwright advising great haste. But it was difficult for the mission party to travel with any speed, as it had been found impossible to secure horses or carts for many of the Chinese converts, and not one of the missionaries would consent to leave these charges behind. It became necessary, therefore, for Swain to move a half-day's march farther west than had been intended. He joined the missionaries shortly after the advance-guard of the western Lookers had begun an attack on the inn compound. Already six or seven of the secondary Christians had been dragged out and shot or burned to death, when Swain led his white and yellow troopers in among them, shooting right and left. There must have been several hundred of the Lookers; but they amounted to little more than a disorganized mob, and as soon as they found their comrades falling around them, screaming in agony and fright, they threw away their rifles and fled.

Swain at once ordered out the entire mission company, mounted as many as possible of the frightened fugitives on the horses of his troop, and with such extra carts as he could commandeer in the village for his wounded, himself and his uninjured men on foot, he pushed rapidly back toward Ping Yang. The few Chinese who lagged were left in native houses. The horses that fell were dragged off the road and shot.

This Swain, though he concerns us in this narrative only incidentally, was one of a not unfamiliar type on the China coast. He was hardly thirty years of age, a blond Briton, handsome, athletic, evidently a man of some education and breeding. He had once spoken of serving as a subaltern in the Boer War. A slightly elusive reputation as a Shanghai gambler had floated after him to Ping Yang. He was at times a hard drinker, as his lined face indicated, faint, purplish markings already forming a fine network under the skin of his nose. His blue eyes were always slightly bloodshot. He never spoke of his own people. And it had been noted that after a few drinks he was fond of quoting Kipling's "The Lost Legion." Yet on this little expedition, unknown to the archives of any War Department, Swain proved himself a hero. He brought all but twelve of the fifty-seven mission folk and eight of his own wounded safely to Ping Yang, leaving three of his Chinese buried back there, and himself sustained a bullet through the flesh of his left forearm and a severe knife-cut on the left hand. The drift of opinion among respectable people along Bubbling Well Road in Shanghai, as here in Ping Yang, was that Swain would hardly do. Certain of these mission folk, in particular Miss Hemphill, whose philosophy of life could hardly be termed comprehensive,

"Hills of Han," copyrighted, 1920, by Samuel Merwin.



"THEY LEFT ME FOR DEAD AT THE HUNG CHAN GATE

were later to find their mental attitude toward their rescuer somewhat perplexing.

Though she evidently tried to be quiet about it, Mrs. Boatwright's first act was rather troublesome. She had been taken in, of course, with the other white women, by M. and Mme. Pourmont in the big house. Here the principal three of them—Dr. Cassin on her one hand and Miss Hemphill on the other—were put down at the dinner-table on that first evening directly opposite Betty. Miss Hemphill flushed a little, bit her lip, then inclined her head with what was clearly enough meant to be distant courtesy. Dr. Cassin, already too deeply occupied with her wounded to waste thought on merely personal matters, bowed coolly. But Mrs. Boatwright stared firmly past the girl at the screen of carved wood that stood behind her.

The tension was appreciable. Betty bent her head over her plate. She had of course dreaded this first encounter; all of her courage had been called on to bring her into the dining-room; but her own sense of personal loss and injury had lately been so overshadowed by the growing tragedy in which they were dwelling that she had forgotten with what complete cruelty and consistency this woman's stern sense of character could function. She had lost, too, in the mounting sober beauty of her love for Brachey, any lingering sense of wrong-doing. Here at Ping Yang, Brachey commanded, she knew triumphantly, the respect of the little community.

THEY were thinking, he and she, only at moments of themselves. Indeed, days passed without a stolen moment together. She gloried in her knowledge that he would neglect no smallest duty to indulge his emotions in companionship with her; nor would she neglect duty for him. And the people here were all so kind to her, so friendly! The presence of this grim personality was an intrusion. It hurt terribly. It even undermined a little her faith in herself, in her lover, in life and love, that had been growing so rapidly and, apparently, so solidly.

After dinner Mrs. Boatwright went directly to M. Pourmont in his study and told him that it would be necessary for her to sleep and eat in another building. She would give no reasons, nor would she in any pleasant way soften her demand. Accordingly, the Pourmonts, always courteous, always cheerful, made at once a new arrangement in the crowded compound. Some of the Australian young men were turned out into a tent; and the Boatwrights, accompanied by their assistants, were settled by midnight in the smaller building immediately adjoining the residence. Mr. Boatwright protested a little to his wife, but was silenced. All he could do was to make some extreme effort to treat the Pourmonts with courtesy.

And so Betty, when in the morning she again mustered her courage to enter the dining-room, found them gone. And instantly she knew why. She couldn't eat. All day forlorn, her mind a cavern of shadows, she put herself in the way of meeting Brachey, but did not find him until late in the afternoon. He was coming in then from the outworks up the hill. She stood waiting just within the gate.

They had been thinking constantly, since the one misunderstanding, of the cablegram that would announce his freedom. In his eagerness he had expected to find it waiting at Ping Yang. Day after day native runners got through to the telegraph station and brought messages for others. To Betty now it seemed the one thing that could arm her against the stern judgment in Mrs. Boatwright's eyes. Without it her love had no standing. With it she needn't care.

Brachey's knickerbockers and stockings were red with mud. He wore a canvas shooting-coat of M. Pourmont's. He was lean, strong, quick of tread.

They drew aside into a corner of the wall of sand-bags. She saw the momentary light in his tired eyes when they rested on her; gravely beautiful eyes she thought them. Her fingers caught his sleeve; her eyes timidly searched his face, and read an answer there to the question in her heart.

"You haven't heard?"

He slowly shook his head. "No, dear, not yet."

Her gaze wavered away from him.

"It's got to come," he added. "It isn't as if there weren't a positive understanding."

"I know," she murmured, but without conviction. "Of course. It's got to come."

They were silent a moment.

"I—I'll go back to the house," she breathed then.

"Keep strong, dear," said he very gently.

"I know. I will. It's helped, just seeing you."

Then she was gone.

As he looked after her, his heart full of gloomy beauty, he longed to call her back and in some way restore her confidence. But the appearance of the mission folk had shaken him, as well, this day. The mere presence of Mrs. Boatwright in the compound was suddenly again a living force. Up there on the hillside, driving his native workmen through the long hot hours, he had faced unnerving thoughts. For Mrs. Boatwright had brought him out of the glamour of his love; she, that sense of her, if merely by stirring his mind to resentment and resistance, restored for the time his keen logical faculty. He saw again clearly the mission compound at T'ainan-fu. And he saw Griggsby Doane—huge, strong, the face that might so easily be tender working with passion in the softly flickering light from a Chinese lamp.

He had given Griggsby Doane a pledge as solemn as one man can give another. He had, because Doane was so suddenly dead, broken that pledge. But now he knew, coldly, clearly, that of material proof that Doane was dead neither he nor M. Pourmont nor these difficult folk from T'ainan held a shred.

EARLY on the following morning—at about three o'clock—a small shell exploded in the compound. Within five minutes two others fell outside the walls.

At once the open spaces within the walls were filled with Chinese, none fully dressed, talking, shouting, wailing. Among them, a moment later, moved white men, cartridge-pouches and revolvers hastily slung on, rifles in hand, quietly ordering them back to their quarters and themselves taking positions along the walls. The crews of the two machine guns promptly joined the sentries in the redoubts. M. Pourmont went about calmly, pleasantly, supervising the final preparations for a siege. Two small parties, one led by Swain, the other by Brachey, went up the hillside to join the men in the rifle-pits there. A few trusted natives slipped out on scouting expeditions.

Within the residence Dr. Cassin, with the help of the English nurse, set to work improvising a hospital in the rooms that had been used as a dispensary. Mrs. Boatwright called her party together and arranged to crowd them into fewer rooms in order to give more space to Dr. Cassin, for, with even a little artillery in the hands of the Lookers, casualties were certain.

As the first faint color appeared in the eastern sky and the darkness slowly gave way through the morning twilight to the young day, the walls were lined with anxious faces. Strained eyes peered up and down the hillside for the first glimpse of the enemy. Surmises and conjectures flew from lip to lip—the attackers were thousands strong, themselves but a handful; American, French and English troops were already on the way down from Peking; no troops could be spared; such a relieving party had already been intercepted and driven back, as McCalla had been driven back in 1900; the Shau T'ing bridge was down, the telegraph lines were broken, old Kang had beheaded Pao and seized the entire provincial government, was, indeed, in personal command here at Ping Yang. So the rumors ran.

DAYLIGHT spread slowly over the hillside. Far up among the native houses and down near the village groups of strange figures could be seen moving about. They wore a uniform much like that the Boxers had worn, excepting that coat and trousers were alike red and only the turban yellow. At intervals shells fell here and there about the walls.

Back in his study in the residence M. Pourmont, by breakfast-time, had reports from several of his scouts and was able to sift the rumors down to a basis of fact. Several thousand Lookers were already in the neighborhood and others were on the way. The Shau T'ing bridge was gone, and it was true that the local Shen magistrate had been cut off from telegraphic communication with the outside world. And Kang was at the moment establishing headquarters five *li* to the westward.

The entrenched parties up the hillside lay unseen and unheard in their trenches, awaiting the signal to fire. The compound was still now. Breakfast was carried about to the men on duty.

Toward nine o'clock considerable activity was noted up the hill beyond the outposts. Several squads of the red-and-yellow figures appeared in the open, apparently digging out a level emplacement on the steep hillside. Then a small field-gun was dragged into view from behind a native compound wall and set in position. The distance was hardly more than two hundred yards; evidently they meant to fire pointblank.

M. Pourmont went out to the upper redoubt and studied the scene through field-glasses. The men begged permission to fire, but the bearded French engineer ordered them to wait.

The little red-and-yellow men were a long time at their preparations. They moved about as if confident that no white man's eyes could discern them. Finally they gathered back of the gun. There was some further delay. Then the gun was fired, and a shell whirred over the compound and on across the valley, exploding against the opposite hillside, near a temple, in a cloud of smoke and red dust.

There was still another wait. Then a shell carried away part of a chimney of the residence. The sound of distant cheers floated down-hill on the soft breezes. The little men clustered about the gun.

M. Pourmont lowered his glasses and nodded. The machine gun opened fire, spraying its stream of bullets directly on the crowded figures.



BRACHEY LAY HUDDLED IN A HEAP ON THE TILE WALK

To the men standing and kneeling in the redoubt the scene, despite the rattle of the gun and the wisps of smoke curling about them and the choking smell, was one of impersonal calm. The Australian working the gun was quietly methodical about it. The crowded figures up the hill seemed to sit or lie down deliberately enough. Others appeared to be moving away slowly toward the houses, though when M. Pourmont gave them a look through his glasses it became evident that their little legs were moving rapidly. Soon all who could get away were gone, leaving several heaped-up mounds of red near the gun and smaller dots of red scattered along the path of the retreat.

With a few scattering shots the Australian sat back on his heels and glanced up at M. Pourmont. "Heats up pretty fast," he remarked casually, indicating the gun.

A SHOUT sounded up the hill. All turned. Swain had mounted to the parapet of his rifle-pit and was waving his rifle. His half-dozen men, white and Chinese, followed, all shouting now. Over to the right, from the other pit, the lean figure of Jonathan Brachey appeared, followed by others. Then they started up the hillside. Like the retreating Lookers, they seemed to move very slowly; but the glasses made it clear that they were running and scrambling feverishly up the slope, fourteen of them, pausing only at intervals to fire toward the houses, where a few puffs of white smoke appeared.

They reached the Chinese gun, turned it around and, five or six of them, began running it down the hill. The others lingered, clustering together. A shot from one of the red heaps was met by a blow of a clubbed rifle; that was seen by the Australian through the glasses. There were more shots from the compound walls beyond. The Australian quietly returned the glasses to his chief, sighted along his machine gun, and sprayed bullets along those walls, first to the left of the raiding party, then, very carefully, to the right.

M. Pourmont descended to the compound and ordered a party of coolies out with wheelbarrows. These began mounting the slope, obediently, painfully. The raiders evidently took this in, for they dropped behind the little heaps of dead and waited. To the many watching eyes along the wall it seemed as if those deliberate coolies would never end their climb; inch by inch they seemed to move. Even the more rapidly moving gun, descending the slope, seemed to crawl. When it did at length draw near, the eager observers noted that the men handling it were all Chinese; the whites had stayed up there. Swain was there, and Brachey, and the others.

Betty witnessed the scene from an upper window of the residence with Mme. Pourmont and her daughters. She heard the rat-tat-tat of the machine gun; through a pair of glasses she saw the red-clad Lookers fall, all without clearly realizing that this was battle and death. It seemed a calm enough picture. But when Brachey started up the hill her heart stopped.

More and more slowly, as the climb told on the porters, the barrows moved up the slope; but at last they reached their destination. Then all worked like ants about them. Within ten minutes all were back in the compound, creaking and squealing, each on its high center wheel, under the loads of shell.

Betty watched Brachey through the glasses. Naively she assumed that he would return to her after passing through such danger. And when she saw him drop casually into the little pit on the hillside it seemed to her that she couldn't wait out the day. Now that she had watched him leading his men straight into mortal danger—had so nearly, in her own heart, lost him—she began to sense the terrible power of love. All that had gone before in this strange relationship of theirs seemed like the play of children beside her present sense of him as her other self.

Indeed the danger seemed now to be—she thought of it, in lucid moments, as a danger—that she should cease to care about outside opinion. Her love was honest. She knew, none better, his fineness and his strength. And surely others knew. They had seen him rush that gun. Her heart throbbed with pride in him.

At dusk the outposts were relieved. When Brachey entered the gate, Betty was there, waiting, a tremulous smile hovering about her tender little mouth and about her misty eyes.

He paused, in surprise and pleasure. She gave him a hand hesitantly, then the other. Then impulsively her arms went around his neck. His men straggled wearily past, their day's work done. Not one looked back. She was almost sorry, for that and for the dusk. Arm in arm they entered the compound and walked to the steps of the residence.

THAT night three shells struck within the compound. One wrecked a corner of Mme. Pourmont's kitchen. Another carried away a section of galvanized iron roof and killed a horse. The third destroyed a tent, killing a Chinese woman and wounding a man and two girls. Thus, before morning, Dr. Cassin and her helpers were at the grim business of patching and restoring the piteous débris of war.

By daylight the red-and-yellow lines were closed about the compound. Shells roared by at intervals all day, and bullets rattled against the walls. The upper windows of the residence were barricaded now with sand-bags. Five more were wounded during the day, two of them white. Enemy trenches appeared above and below the compound. During the following night M. Pourmont set a considerable force of men at work running a sap out to the rifle-pits, digging in other outposts on the lower slope. His night runners moved with difficulty, but brought in reports of feasts and orgies at Kang's headquarters down the valley, where, surrounded by his full retinue, the old Manchu was preparing to revel in slaughter. As the days passed, the sense of danger grew deeper; the faces one saw about the compound wore a dogged expression. An armed guard stood over the storehouses; men were killed and wounded, and women and children. They talked, heavily where the casual was intended, of settling down to a siege. They spoke of other, larger sieges; of Mafeking and Ladysmith of recent memory. But no one mentioned the prospects of early relief. One night Mr. Po went out with a Chinese soldier on a scouting trip; and neither returned. On the following night, one of the Wei Hai Wei men was sent. At daybreak they found his head, wrapped in a cloth, just inside the gate. The enemy had crept close enough, despite the outposts, to toss it over the wall. After this, for a time, no word went out or came in.

ARTHUR BOATWRIGHT slept alone in a small room; his wife, Miss Hemphill and Dr. Cassin occupied a large room in the same building. One night, tossing on his cot, the prey of nightmares, Boatwright started up, cold with sweat, and sat shivering in the dark room. Outside sounded the pop, pop, pop of the snipers. But there was another sound that had crashed in among the familiar noises of his dreams.

It came again—a light tapping at his door. He tried to get his breath; then tried to call out, "Who is it?" But his voice came only as a whisper.

It wasn't his wife; she wouldn't have knocked. He had not before been disturbed at night; it would mean something serious, nothing good. It could mean nothing good.

Arthur Boatwright was by no means a simple coward. Though a man of petty routine, he had a feeling for principle. He was, indeed, rather stronger in an emergency than in the ordinary detail of life where his nature had of late years seemed to dwell. He rose now, shivering with this strange sense of cold, struck a light, and, candle in hand, advanced to the door. Here for a moment he waited.

Again the tapping sounded.

He opened the door and beheld, dimly outlined in the shadowy hall, clad in rags, face seamed and haggard, eyes staring out of his deep hollows, the gigantic frame of Griggsby Doane, leaning on his old walking-stick. He was hatless and his hair was matted. A stubble of beard covered the lower half of his face. His left shoulder, under the torn coat, was bandaged with the caked, blood-stained remnant of his shirt.

Continued on page 120



"I COULD NOT RUN," SHE WHISPERED

THE LITTLE BROWN BUTTERFLY

BY JAMES FRANCIS DWYER

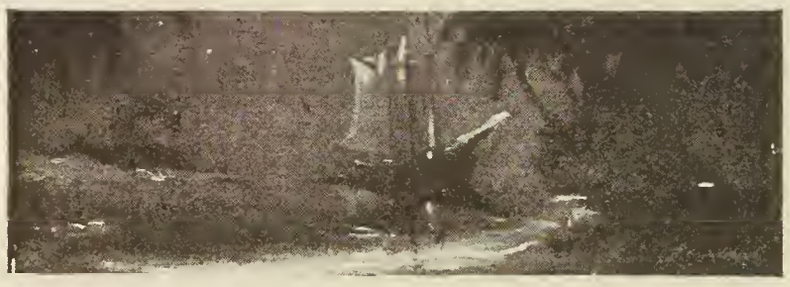
CAPT. JEFF TURLEY of the trading-schooner *Peace of God*, and Dr. Henri Rimbaud, naturalist, of St. Seine-l'Abbaye, Côte-d'Or, France, were friends from the moment the naturalist arrived on the Malay. No two men were ever more unlike. Captain Turley was the largest man that ever took a ship out of the port of Boston. He was a great, jovial, red-faced skipper who, to quote his own summing-up, "knew God, the winds and the tides and durned little else." The Frenchman was slight and fragile-looking, a bookish man who won a scholarship that permitted him to journey to the Malay for one year to gain practical experience. But, although dissimilar, they possessed one gift in common: each was blessed with "the little hands of kindness" that build paths from one heart to another.

It was the schooner *Peace of God* that brought Dr. Rimbaud from Singapore to the Cape of Lost Hope, and on that tip the captain became the friend, protector and reverential admirer of the learned little Frenchman. It was the feeling of protectorship that made him introduce Gung to the doctor's household.

"You don't look after yourself," said Captain Jeff, introducing the solemn Hindu. "You don't eat enough because you're so doggone interested in small critters that you won't stop for chow. And you get wet and leave your wet clothes to dry on your body. First thing you know you'll be down with a fever. That's why I've brought Gung. I've known him ten years and I never knew him to do anything crooked, and that's a wonderful performance in the Malay. There's something in this climate that gnaws up morals like a rat in a Dutch cheese."

Dr. Henri Rimbaud was thankful, and Gung was installed as major-domo in the naturalist's household.

"The *sahib* forgets when it is tiffin-time," said the captain, giving his farewell instructions to Gung, "so you must make him eat. He is wiser than the Laos priest who turned a bug into an elephant, but he forgets his engine-room. *Sabe?* If his belt loosens while I am away, you had better run when you see the sails of the *Peace of God*. I have killed men when I was angry."



"He shall be fed like a rajah's tiger," said Gung. "I have seen others like him, wise ones who never heard the rumblings of their bellies."

So Dr. Henri Rimbaud was fed. The silent Hindu was always at his elbow with food, and when the naturalist, engrossed with his specimens, attempted to delay the meal, Gung explained that his life was measured by the inches on the doctor's belt.

"The *Sahib* Turley has the temper of chectah and I am afraid," he would say. "At Banjermassin he rolled on a man and the man lay like a beetle that an ox-cart has passed over."

So Dr. Rimbaud, to save Gung from the wrath of Capt. Jeff Turley, ate regular meals and changed his clothes when they were wet, so that when the *Peace of God* returned to the Cape of Lost Hope a smiling Hindu presented a well-fed and sun-tanned naturalist to Capt. Jeff Turley.

It was the captain's motherly solicitude that made keys to the secret chambers of the Frenchman's heart. On the visit which the big American made to check up Gung's stewardship the naturalist was a well of gratitude.

"I have written of you to my wife," he said. "Written her of everything you have done for me. I have told her of the trouble you took to find Gung and how he has fed me."

"Pshaw," grunted the captain, attempting to brush away the naturalist's thanks. "I did nothing."

They sat together upon the deck of the *Peace of God*. Above them crouched the heavy Asiatic night with its million eyes of flame. The shore breezes brought whisperings from the jungle—the soft chattering of monkeys, the cries of birds, the shrill, knife-like whine of the cicada.

The naturalist put aside his French reserve and spoke of his wife, spoke of her in a way that brought a curious feeling to Capt. Jeff Turley. The Frenchman's love was so great that his words seemed to reach out across the oceans like wonderful hands, lift up the woman and transport her to the deck of the schooner. It was amazing! Before the eyes of Captain Turley she took shape. He saw her through the lenses of love, a sweet, ethereal little thing who, like the girls who walk before the statue of Siva, held a pepper-pot of golden dust which she shook before the feet of Henri Rimbaud. She made the world, which Capt. Jeff Turley thought rather hard and prosaic, into a paradise of dreams for the naturalist.

Capt. Jeff Turley had a sweet soul. The feeling that he was being brought into the spiritual if not the actual presence of Madame Rimbaud made him careful of his manners. He took off his cap and laid it upon the deck as he would have done if the lady were before him. He put out his pipe and quietly slipped the glass of weak grog behind a fire-bucket.

Her name was Arlette. The naturalist pronounced it in a way that left a diffused melody floating upon the spice winds. Once he called her *ma petite Arlette*, and the owner of the *Peace of God* understood the limitations of the English language.

The doctor told of their first meeting, told it simply and quietly. The Cape of Lost Hope was a long, long way from France, and he wanted to talk.

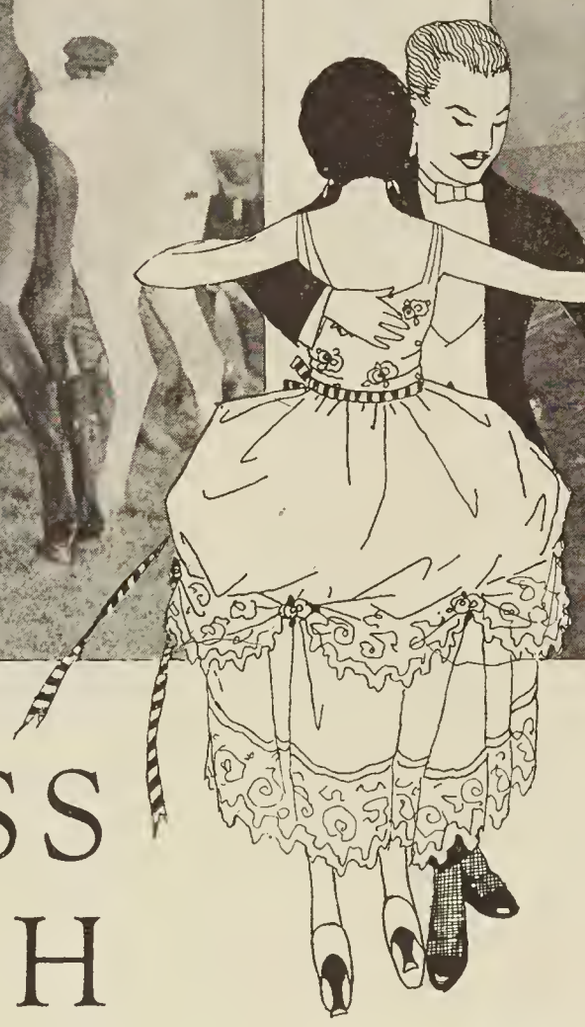
"It was at St. Seine-l'Abbaye," he said. "She lived there with her mother. Ah, you are from America and you do not care much for the quiet and sweetness that we have in France. At St. Seine-l'Abbaye there is the peace of a thousand centuries!

"We were married there. *Oui!* We were married at the

Continued on page 116



HORSEBACK RIDING HELPS THE BUSINESS GIRL KEEP FIT





A PLUNGE IN THE TANK IS FINE FOR TIRED NERVES

BUSINESS LIFE: IS IT WORTH THE COST?

BY JOSEPHINE STRICKER

MISS STRICKER, WHO WAS THE VERY ABLE SECRETARY OF THE LATE COLONEL ROOSEVELT, WELCOMES SINCERE AND PRACTICAL QUESTIONS FROM READERS CONCERNING THEIR BUSINESS AMBITIONS AND PLANS. PLEASE DO NOT FORGET THE STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

IN THIS, the last of my talks with the business women of America, I am anxious to answer the question asked me so many times: Is business life worth while for a woman?

What a question! Seeming so simple, yet to any thoughtful man or woman, endless in its ramifications. To answer it completely I find that I must marshal into orderly form my whole philosophy of life and living. And not mine alone. For a woman's angle of vision on a subject so important is only half the matter. What men think about business for women must vitally influence any fair-minded woman's conclusions on the subject. So before I tell you what I think myself, I am going to tell you the opinion of several men who are acquaintances of mine.

I said to Mr. D——: "When you marry, shall you marry a business woman or a society woman?"

Mr. D—— looked at me thoughtfully. He is a successful broker, college-bred, nearing forty.

"If I thought that a business girl would be satisfied with marriage and homemaking, I'd prefer her to any other. She is better trained for companionship to a man than any society woman. But it has been my observation that a really successful business woman, say one that is earning around five to seven thousand a year, is very seldom contented even if she marries a rich husband. She is spoiled by the independence bug."

"It's not so much the independence bug," I remarked, "as it is the utter stupidity of managing a house and running to bridge parties after one has known the responsibilities and hazards of business experience."

"Well, whatever it is, most of the business marriages that I know about are not highly successful. The husband is usually kept under because the wife is so smarty-smarty, and the wife is not a first-class housekeeper. And she's no keener about having children than her society sister, either. No; when I marry I suppose I'll have to take the giggling, parasitic type. They settle down best."

"My word!" I exclaimed. "You have an interesting idea of marriage! You think of it as an institution designed for the benefit of the male, eh?"

"Nothing of the kind!" contradicted my friend. "I think of it as an institution for making homes, and when I choose a woman I want her to contribute to the stability of that home. To make it stable she'll have to be happy and so will I. I won't be happy unless I have children and a perfectly new house. When a man gets near forty, children look mighty important to him. I counted six of my friends recently who had married as follows:

"Jack—his secretary, a forty-dollar a week woman.

"Bill—an actress, a five-hundred-dollar-a-week woman.

"Tony—a woman writer, a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year woman.

"Arthur—a woman advertising agent, six thousand dollars a year.

"Jim—a woman editor, four thousand dollars a year.

"Dick—a woman insurance agent, five thousand dollars a year.

"All of them have been married five years or over, and how many of them had children, do you think? Well, there was one child among the entire six couples! And that child belonged to Jack, who married his little secretary. The other five women were 'pursuing their professions,' or 'maintaining their personal individuality,' or had 'emerged from vassaldom'—according to which one of the little fools talked to you about it."

"WELL," said I, "what's the answer? There are about twelve million of us American women who've got to earn wages. It's not a question of personal choice with us. Have all of us got to remain unmarried, if we happen to be?"

"You know that's nonsense," he replied crossly. "Isn't there some way a woman can be successful in business and give it up to be equally successful as a wife and mother?"

"Perhaps," I suggested, "if the men could find some way of providing mental stimulus and food. But for the woman who has been handling thousands of dollars of business a day, or holding great audiences by her genius, wiping the baby's nose and counting the linen for the laundry are, to put it without exaggeration, not enthralling."

Mr. D—— sighed. "Well, it's all wrong, but I don't know what the answer is."

The man I talked with next was a lawyer, with a large city practise.

"What type of women, outside of actresses and society women, do you find most prone to divorce?"

"Women with independent incomes or with professions to which they can return," he replied promptly. "The financially dependent woman *has* to stick."

"You are forty-two," I said, "and you've never married. Do you mind telling me why?"

"Because, unfortunately, the woman my mind tells me to fall in love with, my heart won't respond to. Theoretically, I'd like to marry a successful woman lawyer or doctor, but by Jove, a man can't fall in love with a brain, and that's what your professional woman is—just a brain. Did you ever study the face of a business woman of say twenty-six? Hard as nails! Inscrutable as the sphinx! When I get around to marrying I shall go up-State to my old home town and marry a little girl I've had my eyes on for years. She couldn't earn a cent to save her neck and she's as innocent and unsophisticated as a three-year-old. All she knows about life I shall teach her. No hard, sophisticated, suspicious and high-salaried business woman for mine."

I gasped, and changed the subject.

A DOCTOR was my next victim. He, too, was a city man. It is only in the cities that one finds any number of the high-salaried business women.

"How about the business woman *versus* wifehood?" I asked the doctor.

"Pretty good wives," he said, "pretty good if you catch 'em before they're too successful. Too much success means the wrong psychology for an amenable wife and also nerves that don't stand motherhood any too well. But they are good scouts, these business women, even if they have nerves. I prefer them to your gabby society girl any time."

"What do you mean by an amenable wife, doctor?" My curiosity was real.

"I mean a good deal," he replied, after several moments of thought. "Amenable means tractable—responsive to discipline. Now don't get excited. The discipline I mean is the general discipline of marriage—the learning to give up personal desires, to yield to the opinion and decision of another at least half, usually more than half the time. A woman who has conducted a business, or who has had authority and responsibility in some one else's business, finds it quite as hard to be amenable in marriage as does a man. Now the man has got to keep on in his profession. The woman must give up, must be the unselfish, the self-sacrificing member. That's merely good biology. It makes for the unity of the home, consequently for the protection of the children. Now when a woman has been in business so long that she has become as masterful and as opinionated as the average business man, there is the very dickens to pay! Also when she has worked so hard with her brain that her nerves are gone, she's a poor wife and a poor mother. On the average the woman with the fine, hard-working mind is a much poorer physical specimen than the average woman with the simple, untrained brain. You take the cow-like peasant type of woman. She has the highbrow woman beaten all hollow as a mother."

I sighed. "Somehow, you give a very depressing outlook for women," I said.

"Yes," said the doctor; "in most ways it is a depressing outlook. In the long run, women, their work, their dreams, their play, must all be bent in one direction—the production and improvement of the race. And now that so huge a number of you women have come into the direct economic struggle, the scientists have got to bend every energy to seeing that the race is not hurt thereby. I don't know how it will be done. All I know is that highly trained, rapidly and constantly functioning brains, do not make for the best nerves and physical motherhood. More and more we men are demanding intellectual equality in our wives. The best kind of equality is developed only through intense competition in business and professional life. Intense competition in business knocks a woman's nervous system 'galley west.'"

"What is the answer?" I put the question rather sadly.

The doctor shook his head. "There isn't any answer as yet, except that business women must make up their minds when they marry that they must sacrifice all to motherhood. Let me state that out of such sacrifice comes a character development that few men can hope to equal, and it has been my observation that it is character, not business, that rules the final destiny of the race."

"Doctor, when you marry, what kind of girl are you going to choose?"

"I'm going to find a girl of good stock, built for the mothering of a large family. My mental companionship I'll get elsewhere."

I had nothing more to say.

NOW let me add the statement of my friend, John R——, an advertising agent. He is successful, about thirty-five years of age, college-bred and very much of a society man.

"John," I said, "isn't it about time you settled down and made a home?"

"Maybe," he said. "When I find just the right girl."

"Who would be the right girl?"

"One with money," replied John.

"You mean an heiress or a woman who earns a good income?"

"No business woman for me! I want a little flibbertigibbet who thinks I'm the whole earth; who believes that the advertising business of the U. S. would blow up if I quit it. I want her to believe there is something superman about a fellow who can earn my income. No business woman would believe that. Why, do you know what I heard my secretary tell a friend of hers? She said that after ten years of business experience she had come to the conclusion that most important business men were one-third bluff, one-third hard gall, and one-third brain. You needn't laugh! I considered that a most illuminating remark. I want the woman I marry to have kept her illusions about the male sex. I want her to look up to me. At the same time I want her to have money. If she hasn't, I can't marry until I'm forty-five and maintain the standard of living I have set for myself."

"How about children?" I queried.

"Oh, I don't care about children. Let the folks have them who are crazy about them. Not for me!"

And the grotesque fact about John's whole attitude was that he was wholly in earnest!

So there we are, we business women, with a complex problem that the men state to us baldly and selfishly, which with a shrug of their shoulders they leave to us to solve.

I resented what these men said to me, just as you resent it, and yet, just as you feel, I feel that there is what the doctor would call deep racial truth underlying their every statement. And I've noticed that the brunt of racial or biological truths is nearly always borne by women.

Business does harden us. Business does take from us our old dreams of the mental superiority of the male sex. Business does show us men in the average as predatory and selfish. And if we compete with them, we women become predatory and selfish ourselves. Business does cause even those of us who love children passionately, often and often to put off the coming of the babies until we are nervous and set in our habits—not the best qualifications for

Concluded on page 72



"Come on, old fellow
Don't paw and bellow
Don't think you can retreat
You're holding back
Just what we lack
To make our feast complete."



For sturdy strength—

Campbell's Ox Tail Soup. And it is delicious as well as strengthening.

We wish you could see us make it—see the choice ingredients we use and the care and daintiness with which they are prepared.

You would say "No wonder it's fine!"

The meaty marrow ox joints are government inspected and of selected medium size which yields the best meat and richest stock.

We also blend in fresh sliced joints which have not been used for stock, tender carrots and rutabagas, plenty of barley, celery, parsley, a touch of leek and onion and a delightfully flavored tomato puree.

Every spoonful gives nourishment and zest.



21 kinds 15c a can

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

BETTER TOWNS

A PAGE OF IDEAS FOR COMMUNITY IMPROVEMENTS



MEMORIAL ARCH AND COURT OF HONOR IN NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT. AN INDIVIDUAL COLUMN FOR EACH OF THE CITY'S 120 HEROES

MORE than a year has passed since the last shot in the world war was fired, and permanent memorials are now replacing the temporary structures that were erected all over the country as the tribute of a grateful people to its dead heroes.

Our war memorials generally have been a credit to the good taste and good sense of America. Instead of stereotyped designs, there has been a wide-spread sentiment in favor of monuments that have a truer and deeper significance to the communities by which they are erected.

An interesting project has been carried out successfully in New Britain, Connecticut. Here a memorial arch was built, and extending from it on both sides of a fine broad avenue, lined with magnificent shade-trees, is the Court of Honor. This consists of one hundred and twenty columns, to be perpetuated in granite, one erected in memory of each man from New Britain who died while in service.

These columns are six feet high, in the shape of obelisks. They are connected with a heavy galvanized iron chain and on top of each column is a small American flag, while on the face is a plate bearing the name of the soldier or sailor, the date of his death, and how and where he died. Each plate is surrounded by a wreath of magnolia leaves.

AN ARBOR-DAY IDEA

ABOUT this time of the year most towns are preparing for some sort of Arbor-Day celebration. It is one of the most charming customs we have.

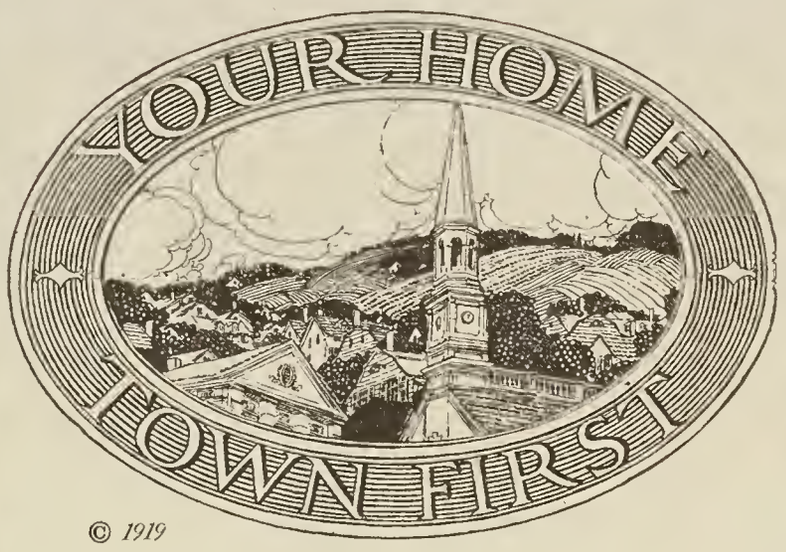
Arbor Day was founded in 1872 through the influence of J. Sterling Morton who induced the State Board of Agriculture of Nebraska to designate April tenth as a day for planting trees and shrubs. Over a million trees were planted in Nebraska alone on the first Arbor Day. Now every State in the Union observes the day. A particularly appropriate suggestion comes from one of our readers that some towns may want to adopt.

It is that communities erect a tree in front of the home of each of their boys who died in service. This would make a beautiful and fitting memorial and at the same time would add to the attractiveness of the town.

The American Forestry Association, Washington, District of Columbia, is registering all memorial trees in a national honor roll and wants to be informed of every tree-planting so that it can keep its rolls complete.

Oklahoma City had a bird-house exhibit in the Chamber of Commerce Building. The bird-houses were all made by the school children and prizes were awarded those best adapted to the birds and most novel. At the conclusion of the exhibit the houses were auctioned off and the proceeds given to the Red Cross.

Readers who want to know about the value or care of birds can get information free of charge from the Audubon Society, New York City, or the Department of Agriculture, Washington, District of Columbia.



© 1919

If your town has done a good thing, pass it on to other towns through THE DELINEATOR.

Address the Community Editor

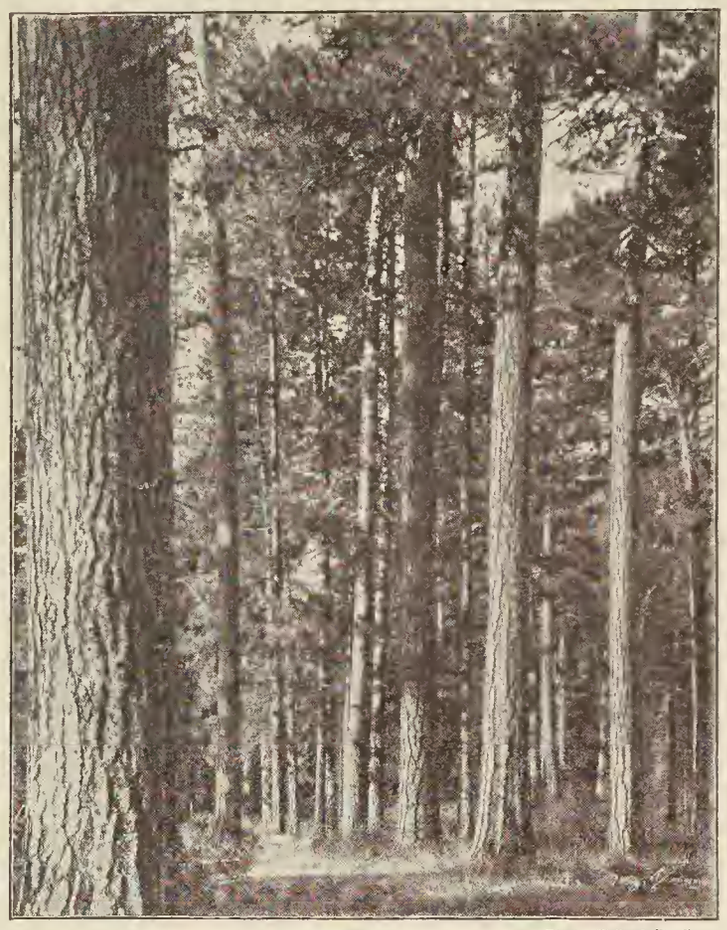


Photo Gifford Studio

THE TREE

BY JOYCE KILMER

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast.

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray.

A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

—*From "Trees and Other Poems" (Doran)*



PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA, PROVED THAT EVEN SO HOMELY A THING AS A MUNICIPAL STORAGE AND TOOL-HOUSE COULD BE MADE BEAUTIFUL

THE Corporation Yard, at Palo Alto, California, shown above, is a decorative feature in the heart of the city. It gives no indication that behind this attractive "fence" the town keeps its street-sweeping outfit, water-wagons, fuel-tanks, barrows, carts, etc. Two or three rooms in the shallow structure have been used for the Home Service Department of the Red Cross for Baby Week activities, and for election purposes.

Paterson, New Jersey, killed two birds with one stone when it gave the boys and girls in the city flower seed in return for their cleaning-up work around their own homes and public grounds. As a result the back and front yards in Paterson blossomed throughout the Summer months.

GETTING RID OF AN EYESORE

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, found an unsightly cavity in its near-by hills left by a cement company. It hurt San Antonio's feelings, especially since this particular spot lay within a tract of land given by the King of Spain to the original city of San Antonio, and is therefore held in historical reverence.

The citizens had no money to spend on it, but wise heads among them planned, nevertheless. To-day an exquisite municipal lily-pond and Japanese garden invites the public. Prison labor was used entirely and the trees and lilies were gifts of local florists.

There are ugly spots on the outskirts of many towns that could be turned into gardens at the mere cost of labor and a little work on the part of interested citizens.

In Chelsea, Massachusetts, Judge Albert Besson tried an experiment which reflected good all around. Instead of the usual punishment for a group of six boys who were brought before him for breaking into a freight-car and stealing candy, he ordered them to keep the longest street in the city clean for six months. The boys went at the work with enthusiasm and soon it was the cleanest street in the city. And woe to the person who threw rubbish on it!

Every village in the new republic of Czecho-Slovakia is to have a public library.

A small city in Missouri was perplexed with the problem of keeping its only paved street, two miles in length, free from accumulations of dirt, but it had no money to spend. The women asked the city fathers to give them a chance at keeping it clean without cost to the city. The project was looked upon dubiously, but the women were given a free hand.

They had the dirt swept and shoveled up, sold one hundred dollars' worth of it, and had the remainder taken to the cemetery to fill up the low places. With the proceeds from the sale of the dirt they bought a second-hand sprinkler for the use of the city.



AS PART OF THEIR EXTENSIVE AGRICULTURAL PROGRAM, THE SCHOOLS OF LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, DEVOTE CONSIDERABLE STUDY TO THE CONSERVATION OF BIRD LIFE, SO IMPORTANT TO GARDENS AND CROPS. THE ECONOMIC VALUE OF BIRDS IS CONSIDERED, BIRD CLUBS ORGANIZED AND BIRD-HOUSE EXHIBITS ARE HELD

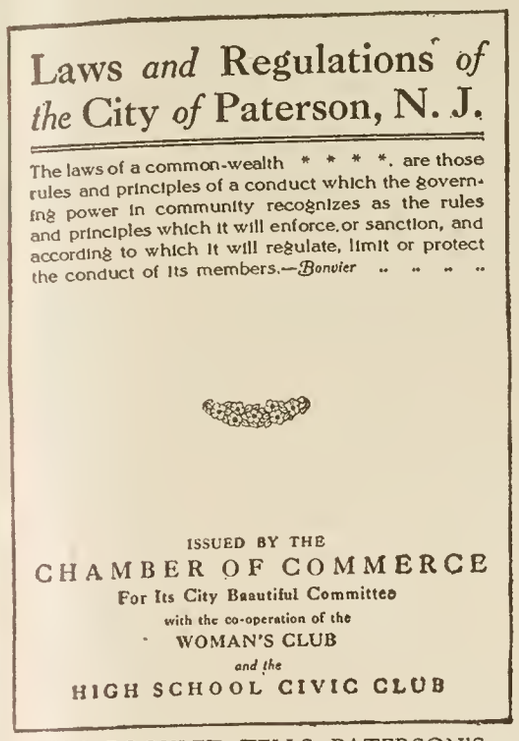
WHERE EVERY CHILD KNOWS THE CITY'S LAWS

IN PATERSON, New Jersey, the wise men make the laws and the boys and girls make them intelligible.

To drive home the idea of a city kept beautiful by law and order, the children in the civics class of the high school were set to work simplifying and classifying the city ordinances. All the musty laws were stripped of their long words and high-sounding legal phrases of which lawmakers are so fond.

Then, working in conjunction with the Woman's Club and the Chamber of Commerce, a booklet was prepared—one copy for every school-child in the city—giving a brief digest





THIS BOOKLET TELLS PATERSON'S LAWS IN CLEAR, SIMPLE LANGUAGE

of the laws in simple language. In each booklet was left a space for the owner of that particular copy to sign his or her name.

In preparing the pamphlet the children learned the city's laws, talked about them—and carried the talk into their homes. They took a keen interest in the project because it was their own job entirely. And they took pride in the accomplishment because each child had his own personal copy of the laws of Paterson.

The booklet contained all the "live" regulations. There were no "dead" laws in it. Some of the subjects covered were safety, health, sanitation, park regulations and police, fire and traffic rules.

A few typical paragraphs from the police regulations section follow:

Reckless Playing:

Here are some of the ways in which thousands of children have been killed or hurt. The policeman warns you not to do these things:

Hitching on the back of trucks or street cars.
Roller skating in the street.
Sliding on pushmobiles in the roadway.
Daring each other to run across the street in front of moving vehicles.
Building bonfires.
Playing on fire-escapes and unprotected roofs.
Riding bicycles in crowded traffic.

Getting Off a Car:

Do not jump from a moving car. Do not get off until you are sure other vehicles are not in your way.

Here is a practical way to make children realize that laws, policemen, city councils and other things they dread are really for their own benefit. If your town could profit by this bring the idea to the attention of the proper people.

THIS SCHOOL SHOWS 'EM

THERE are many ways of promoting the idea of civic pride. While Paterson effectively accomplished it by passing laws and publishing them in an intelligible form, a New York school adopted the plan of instilling the notion into the minds of its young folks by "showing them."

In the eighth-grade government class of this institution they do a good deal of their studying by means of trips. The city authorities are willing, even eager, to cooperate. The children shown in the picture below have just been visiting Borough Hall. They have seen the headquarters of the department of street cleaning, the department of sewers, the fire department and have listened to talks on the workings of these departments.

Then they visited the borough president in his office and he told them about *his* work. He invited them all to a meeting of the board of estimate in New York, and they accepted. You can imagine how much more they learned from this trip than from studying these subjects out of a book.

CITIZENS IN KNEE PANTS

"LITTLE Men of the Sixth Ward" is the name of a boys' club in Madison, Wisconsin. The club slogan is: "We will begin now and not wait until we are twenty-one to become men." The idea of the club is to increase the interest of the boys and, through them, their parents, in the improvement of their section of the city.

NILES WOMEN GET TOGETHER

THE Women's Progressive League of Niles, Michigan, a city of six thousand, is a federation of all the women's clubs of the city. They purchased an island in the St. Joseph River and invited all citizens to help build it into a playground. Men responded with teams and tools, school-children came with rakes and hatchets. The island was cleared, and then entertainments and rummage sales were given to raise money for equipment. The island has now been deeded to the city, which has added electric lighting, a caretaker, roads and cement walks. Further plans include a swimming-pool, dance-pavilion, and the labeling of all trees and shrubs so school-children can identify them.

MADISON SHOWS THE WAY

AUTOMOBILE or other tourists passing through Madison, Wisconsin, are attracted by signs on posts and at all prominent corners addressed to them. They are maps of the city showing the best thoroughfares and places of interest which may be covered within an hour.

The cards were made out for the benefit of automobilists by the good-roads bureau of Madison and citizens were asked to suggest places of interest to visitors or routes that could be covered in the shortest time with the greatest profit to the sightseers.

Conspicuous arrows are along the way, guiding the tourist over the sight-seeing route. Citizens are requested to allow the arrows or signs to remain on their buildings during the Summer months. To test the trip a thousand automobiles followed the arrows one evening. A group of communities in a county or smaller cities could work out a route of this kind.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, has a public-school library picture collection of more than seven thousand pictures carefully catalogued and indexed, so that nearly every subject can be taught with illustrations. Here's an idea for every small town or school district.



A NEW YORK SCHOOL TEACHES ITS CHILDREN CIVICS BY TAKING THEM ON TRIPS TO SEE HOW THE GOVERNMENT MACHINERY REALLY WORKS

BREAD

Will Reduce the High Cost of Eating



PRUNE AND NUT SANDWICH

Slice the bread and cut out with a fancy cutter. Rub half a pound of stewed prunes through a sieve, add pinch of salt, cup of chopped nut meats and juice of a lemon. Mix and spread on the bread and place two slices together.

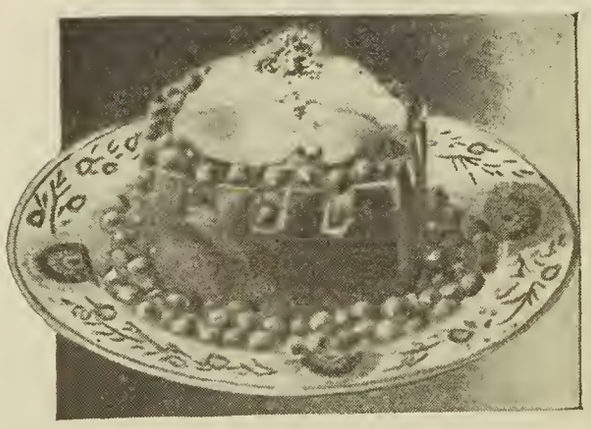
STEAMED BREAD PUDDING

Grease a mold and decorate it with almonds. Pour cup of hot water over two cups of bread crumbs. Add half a cup of chopped suet, cup each of molasses, flour, currants, teaspoon of soda, half a teaspoon each of salt, cinnamon, nutmeg, teaspoon of ginger, and one egg well beaten. Turn into mold and steam for two and a half hours.



BREAD CROQUETTES WITH PEACHES

To two cups of stale bread crumbs, add half a cup of chopped almonds, teaspoon of grated lemon rind, tablespoon of lemon juice, tablespoon of melted butter, quarter teaspoon of salt and one cup of milk. Heat and let boil one minute. Remove from fire and add yolks of two eggs. When cool, form into six croquettes. Roll in bread crumbs and fry in smoking fat. Serve with peaches.



EGGS AND PEAS WITH BREAD

Notch a thick piece of bread. Brown in hot fat. Melt two tablespoons of butter, stir in four tablespoons of flour, add two cups of milk and stir until it boils. Lay in halves of six hard-boiled eggs and beat gently. Put layer of stewed peas in bottom of bread case, fill with eggs and sauce and lay on hot dish. Arrange border of peas and serve.

THE food-bill of the American people is Twelve Billion Dollars a year.

More than two-thirds of this enormous sum is spent for meat, eggs, fish, butter, lard, etc.

Only one-seventh goes for bread.

Yet that one-seventh for Bread represents about the same food-value as the two-thirds. And the cost of Bread is only a small part of the cost of other foods. This because Bread is the most nutritious of all foods, contains no waste and is inexpensive.

The six recipes presented on this page suggest a few of the ways in which Bread will contribute to tempting, nourishing meals at little cost.

Many recipes of a similar character are given in a delightful little book, "65 Delicious Dishes Made with Bread," to be had, free, from your baker, grocer or the Fleischmann office in your city.

Bread is your Best Food and your true economy food today. *Buy an extra loaf today and save in your food-bill.*

A SAVORY NUT ROAST

Slice and toast a loaf of bread. Grind fine and add one pound of chopped nut meats, two cups chopped celery, one pound of tomatoes, half cup chopped onions, two tablespoons of melted butter, teaspoon of salt, teaspoon of pepper and two eggs well beaten. Bake in moderate oven one hour. Decorate with lemon and serve with tomato sauce.



BREAD AND MOLASSES TART

Rub half a cup of lard into two cups of flour, and half a teaspoon of salt and enough water to make a stiff paste. Roll and line a buttered tin. Mix bread crumbs with eight tablespoons of molasses, grated rind and strained juice of one lemon. Spread over the pastry and bake in hot oven thirty minutes. Serve hot or cold.



TINT GRAY HAIR YOURSELF AT HOME

AT forty or fifty a woman may still not feel more than twenty-five years old. But no matter how well preserved her skin may be, how clear the sparkle of her eyes or how painstaking she may be in other details of her toilette—in the end she will be judged by the appearance of her hair.

For there is no longer any excuse for permitting the hair to remain gray, faded and streaked. In one's own home, with no other help than a bottle of BROWNATONE, all its original color and beauty can be instantly restored—any shade from light to medium brown, dark brown or black—making it even more glorious and attractive than it was in youth.

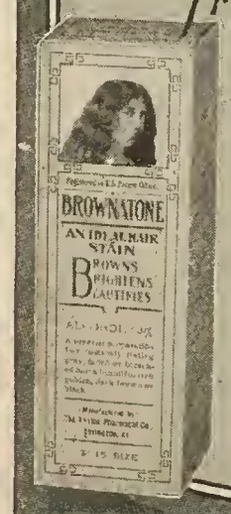
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MY LIGHTENED, BRIGHTENED FORTIES

BY A WOMAN

THIS is the experience of one woman, told by herself, of the critical years of middle age, that she believed should have been the most satisfactory period of her life, yet were shadowed by annoying physical ailments.

Her physician outlined a series of exercises—a regimen that might prove too strenuous for some of her sisters, but suited her particular needs.

A determination to forget herself, to fortify her physical organism and to broaden her mental horizon, worked wonders. She ceased to be a complaining invalid and became a helpful member of society.

While every woman must consult her physician and be guided by his advice during the years of middle age, yet her mental attitude will do much to counteract bodily ills and destroy the baffling fetish of inevitable poor health during middle age.

AT FORTY-THREE years of age I was reasonably happy—the contented possessor of a good home, a kind husband and children of whom any mother could be proud.

For the first time in twenty years I found myself freed from the insistent cares of motherhood, free to live something of my own life and to realize my own long-buried ambitions. My children were grown and busy with their own careers and interests, and my husband, like most American husbands, indulgent to me and proud of whatever success I might have in my club and social life.

"Now I will have time for my own affairs," I planned, when my youngest daughter had married happily. "I can take a more active interest in my clubs and church work and perhaps take up a course in civics or social science."

But by the time I was ready to take up the Autumn work of committees in clubs and civics I was "enjoying poor health," and I could not accept it with equanimity. For years women have been stoutly contending for freedom, yet all this time they have been clinging unconsciously to the tradition that when they approach middle age they must expect to become more or less invalids.

I resented giving up to the baffling fetish of middle age, which ought to be the most satisfactory period of my life. I recalled all the women I knew who were middle-aged, and I could not wish to be like any of them.

THEY retailed their ailments and their symptoms constantly and spoke with authority on dreadful operations. They seemed to take a mournful pride in having inadequate interiors.

I faithfully described my symptoms to my physician, Doctor Rose, as every one called her. I explained that I found difficulty in walking and that my stomach and I were no longer on good terms. I told her about the headaches.

She made a thorough physical examination and discovered nothing organically wrong. Then, with the privilege of an old friendship, she was frank with me. Of course she was diagnosing my case, and what she said to me can not apply to every other woman. Yet while every one should consult her own physician and abide by his rulings, I believe that some of Doctor Rose's principles can apply to all women who are passing through the critical years of middle age.

I WAS grateful, I know, to Doctor Rose for her honest analysis of my faults—faults she had grown to know through our long years of friendship.

"One trouble with you is that you have too much time to think about your symptoms and that you are too lazy to take exercise. I don't suppose you could walk two miles to save your life or climb a flight of stairs without panting. You do not even know how to walk—you waddle and limp and fall on your feet instead of walking."

I regarded myself critically in the mirror that night. I saw a stumpy woman with a high, thick waist, a fat neck and rather dull, uninteresting eyes. Most of the women in my clubs were of this type. We had become middle-aged mentally even more than physically.

Yet I knew other women of our age were alert, slender, smartly gowned, keen-witted and wonderfully gifted. If there was any way of avoiding the heritage of age, I was going to do it.

Doctor Rose gave me three or four simple forms of exercise. She explained that she was prescribing for my particular case and that no one should follow a set of exercises unless they were definitely laid down for her by her physician.

The first was a series of kickings before rising. They were simple and easy enough. I really did not see, at first, how I could obtain any benefit from them.

I lifted each foot as high as possible, one at a time, for three times. Then I raised both together while I counted three.

While I walked to the bathroom for my bath, I drew each knee to my chest with each step, bringing it up as high as possible and in an even line.

WHILE the water was running for my bath I rose on my toes while I counted seven. This was to correct a deficient arch and to give me a spring in my walk.

After this I did the ordinary "setting-up" exercises, hands on hips and squatting and rising with as little effort as possible; only three times at first. These were the only exercises I used for three months, adding more time from week to week as my strength and alertness grew.

The cold bath required the severest willpower. I loved my warm bath at night; but the cold bath in the morning had never appealed to me. It was so much easier to slap tepid water on my face and hands, slip on a comfortable negligée and go down to breakfast.

It was a woman sculptor who taught me the value of correct posture. We were looking at a figure she had just finished and she gave us an impromptu lecture on posture and the necessity of correct standing and its value to our health.

LIKE many other women, it had become a habit with me to rest all my weight on my corsets and to stand with my chest fallen in and my abdomen thrust out. A month of correct standing, with the abdomen held in its correct posture, cured me of several nagging little troubles and made a marvelous difference in my health.

Doctor Rose taught me, among other things, the value of sleep.

"When you go to bed you go there to sleep," she pointed out. "Otherwise you might as well stay dressed and working. If you are not going to eliminate the day's worry from your mind at night, why go to bed at all?"

So, because I have conquered my fear of age and my belief in its ascendeney, I have made myself over into a new woman. My waist has lost its thick stodginess; my headaches have vanished because I eat and exercise properly. And my feet bother me no longer because I visit my chiropodist regularly and because I have learned how to walk.

FOR years I had adopted a middle-aged walk. I humped along with rounded shoulders and dragged my feet like clumps of wood.

I learned to walk to music. Many war-marching songs were being sung. Prominent among them was, "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary."

I liked the swing of the chorus, and one morning while walking down-town instead of taking the car, as I had been wont to do, I found myself humming the tune and swinging along to its rhythm in a most spirited fashion. A friend met me and commented on my appearance since I had been away.

"Your trip must have done you good," she said. "You have the spring of a sixteen-year-old in your step this morning."

After that, when I went on long walks, I hummed this tune under my breath and marched in unison with it. I have acquired a springy step from this method that takes me long distances without tiring.

I no longer drag my feet and fall forward on them at each step. I pick them up smartly and set them down in front of me with as youthful a spirit as I can. I literally marched back into the spirit of my youth.

The ugly roll of fat on the back of my neck has vanished. The double chin is no more. I have learned to hold my chin in and not to slump when I stand still.

I no longer have a middle-aged figure—and I am too busy and too happy to pay any attention to it if I did have it.

I CAN see no valid reason why we should be expected to sacrifice this period of our lives. It is a period when we may frankly lay aside our waistline and look at ourselves through our own eyes and not through those of any man, as we unconsciously do for the earlier portion of our lives.

Otherwise we reach the point of which Hutton speaks, "the last shelf of things," from which we look out into blankness. It is the blankness of middle age that stagnates and dries up but does not blow away.

At forty a woman is past the first flurry and hesitancy of youth. She has before her twenty of the best years of her life, rich in experience to be utilized with poise and wisdom.

Women have ceased to clamor as wildly for freedom as they did before the war, for they have earned their freedom and have taken it. But they themselves are the last custodians of their own most binding chains—the chains of the age myth. When they have discarded this, then they will have learned that ultimate freedom is not so much a thing to be bestowed upon them by any gift of man or of Congress, but a power to be cultivated and developed within and by themselves.

ONE woman I know, who was left a widow at "middle age," found herself the possessor of a small property, which in order to yield a living, needed careful management. She knew nothing of business, but she decided that she was not too old to learn.

The legal aspect of the small world of finance in which she was plunged, interested her. She took a course in business law.

To-day she is as capable of handling her affairs as a man. Her property not only has provided her with ample means on which to live but it has given her a keen interest in life and living.

The women who grow to middle-age in the new freedom which women are taking for themselves, will refuse to give up their health and their work at forty. They will find the way out.

The woman who is forty to-day can look forward and not backward. She too can achieve freedom.



Photo by Geisler & Andrews

DOLORES, OF THE MIDNIGHT FROLIC—A FAMOUS STAGE BEAUTY

THE MEN, THE MEN, THE MEN!

BY CELIA CAROLINE COLE

It's the best Beauty Department in any magazine. Best, because Celia Caroline Cole knows that beauty isn't determined by the shape of one's nose or the color of one's eyes. It is easy to have. It costs only time and effort and thought. To learn how to be beautiful write for the leaflets listed on page 83. They will be sent to you

ONE of them had wide-set, gray-blue eyes with black lashes, and without even glancing at any of the rest of them, we said, "She's mine!" Though we did wabble a bit in our mind when a little later we peeked at the one at the end of the row; run-away dark-red hair she had, and long sweet brown eyes and a face that said "I dare you," with a dimple in it.

They were "just girls," fresh from some school, sitting in a picturesque little station in Connecticut on their way to a Yale-Something game. We sat with our back almost against them absorbed in our new twenty-two-dollar brown boots, but our ears simply jiggled with interest.

"I hate 'em *most*," flashed Red-Top, "when they *squeak*, and their collars shine and are too big and too high, when they're dressed up *stiff*, you know——"

"Oh, I can stand that!" broke in a lovely dark-brown one. "They're sort of funny then. But they're horrid when they're not clean. It's the one thing I can not *stand*, messy nails and unpolished shoes and spotty clothes and a collar that's been worn before and teeth that have—well, whatever that old thing is teeth have when they aren't shining white. I can't, can't *stand* that kind!"

"Oh, they're pathetic all round," said the one that was mine, the gray-blue one with gray squirrel up around her ducky, pink chin. "They almost never are exactly right. And it's because they don't use their brains—or their mothers don't. They don't study their *type*——"

BEFORE we could stop it, we had turned around and said, "My dear!"

And then we all stared at one another.

So we picked up our muff and our nicest manner and went right around and sat in the middle of them and told them we were a little hypped on "types" and preached about it in a kind of pulpit and that we hadn't meant to break out like that at them, but we just had, and there we were. And then we said, "It's men, isn't it!"

"Boys," smiled Red-Top, refusing to be flattered in that subtle way.

And then they all talked at once while their teacher-chaperon, who had been walking up and down the end of the platform, took her lorgnette off me and went on walking up and down, thinking out the origin of the objective phenomenon once simply known as the earth.

And we talked about boys. And, as we grew more intimate, men.

"I don't know why I do, but I always look at their shoes first. In a car, for instance, such heaps of shoes come in, unpolished, a broken tie, maybe, tied up, and all the wrinkles in them that their feet have made in walking. Why can't they use shoe-trees, the way we do! Just what would they think of us if we wore shoes like that?"

"Men's feet are usually so nice," we murmured from our large knowledge of men, fathers and brothers and things, "nicer than ours, on the whole, because they don't abuse them by long pinchy toes and high heels. Too bad they don't dress them up properly and add to the beauty of the underworld. They *do* get a habit of creased, unpolished shoes, don't they, even the nicest men—like husbands." And we hung our head in a secret shame.

"'N' then I look at their nails. Even when they're clean, and mostly they're not, not *really* clean, they aren't shaped. Why should a boy let his nails run wild! We don't. Why can't he file them so that they have some *shape!* He doesn't need to go to a manicure. He has eyes. It isn't going to make a lady of him just because he has decent nails. And when they're all bad, messy and stubby, and the cuticle grown up on them—ugh! I simply wouldn't have a boy like that—for a brother or—anything!"

"BUT not too polished!" we begged, "just nice, quiet, well-bred nails with only enough polish to make them look groomed."

"And why can't they have nice hair!" a sweet little plump one with whopping brown eyes demanded. "Mops! Perfect mops! Or lanky. What do they do to it?"

"Wash it!" we cried before anybody else could peep. "Wash it to death. And it gets harsh and dull-colored and moppy. Or else it simply gives up the ghost and goes away entirely, along about forty. That's what happens to regular men. Supermen like grand-opera singers and matinée idols and artists and a few others who refuse to be unpleasant to the eye simply flock to a place I know and get their thriving little heads rubbed with cleansing tonic and brushed. There's a whole wing set off for men, and their top-knots are as silky and interested in life as our own Billie Burke's.

"I hear them laugh, and smell their smoky clothes, and sometimes even see them and call 'Hello' to the ones I know while I sit having my own top-knot encouraged. And they're not at all ashamed of it. They admit that women have somehow shut them out of color and soft materials, but they're going to be everlastingly consigned if they'll let women make them bald!" And we wagged our head defiantly just as we'd seen them wag it.

"Bully for them!" said the one who felt she should have been born a boy and so she dressed like that. "I don't care so *awfully* about their hair, though I like nice hair, and of course it does make them—well, er—more *interesting* to have hair, but they've *got* to be clean. It's funny how few boys—and men—are spick-and-span clean, you know; look clean and feel clean and smell clean. No stale-smoke smell about them and no smell of unaired clothes. I think I must have a good deal of pup blood in me, because almost the first thing I notice is the odor around people. Men don't air their suits enough and they should use some kind of perspiration destroyer. Ventilation! That's what men need!

"BUT of course I'd rather have them even unventilated," she went on, riding triumphantly over a few interrupters, "than perfumed! Ickybigoodle! That's the end of them for me if they've got on perfume!"

"Well, ra-*ther!*" came a chorus of response.

"Not even a little talcum after they've shaved?" we interceded. "Couldn't they have just that? Never scented soap nor perfume nor even toilet-water; no real sins, but, please, missis, let them have just a little talcum!"

"Oh, all right," she answered stingily, "but not much! And no carnation or rose or jasmine!"

"Mercy no!" we promised.

"And don't you perfectly hate when their shirts bulge?" broke in a regular magazine-cover of a girl. "You know—too stiff or something. Fat men do it such a lot. I wish they could always wear soft ones, silk, or those lovely soft flannel ones that cost a million dollars apiece, and then the tiny soft tucked ones for evening. I adore those."

"Types!" we cried, jamming our muff like an accordion. "That's what's the matter with them. Men have such a funny kind of vanity; not a nice, obvious, constructive kind like ours. There are so many things they can't be told! I think it goes back to a deep, unconscious sense of injustice done them by us when we took away from them laces and velvets and gorgeous colors and diamond shoe-buckles and brocades, and said, 'Now, *we'll* be decorative, and you be useful, darling!' And so when you want to buy them their ties, they say, 'Now never mind, I'll do my own buying.'

Concluded on page 94



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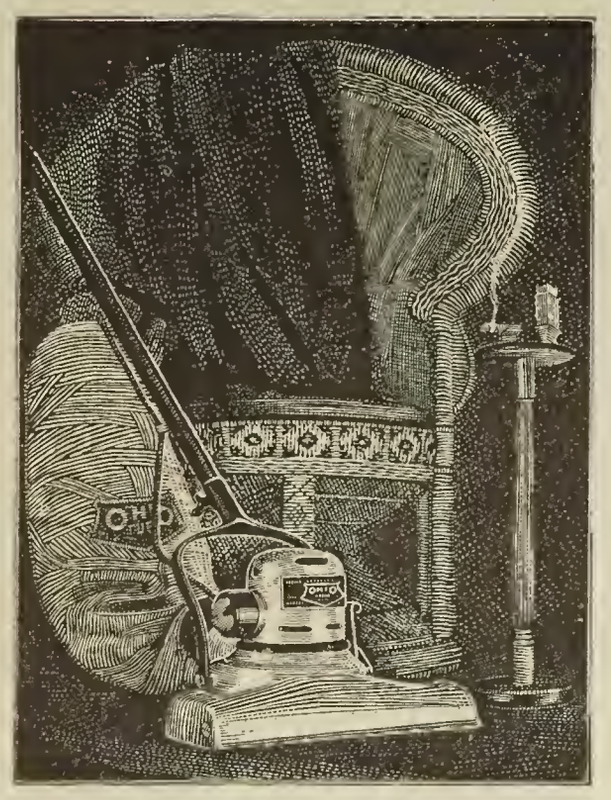
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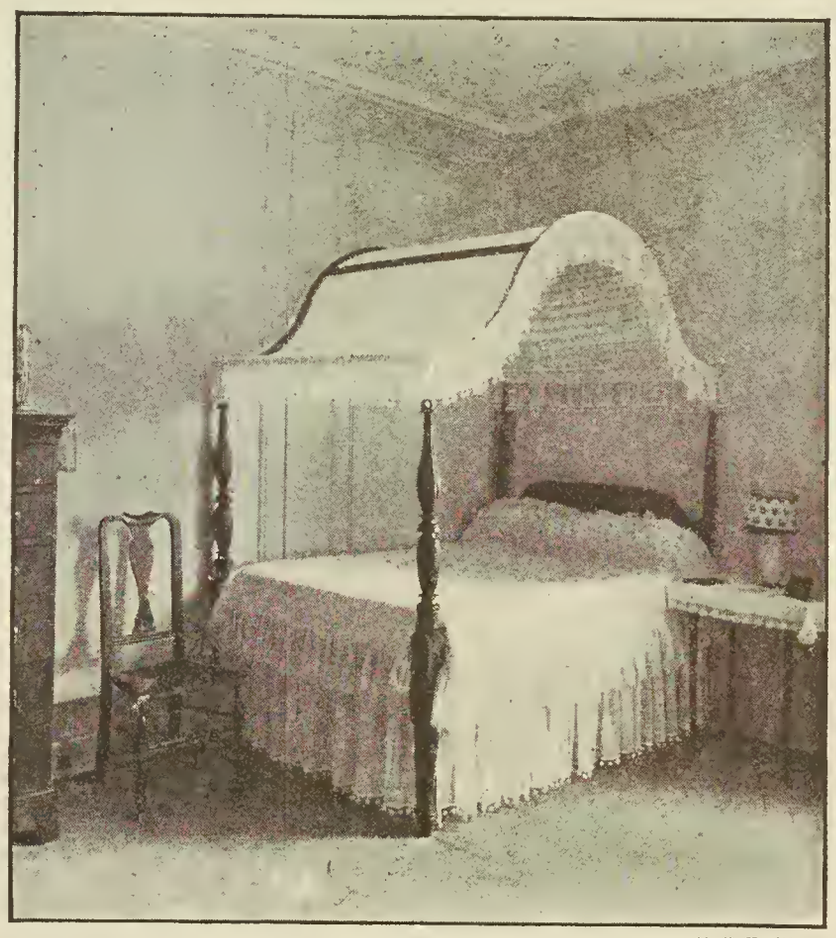
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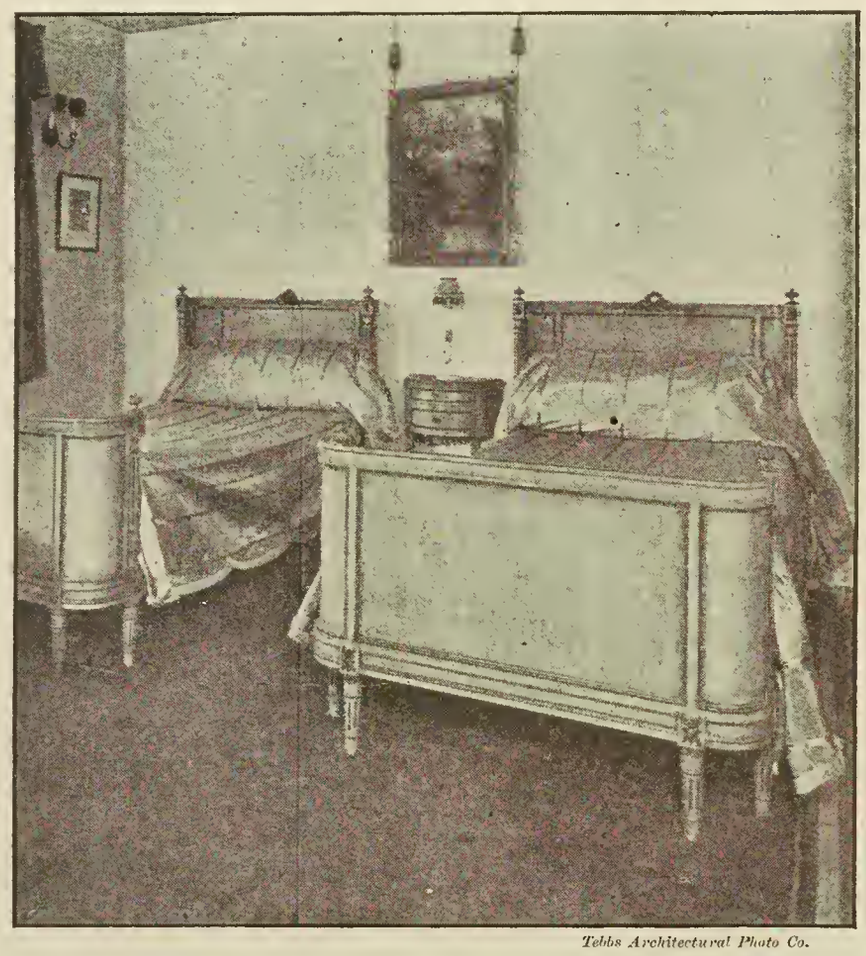
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THE NEWEST OF NEW STYLES DEVOID OF FOOTBOARDS

THE VERY LAST WORD IN BEDSTEADS, FROM THOSE WITH SIMPLY PAINTED WICKER HEADBOARDS AND FOOTBOARDS AND SPREAD WITH DIMITY, TO ELABORATE MAHOGANY COVERED WITH SATIN AND BROCADE. FOR A FULL DESCRIPTION OF THE NEWEST MODES IN BEDS, SEE PAGE 76



Photo by Tiemann

THE RIGHT FLOWERS FOR YOUR HOUSE

BY MRS. GALEN J. PERRETT

ASSEMBLING flowers is like poetry: You have to have feeling. You have to have some message straight from the heart. And then it's like architecture, in that it has its definite laws of construction, its own ideals of beautiful form.

That sounds rather formidable, though, doesn't it? But it can be as simple as hollyhocks growing by a doorway in June.

I can see the hollyhocks now: pink hollyhocks in front of Jean's gray-shingled cottage, happily enlivening it with their color, guarding it like sentinel cedars. Different plants, of course, have different structural values, and just because hollyhocks make good doorkeepers, you wouldn't want them ranged single file about the house. It would be like having a line of bayonets about it, or the pointed evergreens that you sometimes see in front of houses nowadays.

As a general rule, flowers like hollyhocks or the cream yuccas should be planted at the corners of a house or by its unporeched doorways, with massed effects like sweet-william or phlox in between.

USUALLY, however, I think we know how to use the colors of the various flowers long before we appreciate their structural values and the nice uses we can make of them. I know when I think of the iris that Helen has planted about her lovely casement bay window, it's the heavenly blue and cream of their flowers that I see first, and only afterward the decorative effectiveness of their sheath-like leaves.

And when I think of the burnt-orange butterfly-weed that Mrs. Ball, the sculptor, has planted in the cedar court of her broad simple stucco house, I invariably think of the butterfly-weed the Summer we were at Point Pleasant, and how brilliant and rich it was against the gray of the dunes and the blue of the sea and sky.

Mrs. Ball's border is always orange. In the Spring, for instance, there are tall burnt-orange tulips. In June, there are Oriental poppies. In August, there are great tiger-lilies; while the Tritomas bloom indefinitely after that. You've no idea, unless you've seen it, how effective this orange is against the sand color of the stucco, while Mrs. Ball's border is really one of the simplest examples I know of an effective succession of bloom.

Houses are like people: They have a way of looking best with certain colors. What colors would I choose? Let me see, I think I'd choose light pink for gray shingles, the salmon pink of geraniums for dull-brown shingles; a strong deep rose color with an edging of heliotrope and ageratum for brown paint; gay yellow sunflowers for dirt-colored houses; the strong, deep blue of hyacinths for yellow bricks; and scarlet geraniums for blackish-green houses, or for white houses like the old Long Island farmhouses that have blackish shutters.

I LIKE that black-green ever so much, and it's a good lasting color that never grows shabby, for long after the green has faded, the lamp-black stays by and takes on its own weathered tones.

A white house, you see, is not only itself, it's its shutters. And so if you've light, bluish-green shutters, you may like brilliant pink phlox; and if you've got pale yellow-green shutters, you may like the golden coreopsis; and if you've grass-green shutters, you may like nothing stronger than deep-cream and light-blue and pale-pink snapdragons.

Sometimes, on the other hand, you may wish to be like a schoolmate of mine who would have the flowers she liked best regardless, and then painted the shutters to suit them. The flowers were—what do you think?—orange-gold French marigolds, which I'd never want near a house of mine; they have such a strong, peculiar odor!

You see, not even in flowers about the house can you have what you want as you want it. Even with them, you have to suppress your desires for the good of the whole.

Yet one of the greatest charms in flowers about the house is that they do allow you a sort of endless freedom, an endless opportunity to adventure and to grow in wisdom and in knowledge. I speak from experience!

You've heard people say that they simply can't make things grow. I started out far worse than that, I actually killed things!

I REMEMBER the first Spring I set my heart on growing forget-me-nots by my terrace wall —poor little forget-me-nots that died for love of a brookside in the Adirondacks, or the open banks of a nice leisurely canal, or the marshy shore of a little lake where they could bloom with the irises! I was finally persuaded to start in what I considered a very ignominious fashion with plain mixed nasturtium seeds—as though nasturtiums had not a unique and colorful place of their own in the world of flower design, and as though you could not express very beautiful thoughts in just such a simple way.

My flower border, now, for instance, which you would call the latest word in color expression, is really made up of a few packets of seeds. You know a great deal has been happening to our color world since the painters of the last century first stopped painting landscapes in their studios and took their easels out into the fields. We've really discovered the colors of the out-of-doors, color in living light, color that is dramatic and vibrant with feeling and with meaning.

And it is the marvel of this dramatic meaning of color, about which we heard so much when the Russian dancers first brought their Bakst scenery to this country, that my zinnias brought home to me last Autumn.

For imagine, instead of the flatness of a single tone of red, amaranth, salmon pink, crimson, carmine, tomato, violet rose, madder carmine, like the vibrating brush-strokes of a canvas, against my vine-clad wall, with just a few light-blue salvias, just a few blue and plum-colored scabiose, just a few heliotropes and ageratum in front of them to set them off.

Since I've been at Beltower on its Katonah hill-top and have seen the flowers in the sunless courtyard there, I feel as though I was born for a special missionary to sunless city yards. If you happen to have sunless exposures, I do wish you could see it in the Spring, with its white violas and columbines; in July, with its white snakeroot and anemones; and again with its Japanese anemones in September, all such beautiful dark-green foliage, not to mention the hydrangea and *Polygonum* vines.

IT'S just marvelous the way things will grow if you only know what to grow and where to grow them—even the sand-dunes will blossom like the rose. No, *with* the rose! You ought to see the flower path from the boat-house at Land's End, abloom from May to July with its wild roses, with the Blanda, the Nitida, the Carolina, against a background of bayberry and elder.

The main thing, however, about it all is that we are all getting to have an architectural feeling in our flower-planting; are working it out in an architectural way. We no longer build houses high up out of the ground with piazzas all around them and put specimen shrubs and trees about the grounds, with flowers in round and crescent beds.

We connect our houses and our grounds in the most beautiful and ingenious ways. Such beautiful homes as we have, homes with the loveliest old-fashioned gardens, homes with great evergreen gardens, with rose-gardens, with pool-gardens!

We have learned, too, to have terraces—terraces as much a part of the house-plan, as habitable, as any you would find in England, and terraces upon terraces, as in Italy. At Montwell, for instance, there is a great cloistered court, larger than any I ever came across in Florence, one mass of marvelous color.

Just to think of them all makes me feel as though I had been on far-away journeys to the lands beyond the Hesperides. Yet I never come back to my own little home in the suburbs without the rich and satisfying realization that it can express as much in its small measure as any of the great country places I have visited, just as a five-lined lyric may be as fine; if not finer, than a longer poem. It's all a matter of feeling and expression, not of size. And for the most of us, a little house actually has much more sentiment and romance.

The things you can have about a small place! To begin with, entrance paths with nice broad-matted edgings that needn't obtrude themselves at all, if you plant golden-tuft, clove-pinks, *Nepeta*, snow-in-summer and verbenas. Then how I love entrance paths that are edged with box and have flowers like heliotrope and ageratum and snapdragons blooming beside them!

Sometimes you can make a house (if it's the kind that will take to it) look very grand and hospitable by putting a wooden balustrade in front of it, about ten or twelve feet from the house, and then edging its grass terrace with flowers. Sometimes, when there is a grade, you can get a splendid effect by leveling up the ground about the house with a low stone wall.

We have two friends, who were married in a sort of love-at-first-sight fashion, who did this in the simplest possible way by piling up flat field slabs without any cement whatever, and then growing all sorts of flowers out of them as well as above and below them. And I never go to visit them that this little flower-garden doesn't symbolize for me the freshness and delight of their spontaneous matrimonial adventure.

STILL another way of framing the house is with the old-fashioned picket fences that have come back into fashion. I visited a country house last August near Watch Hill, Rhode Island, that was charmingly situated at the corner of a lane by the river. It had picket fences all about it, and what was still more interesting, picket fences between the various parts of the property, as, for instance, the fence with the lovely arched gateway that divided the sedate front yard from the little riotous flower-garden at the side.

And all this while, of course, I am leaving out the endless possibilities of flowers in our back yards—simply because it's too large a subject; but I can't help thinking what an impression it made upon me when I first visited at Laan Copes van Cattenburgh at The Hague.

It's a quiet, unimpressive, monotonous street in front, but from our guest-room window we looked down upon back yards to the right of us and back yards to the left of us, and behold! They weren't back yards at all, but the loveliest secret gardens, with pools and splashing-wall fountains and a perfect wealth of flowers against their dull green, vine-clad walls.

We don't have to go to Europe any longer to see beautiful back yards. We have beautiful ones right here at home; though, I'm afraid, we can't look out of every back window and find them! At least, not yet.

YOU see, flowers about the house is really an endless subject, and one that must be retold by every house that we pass. That is the reason THE DELINEATOR wants to be your confidant, a helpmate in your flower-planning, your adviser and friend.

If there is anything you want to know about flowers, even to their childish ailments or the soil they best thrive in, THE DELINEATOR will be delighted to tell you, for flowers, you know, are very much like children in this as well as in the irresistible way they have of making you live not only in a palpitatingly exciting present, but in an iridescent future.

You have only to write to the Garden Editor, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Address your letter in care of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City.

A Food—
A Confection

Help yourself freely to the most luscious and wholesome fruit in the world—Dromedary Dates. No one is too young or too old to enjoy this sugar-laden fruit. Eat them with meals and between meals.

Dromedary Dates

Dates stuffed with nuts, marshmallows, or Dromedary Cocoanut are easily digested and healthful. Children prefer them to candy.

Dromedary Dates, carefully layered and wrapped, come only in the yellow and brown dust-proof package.

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—and today it is the most widely used baby food in the world!

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130 William St., New York City

Please send me Free a Mother's Book and trial package.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Infantile Paralysis

Caused this Deformity



This letter from Hon. Boyd Watkins, member-elect Mississippi House of Representatives, and Mrs. Watkins, should interest every parent of a crippled child.

Our son Raymond walked on the toes of his right foot, due to Infantile Paralysis. He was in your Sanitarium exactly four months when he came home with a straight foot, walking perfectly flat and with ease.

Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Watkins,
R. R. No. 1, Lamar, Miss.

FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Hip Disease, Wry Neck, etc., especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis"; also "Book of References", free. Write for them.

McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium
932 Aubert Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

C332



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Makers of Stork Shoes Stork Pants, etc.

STORK

OUR CHILD-HELPING SERVICE

CAROLYN CONANT VAN BLARCOM, DIRECTOR

These are love-hungry, homeless little children from different parts of the country who are calling to you to give them homes and a chance to make good.

They are all normal, both mentally and physically, but have been defrauded of the parental influence and normal home-life that every child needs.

If their appeal reaches your heart and you are willing and able to give love, opportunity and a home to any one of these splendid children, write to Carolyn Conant Van Blarcom, Director of THE DELINEATOR *Child-Helping Department, Butterick Building, New York City.*



HE WHO helps a child helps humanity with a distinctness, with an immediateness, which no other help, given in any other stage of human life, can possibly give again.

PHILLIPS BROOKS,
Bishop of Massachusetts 1891-93.

BLUE-EYED Helen with brown hair, the taller of the little girls in the picture to the left, has passed her sixth year, and is a very dainty maid quick of mind and gentle in manners. Like many little girls and boys who come to the children's aid societies, her home surroundings were so bad that the State had to interfere in her behalf and, by a court order, separated her when she was four years of age from the guardianship of her own parents. Fortunately, this tragedy came so early in her life that the impression has in no way reacted to her disadvantage.

There are many institutions to which this little girl might be sent, but she needs to develop in a normal home environment.

How much better if some Maryland family which has wished for a daughter would swing open its doors and welcome this winsome little girl.

May, three years old, otherwise called "the blonde chatterbox," considers every one her friend. She and her twenty-months-old little brother, whose picture you see on the right, are devoted to each other. Sixteen months have passed since their mother died and their father deserted. All efforts to find him have failed.

May and Albert have been under careful observation by the society which is now caring for them and in the opinion of those qualified to decide such matters, they are well worth the love, protection and education of some Maryland family.



THERE are some children for whom the institution is much better than the individual home. But for the average normal child—for your child should it lose you—the home is the place where you would want it to grow up.

JULIAN W. MACK.



THE three lovely little girls in this picture, nine, eleven and thirteen years of age, respectively, are sisters. They were abandoned by their mother and their father is no longer able to provide for them.

They are exceptionally bright and in school are from one to two years in advance of other children of their age. What a fine opportunity for some big-hearted woman in Kansas to take these three sisters into her home and rear them together. She would be richly repaid in their love and appreciation.



DONALD is a lonely little seven-year-old boy. Nothing is known of his own family and his adopted mother has recently died, leaving him for a second time adrift.

He is an intelligent, sympathetic, sensitive boy, has a good mind and gives every promise of becoming a good man. He needs a permanent home in Massachusetts with people who love and understand children.



DID you ever see finer faces than these, with their good brows and well-set eyes?

These boys are no relation, but both are eight years old, are doing exceptionally well at school, are thoughful and considerate, and at the same time are lively, healthy young Americans. Each is a half orphan whose surviving parent is unable to care for him. The agency which has these boys in charge is anxious to place them in foster-homes in Kansas offering affection and opportunity for development.



FRANK is seven years old and as he was deserted by his parents has never known the tenderness of home life. He is full of fun, but has a hot temper and is inclined to be stubborn. He needs careful, loving care.

He is very fond of picture-books and makes up marvelous tales; indeed his teachers consider his story-telling imagination very remarkable. He also shows some talent for drawing.

He is a blond, rosy and dimpled—a wide-awake little mischief who will make happy some good Protestant home in Pennsylvania.



JOSEPH is a rosy, jolly little fellow and while showing himself to be a real boy by being something of a scrapper he is affectionate and easy to manage. He is a very attractive little boy with brown hair and eyes and a fair skin.

He is five years old and was born of Catholic parents. As he is a deserted child, nothing is known of his forebears, so we are anxious to see him taken into a good Pennsylvania home where he will be given the affection he craves and an opportunity to make good and develop into a happy, useful citizen.



VINCENT is five years old and has been abandoned by his parents to face the world alone. He should have a good Catholic home in Pennsylvania.

He is a mischievous little fellow with large dark eyes, brown hair and swarthy skin. He has a round and merry little face, is full of life, but shy with strangers. He shows considerable thought and capacity for studying out the things he wishes to do. The photograph shows him quite serious, but we think that this was caused by his wonderment at the camera, as he had never had his picture taken before.



BOB'S mother is dead and his father has deserted. He lives in Pennsylvania and is worthy of a good Protestant home in that State.

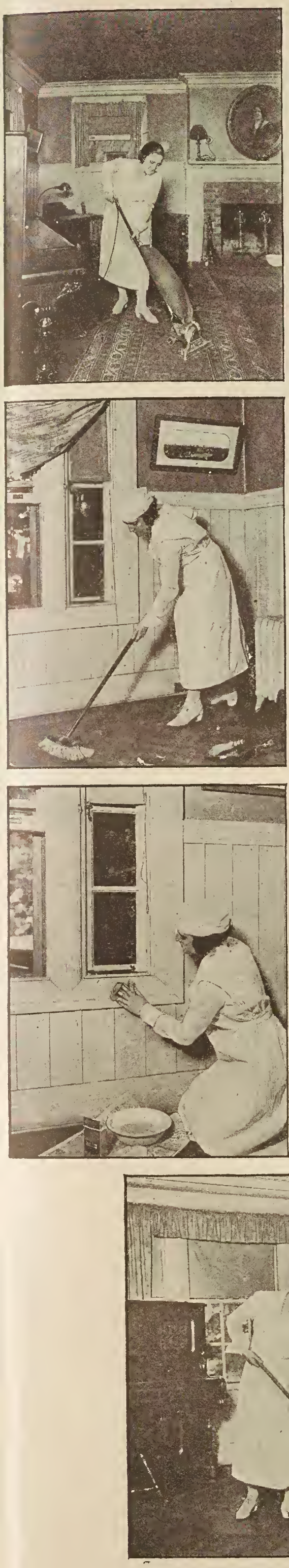
He has light hair and blue eyes. He is an affectionate little fellow. He loves to do errands, is very dependable, and has a ready wit. He is very fond of flowers and whenever he sees a visitor coming from the society that has him in charge will scamper away to gather flowers or leaves for her. He is ten years old and would be a satisfaction to foster-parents who could appreciate a fine boy.

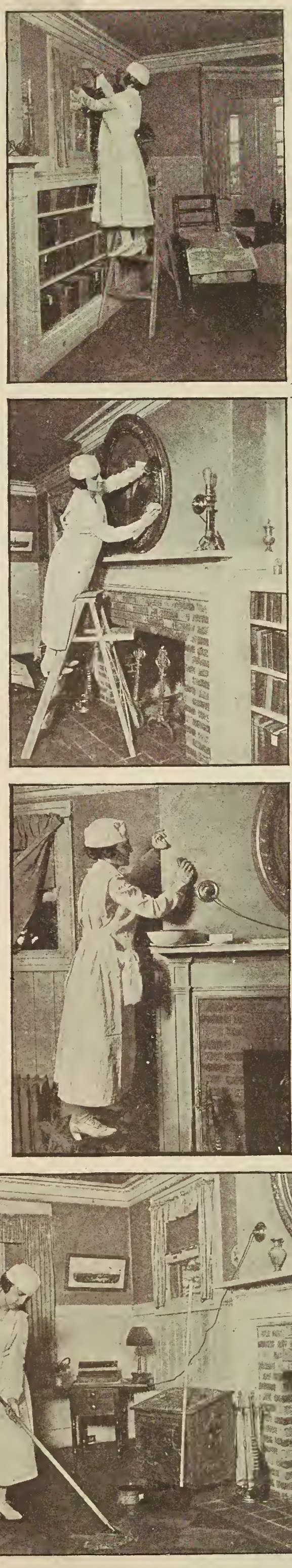
CLEANING YOUR ROOMS CORRECTLY

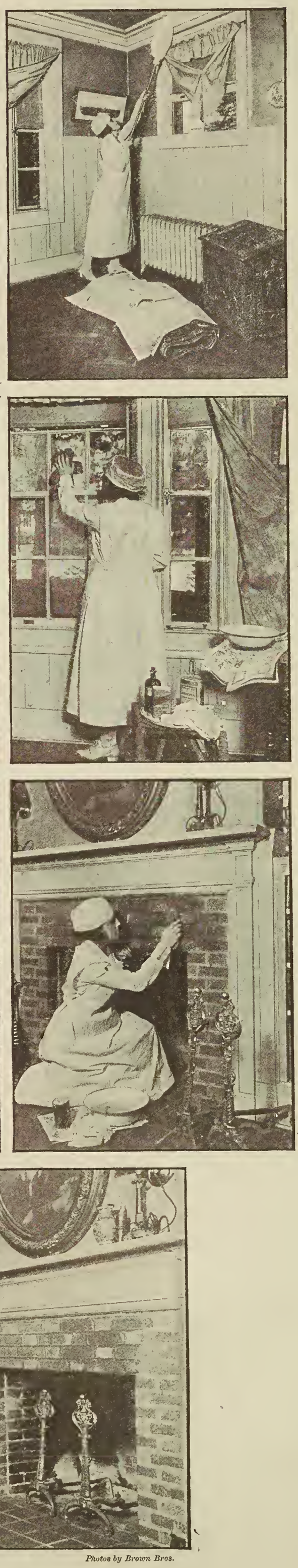
WITH THE LEAST EFFORT AND BEST RESULTS

BY FLORA G. ORR

Home-Economics Editor









Photos by Brown Bros.

READING THE PICTURES FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, THIS STORY REALLY TELLS ITSELF. BUT IF YOU WOULD HAVE ALL THE CONCRETE, EXACT DIRECTIONS, TURN TO MISS ORR'S TEXT ON PAGE 37



A WOMAN'S pride in a well-furnished home does not stop at the kitchen door.

She is just as proud of her kitchen as she is of her attractively furnished living room, dining room, library and bedrooms.



"Wear-Ever"
Aluminum Cooking Utensils



"Wear-Ever" utensils form an important part of the equipment of thoroughly modern homes.

"Wear-Ever" utensils are so bright and clean that food prepared in them is always appetizing—always seems to taste better than when ordinary utensils are used.

"Wear-Ever" utensils are made without joints or seams and are thoroughly sanitary.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

Look for the "Wear-Ever" trade mark on the bottom of each utensil

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.
New Kensington, Pa.

In Canada, "Wear-Ever" Utensils are made by Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

WEAR-EVER ALUMINUM TRADE MARK



Gorham Silver Polish

THE use of the Gorham Silver Polish, made, recommended and guaranteed by The Gorham Company, is the best and safest way to give new lustre—new life to the table silver service—your silver toilet set and silver ornaments of every character.

Does not scratch or injure in any way. Cleans perfectly—polishes beautifully.

Gorham Silver Polish is made in three forms:—a smooth, velvety CREAM, very convenient; a solid CAKE, very popular and most economical; and a POWDER, very efficient and still in demand by many housekeepers.

Sold and recommended by jewelers, druggists and grocers.

A sample will gladly be sent postpaid upon receipt of ten cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Address

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New York London Toronto



MARCH MERRYMAKING

INCLUDING SAINT PATRICK'S DAY FUN

BY EDNA ERLE WILSON

Have you ever tried to entertain several hundred persons? Well, here's a way to do it, not only on Saint Patrick's Day, but on any day. The stunts are suitable for class parties, village gatherings and amateur theatricals. Directions for seven other stunts will be sent upon receipt of a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Address Edna Erle Wilson, Delineator Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City.

ENTERTAINING *en masse* is more difficult than providing amusement for a small neighborhood group. In a large gathering there are inevitably moro guests who are unacquainted, and some plan must be decided upon for mixing the crowd and keeping a formal social ice from forming. Then also the kind of games and stunts which are suitable for a small group will not answer the purpose in a big one.

When the junior class of a city high school decided to have a jollification in honor of Ireland's patron saint, the guests numbered between two and three hundred. Not a whit discouraged by this fact, however, the entertainment committee determined to make the "jollity win out over the jam," as somebody phrased it.

The summons was sent forth on white paper with a green shamrock ornamenting one corner and the envelopes which held it were sealed with big splashes of green soaling-wax. This is the way the invitation read:

The Junior Class of the City High School
requests the pleasure of your company
at a
Saint Patrick's Party and Irish Vaudeville
On March the Seventeenth
from nine to twelve

THE big gymnasium where the party was given was decorated with green draperies and Irish flags, while bobbing rows of green balloons stretched saucily across the room. Bowls and jardinières of ferns and growing plants further added to the charm, and behind a shimmering screen of green cheese-cloth, dotted with paper shamrocks, the orchestra, consisting of a piano and a drum with their respective performers, was installed.

While the crowd was gathering, the musicians tuned up and Saint Patrick himself, who acted as master of ceremonies and wore a bright green tie in honor of his own birthday, led an informal sing. "Beautiful K-K-Katy," "There's a Long, Long Trail a-Winding," "Good Morning, Mr. Zip," and a score of other rollicking airs were sung.

The evening proper started with a novel kind of receiving line. This line was one in which every one had to join sooner or later and was really an ingenious device whereby each guest would meet and shake hands with every other guest. The hostesses stood together, the men formed one line and the girls another. The first man introduced himself to the first hostess, was passed on down the line, and eventually became a part of it, standing at its foot. The first girl followed his example, then another man, and another girl, until every one had passed down the line.

After each guest had exchanged a word or so and a handshake with every other guest, Saint Patrick again appeared on the scene and prancing to the center of the room announced through a large green megaphone that all guests should—

"Join, good friends, in a marching line
And deck yourselves with favors fine."

THE guests then formed the grand march and went through several of the most familiar figures such as the bridge, the pivot, the merry-go-round, and the countermarch. In the course of this frolicking they received green-paper caps and hats which were immediately donned with much laughter and many complimentary remarks.

"A shamrock race will now be run
With a prize at its end for the winning one,"

rimed Saint Patrick merrily, calling for volunteers for this novel contest. Each contestant was given two large pieces of green paper cut in the shape of shamrocks. The first piece of paper was placed in front of the contestant and he was told to step on it with his right foot. The other shamrock was for the left foot, and it was not permissible to step off the paper, such an occurrence putting one out of the game.

Saint Patrick blew a whistle for a signal to start, a goal was marked across the room, and the runners, amid much cheering and rooting, made their halting way toward it. A prize was awarded to the one who reached it first. This race may also be played with two contesting sides.

"If the Blarney stone you ever kiss
Your tongue will never speak amiss,"

next announced Saint Patrick. This exciting ceremony, which was in the nature of a trick, was private, so that the secret would not be given away to all the guests before their turn came around. A green arrow pointed the way to the Blarney stone and the seeker after the magic was blindfolded. He was then told to kiss the rough sandpaper surface three times, after which he would always be "irresistible." Twice he complied and before his lips touched it the third time a saucer of salt was emptied over it.

"In this class no one can nap;
Let's put some towns on Ireland's map!"

was the summons to Irish Geography. To play it two lines were formed, facing each other, partners side by side. Two sets of the alphabet were distributed; a green set was given to one side and a white set to the other. Saint Patrick called out the names of different Irish cities such as Dublin or Belfast, and those players holding the letters which formed the word came to the center of the room, holding their letter high. If a letter was used twice in the same word, the holder went first to one place and then to the other. In case of a double letter he needed only to wig-wag it back and forth. Saint Patrick acted as judge and decided which side formed the word first. A score was kept and a prize awarded to the winning side.

NO BETTER method of serving a large crowd can be devised than the one used at this party, which was à la cafeteria. Four tables shaded by green-paper umbrellas composed the only equipment that was necessary. The use of paper napkins and plates meant much less trouble for the entertainment committee when it came time to straighten up the gym. on the cold gray morning after the party.

Partners were found for supper by having the girls disappear behind a screen over which were thrown long green ribbons to which paper shamrocks were attached. The boys grabbed the shamrocks and found partners at the ribbons' ends. Then each couple was presented with a basket, and Saint Patrick called out:

"And now it's surely time to dine;
To find your eats, all fall in line."

So the guests did as they were bidden and procured their supper at the four tables. At table number one they found delicious sandwiches, at table number two a salad in a green-apple case. Table number three offered fruit and cakes, and table number four furnished the dessert in the form of dainty ices.

AFTER supper the last half of the evening's entertainment promised on the invitations as an Irish Vaudeville was offered by home talent. The stunts were all easy to carry out, the costuming was of the simplest, and most of the stage properties conspicuous by their absence. Although in this entertainment the numbers were given an Irish twist, they would be suitable for any other occasion by eliminating the Irish motif. Saint Patrick announced the opening number as "The Irish Newly Weds, Patrick O'Malley and his wife, Molly, straight from the old country."

This stunt was carried out by one man, one side of whom was dressed to represent Patrick and the other side costumed as Molly. This phenomenon was easily arranged by putting on the man's clothes first. On Patrick's side the hair was combed straight back, a soft green hat, with one side pushed into the other, was worn and on Patrick's foot there was a very masculine sturdy boot. Mollie's green dress was drawn together so that only one-half showed, one sleeve of her waist being pushed through the other, and on her foot was a frivolous high-heeled slipper ornamented with a green bow.

The impersonator carried on a most animated conversation, talking in a deep bass voice for Patrick, and in a shrill feminine one for Molly, all the time observing the Irish brogue. When Patrick was speaking, his side was turned toward the audience, and when Molly answered her side was switched around. The Newly-Weds made love to each other in most honeyed tones, then quarreled violently, had a reconciliation, and in fact acted a whole chapter out of a matrimonial romance.

ERIN'S Famous High Quartet came next. Crouching down on their heels these celebrated musicians sang "Mavourneen" in a low key. Gradually they rose, stood straight, then on tip-toe, and finally climbed upon chairs. Every time they changed their position their tones became higher and higher until at the close the audience was holding its hands to its ears.

The Hibernian Concert Company was another funny feature, giving opportunity for several stunts in one and making use of a number of performers. Mike Kelly, the manager of the company, was seated at the piano to try out the various aspirants after theatrical fame. As each applicant entered, he or she was asked what he could do and was then requested to give an example of his talent. One girl recited in a shrill, trembling voice, another sang in a deep bass, while a third rendered a classical dance. Number one was rejected because her "temperament was too pronounced," number two because her "voice wouldn't stay put" and number three because her "feet got in each other's way."

The audience was convulsed with laughter when the whole O'Brien family appeared at the bureau in quest of vaudeville engagements. There was Papa O'Brien, very tall and impressive; Mama O'Brien, short and stout; Aunt Kathleen O'Brien, an old-maid relation with a tall thin body and a harsh thin voice. The O'Brien twins were two simpering girls, fetchingly dressed in green cheese-cloth dresses. The last member of this astonishing family was "Terry, the terrible," a small boy, wearing dark trousers well patched with green, worn-looking shoes, and a straw hat minus the crown. Each one performed a different stunt in burlesque style, and then they united in singing a song.

Other numbers on the program included "Paddy, the Wonderful Magician," "Taking a Ride in Patrick's Patrol-Wagon," "On a Balcony—An Irish Love Scene," "A Bare-Back Rider," "A Green Tragedy," "She Would Flirt," and "How to Grow Thin or Fat While You Wait."

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Exclusive Columbia Artists in the Latest Song Hits

Who kids them along in the latest song on Columbia Records only?—*Al Jolson!*

Who raises the roof with melodious mirth on Columbia Records only?—*Nora Bayes!*

Who knows how to mix song with laughter and tricks on Columbia Records only?—*Van & Schenck!*

Who jazzes the house by just opening his mouth on Columbia Records only?—*Harry Fox!*



Who starts on the quiet and ends in a riot on Columbia Records only?—*Bert Williams!*

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Where best will you hear these Columbia Records played?—*On the Columbia Grafonola!*

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Hamilton Beach Vacuum Sweeper

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This is the cleaner that gives most for the money. It combines every known cleaning advantage with a wonderfully silent motor that doesn't shriek and whine as it works.

It cleans by motor-driven brush and suction. The patented motor-driven brush is speedy yet gentle—gentle but firm. It whizzes up all clinging dirt and lint, and thoroughly shakes loose all deeply embedded particles.

Then the powerful suction sucks in all the dirt from the body of the rug, and carries off all surface dust and litter, while lifting and straightening the nap.

No desired thing has been overlooked in this cleaner. It has beauty, strength, and efficiency. It beats and sweeps and cleans! It is built by Hamilton Beach, Racine, Wisconsin. Built to their standard as the world's largest makers of household motors. Naturally, the motor is guaranteed.

Phone Your Dealer for a Free Trial

Hamilton Beach

R. F. Ingerle

CLEANING YOUR ROOMS CORRECTLY

DIRECTIONS TO ACCOMPANY PICTURES ON PAGE 33

DO YOU have trouble cleaning your house in an efficient way? Have you learned by precept or experience the easiest ways of doing things? Do you know how to use the labor-savers which are on the market?

If any of these questions interest you, you will also be interested in the room-cleaning movie on page 33. Here is shown a typical family living-room in various stages of the weekly or semiweekly cleaning. These stages really follow a definite order for definite reasons. If the sweeping were done before the dust had been brushed down from the walls, for example, it would mean that more dirt would settle on the floor during this process, so that a second floor brushing would be necessary.

In general, the following preparation is necessary:

1. Be suitably dressed. Have for your own protection a cleaning apron and cap.
2. Be supplied with the necessary equipment.

CLEANING-MATERIALS

Alcohol
Ammonia
Borax
Furniture polish
Kerosene
Paraffin
Rottenstone
Scouring-brick
Separator-oil
Scouring-powder
Soap
Sweet-oil
Turpentine
Vinegar
Washing-soda
Wax (floor)

ARTICLES FOR CLEANING

Chamois-skin
Cheese-cloth (best grade)
Cotton-batting
Flannel cloths
Flannel cloths for waxing
Rubber gloves
Scrub cloths
Soft cloths

UTENSILS FOR CLEANING

Brushes
Soft hair brush with long handle for sweeping floors
Scrub-brush
Soft brush
Trap-brush
Wire brush
Cornice-brush
Broom
Dish-pans
Mops
Dry mop
Oil mop
Old saucepans
Step-ladder
Vacuum cleaner, vacuum sweeper, or carpet-sweeper
Whisk-broom

Before buying any cleaning-tools always consider whether they will or will not be a saving in the long run. That saving may be in time, which means money, strength, "wear and tear" on the thing to be cleaned, or even a saving in the disposition of the one who is doing the cleaning.

PICTURE ONE

IN THE first picture, all the bric-à-brac (the less of it the better) has been dusted and removed from the scene of action, the ashes in the fireplace have been brushed down the ash-hole, the windows have been opened and the rugs are being cleaned with the vacuum cleaner.

Upholstered furniture should also be cleaned with the vacuum cleaner at this time. Small rugs can be taken out-of-doors, swept with a broom and shaken. Large rugs after cleaning should be rolled up and covered with newspapers or cloths, likewise the furniture after it has been cleaned.

PICTURE TWO

THE curtains, which are of a soft, fine fabric, are brushed with a small, rather fine brush, to dislodge the dust which may have settled there. Then the curtains are pinned back.

PICTURE THREE

THE ceiling, moldings and walls are brushed with a broom, covered with a cloth or flannelet bag. This method is especially desirable with wall-paper. Dust brushed from the curtains, in picture two, and settling on the walls, will be removed by this method. Brush back of the pictures with a soft hair paint-brush. Such a brush is also very convenient for reaching crevices in the woodwork, radiators and so forth.

PICTURE FOUR

ALL the dust has now been swept to the floor. Sweep the floor with a soft hair brush and dispose of the dirt. It should subsequently be burned.

PICTURE FIVE

GIVE the room a thorough dusting. Cheese-cloth is good for this purpose, or in fact any cloth which does not shed lint. Dust-cloths should be slightly dampened or oiled before using, just enough to hold dust. If too damp, there will be danger of streaks on furniture. Silk dusters are good for fine furniture. A silk cloth, of course, carries no lint. Soft dry chamois is good for polishing furniture. Dustless dusters, which have been chemically treated with oil so that they hold dust, should be washed often. Treat leather furniture with an oiled duster.

PICTURE SIX

WINDOW-WASHING comes next in order. Two cautions are in order here. First, if you are using a liquid cleanser, be careful not to use too much. If there is more than enough to dampen the windows, they will be streaked when you finish. Kerosene or alcohol is good for washing windows, particularly in cold weather, as these chemicals do not freeze. They do soften paint and varnish, however, so again it is necessary to caution against using too much so that it splashes on the framework of the windows. Do not use soapy water for washing windows. It leaves them cloudy.

In this picture the windows were first rubbed with a soft damp cloth, then a scouring-soap was applied with a cloth dampened with ammonia. Scouring-powder might have been used just as well. This coating is allowed to remain until it is perfectly dry, then the window is polished with a clean soft cloth. A piece of chamois gives a particularly fine gloss to windows.

PICTURE SEVEN

FOR white enameled woodwork use a soft wool cloth and wash with a solution of borax (one-half tablespoon to a basin of warm water). Wash a small surface of the woodwork at a time, then dry immediately with a clean dry flannel or flannelet cloth. If the woodwork is very dirty, flaked soap dissolved in hot water may be used. Always rub the way of the grain. This applies to all woodwork. Remove any spots with a scouring-powder.

For painted woodwork, warm water and soap enough for a light suds should be used. Wash only a small portion at one time. Wipe it carefully with a cloth dampened with clean water, then rub it dry with a second cloth which is dry. Do not apply soap directly to paint. If there are any spots to be removed, use a scouring-powder.

Varnished woodwork after dusting should be rubbed with oil, then rubbed dry.

Waxed woodwork needs no treatment other than rubbing with a dry cloth. Spots may be treated very sparingly with alcohol and then a new coating of wax applied.

PICTURE EIGHT

THE walls of this room are oil-painted and need only to be scrubbed with soap-suds and wiped off with clean water before wiping dry. Two basins or other receptacles are necessary for this operation. Walls covered with oilcloth or washable paper are wiped with a damp cloth, but it must be no more than damp, for if water works under the paper it will come off.

Calcimine finish can only be dusted with a dry cloth or with a covered broom as in picture three. A new coat of calcimine must be applied when the wall gets too soiled to endure any longer.

Fabric-covered walls are hard to clean. They can only be brushed with a stiff brush, and if this is to be done it should be one of the first things to receive attention in cleaning the room.

Wall-paper can be cleaned by the covered broom in picture three, or by rubbing with cotton-batting. Spots may be removed by applying fuller's earth or French chalk to the spot. Leave it for several hours, then brush off the powder. Calcimined walls or walls covered with wall-paper should receive treatment at the time indicated in picture three, rather than at this time.

PICTURE NINE

TO CLEAN the fireplace, first clean and polish the andirons. If these are of brass, the easiest way to clean them is with an acid such as oxalic, cream of tartar or vinegar. Rottenstone and oil is excellent treatment for brass. Moisten the rottenstone with the oil and apply vigorously to the brasses with a flannel cloth. Wash with hot soap-suds, rinse and dry. If desired, the acid treatment may be followed by the polishing with rottenstone and oil.

Set aside the andirons on newspapers and clean the fireplace. Scrub the bricks with a good stiff brush and a scouring-powder. Then rinse with clear water, still using the brush. Wipe out the fire-box from which the ashes have already been removed and wash and scrub the hearth, using the brush and scouring-powder. Wipe dry with a rough cloth.

PICTURE TEN

THE kind of floor determines how it shall be polished. For a waxed floor use a dustless mop. Rewaxing is frequently necessary. When this must be done, dust the floor with a thin coating of the wax, which can be rubbed in with a soft cloth or by means of a weighted brush, rubbing with the grain of the wood. Lastly, polish with a soft cloth. If a waxed floor is kept well dusted, the wax need not be used as often.

Painted floors, after being swept with the soft hair broom, as shown in picture four, should be dusted with a dry mop. Occasionally they may be gone over with a slightly dampened cloth.

Varnished floors after being swept, as in picture four, may be dusted with an oiled mop. Kerosene oil is good for use in this way. Do not use too much.

TO POLISH FURNITURE

APPLY furniture polish (as little as possible) with cotton-batting or cotton-waste and rub in well. Always rub with the grain of the wood. Dry with cotton-waste and polish with flannelet. Burn all oily cotton-waste. If it is left around it may cause fire through spontaneous combustion. Always wipe carefully the outside of the furniture-polish bottle before putting it away. When through polishing wash the flannelet cloths and hang them up to dry.

TO POLISH A PIANO CASE

WITH a slightly oiled damp flannel cloth polish the piano, a section at a time, drying it immediately with a flannel cloth. Chamois-skin is excellent for the final polishing. Always rub with the grain of the wood.

A small flannel cloth dampened with alcohol may be used for cleaning the keys. Do not touch the wood with alcohol. It removes varnish quickly.

When through cleaning, put away all cleaning things in a special cleaning-closet, if you are fortunate enough to possess one. And do be the possessor of one, if you possibly can.

How two girls transformed the living room



Try Old English Wax for

Furniture — Table Tops
Woodwork — Pianos
Linoleum — Leather Goods

A COUPLE of hours' work after school while mother was down town, and Margery and Helen simply *transformed* the living room!

Margery applied a thin, translucent coat of Old English Wax to the floor, giving it a wonderful, subdued lustre, full of soft lights and reflections, and Helen with cloth in one hand and the little can of wax in the other, gave the furniture that "hand rubbed" appearance that will last for months—and joy!—be easy to dust!

For there's nothing in Old English Wax to collect dirt and darken the fine wood. Smooth as silk and hard as glass, nothing can get through it. It's impervious to heel marks, hot water, or grease. And it brings out all the beauty of the grain of the wood in addition to protecting it.

What it costs to "do over" your floors

Many people are surprised to learn that Old English Wax offers the most inexpensive method of rejuvenating floors. Take as an example a room 14x18, or 252 square feet.

Varnished, shellaced or waxed floor in fair condition

1 pint Old English Wax $0.75
1 pint Old English Brightener ..... .70
$1.45

(While only the Wax is necessary, better results are obtained if the floor is first cleaned and polished with Brightener.)

Varnished, shellaced or waxed floor in bad condition

1 gallon Var-ni-go Varnish Remover $2.50
6 pounds Boyle's Paste Wood Filler 2.10
1 quart Old English Wax 1.50
(These prices for U. S. only) $6.10

You can easily do this work yourself, or your servant or "handy man" can do it. And you can use the floor the same day you wax it since it dries almost immediately. Complete instructions on every can of Wax. For free booklet or special advice, address THE A. S. BOYLE CO., 1103 Dana Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Old English Wax



Given away!

One pint can Old English Wax to purchasers of Old English Waxer and Polisher—the new device that makes the polishing of floors as simple and easy as dusting them with a mop.

If not obtainable at your paint, hardware, drug, house-furnishing or department store, remit to us; we will supply you both Polisher and Wax, parcel post, prepaid. Price, east of Denver, $3.50; Denver and west, $4.00.

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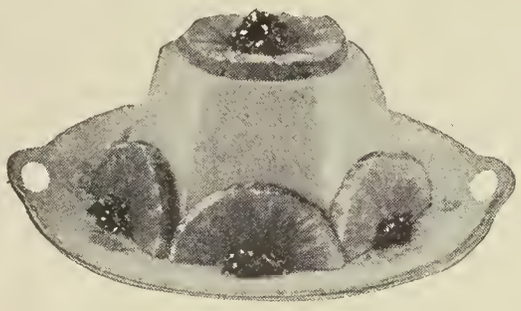
Mrs. Knox's Corner

"Dollar Stretchers"

"DID you know that canned fruits, cherries, strawberries, raspberries, peaches, pineapples, pears — whether you bought them in tins or put them up for yourself, will go "twice-as-far" if you blend them into fruit desserts or salads, and serve twice as many people as the fruit alone would serve?"

Take a cup and a half of canned fruit, for example. Alone, it makes only a few helpings—but when combined with ¼ package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine and made up into a Fruit Sponge, I have found it an ample dessert for six or seven people.

Try this Fruit Sponge Recipe of mine. Your family will call it a new delight, while you can enjoy it as a "dollar stretcher."



FRUIT SPONGE

½ envelope KNOX Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water
1 tablespoonful lemon juice
1½ cups canned fruits
1 cup canned fruit juice
½ cup sugar
White of one egg

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in hot fruit juice. Add fruit, sugar and lemon juice. When mixture begins to set, add white of egg, beaten until stiff. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water and chill. Serve with a custard sauce or garnish with whipped cream, sweetened, and flavored with vanilla, and chopped fruit.

KNOX

the "4-to-1" Gelatine

Speaking of "dollar stretchers," Knox Sparkling Gelatine is one in itself. It will stretch over four meals or go four times as far as the ready-prepared packages, which only do for one lunch or dinner and only make six servings. One package of my gelatine stretches out into twenty-four individual servings or will make four desserts for a family of six for four different luncheons or dinners, which explains why experts have always called Knox the "4 to 1" Gelatine.

Special Home Service

If you need any help with your home table problems, or in stretching your food allowance, write me, mentioning your grocer's name, and I will send you my recipe books "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy" which contain many helpful suggestions.

MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX
KNOX GELATINE
166 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.



"Whenever a recipe calls for Gelatine—it means KNOX"

This package contains an envelope of pure Lemon Flavor for the convenience of the busy housewife

DESSERTS IN BLACK AND WHITE

BY HELENA JUDSON

JUST why the last course of a meal is called "dessert" is sometimes misunderstood. As a matter of fact, it does not refer to the dish itself, but applies specifically to the clearing of the table. The word "dessert" actually means the unsetting or taking away of the unnecessary table equipment preparatory to the final course.

This explanation puts a new importance on the setting which should be given the dessert, as a simple dish gains something of elegance by the dignity of attractive service on a carefully cleared table.

Now that modern dining-room equipment includes so many odd side tables with accommodating shelves, as well as tea-wagons and various drop-leaf accessories, the preparation for the dessert need not be an embarrassment even when guests are present and the household is of the maidless type.

Everything but the centerpiece, glasses and necessary silver should be removed before the dessert is placed on the table. With a little practise this easily becomes a habit, even when the meal is a simple one and for the family alone.

The housewife who knows that the dessert she is preparing is to be shown to advantage is more apt to make it attractive in appearance. She will realize that while first impressions are important it is often the last impression of a meal, given by the dessert, that lingers in the mind as a pleasant memory.



MAGPIE CHINA ADDS A FURTHER NOTE OF SMARTNESS TO A BLACK-AND-WHITE DESSERT

DESSERT-MAKING is in reality a sort of culinary fancy-work and affords a splendid field for originality in serving and for the display of artistic talent in the way of decorations and garnishes. While it is almost impossible to discover a novel combination of ingredients, there are dozens of unusual ways of serving some of the oldest favorites.

Borrowing the idea of garnishes from other departments of cookery, desserts, both hot and cold, now have appropriate accessories which are ornamental as well as appetizing.

Among the novel decorations for cold desserts are overlapping slices of cake, arranged as a border around a mold of blanc-mange, jelly, sponge pudding or ice-cream. This is particularly good when the cake chosen happens to be slices of jelly-roll, as the addition of the jelly gives both color and flavor. A similar cake mixture, with chocolate-cream filling, the round loaf cut in medium-thick slices, makes just the right garnish for a brick of plain vanilla ice-cream.

For a change, try lining a mold with slices of jelly or chocolate roll, then pouring in the Bavarian cream, blanc-mange or a gelatin mixture. When cold and firm, unmold on a glass dish and decorate the top with spoonfuls of the jelly or chocolate, as the case may be. The colored spirals of cake-filling show effectively against the white background.

Diminutive éclair shells and tiny round cases, such as are used for Boston cream-puffs, make a suitable decoration for any cold dessert and have the added advantage of being holders for individual portions of pudding sauce, fruit sirup or whipped cream.

For instance, on a platter of chocolate blanc-mange form a border of cream-puffs filled with soft custard. This serves as sauce for the blanc-mange and the pastry shell answers as cake. Who could ask for more?

THERE are many simple tricks in the molding of gelatined desserts which give an appearance of elegance quite out of proportion to the time and labor involved. A supply of fancy double molds is unnecessary, as the same results can be attained by a clever arrangement of any two dishes of similar shape but different size.

Place the larger one on ice and into it pour sufficient of the liquid jelly to form a foundation the same thickness as the width of space between the two molds. When this layer is firm, place the smaller mold on it, fill it with ice, and then pour liquid jelly into the space between the two molds. When set, take a spoon and carefully remove the ice from the smaller mold. Pour in a little warm water and then quickly lift out the inner mold, leaving a space to be filled with some contrasting mixture, either of fruit or cream. When this is added, smooth carefully the surface of this filling and allow it to become firm before pouring in the remaining jelly, which finishes the dish and completely encases the filling in jelly.

Some housewives may find it easier to fill an entire mold with the liquid and allow it to become firm. Then, with a spoon dipped in hot water and wiped dry, scoop out sufficient of the center to give the space desired for the filling. A thick wall must be left in this case, otherwise the sides will fall in before the filling is in place. These ideas for molding are especially good when making lemon jelly, as part of the jelly can be reserved for the filling. Place it in a bowl on ice and just as it begins to stiffen beat until it becomes a mass of white froth. This is known as snow pudding and makes an excellent filling for an outer mold of transparent jelly. It is especially good when finely chopped nuts, raisins or fresh fruits are added to the foamy beaten jelly.

One of the accompanying illustrations gives an idea of the results of double molding, milk-white blanc-mange being used as the outer layer, or lining of mold, and prune whip as the filling. The garniture is of prunes and angelica.

When a housewife hesitates to attempt this double molding, a sure way of accomplishing decorative results is to pour the mixture while in liquid form into the dish in which it is to be served. This may be a glass bowl sufficient to serve the entire party, or the mixture may be divided into individual glasses. When partly set, embed in the surface whatever decorations have been decided upon, either of fruit or nuts, as shown in the photograph at the top of this page, where strips of fig radiate from an almond center. When a liquid sauce is to be served, a little well can be made with a warm teaspoon and an ice-cold fruit sirup poured in at the last moment. Crushed fresh or preserved fruit can also be served in this cavity and bits of the fruit used as a decorative border.



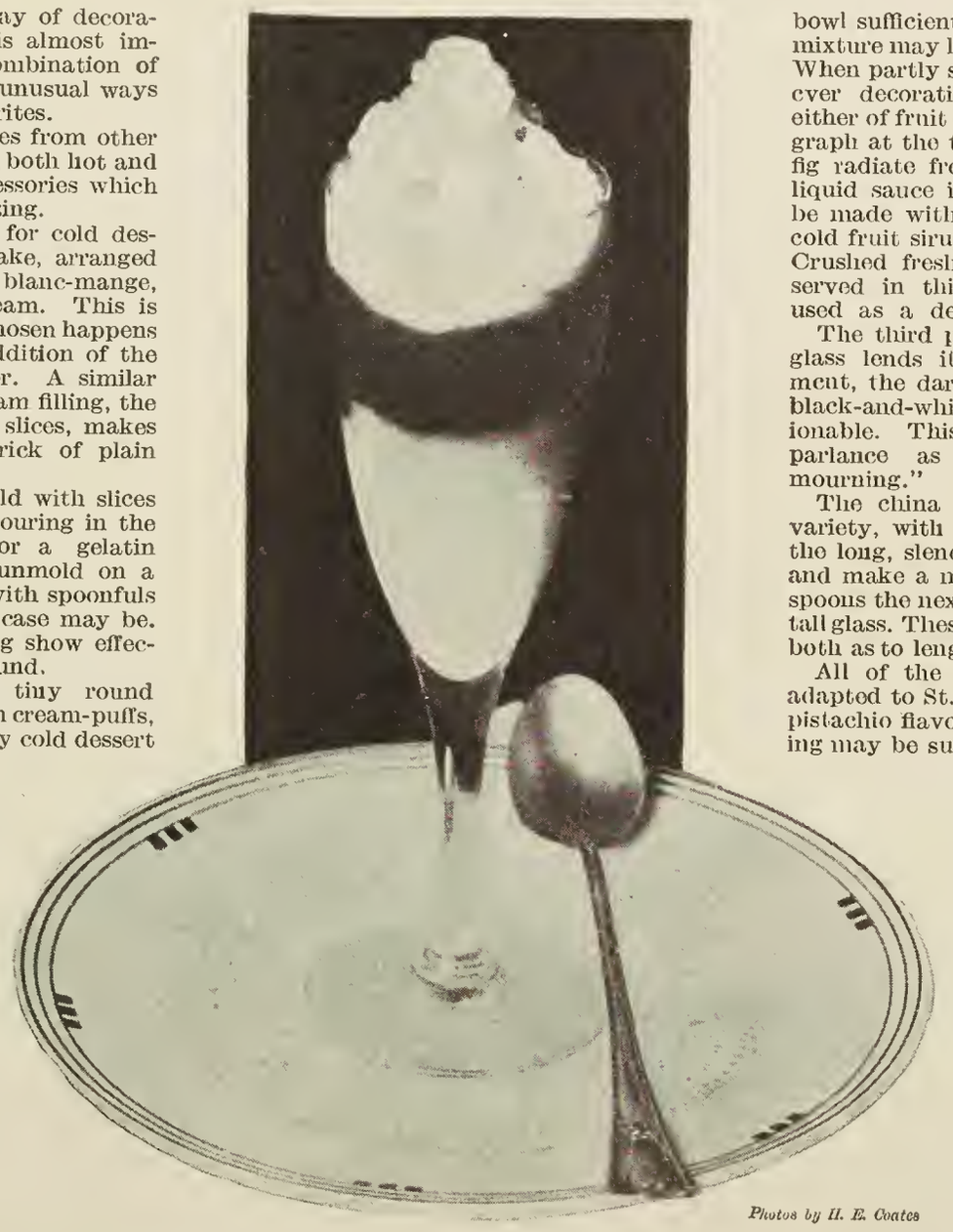
HERE A MELON MOLD HAS BEEN USED FOR BLANC-MANGE WITH A LUSCIOUS GLOSSY-BLACK FILLING OF PRUNE WHIP

The third photograph shows how a parfait glass lends itself to the two-color arrangement, the dark and light mixtures giving the black-and-white or "magpie" effect so fashionable. This is known in French culinary parlance as "*demi-deuil*," meaning "half mourning."

The china illustrated is of the "magpie" variety, with its narrow black lines. Notice the long, slender parfait spoon, if you please, and make a mental note to use your iced-tea spoons the next time you serve a dessert in a tall glass. These spoons are practically the same, both as to length of handle and size of bowl.

All of the desserts illustrated are easily adapted to St. Patrick's Day entertaining, as a pistachio flavored and green-tinted cream filling may be substituted for the prune mixture in the large mold and green decorations replace the dark in the desserts molded as parfait and coupé. On the stems of the glasses tie narrow gauze ribbon or double strips of green malines. Fluff out the loops of the bow and gum tiny shamrock seals on the short ends. Green vegetable coloring, either in paste or liquid form, can be diluted to any desired shade and used in connection with almond or pistachio flavoring.

It is surprising how a green tint, with pistachio flavoring, will give the impression of pistachio-nuts—even though the innocent deception is played of substituting finely chopped walnuts for the more expensive pistachios. The trick is in chopping the nuts very fine.



Photos by H. E. Coates

THIS SKY-SCRAPER DESSERT HAS A DARK STORY OF CHOCOLATE OR COFFEE CREAM

The following desserts include a few especially suited to entertaining on St. Patrick's Day and all are sufficiently ornamental to be

Concluded on page 103

Armour's
Buying Suggestions *for* March



Serve Evaporated Milk with *Veribest* Rice for nutrition and flavor.

You don't know beans until you have tried Armour's *Veribest* Pork and Beans.



Delicious Asparagus with Mayonnaise Dressing of Armour's Salad Oil.

Pictured Here Are Half-a-Dozen Suggestions

For the Woman Who Must Plan "3 Meals a Day"



Not necessarily a breakfast dish — Armour's Ham and Eggs please the appetite at all meals.



Veribest Cheese by itself, or the perfect accompaniment to pie of Armour Mince Meat.



Veribest Tuna and Salmon are tempting served cold or made into hot dishes.



A fair test of Nut-ola flavor and economy—serve it with griddle cakes—the family will approve.

In the wide variety of the top quality foods packed under the Armour Oval Label are hundreds of other menu ideas. Many of these products are ready for the table — others require but little preparation—and *all* are *superlatively good,* famous for *fine flavor* and *highest food value.*

Any good dealer has or can quickly procure these superior Armour Oval Label foods for you. Ask him.

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The NEW edition is now ready—a manual of expert cookery, domestic science and delightful menus. This book is free, as are also the services of Armour's Department of Food Economics—a staff of trained Domestic Science Experts who will welcome a letter from you regarding your problems of marketing, buying, cooking, food-expenditure and other subjects. Address Mrs. Jean Prescott Adams, Director Department Food Economics, Division 320, Armour and Company, Chicago.

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CHICAGO



New Rules For Baking Beans

By the Van Camp Domestic Science Expert

Scientific cooks have now developed new ways of baking beans. But these new rules require costly facilities. So modern baked beans can't be baked at home.

The great thing is to have baked beans easy to digest. Then to have them mellow, nut-like, uncrisped and unbroken. Then to have all flavor kept intact.

This is how the culinary experts do this at Van Camp's.

The Van Camp Way

The beans they use are grown on studied soils. Each lot is analyzed before they start to cook.

The water used is freed from minerals. Hard water makes skins tough.

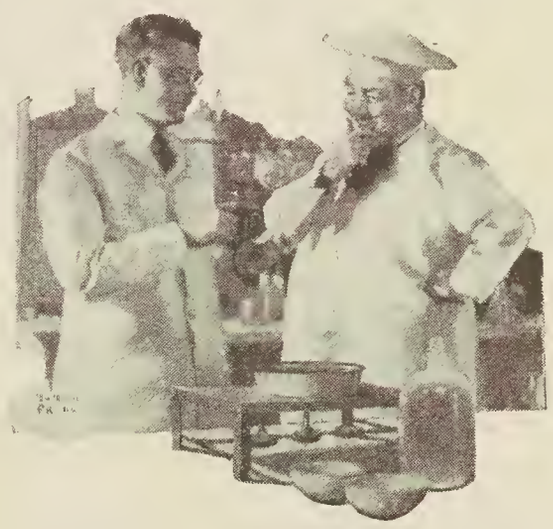
The baking is done in steam ovens. In no other way can high heat be applied for hours so beans are fitted to digest.

The beans are sealed before baking. The choicest flavor will escape without that.

The sauce they use is a many-year development. It is perfect in its tang and zest. And they bake it with the beans.

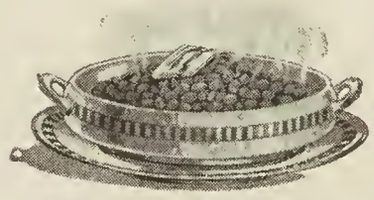
In these ways Van Camp's Beans are made easy to digest. They are nut-like, mealy, whole. The flavor is intact.

They cost you less than home-baked beans. They are ever-ready to serve hot or cold. And no such beans were ever baked outside the Van Camp kitchens. Go find them out.



Scientific Cooks—

Men with college training—direct the baking of Van Camp's Beans. And they spent four years in learning the best methods.



No broken beans. No crisped beans. No hard beans. No tough skins.

VAN CAMP'S

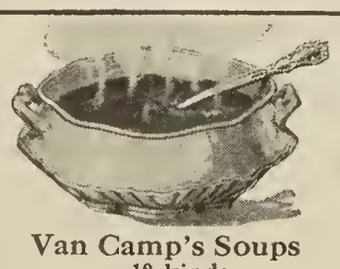
Pork and Beans

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Without It

Other Van Camp Products Include

Soups Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis



Van Camp's Soups
—18 kinds

Based on famous French recipes, but perfected by countless scientific tests.



Van Camp's Spaghetti

The finest Italian recipe made vastly better by these scientific cooks.



Van Camp's Peanut Butter

A new flavor due to blended nuts, toasted exactly right. No skins, no germs.

LISTEN, FATHERS

ARE YOU BRINGING UP AN I. W. W.?

BY MARY VIDA CLARK

ARE you rearing your boy to be a law-abiding, law-respecting citizen, or to be an anarchist, an inciter to sabotage, a so-called Bolshevik, and a member of the left wing of the I. W. W.? It is primarily the fathers of the boys under school age who are here and now settling the question of what kind of men we shall have a generation hence.

Listen, fathers. This is your special job, and a job that you will do whether you want to or not, and whether or not you know you are doing it.

For be it known to you, if you don't know it already, that one of the findings of the scientific men who make such astonishing discoveries when they turn their spectacles on commonplace, every-day affairs is that the child's idea of authority, of all authority, whether of God in heaven or the President in Washington or the judge on the bench or the policeman on the beat or the teacher in the school, is derived from the one and only source of the father, and the impression that he makes for good or ill on the mind of his own little child.

DR. WILFRID LAY, in his recent book on "The Child's Unconscious Mind," says:

"For the parent it may seem almost ludicrous that he or she, with all their weaknesses, is to be regarded as occupying with respect to the child the position of a god, who having not merely procreated its body must now for at least five years keep up a continuous creation of its mind and soul. It is ludicrous if not appalling that so much power for good or ill is placed in the hands and in the very manners, customs, voice, eye-glance and hand habit of the parents and immediate human surroundings of the child. In fine, there is absolutely no circumstance from birth until five or six years of age which can take place within the mental purview of the child which may not have the effect of turning him or her in a direction much desired or equally undesired by the parents."

Most of us no longer remember that our parents were once as gods to us, and we are startled when little children express such ideas. A small boy who was being brought up on the theory that a child should develop the idea of God from his own inner consciousness was asked, with a view to prodding him to this original discovery, "Who made the stars?"

"Oh, I s'pose," he said indifferently, "it was my father. He can do 'most anything."

Of course we all know that there are different ways of reacting to anything and everything, good and bad, and that there is generally no telling in advance whether a particular individual is going to take the best or the worst from the influences for good and for evil that are to be found in the environment of all of us.

WE HAVE common sayings about bringing up a child in the way he should go and about how ministers' sons turn out that indicate by their incompatibility the muddled state of mind to which we are reduced when we try to prophesy, and surely any one family of children of what seems to be the same heredity, environment and education usually turn out so differently as to confuse all our theories.

So we are not surprised to learn that a severe disciplinarian of a father, especially when he is autocratic and unjust, is the original cause of two important classes of men: on the one hand the ardent reformers who spend their lives in warring against injustice and cruelty, and on the other hand those extremists who oppose all law and order and all government and authority in any form.

What these people are really doing is indulging their childish wish to get even with father, a wish so long repressed and kept down by the force of circumstances created by father and his like that when it frees itself at last it is like a great reservoir that has broken its walls.

MR. WILLIAM A. WHITE says in his little book on "Mental Hygiene of Childhood":

"A father who is a tyrant in the household may easily cause such a revulsion of feeling in the child that later he is unable to yield to any authority whatever, but on the contrary arrays himself against authority wherever he may find it, in the person of the teacher, in the shape of laws and customs, even in the form of the abstract concept of the state. It is of such material that the anarchist is made. A father, on the contrary, who exercises his authority in a reasonable and successful way may become a model of the greatest usefulness in shaping the career of his children."

There are those who hate law and order and there is another class of people who we say have no respect for authority. Are not these the people who, while they never learned to hate their parents, were not inspired by a real respect for them?

This is a deep and subtle danger, the disrespect that so many children feel and even show for parents who are capricious and inconsistent, who fondle or punish with bewildering uncertainty according to their own moods rather than the needs of their children, and who are unconsciously undermining their children's respect for all persons in authority.

It is the children of such parents who take nothing and nobody very seriously. They do not rebel against authority; they simply don't bother about it. They have no real convictions, no principles, no ideals. Nothing great sways them, because they experienced no element of power in those who first represented to them the idea of authority.

THE wise use of authority is primarily the problem of discipline. It is hard to steer between the rocky Scylla of too much discipline and the whirlpool Charybdis of too little, and harder still to say in general terms what is too much and what too little. Perhaps the quantity of the discipline is not so important as the quality of it. It is a matter of kind rather than amount, and if the kind is right the amount can not be far wrong. Discipline should be inevitable, just and constructive.

Perhaps the most fundamental requirement of good discipline should be its inevitability. As Dr. William Healy puts it somewhat philosophically in his admirable little book called "Honesty," which might well be in the hands of every parent and teacher:

"One of the prime determinants of behavior is whether or not a given type of action is associated in the mind with gratifying or with unpleasant experiences. If the idea or mental imagery of certain conduct or impulses calls up at once the memory of undesirable resultants in previous experience, a tendency to check the specific behavior is automatically set in force." And further, "One essential is that the punishment should be so intimately connected mentally with the fault that any repetition of the impulse brings at once to mind the painful experience."

BUT if, on the contrary, the punishment has not always followed or has been so slight as to be overbalanced by the pleasure in the bad action, then a child can say to himself:

"Sometimes I get punished and sometimes I don't, and sometimes it doesn't matter much, so I guess I'll risk it this time."

As an incentive to right performance, as well as a deterrent to wrong, the line of reasoning that your action should make the line of least esistance for your child's mind to follow is: "I have got to do it in the end anyway, so there's no use in crying or fussing. I might as well save time and trouble and get the credit for being good by doing it now."

Another primary essential of discipline is that it should be based on justice and reason. To an adult, justice means as much as anything else the opportunity to be heard before a decision is reached and punishment prescribed.

When a child appears to have done wrong, what has he to say for himself? Often a parent takes too little time to go into this. If he has nothing to say for himself and knows it, that acknowledgment wormed out of him by a deliberate consideration of his case is in itself a method of producing considerable mental discomfort of a salutary sort. But at least find out what his reasons are.

THERE was a little girl who came running in to her mother and whispered excitedly, "Mother, there's a man in the kitchen!"

The mother, basing her action doubtless on previous experience of her child's imagination, replied, "Now you know perfectly well that isn't true, and you kneel down right here and ask God to forgive you for telling such a naughty story."

The child knelt and prayed, "Dear God that sees everything, you know and I know there's a man in the kitchen, and that settles it." As it happened, there was a man in the kitchen, and it is to be hoped that the all-knowing mother when she discovered her mistake had the grace to apologize to her offspring.

But if the intruder had been sober enough to leave the kitchen before he was seen by any one except the child, what a righteous sense of indignation and injustice might not that child have cherished as a result of her mother's complacent jumping at a conclusion and acting on it without investigating the facts!

Discipline should be constructive; that is, it should not create a void in the place occupied by bad behavior, but suggest and produce good behavior. Dr. Wilfrid Lay says:

"TO TELL a child not to do what it is doing is equivalent to saying: 'I see you are doing that. I congratulate you on your ability to do it. And you are doing it against the strong opposition of my will, which shows that you are strong yourself, even stronger than I am, particularly if you can go on doing it in opposition to my will.' The only way to abolish an idea or stop an action is to replace it with another idea. Then the first idea disappears and is negatived in the only way possible."

"A child's will must be broken," is an old dictum of tyranny we do not hear so often nowadays as in the barbarous past. A child's will should no more be broken than his arm, lest like the arm when it is "set" it become stiff.

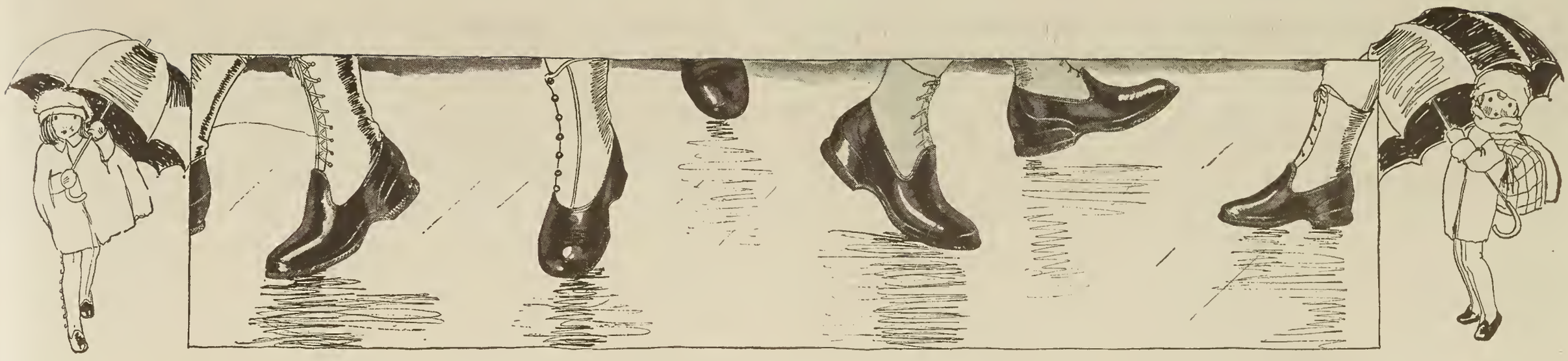
The only thing human that should be broken is a bad habit, but a good thing like the will should be trained to be flexible and strong. The inevitable result of any breaking process is a sense of humiliation and defeat, and this is a dangerous feeling to force upon a child.

OUR modern students of child psychology stress the dangers of types of training that discourage a child. "A child should never be made to feel inferior, for a feeling of inferiority may do a vast deal of harm," says Dr. Lewellys F. Barker, of Johns Hopkins University, in a paper entitled, significantly, "How to Avoid Spoiling the Child."

Most of us might think that the very way to avoid spoiling the child was to put him in his place. Put him there perhaps, but don't put him down with such a thump that he feels hurt and sore. It is because of this numbing sense of inferiority that some boys get from their fathers that even a good father, while not bad to his boy, may be bad for him.

The father's failure may even be that he is so discouragingly superior that the little son's natural ambition to be like father is paralyzed by the perfection and remoteness of his model.

Like most other important things in life, discipline is not a matter of rules and regulations. What parents and teachers and all others in authority over children must struggle hardest to attain is a real understanding of their children and of themselves and a real adaptation of their methods to the actual and not the imagined needs of each child.



Why it is vitally important to keep their little feet dry and warm



EIGHTY per cent of the tuberculosis in America starts among children under 15, says the National Tuberculosis Association. An enormous number of these youngsters start with a cold. Wet feet cause most colds.

"Especially avoid wet feet," is the advice of a noted authority in his book on "How to prevent sickness."

Even on stormy days, let your youngsters play in the fresh air, but guard their sensitive feet from dampness with sturdy U. S. rubbers. U. S. rubbers are built to withstand the most energetic wear. Stout rolled edges all around the soles make it difficult even for small boys to tear and cut them. There is an extra protection at the back of the heel. This keeps the rubbers from giving away quickly, even though the youngsters kick them off. The double cap across the front helps prevent the toes from stubbing out.

Shaped to follow carefully the outline of the small shoes, United States rubbers fit as closely, as smoothly as gloves. The back of the rubber curves in slightly, just as the back of the shoe does—that is one reason why U. S. rubbers stay on so well—why youngsters so seldom lose them.

Every care is taken in the making of these sturdy, durable rubbers. Only a high grade of pure, tough rubber from our own plantations is used. Painstaking attention is given to every step in the making of every rubber—that is why U. S. rubbers are uniformly good, why more people wear them than any other kind.

The United States Rubber Company is the largest and the oldest in the world; we have had 78 years' experience in the making of rubbers. You are always sure of getting your money's worth in actual service when you buy a U. S. rubber.





Sturdy as his shoes, these well made U. S. arctics are fleece-lined for protection against cold and dampness



Extra protection at the heel and toe keeps these U. S. rubbers from stubbing through quickly

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"I find the stimulating after effects of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO very delightful."



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"Of all the shampoos I have ever used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO is by far the superior."

PROPER shampooing is what makes your hair beautiful. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people, and discriminating women use

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Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children

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If it hasn't the Signature, it isn't "MULSIFIED"



LEARN TO LIVE

LETTERS OF A BUSINESS WOMAN TO HER DAUGHTER—I

The modern girl does not stay at home in idleness. She goes out into the world to earn her living. There she must touch life at many points. To help her with her complications, THE DELINEATOR *publishes this series of articles.*

NEW YORK CITY, January 23, 1920.

MY DEAR SALLY;

The news that you have been chosen class poet is a bitter-sweet fruit to offer a practical parent. A friend of mine averred that if he discovered any artistic tendencies in his son he would "lick them out of him." I suppose it's too late for me to take the same course with your muse.

I presume I'm down on poets and poetesses because so many of them have faces like half-baked tarts and because they favor orange and purple smocks, and either moon around calfishly or romp about like wild women—or men.

But really, my dear, I'm as proud as Punch of you, only pretty rimes butter no parsnips, and now that your college days are over, the next thing is a job. You will say again that you dread to start and that you hate to talk of money. My dear girl, there is one sure way to avoid having to talk about money; put yourself in a position to earn a large salary. Life is a moter-car, and money is the gasoline that makes it go. Perhaps you imagine that the walking's good. That's all right, as long as your legs hold out. But you can't expect to travel far afoot and as you grow older you'll find it hard trudging. So you had really better get down to—business.

You insist that you can never think of me as a business woman. That is because I make a business of life and living my business. You think of business as a separate phase of life. Unless you learn that life can not be pigeonholed that way, you'll never manage your life successfully. It'll go into bankruptcy; you'll make a failure of it.

I remember well your outburst of joy on the day when you began to discover the relations of the courses you were taking in college. You rushed to me, all the rapture of discovery on your face, with the words: "It's all connected, mother; it's all connected!" Never imagine that those connections are something finished and fixed in the past. They exist, or rather, they are being created every moment. Once your eyes are opened to them, you can become not merely a spectator, but an actor.

No manufacturer would expect to push the production end of his business without regard to the sales department.

He finds out how his green suède hand-bags are selling before he works overtime to make up a lot. He also considers the cost of green suède plus the cost of bag-making machines plus the wages of girls to run the machines. And if he finds that $3.98 per doesn't pay him to make them and, anyhow, girls prefer tan or blue, he isn't fool enough to keep on making those green suède hand-bags.

You, too, will find that you can not succeed with a product for which no demand exists. You must either create a demand for your particular output, or you must modify or change altogether what you are producing. You couldn't sell many pink chiffon parasols to our old egg woman up in Vermont, now, could you? And you'd get a ha-ha if you tried to sell bathing-suits to the Eskimos, unless, of course, you installed an electrically heated swimming-pool in their town-hall basement.

By the same sign, you can't expect to force on the world something it doesn't want, whether it's poetry or pickles—you must consult your sales department.

Then again, you should watch your costs. Perhaps the poetry is published; but at the price of material independence, for it brings no financial reward proportionate to the time expended. The cost of manufacture is too high. Suppose you spend a week polishing off a "pome" and then get a check for $3.50 in return. It's perfectly plain that you may be able to afford it as a by-product, but it can't be your main line.

Often one of the serious losses in business comes from inability to adjust the human relations: to get along with people, as it were. Unless you are able to manage this side of your life, it won't matter how fine your equipment, how superior your product, you are on the road to failure. As to raw material, if you are a shrewd buyer in the market-place of experience, it is surprising how small a place this item needs to take on your budget.

That is what I mean by managing your life in a businesslike way. Instead of being pushed about like a counter on the checkerboard of life, you yourself should control the moves.

Just because you're a proof-reader on a magazine and don't like the job and don't think you ever in the world will, you needn't think you have to be a proof-reader till you're fifty. Be master of your own fate. Get out and hunt something more congenial.

If you don't like the living-room curtains, why sit and sigh at them from eight to ten? Bestir yourself; do something about them; think up some way to earn new and spiffier ones.

Never overlook opportunities to make your chance reading, your casual acquaintance, your half-hour conversation, serve the purposes of your business. Be on the alert, you'll find plenty of occasions when you start look-for them.

On the other hand, unless you are silly enough to look at your business through the wrong end of the telescope, it will enrich every relation of life. You know that a river must have a strong central current which bears great ships full of merchandise down to the sea. But shimmering and swirling out of the main channel is many an eddy which may carry rich deposits to the neighboring banks or form quiet pools to reflect the blue heavens.

YOUR BUSINESS MOTHER.

NEW YORK CITY, February 3, 1920.

DEAR SALLY-THE-SOCIAL-ADVENTURER:

Now you have ventured out of your dark corner in the library to look about in the world of people. But, oh dear, only to scuttle back dismayed at the noise and light and flurry! You have left them all behind and settled down with old man Gloom. Strangers don't like you, you say! Dear Sally, you have to begin by liking them. Have you ever tried? Do you fancy that your college friends were friends from the first moment you saw them? If you think so now, I can show you some letters you wrote me in your freshman year.

They all flocked about Betty and left you by yourself. Why didn't you flock too? But when you got home and looked at yourself in the mirror, you didn't wonder. Your straight, straw-colored hair, your rather wide mouth—you can curl that soft golden hair; and did you try curling the mouth in one of your irresistible smiles? The freckle, the dreadful freckle on your impossible nose—I like them both myself. It is a jolly freckle on a piquant nose. But Betty is so beautiful; you knew it would be no use. You wouldn't believe me, but it's not because they like to look at Betty; it's because Betty likes to look at them.

A beautiful face is an asset greatly overestimated. Now don't laugh at your old parent and say, "Sour grapes!"

You must remember that very few people recognize beauty when they see it. Watch any average group in a picture gallery. Its members do not really understand the meaning of art. They look for the story in the paintings. They want heart appeal, action, life. Their interest is direct and personal, not esthetic.

They want these same qualities in their social and business relations. You know what a crowd gathers before a window where something is "going on." It is the same with "looks"; not whether your face is beautiful, but whether it is alive is what makes the difference. Be enthusiastic; look interested even if you aren't. This is your chance. When you approach a new acquaintance, smile! If you are standing, step forward and offer your hand! If you are seated, lean forward! Don't let yourself seem abstracted; don't let your attention wander.

It's the surest way to make a hit, for everybody secretly loves attention. I don't mean for you to eat out of everybody's hand, but be yourself. It's so easy not to make an effort.

If you have small capital you must take great care to invest it to the best advantage. If your capital of looks is modest, make the most of it. In magazine stories stray curls in the nape of the neck sound fascinating, but you can't trust those back-of-the-neck locks to be alluring in real life. For all you know, they'll look like wispy tail-feathers; so pin in the loose ends and be sure of neatness first.

You have heard people say often enough, "I like her—she looks so clean!"

Maybe you've worn a wash blouse only one day and the next morning you give it the "once over" before slipping it on. "The cuffs are a little bit wrinkled," you say to yourself, "the collar's soiled just inside the neckband, but I guess I can make it go another day."

When in doubt, "*don't*" is a good motto.

Aside from keeping up your own self-respect,—clean blouses are great for that—your best beau might just happen to call you up for dinner the very day you wore that mussy blouse!

Study your own style and adapt yourself to its demands. I noticed that you were imitating Sibyl last month and trying to look poetic.

A girl with a saucy nod and a freckle may *be* a poet but she can't possibly look it. So "can" the slinky collar and the droopy smile and be your own little live-wire self.

Look square at the world with those honest blue eyes of yours; that gazel gaze doesn't fit you. And if you look hard enough you may see alighting from the early train next Sunday an individual soiled from night travel whose looks will hardly recommend her to be introduced as

YOUR SUPPOSEDLY NEAT AND TRIM MOTHER.

American Lady Corsets

Boned throughout with *Mightybone*



THE top illustration shows the ordinary corset boning after the corset has been worn a short time. The absence of resilience is indicated by the angle at which the boning is now *permanently* bent. The lower illustration shows a rib of *Mightybone* that has come through the same test with all its original springiness and flexibility still alive. That is why American Lady Corsets, boned throughout with *Mightybone*, ensure *permanency* of comfort and style.





© American Lady Corset Co., Inc. 1920

JUST think of the satisfaction of buying a corset that will fit as comfortably and as stylishly after long hard wear as when it was brand new! This is just the satisfaction that one realizes in buying one of the newly boned American Lady Corsets. *Mightybone* is the reason.

American Lady Corsets have always been comfortable and stylish, but now, with the introduction of *Mightybone*, the superior boning, they cannot be compared with any corsets—even the most expensive—that are boned with ordinary boning.

Mightybone is supple yet wonderfully resilient for it always springs back into its original lines of fashion in the corset. This ability to bend easily and as easily spring back into its natural shape is the difference between *Mightybone* and ordinary boning. This is the reason why Mightyboned American Lady Corsets retain their comfort and fashion. *Mightybone is always alive.*

No matter how much individual attention your figure requires you can find just the correct model and the right silhouette in one of the new front lace or back lace American Lady Corsets. And no matter what price you care to pay, you will obtain the same superior boning—*Mightybone*.

Look for the American Lady signature and "*Mightybone*" printed on your next corset.

Back Lace $2.50 to $8.50 · *Front Lace* $4.00 to $8.50

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STEERO CUBES

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"I Love the Flavor of Hot Steero"

Hot Steero tastes good because it is good. Because everything that goes into the making of a Steero Cube is chosen for quality and flavor, and because the wholesome ingredients are combined in a masterly way and seasoned to suit the most critical taste; and it's so very easy to prepare. Just drop a Steero Cube into a cup, pour on boiling water, and you have a delightful bouillon ready to serve as the first course of your dinner, for afternoon tea, as a bracer after a shopping or motoring trip, for the children's lunch, or when they come racing in from school.

Steero Cubes will give a new relish and flavor to soups, gravies, meat jellies and make-over dishes.

The name Steero is on every Steero Cube wrapper. Steero Cubes are sold in boxes of 12 cubes. Price 35c. If not readily obtainable at your dealer's we will mail direct upon receipt of price. Large families, clubs, boarding houses, and hotels will find the tins of 50 cubes and 100 cubes more convenient. Ask your druggist, grocer, or delicatessen dealer for Steero.

Send for Free Samples

Let us send you free samples of Steero Cubes so that you may learn how good Hot Steero tastes—what a wonderful flavor it has. Write today. If you enclose ten cents we will also send you the 64-page Steero Cook Book—helpful to every housewife.

Schieffelin & Co., 227 William St., New York

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American Kitchen Products Co., New York



"A Cube Makes a Cup"

SAUCES WITH REAL FOOD VALUE

BY MARIA LINCOLN PALMER

SAUCES can scarcely be listed as non-essentials in the culinary world. Used to increase the palatability and to add to the attraetiveness of food, they also add to the nutritive value.

Crcam soups evolved from white sauce and vegetable pulp are one means of using plenty of milk. A simple egg sauce or the more elaborate Hollandaise may so enhance the valuable but frequently scorned spinach and cauliflower that they are eaten for the sauce. Thus two purposes are servcd, for the sauce itself is very valuable from a calory point of view.

Other foods are sometimes more easily digested if combined with sauces. Cheese sauce properly made prevents the chance of digestive difficulties from cheese served *au naturel*, when its necessary division into small particles is left to the individual eatcr, who may or may not practise Fletcherizing.

SAUCES REDUCED TO SIMPLEST TERMS

THERE are sauces and sauces—some hot, some cold, some sweet, some sour, some rich and some plain. There are sauces for meat and sauces for fish, sauces for vegetables (suspiciously like gravy), sauces for puddings, and saucs for use as "binders" in soup-making and general cookery. There are sauces which bear the names of French, Swiss and Swedish chefs, or the names of European villages, hotels, royal or near-royal families. We find sauces Bechamel, Bearnaise, mayonnaise Villeroi, and à la Colbert; sauces piquante, *suprême* and *maigre*.

And yet in spite of the formidable array of names, a knowledge of one sauce means that you are acquainted with many others. For example, there arc those sauces which in every case consist of a liquid, a thickener and a flavor. Frequently some fat is uscd in these sauces.

The liquid may be water, sirup, milk, meat or fish stock, the water in which vegetables have been cooked, or fruit juices. Each is of use for some particular saucc.

Flour and other starchy materials such as bread-crums, sago, tapioca, rice flour, corn-starch and arrowroot usually take the rôle of thiekeners. Gelatin and eggs, though more costly, may be used for such a purpose.

In old recipes butter was practically the only fat suggested. To-day it is wise to substitute cheaper fats: corn-oil, peanut-oil, margarin, especially where butter flavor is not essential.

The list of flavorings is very long. Herbs, spices, essences, extracts, prepared sauces, eggs, cheese, vegetables, sea-foods, mushrooms, peppers, nut-butters and pastes, sugar, chocolate and fruits are some of the possible flavorings. These must be used with discrimination. A good sauce does not overpower the flavor of food with which it is served.

Remember that an ingredient may often servc two purposes. Eggs may both thicken a sauce and flavor it.

Even the particular kind of fat used—nut-oil, butter, margarin, meat fat and drippings—sometimes flavors a sauce. Rich sauces contain eggs, fats and othcr flavorings such as mushrooms, sea-foods and cheese.

WHITE SAUCE

ONE of the simplest and most fundamental sauces is the white sauce. Milk is the liquid used and flour the thickening material.

The usual proportions are: *Two* tablespoons of fat and *two* tablespoons of flour to *one* cup of milk.

White saucc of this thickness is often known as "medium white sauce." It is used for creamed and scalloped dishes.

When a thinner white saucc is desired for cream soups, merely thin this sauce with an equal quantity of vegetable juicc and add the vegetable pulp. Another way, of course, would be to usc only *one* tablespoon each of fat and flour to *one* cup of liquid, which is in this case milk alone or milk and vegetable juicc. Such a white sauce is called "thin white sauce."

For thick white sauco, usc *four* tablespoons each of fat and flour to *one* cup of milk. Thick white saucc is used as the foundation for croquettes and soufflés.

MAKING SAUCES

A STRAIGHT recipo for medium white sauce may read as follows:

2 tablespoons fat	1 cup milk
2 tablespoons flour	½ teaspoon salt

THERE arc three methods of combining fat, flour (or starch) and liquid for a sauce. It may be donc as follows:

Method One—Saucepan Method

MELT the fat in saucepan, add flour (or starch), cook and stir constantly until bubbly. Do not brown, unless for brown saucc. Cool slightly. Add the rest of the liquid, cook, stir constantly until thick, smooth and glossy.

Thc time of cooking is about five minutes for a small amount of sauce. Remove from firc, add flavoring, and serve.

Method Two—Double Boiler Method

HEAT liquid in double boiler. Cook fat with flour (or starch), as in Method One, or merely rub together. Put thickening mixture into hot liquid. Stir until thickenecd. Then cook fifteen minutes. Stir occasionally. At last beat vigorously. Flavor as desired.

Method Three — When There Is No Fat In Recipes

HEAT liquid in double boiler, or directly ovcr firc if milk is not used. Mix flour (or starch) with three times as much cold liquid until a smooth paste is formed. Combine mixture quickly with the hot liquid. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Then set over hot water and cook fifteen to twenty-five minutes. Beat well. Add fat and flavor, after removal from stove.

These methods of combining ingredients apply to all sauces.

VARIATIONS FOR WHITE SAUCE

ALL of the following sauces may be made with ordinary white sauce as a basis.

Caper Sauce

ADD two or four tablespoons chopped capers to one cup white sauce.

Persillade Sauce

ADD two or four tablespoons chopped parsley to one cup white sauce.

Celery Sauce

ADD one-half cup chopped cooked celery to one cup white sauce.

Soubise Sauce

RUB four boiled onions and two branches parsley through strainer. Combine with one cup hot white sauce. This saucc is very good with chops, lamb or pork.

Cheese Sauce

PUT two to four ounces cheese through food-chopper. Mix with one cup hot white sauce. Set over hot water; stir until cheese is thoroughly blended with sauce. Season with mustard and paprika.

Serve with boiled macaroni, or on crisp toast or on vegetables, whose flavor is suitable.

Egg Sauce—One

COMBINE one chopped cooked egg with one cup white sauce.

Egg Sauce—Two

BEAT raw egg, dilute with a spoon of sauce, then beat into sauce. If white is beaten separately a foamy appearance results. If only egg-yolk is used, a good yellow sauce is the result.

Bechamel

SUBSTITUTE one-half cup seasoned white meat-stock for half the milk in the white-sauce recipe. If an acid flavor is desired, add one teaspoon of lemon-juice.

Lobster, Oyster, Shrimp Sauces

ADD one-half cup chopped cooked fish to one cup white sauce.

SAUCES MADE WITH MEAT-STOCK

MEAT-STOCK may form the liquid for sauces. The proportions of flour, fat and liquid are the same as for white sauce. Brown sauce is such a sauce.

Brown Sauce

2 tablespoons fat	1 cup meat-stock
2 tablespoons flour	½ teaspoon salt

COMBINE ingredients in any one of the three methods indicated under white sauce excepting that the flour is first browned in a smooth clean frying-pan or in the oven, or the fat and flour are cooked until brown before the liquid is added. This brown thickening is called *roux*. When *roux* is not brown enough, add a few drops of kitchen-bouquet or Worcestershire sauce to the mixture.

VARIATIONS FOR BROWN SAUCE

PAN-GRAVY is really a variation of brown sauce. Usually the fat is already in the pan or is added when the meat is removed. To it is added an equal quantity of flour and a cup of water for each two tablespoons of fat and flour used. The water dissolves the dried juice particles on the pan, making a liquid similar to meat-stock. When milk is added as part of the liquid, we have a milk gravy which is a combination of a white and a brown sauce.

Giblet Gravy

CHOP cooked giblets. Make a brown sauce with giblet broth, thicken with *roux*, add chopped giblets and season as desired.

Drawn-Butter Sauce

JUST before serving beat into brown sauce two tablespoons uncooked butter, cut in bits. (Butter substitute may be used.) White thickening may be used instead of *roux* for this sauce.

Espagnole

USE one-third cup tomato-juice and two-thirds cup meat-stock in making brown sauce. Flavor with kitchen-bouquet; green pepper and onion, herbs and spices may be added when cooking the tomato. These may later be strained out or left in for variety in this sauce. Another flavor is obtained by frying the onion and pepper in the fat for the sauce.

Estragnon Sauce

TO ONE cup brown sauce add one-half cup stock in which one tablespoon chopped tarragon has steeped one-half hour.

Velouté Sauce

USE white thickening instead of *roux*, made of one or two tablespoons fat, one tablespoon flour and one cup fish, or chicken-stock seasoned with onion, carrot and bay-leaf.

SAUCES using vegetable juice for liquid are:

Tomato Sauce

THICKEN one cup strained tomato, seasoned, with either *roux* or white thickening.

Concluded on page 47



The meat of delightful variety

More attractive dishes can be made from ham probably than from any other meat, and practically every vegetable is improved by use with it.

For example, there's the slice, browned in the hot frying pan and served in creamy brown gravy made with a cupful of thin cream or evaporated milk and the savory ham drippings.

There's the baked butt, simmered twenty minutes to the pound in water, then, with its skin removed and the juicy fat rubbed with brown sugar and studded with cloves, baked a light brown and served surrounded with hot macaroni and cheese.

And there's the shank boiled and served with vegetables, cooked in the fragrant ham stock from which the fat has been carefully strained.

Swift's Premium Ham comes to you with a perfect cure—sweet enough—smoked enough—mild, uniform and delicious. Buy it whole—bake the butt, broil the center slices and boil the shank. No need to parboil it and lose any of the splendid Premium flavor.

A whole Swift's Premium Ham is true economy—and a real convenience. There is no waste. The small pieces make delicious croquettes, sandwiches, etc. The dishes shown here are only three of the dozens of delightful ways to serve ham and to make other foods appetizing by combination with it.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Swift's Premium Ham



It is not necessary to parboil Swift's Premium Hams before broiling or frying

Look for this blue tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice



Copyright, 1920, Northwestern Yeast Co.

Yeast Foam gives rolls a wonderful flavor

Magic Yeast
Yeast Foam
—just the same except in name

You'll find these light, delicious rolls easily and quickly made on bake day—use a few cupfuls of your bread dough and follow the recipe.

Rolls with Bread Dough
1 dozen large or 2 dozen small

Take 4 cups (2 lbs.) bread dough, when ready to shape into loaves—Mould into a long even roll and cut into twelfths. Shape into round balls. Set close together in a buttered pan, brush with melted butter, cover and let rise until fully twice their bulk. Bake in a quick oven 20 to 25 minutes.

Sweeter and richer rolls may be made by creaming together: 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon butter or lard, 1 egg, and adding to the regular bread dough, together with enough extra flour to make a medium dough.

Recipe for Rolls
1 dozen large or 2 dozen small

SPONGE

½ cake Yeast Foam or Magic Yeast
1 cup lukewarm water; 2 cups flour

In the evening soak yeast 20 minutes in lukewarm water. Mix with flour to medium sponge, cover and let rise in warm place over night.

DOUGH

Sponge as above; 1 cup lukewarm water; 1 teaspoon salt; ½ tablespoon sugar, ½ tablespoon butter or lard, 4 cups flour. Early in morning mix sponge with water, salt, sugar and butter or lard. Add flour and mix to medium dough. Let rise 2½ to 3 hours. Mould into long even roll and cut into twelfths. Shape into round balls and set close together in buttered pan. Brush with melted butter, cover and let rise until fully twice their bulk. Bake in a quick oven 20 to 25 minutes.

Sweeter and richer rolls may be made by creaming together: 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon butter or lard, 1 egg, and adding to the dough, together with enough extra flour to make a medium dough.

Send for booklets
"The Art of Baking Bread"
and
"Dry Yeast as an Aid to Health"

Northwestern Yeast Company
Chicago

Concluded from page 44

SAUCES WITH FOOD VALUE

Spanish Sauce

FRY until tender in two tablespoons hot fat, one small onion sliced, one-half green pepper cut fine, one stalk celery sliced thin. Add flour, cook until frothy, add one cup tomato. Stir and cook five minutes. Season with a few drops of tabasco sauce.

Green Spinach Sauce

COMBINE one-half cup cooked spinach pulp with one cup white sauce or with similar sauce made of stock or water.

SWEET SAUCES

SWEET sauces are sometimes built on a plan similar to that of the white sauce. That is to say they frequently consist of liquid thickened with flour, corn-starch or tapioca.

Fruits and fruit juices often enter into their composition.

Here are some sweet sauces for use in various ways:

Lemon Sauce

1 tablespoon corn-starch
½ cup sugar
1 cup boiling water
1 tablespoon butter
Juice 1 lemon

MIX corn-starch in sugar. Stir into boiling water. Boil ten minutes. Remove from fire. Add butter and lemon-juice. Beat well. Maraschino cherry liquor or orange-juice may be used with lemon-juice.

Vanilla Sauce

SUBSTITUTE one teaspoon vanilla for lemon and proceed as in lemon sauce. This sauce is suitable for batter puddings.

Pineapple Sauce

MIX one teaspoon arrowroot or corn-starch with two tablespoons sugar. Boil in one cup pineapple-juice ten minutes, or cook over water twenty minutes. Cherry and strawberry juice may be used in the same way.

Norwegian Fruit Sauce

RUB one cup soaked, cooked prunes through strainer. Add one-quarter cup soaked cooked raisins, one stick cinnamon, two tablespoons quick tapioca, one cup cherry or pineapple juice. Cook until tapioca is clear. Two hours cooking in double boiler gives best flavor. Add two teaspoons lemon-juice. Thin if necessary. Use on cold meat or puddings.

MORE ELABORATE SAUCES

OF THE more elaborate sauces there are those which are sweetened and those which are not. When a sauce is classed as elaborate it usually means that eggs have been used to thicken it.

Some of the unsweetened sauces are:

Allemande Sauce

TO ONE cup hot *velouté* sauce, add one beaten egg-yolk, diluted with one tablespoon sauce. Stir thoroughly. Set over hot water two minutes. Add one-quarter cup chopped mushrooms; serve.

Hollandaise Sauce

½ cup butter or butter substitute
2 egg-yolks
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash paprika
One-third cup boiling water or ½ cup hot cream
1 tablespoon lemon-juice

CREAM fat, gradually add beaten yolks, salt, paprika. Combine with boiling water or hot cream, cook carefully, stirring constantly until sauce thickens. Remove, cool two minutes, add lemon-juice. Serve at once, used with boiled cauliflower or asparagus, or with white fish.

Mousseline Sauce

3 egg-yolks
½ cup cream
½ cup butter or butter substitute
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
½ tablespoon lemon-juice

BEAT egg-yolks until thick. Add cream and creamed fat, salt and pepper. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add lemon-juice, heat thoroughly. Serve at once.

SWEETENED EGG SAUCES

SOME of the sweetened egg sauces are:

Foamy Egg Sauce

3 egg-yolks
¼ cup powdered sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
⅔ cup boiling fruit juice
3 egg-whites

BEAT the yolks with sugar and salt. While beating pour hot liquid over mixture. Fold in whites, beaten stiff. Serve at once.

Custard Sauce

1 cup milk
1 egg
2 tablespoons sugar
Dash salt
¼ teaspoon vanilla

SCALD milk over hot water. To this add beaten egg and sugar diluted with two tablespoons hot milk. Heat and stir until custard thickens enough to coat spoon. Remove from fire, add salt and vanilla. Use this sauce on sliced fruits, gelatin desserts, puddings and on stale cake.

Chocolate Custard Sauce

2 ounces chocolate
1 cup white sauce
½ cup sugar
1 egg or 2 egg-yolks
½ teaspoon vanilla
⅛ teaspoon salt

MELT chocolate in hot white sauce. Add sugar and beaten egg. Cook over hot water until thickened. Stir constantly. Add vanilla and salt. Use to fill cream-puff shells, with Washington pie or with cottage pudding. It may be enriched with more egg and chocolate for ice-cream.

Sago or Tapioca Fruit Sauce
(Sugarless Sauce)

1 apple
2 tablespoons sago or quick-cooking tapioca
1 cup hot water
4 dates
2 tablespoons raisins
Dash salt
1 tablespoon lemon-juice

PARE and core apple; slice. Put apple, tapioca and water together. Boil five minutes, then cook over hot water until starch is clear, add chopped dates, raisins and salt. Cook five minutes. Add lemon-juice. Thin, if necessary, with hot water or fruit juice. This may be served on meats or on puddings.

Golden Sauce

2 eggs
⅓ cup sugar
½ cup fruit juice (Canned pear, pineapple, etc.)
2 tablespoons lemon-juice
(1 teaspoon chopped maraschino cherries may be added.)

BEAT eggs slightly, add sugar, canned fruit juice and lemon-juice. Cook; stir constantly until thick. Set at once over cold water until cool.

UNCOOKED SAUCES FOR PUDDINGS

Hard Sauce

⅓ cup butter or butter substitute
1 cup powdered sugar
Flavoring

CREAM the fat, add sifted powdered sugar gradually. Add flavor. If the flavoring is liquid, more sugar may be required to produce desired stiffness.

Granulated Sugar Hard Sauce

½ cup butter or butter substitute
1 tablespoon boiling water
1 cup sugar
Flavoring

POUR boiling water on butter, beat until creamy, gradually add sugar; add flavoring. Serve with steamed puddings.

Mocha Sauce

2 tablespoons butter or butter substitute
2 tablespoons cold, strong coffee
1 cup powdered sugar
1 teaspoon cocoa

PROCEED as above. Use enough sugar to thicken so the sauce holds shape when cut. Melted chocolate may be used in place of cocoa if more sugar is used.

Sterling Sauce

½ cup butter or butter substitute
1 cup brown sugar
3 tablespoons cream
Flavoring

PROCEED as for hard sauce. This may be warmed slightly and then beaten before serving on puddings.

Strawberry Sauce

⅓ cup butter or butter substitute
1 cup powdered sugar
1 beaten egg-white
⅔ cup crushed strawberries

PROCEED as for hard sauce, then add egg-white beaten stiff and then the crushed fruit. Beat about one-half hour or until the sauce is thick. Serve on boiled rice, puddings, or on baked pastry-shells.

UNCOOKED SAUCES FOR MEATS AND FISH

Green Mint Sauce

½ cup chopped, clean mint leaves
¼ cup sugar
1 cup vinegar

MIX chopped mint and sugar. Let stand two hours. Add vinegar hot or cold. Chopped parsley or orange-rind may be added. Serve with lamb or mutton.

Sauce Tartare

TO MAYONNAISE add one-quarter cup of chopped olives, pickles, capers, parsley and shallot.

Horseradish Sauce

¼ cup heavy cream
3 tablespoons grated horseradish
1 tablespoon vinegar
¼ teaspoon salt
Sprinkle Cayenne or pepper

WHIP the cream until stiff. Gradually beat in mixture of other ingredients. Serve on baked ham.

A FEW PRECAUTIONS

IN ORDER not to have a lumpy sauce be sure that any starchy material used as a thickener for a liquid sauce, such as flour or corn-starch, is thoroughly mixed either with fat, with granular sugar or salt, or with cold liquid before it is stirred into the hot liquid. Then be sure to stir the sauce vigorously until it thickens.

When starch is mixed with soft fat, equal quantities of fat and starch should be used. This mixture may be added raw to a hot liquid, but a better flavor is obtained by first cooking the flour and fat, then gradually adding it to the liquid.

If the amount of sugar in the recipe is three or more times the amount of starch, a mixture of these before combining with the hot liquid prevents lumping of the starch. The amount of salt in a recipe would rarely be enough for such a purpose.

Flour or corn-starch cooked with fat may be kept some weeks, so time is saved by cooking a pint at a time and storing in a glass jar until needed for sauces.

If the flour is first browned in a smooth, clean frying-pan or in the oven, or the fat and flour are cooked until brown, the thickening is called *roux* and is used in brown sauces. This may be made a cup at a time and kept.

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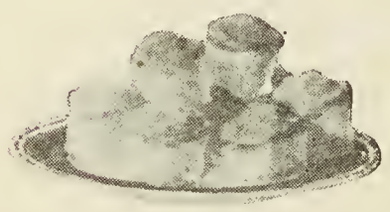
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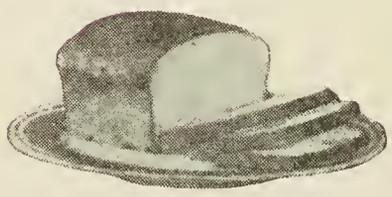
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ELECTRIC CLEANER

SCIENTIFIC HELPS

FOR THE WOMEN OF OHIO

BY FLORA G. ORR

Home-Economics Editor

THE business of being a housekeeper is to-day a very real business, requiring judgment, ingenuity and unceasing vigilance. It is no easy task to keep up with the cost of food in respect to its nutritive value. Its appetizing possibilities must be considered too. The perplexed woman of Ohio will find the home-economics bulletins of her state university of great value.

MEAT PROBLEMS

ONE of the greatest food problems of to-day is meat. There are two angles of this problem: first, how to get the best value for the money spent; second, how to provide cheaper substitutes. "Meat and Meat Substitutes," by Edna Noble White, goes into both phases of the subject. Concerning the different cuts of meat (there are excellent illustrations in the bulletin), she says:

"The most tender and the most expensive cuts lie just back of the middle of the backbone, decreasing in value as either extremity is approached. The best part of the fore-quarter is the upper part of the ribs and is usually cut into roasts. A rib roast is tender and may be roasted in an open pan with dry heat.

"The other parts of the fore-quarter includes the chuck, neck, etc., and belong to the tough cuts, so they must either be ground or cooked by moist heat, as in pot roasts, stewing, braising, corning, or in soup. These cuts are fully as nutritious as the more expensive ones, and if properly cooked at low temperatures and well seasoned, they offer an excellent means of reducing cost of food."



MISS EDNA N. WHITE, DIRECTOR OF HOME ECONOMICS AT OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Another pamphlet, called simply "Meat Substitutes," contains recipes for those dishes we are always wishing to know more about. Here are two interesting examples:

JUNGLE STEW

1½ cup Lima, navy, kidney beans or lentils
1 onion
2 cups tomatoes
½ cup rice or macaroni
4 tablespoons drippings
Seasoning to taste

WASH and soak beans overnight. Drain and add fresh water. Boil for three hours. Brown sliced onion in frying-pan, with drippings, add to stew with tomatoes, rice and seasoning. Simmer for one-half hour.

POLENTA ITALIENNE

1 cup corn-meal
3 cups water
1 cup tomatoes
2 tablespoons fat
3 tablespoons chopped onions
1 teaspoon salt
⅓ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup grated cheese

COOK the corn-meal in boiling water for forty-five minutes. Cook tomatoes, fat, onion, salt and pepper together. Place a layer of corn-meal mush in a baking-dish; cover with tomato mixture. Add another layer of corn-meal and tomatoes. Sprinkle grated cheese on top and bake until cheese is melted.

THE war-time bulletin, "Home-Economics Outline for Teaching Food Conservation," lays down excellent principles for a rational peace-time saving such as the following:

"If we have learned one thing from European conditions, it is that we can better afford to cut down on almost any other food than milk, especially whole milk and its products. For the child, milk is the chief source of a nearly perfect musele-building food. It is rich in easily digested fats and it contains materials which stimulate growth.

"Leguminous vegetables—beans, peas, peanuts, lentils—are next in importance to cereals, and are valuable as an inexpensive source of protein."

TWO THINGS WHICH ARE OFTEN BADLY COOKED

THE bulletin "Utilization of Food," in addition to recipes illustrating conservation of meat, wheat, sugar and fats, gives very useful information about such commonly ill-cooked articles of diet as white sauce and cereals.

White Sauce

"FOR thin white sauce used with cream toast, soups and some vegetables, one tablespoon of flour and one tablespoon of fat are neeessary with one cup of milk; for medium white sauce, used with most vegetables, two tablespoons of flour and two tablespoons of fat with one cup of milk; for thick white sauce, used with croquettes, soufflés, ereamed oysters and meat, three or four tablespoons of flour and three or four tablespoons of fat. A variety of sauees is secured by substituting meat or vegetable stock or fruit juices for the milk."

Cereals

"FOR one cup of rolled oats use two cups of water and cook for forty-five to sixty minutes; for one cup of oatmeal, four cups of water and cook three hours; for granular cereals (except corn-meal) four to five cups of water to a cup of cereal and cook one hour; for corn-meal six cups of water to one cup of meal and cook two hours; for rice (boiled) eight cups of water to one cup of rice and cook from twenty to thirty minutes; for rice (steamed) three cups of water to one cup of rice and cook one hour.

"Always start breakfast cereals to cook in boiling salted water, and continue cooking at this temperature for at least ten minutes, after which time they may be finished in the double boiler. All cereal grains contain a large percentage of starch which is best cooked by subjecting to a high heat in the beginning of the cooking process, finishing with a slightly lower heat continued for a long time in order to develop flavor."

POINTS ON MEAL PLANNING

THE search for variety in food was not easy, even when an occasional luxury could break the monotony of the every-day diet. And now with luxuries soaring beyond reach, variety is still more difficult to obtain.

"Planning of Meals," by Lelia McGuire, is definitely designed for practical help along this line. The means by which variety may be secured are: first, using as many different foods as possible; second, preparing the same food in as many different ways as possible.

To vary the same food so that it will appear different means a little exercise of the imagination. Cabbage, for example, need not always be boiled. It may be sautéed, creamed, scalloped; prepared as sauerkraut, cold-slaw in cream, hot slaw, as "cabbage in butter," or as a stuffing for peppers, or it may be combined with peppers for a salad.

Potatoes may be baked, creamed, French fried, riced, mashed, stuffed, scalloped, lyonnaise, browned, or prepared au gratin, as Saratoga chips, with parsley butter or as potato puffs.

COOKING EFFICIENCY TESTS

THE help which the Ohio State University offers to the women of the State does not stop with the choice of food. Very valuable information on the cost of the various methods of cooking is found in "Kitchen Tests of Relative Cost of Natural Gas, Soft Coal, Gasoline and Electricity for Cooking."

The conclusions given in "Effect of Gas Pressure on Natural Gas Cooking Operations in the Home" will be very valuable to the women of Ohio who are fortunate enough to have natural gas for cooking purposes.

RULES FOR SERVING

NOR does the help of the State University cease with the cooking of the food. "Serving of Meals," by Rhoda E. Dick, tells how the table should be set and how the courses should be served for informal and formal meals.

Table Setting

"THE table should be in the center of the room. The table-cloth should be straight and smooth. Articles with straight lines should be placed in accord with the lines of the table, either parallel or at right angles. The silver, napkin and plate belonging to one cover should be placed equally distant from the edge of the table, about one inch.

"As a rule, the silver is placed in the order of serving, the first used being farthest from the plate. Exceptions to this rule are, first, the oyster fork is placed to the right of all the silver, and second, the dinner knife and fork come next to the plate.

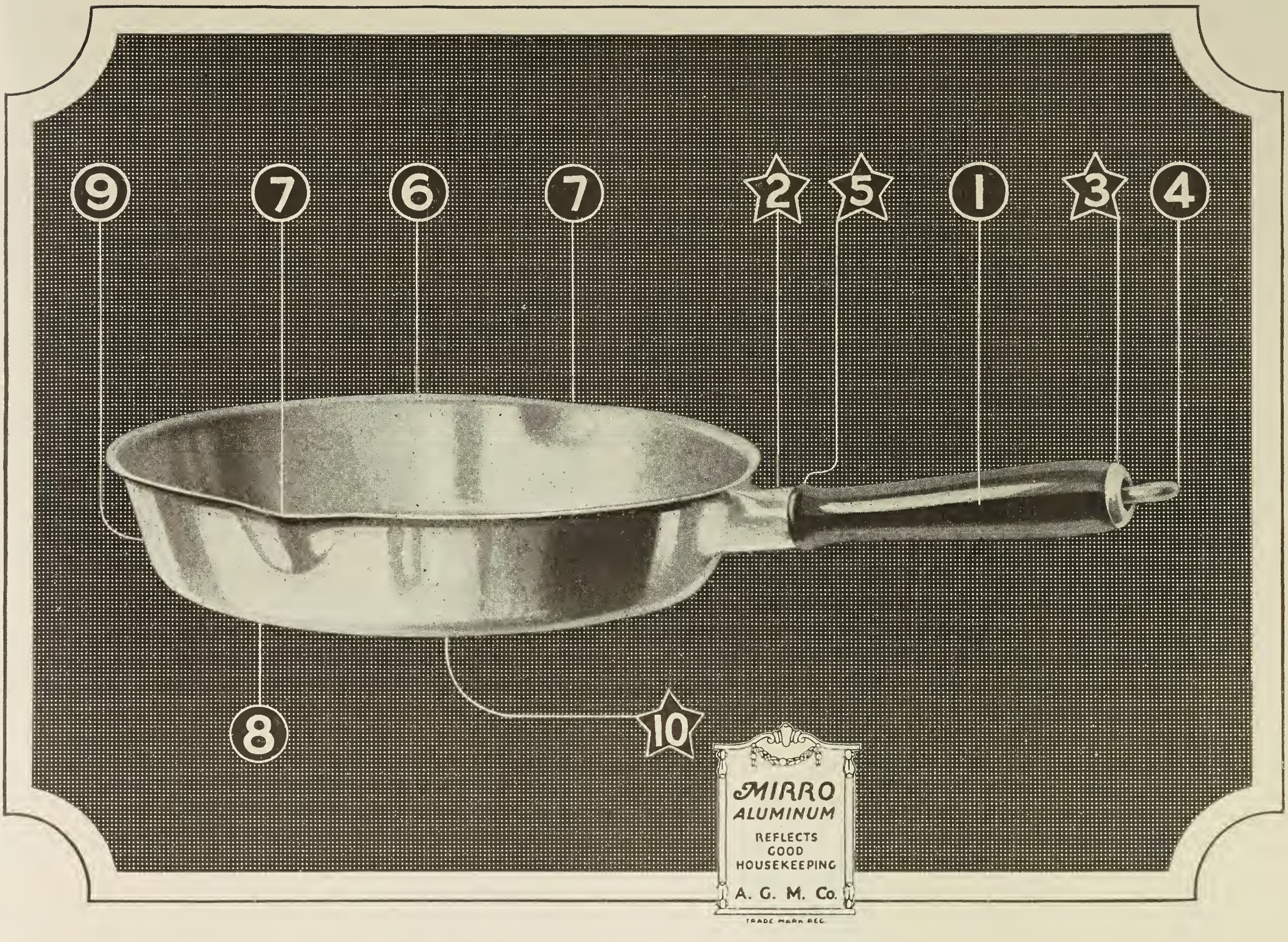
"When a number of courses are to be served, calling for the use of much silver, it is best to place the silver for the later courses at the time of serving.

"A cover for each person consists of the plate, silver, bread-and-butter plate, napkin and glass. Twenty inches in width is the space that should ordinarily be allowed, and on formal occasions thirty inches. Fifteen inches in depth will allow enough room for silver and china."

THE bulletin called "Preservation of Food: Storing, Canning, Drying and Fermentation," contains in addition to the usual material, a method for the preservation of eggs.

Any woman who is a resident of Ohio may obtain free of all cost any of the bulletins mentioned in this article. Write to the Division of Publications, Ohio State College of Agriculture, Columbus, Ohio.

While these Ohio bulletins are not sent to residents of other States, your own State college is able to furnish you with similar bulletins. If you are not a resident of Ohio, and wish to be put in touch with your own State college write to Miss Flora G. Orr, Home-Economics Editor, DELINEATOR *Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City.*



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SEA-FOOD FROM COAST TO COAST

BY FLORA G. ORR

Home-Economics Editor

WHETHER you live on the coast or far inland there is no reason why you should not be acquainted with all kinds of sea-foods. The canning industry has taken care of that. To-day you can buy in cans, excellent grades of lobster, fresh mackerel, tunny fish, shrimp, finnan-haddie, clams, Japanese crab-meat, abalone, fresh codfish, halibut, boneless herring and many other kinds of fish.

Why then confine yourself to sardines or salmon, the two best known of the canned fish? The sardine and the salmon are excellent, to be sure, but there is no reason why you should not broaden your knowledge and develop your tastes in accordance with what the market is ready to furnish you.

While you are about it, remember that you can buy clam-chowder in cans ready to serve; that it is not at all impossible to buy a can of green turtle meat to serve as soup at your formal dinner, and that appetizers such as caviar, anchovies, anchovy paste and bloater paste are not expensive when used in small quantities to give the desired tang to some titbit.

I had all this in mind when I set out in THE DELINEATOR kitchen to discover some interesting ways to use all kinds of sea-foods. I had on hand a glass of boneless herring, one of finnan haddie, cans of lobster, clams, shrimp, sardines, Japanese crab-meat, anchovies, caviar, a tube of anchovy paste and some fresh scallops and oysters.

Here are some of the recipes which I tried with success and which I pass on to you:

SEA-FOOD A LA POULETTE

6 large oysters
6 clams
2 tablespoons fat
2 tablespoons flour
½ cup milk
½ cup oyster and clam liquor
Yolk of 1 egg
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
¼ cup shrimps
¼ cup Japanese crab-meat

COOK the oysters and clams in their own liquor until the edges of the oysters curl. Melt the fat in a saucepan, add the flour and mix it thoroughly with the fat, then add the milk and the half-cup of oyster and clam liquor; stir the sauce constantly and vigorously until it thickens, then remove from the fire and when it has cooled, stir in the well-beaten yolk of egg. Lastly add the salt and the Worcestershire. Add to this sauce the oysters, clams, shrimps and crab-meat. Serve on flat dishes garnished with toast points and on the top of each serving put one small salty anchovy.

SCALLOPS MORNAY

¾ cup minced scallops
1½ cup water
3 tablespoons fat
3 tablespoons flour
1½ teaspoon salt
Yolk of 1 egg
3 tablespoons grated cheese

COVER the scallops with the water and cook until they shrivel. Melt the fat in a saucepan, add the flour, scallops with their liquid and salt. Stir vigorously until the sauce thickens. Then remove from the fire and add the well-beaten egg-yolk and the cheese. Pour into shirred-egg dishes and place in the oven until the cheese is melted and brown on top. In some cases it is better to use the broiling oven. Serve in these dishes.

FISH PIE

3 tablespoons bacon fat or vegetable oil
1 green pepper, sliced fine
3 tablespoons minced mushrooms
1 small onion, sliced very fine
3 cups mashed potato
3 tablespoons flour
1½ cup chicken-stock
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup fish: scallops, salmon, crab-meat, lobster or shrimp

COOK in the fat the pepper, mushrooms and onion until well browned, then remove these and add to the fat the flour and then the chicken-stock and salt. (If scallops are to be used for the pie they should first be cooked in the chicken-stock until they shrivel.) Stir constantly until the sauce thickens. Then add the fish and the pepper, mushrooms and onion. Line individual shirred-egg dishes or ramekins with mashed potato and fill with the fish mixture. Then cover the top of each with a layer of mashed potato, smoothing it down carefully with a wet spoon. Brown in the oven. Serve in the same dish in which it was baked.

SCALLOP CHOWDER

2 tablespoons fat, tried out from salt pork
1 small onion minced very fine
2 cups sliced raw potatoes
3 cups water
2 cups milk
2 cups minced scallops
Salt and pepper to taste
6 soda-crackers

MELT the fat in a saucepan, add the minced onion, and when the onion has cooked for two minutes add the potatoes and the water which should cover them. When the potatoes are tender add the milk and the scallops and when they shrivel add salt and pepper to taste. In serving put in each soup-plate a soda-cracker.

CRAB FLAKES BAKED WITH CHEESE

2 cups crab-meat
1 egg, well beaten
1 hard-cooked egg chopped fine
2 tablespoons tarragon vinegar
Dash salt and Cayenne
½ cup grated cheese
½ cup fine bread-crums

MIX together all the ingredients except the cheese and crums and pile lightly in an oiled baking-dish. Over the top sprinkle the grated cheese and the bread-crums. Bake until the cheese is melted and the crums are brown. Serve from the dish in which it was baked.

LOBSTER WITH ANCHOVY SAUCE

2 tablespoons fat
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup water
4 teaspoons anchovy paste
1 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons lemon-juice
Large pieces lobster meat

IN A saucepan melt the fat, add the flour and mix well. Add the water and stir constantly until the mixture thickens. Then add the anchovy paste, mixing it smoothly into the sauce, the salt and lemon-juice. Serve a large piece of lobster to each person and with it a tablespoon or two of the anchovy sauce.

SHRIMP OR LOBSTER COCKTAIL

ARRANGE shrimps or lobster flakes in a cocktail glass, pour over them a sauce made of two parts fish liquor to one part each lemon-juice and tarragon vinegar and two drops of tabasco sauce to each cocktail. Serve cold.

SHRIMP RAREBIT

3 tablespoons fat
3 tablespoons flour
1½ cup milk
1½ teaspoon salt
6 tablespoons cheese
¾ cup shrimp
Dash paprika

MAKE an ordinary white sauce by first melting the fat, then rubbing it in the flour, then adding the milk. Add salt. Take the sauce off the stove, add the cheese and let it melt slowly. Lastly add the shrimps. Serve on triangles of toast with one perfect shrimp on top, giving the rarebit a dash of paprika just before it is served.

LOBSTER SALAD WITH CAVIAR DRESSING

IN A salad bowl arrange whole pieces of the meat on a bed of watercress and garnish with caviar dressing. Caviar dressing is easily made by adding a teaspoon of caviar to one-fourth cup of mayonnaise dressing. Sliced hard-cooked eggs may garnish the dish if desired.

CLAM OMELET

6 eggs
½ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
6 tablespoons water
6 tablespoons fat
½ cup mineed clams

BEAT the whites and the yolks of the eggs separately. To the yolks add the salt, pepper, water and fat which has been melted in the frying-pan which is to be used for the omelet. Very carefully fold in the stiffly beaten whites, spread the omelet in the frying-pan over the fire, then spread with the minced clams. Cook on top of the stove until the bottom of the omelet has set, then put in the oven for the top to cook. When omelet is done throughout and the clams are cooked, fold as for an ordinary omelet and serve at once.

SHRIMP LOAF

2 cups shrimps
1 cup milk
1 cup bread-crums
1 egg
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon fat

BREAK up the shrimps with a fork, add the other ingredients and mix well. Grease a baking-dish and fill with the mixture; bake.

GLOUCESTER CLUB-SANDWICH

TOAST two slices of bread, on one side only, cut into triangles. For the filling spread each slice of bread with anchovy paste mixed with salad dressing, then add to each slice a lettuce leaf. In between put a layer of tunny fish, two slices of bacon, and two thin rounds of fresh tomato spread with salad dressing.

SHRIMP CREOLE

1½ tablespoon fat or oil
1 small onion, chopped very fine
1 green pepper sliced thin
4 tablespoons minced mushrooms
1 cup prepared tomato sauce
1 cup shrimps

IN THE fat or oil cook the onion, green pepper and the mushrooms, then add the prepared tomato sauce and the shrimps and serve on buttered toast.

TOMATO JELLY WITH TUNNY FISH

1½ cup strained tomato-juice
Onion, salt and pepper to taste
1 tablespoon gelatin
½ cup cold water
¾ cup flaked tunny fish
Mayonnaise

TO THE strained tomato-juice, add seasonings and heat to the boiling-point. Dissolve in it the gelatin which has been soaking in the cold water. Turn into small cups to mold and when firm remove from the center of each a little jelly with a spoon dipped in hot water. Fill this cavity with tunny fish mixed with mayonnaise and garnish the top with a spoonful of mayonnaise.

SALMON OR TUNNY-FISH MOUSSE

½ cup bread-crums
½ cup milk
1½ cup flaked fish
Salt, paprika and lemon-juice to taste
3 eggs

SOAK the bread-crums in the milk for ten minutes, then add them to the flaked fish. Add the seasonings and the yolks of the eggs beaten until thick and lemon-colored. Lastly fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Turn the mixture into an oiled baking-dish, place in a pan of water and bake until firm.

The Wonderful Story of the Tin Can



IF the tin can has been to you a common thing of commonplace service, think that way of it no longer. Think of the tin can for what it *really* is—a wonder of the times. Think of it as a monument to patient achievement in our personal interests.

What a tale it could tell! A tale to compel our respect and whet our appetites.

Once this tin can lay inert in the Earth in its original elements—had lain there since Time began—awaiting the hand of man that should bring it forth, make the metal, give it shape and crown it with great usefulness.

And while it thus lay, awaiting its destiny, there likewise lay those other ingredients, from which Nature herself should bring forth the products of garden, orchard and field, so wonderfully nourishing and delicious.

You Get Choice Foods Because of It

What a stimulus to imagination! What a tribute could be written to what Earth holds in trust for her people! How she holds in one hand the secret of the peach, the pineapple, the succulent vegetable! How she holds in the other the no less wonderful secret of the means that shall carry her bounty to any table—anywhere—any time of the year.

Today, all these ingredients lie dormant together. Tomorrow, rising from the earth they meet again, each to triumph in "the miracle on your table."

The Needs of Your Own Table Developed It

But Nature's triumph means man's triumph, also. The tin can of commerce was not born in a day nor without great industrial travail.

The can making industry in America parallels that of food-canning itself. In the beginning, each canner made his own cans, and a workman in those days could make by hand 150 per day.

Today, production of more than Six Billion cans annually for the canned food output of America is significant of the development of the tin can industry, and of the canned food industry, as well, which makes all these millions upon millions of cans necessary. The imagination is staggered by it. Expressed in terms of tables supplied, and of individuals served, it is almost beyond belief.

Science Stands Back of It

The "tin" can is a steel can, coated with tin. It is a product of science, of scientific research by hundreds of specialists who have studied every step of evolution beginning with analysis of the steel itself.

Extraordinary Care Has Surrounded It

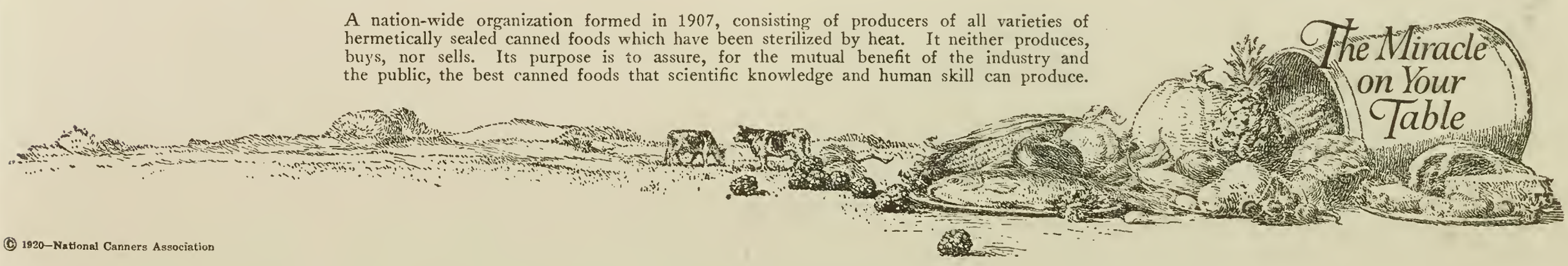
For example, over a period of years, picked men from the laboratories of four great organizations united in the common effort of developing the tin container. These were the laboratories of steel manufacturers, tin plate manufacturers, can manufacturers, and the National Canners Association. Special "heats" of steel were experimented with, foods packed in the cans produced from the steel, and the results recorded with scientific accuracy. The thickness of the tin coating became a matter of scientific determination. Methods of sealing and imperviousness of joints are subjects of closest scientific scrutiny.

Respect the Tin Can

As the tin can stands on your grocer's shelves or on the shelves of your own pantry, this highly specialized little object claims your respect. The tin can unquestionably is the safest, most practicable and scientific food container that human skill and ingenuity have been able to devise for the benefit of mankind.

NATIONAL CANNERS ASSOCIATION :: :: :: WASHINGTON, D. C.

A nation-wide organization formed in 1907, consisting of producers of all varieties of hermetically sealed canned foods which have been sterilized by heat. It neither produces, buys, nor sells. Its purpose is to assure, for the mutual benefit of the industry and the public, the best canned foods that scientific knowledge and human skill can produce.



© 1920—National Canners Association

Pro-phy-lac-tic
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Pen-e-tra-tor
HAIR BRUSH

Note the straight, thin rows of bristles which separate the hair and smooth out all snarls and tangles.



THE Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor Hair Brush *combs and brushes the hair at the same time.* So penetrating are its choice, extra-stiff bristles, set in thin, up-and-down knots, that every hair is well exercised and every part of the scalp thoroughly massaged each time the brush is used. Thus the scalp is kept clean and healthy, and new life, lustre and a silken softness are imparted to the hair.

The bristles are *permanently* fastened through a pure, non-tarnishable aluminum face into a special, durable composition. The Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor is easily cleaned and kept clean. Made in several styles and finishes. See that the name, Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor, is on the handle. Always sold in a Yellow Box. Send for our free book, which describes all the styles and finishes.

The Old Way



The New Way

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Florence, Mass.
Makers of the Famous Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush
Canadian Address: 247 St. Paul Street West, Montreal





Photo by Paramount-Artcraft Pictures

A BEAUTIFUL DOG, AND AS FOR ELSIE FERGUSON—WELL!

PETS OR PESTS?

BY EMILY ROSE BURT

DO PETS have personalities?

Think a minute.

What about that little old Airedale down on the farm, so awfully homely that he's good-looking, who seems to see into your very soul with his great brown eyes?

Or that black pixie of a kitten that skips like an imp of Satan about your apartment?

Or the obstinate little canary bird that just *wouldn't* eat hemp-seeds?

If it hasn't personality, it isn't a pet; it's just an animal or a bird or a fish, and that's all.

If you don't believe me, ask no less famous a personage than Miss Elsie Ferguson. She avers that pets have sparkling personalities of their own—yes ma'am, and what's more, they're made what they are by the human beings Fate sends them to live with. Some persons, of course, don't take much stock in that idea and quote "the more I see of some folks, the better I like my dog" stuff. Others will tell you what a lot dumb animals can teach you.

And, by the way, whoever started calling them dumb? Surely no one who's ever listened to a dog howling in the full o' the moon or tossed wakefully while a neighbor's pet caterwauled from the garden fence.

HOWEVER, there's undoubtedly a great deal in what Miss Ferguson says, for if you'll consider, you'll not be able to rake up a single instance of a parson with a snappish brute of a dog, or a village vixen with a sweet little loving pussy-cat.

No, no, Miss Ferguson must be right!

Another thing Miss Ferguson said while on the subjects of pets and their personalities was that if you hadn't time to devote to pets you shouldn't have 'em.

That's why there's only just one big white Persian cat purring in front of Miss Ferguson's andirons. (For Miss Ferguson, you know, is busy a good share of the time making nice movies for you.) Imagine, though, according to her own theory, what a lovely cat that white Persian must be!

But though Miss Ferguson has only one, she's really a sort of fairy godmother to all Cinderella eats that stray into her path. There was, for instance, that little wizened one that Miss Ferguson picked up off the railroad tracks in Florida and waved her wand over, there was—but those are all "other stories." Fish into your memories, every one of you, and à la little Tommy Stout in Mother Goose, you'll pull out pets dripping with personality.

There's Buttons, the jolliest little black spaniel in the world, with eyes and tail that grin their way into your heart. So much of a person is he that never a year goes by without his having a birthday-party, marked by the crunching of ice-cream cones, for which he has a passion. And with what appreciation he lists to the doggerel composed and read in his honor!

DASH—big, serious, long-suffering—is the property of three little tots. A dignified professor among dogs he appears, but upon being used as a kind of sofa by a wriggling, ruthless little person he submits with an air of indulgent indifference.

I speak here only of nice, companionable dogs; the cross little barking dogs and the fierce big biting dogs don't deserve to get into print.

As to cats, who dares to hint at their lacking personality? Even Boneless Tom, a kitty of my acquaintance, possessed by two small people, had it to a degree. A limp and docile creature, he was content to be clutched and lifted, somewhat behind the middle, by inadequate little hands, hoisted to one position, only to be hauled into another. He meekly submitted to wearing doll clothes and riding, baby fashion, in a doll's buggy. In memory he lives, suspended somehow in mid-air, all four appendages dangling dejectedly.

Right here let me register a protest and a warning. Don't let the children have a cat to play with unless it has a health-certificate or the equivalent. Kitty's face and Susie's face are sure to meet, pussy-cats and little girls being what they are respectively. A kitty's kiss is nothing for an adult to appreciate at any time, but think of it when the kitty has measles or influenza or even typhoid fever.

BUT are cats and dogs the only pets with personalities?

"No!" Up jump the owners of canaries, parrots, monkeys, rabbits, goldfish—yes, goldfish. I can give you the names of individuals who swear that their goldfish know them and rise to the surface of the home-bowl when spoken to by name. Crums, fish food, vibrations, nothing can quite explain the fact away. So make chums of your goldfish. They will repay you with just such evidences of friendship. Pay no heed to the cold-blooded interior decorator who recommends them merely as charming flashes of color for your sun-parlor. What does she know of the personalities of goldfish? Cretonne canaries and calico parrakeets are more in her line.

How about parrots? Do I hear somebody say, "Oh, nobody but old maids and profane pirates keep them." Wrong! For there are no longer any old maids in this modern world and the only pirates you know nowadays run apartment-houses and grocery-stores.

Parrots are fine birds, but "Handsome is as handsome does" would be a good slogan for a parrot to follow, especially the parrot that lives across the six-foot court from you. You learn in time to be as profane as the parrot.

Speaking of reflecting the owner's personality, where indeed do parrots learn to swear? Everybody who possesses a parrot which drops an occasional oath will tell you that it had its vocabulary ready-made before it came to him.

WELL, maybe so. Perhaps that's what was said by two bachelor-maids of whom I've heard. You see their parrot during the call of an ultra-conventional young man burst out with, "Hey, girls, where are the cigarets?" It seems as if parrots are almost invariably naughty. Did you ever hear of a good one?

A canary bird is different. It's almost as nice to have in the house as a phonograph, and twice as cheap, for you don't have to buy records for it all the time. In case you've that kind of a disposition, you can annoy the neighbors with it just as well, too.

If you've ever had a mechanical player-piano running off "Over There" and "The Only Girl" while you tried to write an article for a woman's magazine, you'd be glad to have a canary bird to throw at their heads.

Once again the interior decorators are going to make you believe you have your cunning yellow canary bird for esthetic reasons. It's so smart to hang a black enamel bird-cage with a red Chinese tassel in the bay window. But again pay no heed. Canary-bird music is some of the sweetest in the world; and if you like it, no interior decorator can delude you into thinking it a part of the furnishings.

In case you never owned a canary, possibly you've never given a thought to its care. But it doesn't just sit and sing ornamentally in its cage, you realize upon having one in your household. It has to eat and drink and take baths and be amused. In short, it has

Concluded on page 94



CHENEY SILKS

Cheney Shower-Proof Foulards

CHARMING and typical American fabrics are the Cheney Shower-proof Foulards for Spring and Summer—as are also the Cheney Twills and Cinderella—the art in which rivals the magic of a French touch. Silks, these, with a durability which reflects the Cheney quality; with refreshing novelty effects, too, in new ground colorings. And there is an added sparkle of design which confers buoyancy—a youthful appeal unmistakable.

Found wherever fine silks are sold; with Cheney Crêpe Jersey, Cheney Satin Barré, Cheney Rubaya.

CHENEY BROTHERS

Eighteenth Street, at Fourth Avenue, New York



Every Day People Judge You by Your Nails

Have they the beauty they so easily can gain?

"HOW beautifully turned out, how correct," you thought—until you caught a glimpse of her nails.

Then, "Shocking!" you said to yourself.

And that one glimpse of her carelessly groomed hands left an impression that you never forgot.

Do you realize how easy it is to keep your nails lovely—so lovely that they lend you that assurance which comes from the knowledge that even the most critical eye can find nothing but immaculate perfection?

The secret of beautiful nails lies in the care of the cuticle. This is the most important part of a manicure. The more you cut the cuticle the faster it grows. It becomes tough, thick, and hangnails appear.

You can have nails that add to your attractiveness

You can keep your nails lovely without injuring the cuticle.

Cutex is a harmless cuticle remover. Applied to the cuticle, it keeps the base of the nail smooth, firm, crescent-like.



This method is the secret of the perfect, even cuticle of many fashionable women

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package), dip it into the bottle of Cutex and work it around the base of the nails, gently pushing back the cuticle. Instantly the dry cuticle is softened. Wash the hands, pushing back the cuticle with a towel. The surplus cuticle will disappear, leaving a firm, even, slender nail base.

If you like snowy white nail tips apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails directly from the tube. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish. For an especially brilliant, lasting polish, use Cutex Paste Polish first, then the Cutex Cake or Powder polish.



A little squeezing of this tube—and your nail tips will stay snowy white

If your cuticle has a tendency to dry and grow coarse, apply a bit of Cutex Cold Cream each night. This cream was especially prepared to keep the hands and cuticle soft and fine.

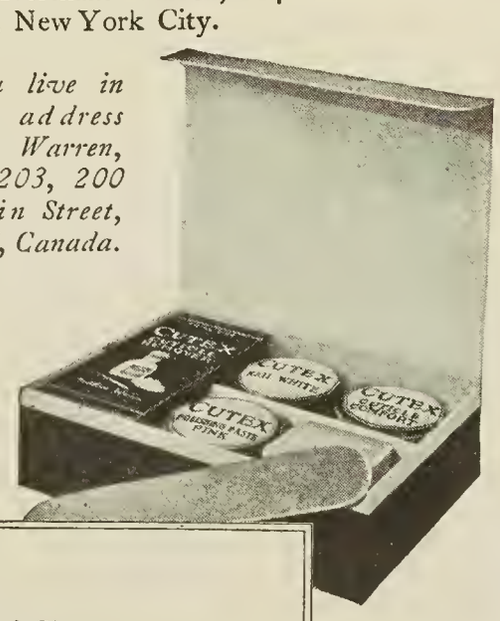
Give yourself this manicure *regularly*. Make it as much of a habit as keeping your shoes shined. It is true that one Cutex manicure makes your nails look lovely; but you cannot *keep* them well groomed by irregular care. Give your nails a Cutex manicure *regularly*.

Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are each 35 cents. The Cuticle Remover comes also in 65 cent bottles. You can get Cutex in any drug or department store in the United States, Canada and in any chemist shop in England.

A manicure set for 20 cents

For twenty cents we will send you the Cutex Introductory Manicure Set, not as large as our Standard set, but containing enough of the Cutex preparations for at least six complete manicures. Use the coupon below. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 1203, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada.



NORTHAM WARREN

Dept. 1203, 114 West 17th Street, New York City

Name

Street and Number

City and State

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH TWO DIMES TODAY

TAKING FRIENDS OUT TO DINE

BY ISABELLE E. RUTTY

WHAT IS YOUR OWN PERPLEXITY IN YOUR SOCIAL AFFAIRS? IF YOU HAVE ONE, OR SEVERAL, WRITE MRS. JOHN CABOT KIMBERLY, IN CARE OF THE DELINEATOR, ENCLOSING A STAMPED ENVELOPE, AND HELP WILL BE OFFERED

"WELL, my dear, he is the type of man who can give a luncheon at a restaurant without confronting one with a bill of fare and that soul-paralyzing question, 'What will you have?'" Thus were the merits of the man of the hour, in her particular group, summed up by one brignt girl who struck the key-note on the real art of entertaining in restaurants.

It may seem to the casual observer that hastily collecting a group of more or less congenial people in a public dining-room and offering them a bewildering menu from which to choose their own meal constitutes true hospitality and is in keeping with the mode of entertaining outside of the home. As a matter of fact, more form and subtle inspiration are needed on the part of a host in extending this type of hospitality than when it is under his own roof.

The very term "guest" implies, on the part of the one who issues the invitation, an act of gracious protection from all that is embarrassing. For the past few years this luncheon and dinner giving in restaurants has become so popular that it has developed into a gentle art and is not confined to bachelors and widowers; many women who face the domestic problems of to-day, find it less of a strain to entertain in this manner. But in order to do it successfully it is important that both would-be host and guest first master some Do's and Don't's.

THE host's first and most important duty, after issuing the invitations, is to order the repast. Now this does not necessarily mean an elaborate menu; on the contrary, nothing so quickly denotes a lack of traditions and the presence of unaccustomed riches as wrongly combined viands and a table groaning with food.

It is generally safer to consult the headwaiter if one is inexperienced, especially if the restaurant has any reputation for its kitchen; but bear in mind that the ideal repast should appeal to the eye as well as the palate. However simple the order, see that the waiter understands every detail beforehand, so that the host may be relieved of all responsibility and able to devote himself to his guests.

It is the mark of a poor host if he has to repeat orders or make corrections during the dinner, and as to the one who stoops to disputing with the waiter—well, all one can say is that he belongs to the species that fortunately is almost extinct and hardly comes under the classification of well-bred.

If a dish appears that is unpalatable, a quiet order to remove it may be given, and, if necessary, a substitute suggested, but the matter should not be discussed until later with the manager.

OCCIDENTAL etiquette does not boast of the safety-valve allowed the Oriental host when mortified by a poorly prepared dish. The story is told of a distinguished man of letters from China who wished to give some important guests a dinner of native dishes. After tasting one course, the host asked to be excused, retired, and soon, to the horror of those present, the shrieks of a woman were heard, and the calm Oriental returned, bowed low and remarked:

"I am sorry that dish was not right, but I beat my wife."

Not that this poor lady of high degree had prepared the banquet, but she was responsible for her servants, and the Eastern method is to punish the man, in this case the woman, higher up.

The check should be paid or signed, as the case may require, before the guests arrive or while they are donning their wraps; the tipping of the waiters should be arranged in the same manner, for a well-bred host never embarrasses guests by attending to any of these financial details in their presence.

In entering a public dining-room the host precedes his women guests, the thought being that he is thus a better protector and insures the waiters placing his party at the right table. The seating is arranged as it would be in a private house, the guests of honor at right and left of the host, and so forth.

A centerpiece of flowers or fruit is always a pretty tribute to those invited, but elaborate favors in flowers or any other form have gone out of fashion because considered ostentatious and lacking in taste.

IF THE dinner is to be followed by a play, then the host must assume the responsibility of the transportation to and from the theater. The guests having their own cars are usually thoughtful enough to place them at the disposal of the host.

It is needless to say that the tickets for the play are all arranged for beforehand, and if the party is a large one the host encloses two tickets in an envelope addressed to each man guest, informing him that he will have the pleasure of escorting Miss —— and sitting beside her at the play, thus avoiding confusion on arriving at the theater.

Another point for the wise host is to appoint the hour for dinner, allowing sufficient time for arriving at the theater before the curtain rises, for it is the essence of bad breeding for a large, gay party to spoil the enjoyment of the rest of an audience by a late and noisy entrance.

By the by, good manners are very much the fashion just now, and it is the man who has been in the trenches who returns with a veritable hunger for all the graces that belong to the life of the gently bred. Face to face with the Great Adventure has evidently taught him to appreciate the mother who seemed to have such old-fashioned ideals before the war.

It bchooves the soldier's young friends at home to unearth some of the manners they also had inherited, but had stored away with other uninteresting antiques, if they would retain the respect of the returned soldier.

MONEY may smooth the path for the one who wishes to acquire breeding, but it certainly can not buy a substitute; there is too much money in the world at present to think for an instant that any one is impressed by it; but really fine manners will at once give a distinction that is an open-sesame in the most desirable circles the world over.

To return to the subject of dining in a restaurant: the guest's first duty is to accept or regret promptly, and if the former, then to arrive at the hour appointed.

The inexperienced one is under the delusion that it is smart to be late, which reminds one of the story told of a young girl who on reaching Europe was enchanted to be invited to a very desirablo house-party. The first night at dinner was a memorable one, for, regardless of the hour appointed, the young guest entered the drawing-room fifteen minutes after dinner had been announced, and going up to her hostess said, "I am afraid that I have kept you waiting, my dear duchess."

The answer was, "Yes, my dear, you have, but royalty never has."

WHILE we do not have court life to regulate etiquette in America, we do have the Army, and a West Pointer considers five minutes before the hour appointed the correct moment to arrive.

During the season the correct dress for a man for a restaurant dinner is regulation evening dress. Before the season begins with the opening of the opera men wear dinner jackets for both dinner and supper. Unless it is a large party the woman does not put on full evening dress, but wears a semi-costume known as a dinner dress, with the thin sleeves, open neck and graceful lines of the recent modes. With this she may wear a picturesquo hat if she cares to, but of course, no veil.

If the party is a large one, then the women don evening dress, without hats, but wear their wraps until they reach their seats, where the wraps are thrown over the backs of their chairs. It is also usual to wear a tulle or lace scarf over the shoulders when evening dress is worn in a public dining-room.

The successful guest always pays the host the subtle compliment of being oblivious to the general public, and when there are friends at adjoining tables, even intimate ones, a friendly bow is all that is required; talking from one table to another is a positive breach of etiquette, and so is the act of stopping at friends' tables on going in or out of the dining-room.

IT IS always questionable taste for a man acquaintance to approach a table where guests are being entertained unless particularly requested by the host. It is quite out of the question for a woman to indulge in this visiting from one table to another, as she disturbs every one, for all the men must rise when she leaves her own table as well as the men at the table she visits.

On going to the play, it is permissible for a girl to accept the escort of a man guest if her hosts have so arranged it; but a chivalrous man will always invite some of the other guests, as it is not considered good form for a girl to accompany a man alone in his motor in a large city.

AT THE theater or concert-hall the guest should be most particular to observe the laws of etiquette by entertaining in a quiet and dignified manner and refraining from conversing during the performance. A man is even more sensitive than a woman to the effect produced by his guests in public and is always gratified when an air of distinction is the key-note of those he entertains. These rules apply to all types of entertainments in public places and for any hour of the day, the only difference being in the matter of dress, which naturally differs for luncheons, teas or dinners.

When one is entertaining one or two persons instead of a large party, it is not always convenient, especially at a little impromptu luncheon or dinner, to order in advance, but this is where the genius of the host comes in.

First he should choose a restaurant where he feels sure that the food and service are above reproach.

Now, assuming that there has been no moment in which to study the bill of fare, the host having an idea of how elaborate a dinner he wishes to order should at once take command, as it were, and say, "This place is noted for its lobster, and unless you object to shell-fish, I thought a little hot soup first, then the lobster, followed by such-and-such dishes would please you."

The guest is permitted to express an opinion, of course, if there is any dish that does not agree with her, or if the order seems a little too generous, for no housekeeper can possibly be more sensitive than a man when a guest sends the food away untasted.

WHEN a woman entertains another at luncheon, she should always at once put her guest at ease by saying, perhaps: "I am quite starved, I do hope that you are. Don't you think some clams, chicken à la King, an ice and a demi-tasse would be nice?"

If it is to be a salad and a cup of tea, or any more simple repast, the point is that the hostess should at once give the guest an idea of how elaborate or simple is the repast to which she has been invited, for either shows a mark of hospitality which a guest appreciates.

Begin tonight to win the charm of "*A Skin you Love to Touch*"

A BEAUTIFUL skin, soft, fresh, flawlessly clear—no other charm makes an appeal so instant, so complete.

You, too, can win this charm. Even if, through neglect or the wrong kind of treatment, your skin has lost some of its freshness and delicacy—if it is marred by blemishes, blackheads, conspicuous nose pores—you can correct these defects—you can make your skin as clear, as smooth and soft as a woman's skin *should* be.

For your skin is changing every day. Each day old skin dies and new skin takes its place. Begin tonight to give this *new skin* the Woodbury treatment suited to its individual needs.

You will find the special Woodbury treatment for *your type of skin* in the famous booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake today. A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's lasts for a month or six weeks of any one of the treatments, and for general cleansing use. Sold at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

This Beautiful Picture for Framing Send for Your Copy Today!

This picture with sample cake of soap, booklet of treatments, samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream, for 20 cents.

Walter Biggs, one of America's most noted painters, has given this charming interpretation of "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Reproduced from the original oil painting in four colors—on fine quality paper—it will go to you ready for framing—no printed matter on it. Size 12½ x 22 inches.

Thousands will want this picture. Send for your copy today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1903 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1903 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.





For 20 cents we will send you

this picture, a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap —large enough for a week's treatment,—the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch", containing the treatment for YOUR INDIVIDUAL TYPE OF SKIN, *and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Write to the address given above.*



Raisin Cocoa Cake

1 egg
1 cupful molasses
4 tbsp. cold water
1½ cupfuls flour
1 cupful SUN-MAID Raisins
1 tsp. ginger
4 tsp. cocoa
1 tsp. soda

To the beaten egg, add molasses, water, ginger and cocoa, and beat until thoroughly mixed. Sift soda with flour and add to egg mixture. Just before putting in the pan stir in the raisins.

That Charm in Raisins

—It Creates an Irresistible Attraction
Try it in this *Cocoa Cake*

MAKE the best plain cake that you know and serve to your family and friends. Then make the same cake *with raisins*.

Note the added *popularity* that the raisins bring to that same cake.

Try it with bread—serve plain bread and raisin bread side by side. See your folks choose the bread with raisins.

There's a compelling charm and irresistible appeal, in the foods that contain raisins.

The Cocoa Cake has it. Read the recipe. Try it and see how good it is.

Then use raisins to make the so-called *plain* foods attain a higher plane in flavor and nutrition.

In boiled rice, bread-puddings, simple cakes, pies, cookies, rolls and breads, one may create "luxury flavors" at plain-food costs. The family will like these foods better and you can serve them more frequently.

Thus raisins used in various ways can help you save on bills.

A Healthful Fruit-Food Good for Children

Children love raisins and raisins are good for them. They are 75% pure fruit-sugar—healthful, energizing nutriment in practically predigested form.

Stew and mix with oatmeal and other breakfast foods. Children will eat less cane sugar with raisins to take its place.

You'll be surprised when you learn the scores of uses to which these luscious fruit-meats can be put.



SUN-MAID Raisins

Always ask for Sun-Maid Raisins. They are made from California's finest grapes—grapes so delicate and tender that you may seldom taste them fresh because they cannot stand long shipment.

Taste them as *raisins*—plump, tender, thin-skinned and meaty—and you'll always get this kind.

Send for free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes," containing 100 excellent suggestions for their use.

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STORED-UP SWEETS

JAMS AND JELLIES FOR COOKERY

BY IDA C. BAILEY ALLEN

A GLASS of jam, jelly or marmalade is more than merely a spread for bread. It is more than an accessory. It is the condensation of Nature's best sunshine-filled foods, representing not only her choicest flavors, but wonderful food value in the form of minerals, acids and natural sugar, to say nothing of the large amount of ordinary sugar introduced in its making.

All these preserves have their place as spreads, but it is a waste, not only of materials, but of digestive energy as well, to serve them when their place in the meal is not strictly accounted for.

We do not need any other sweets in a meal where jams and jellies are served.

If to be used in "spread" form, let them take their rightful place, and use them as dessert, with an accompaniment of little hot biscuits, warm cornbread, buttered toast or entire-wheat rolls; or serve them with French toast, waffles or griddle-cakes. If used to accompany the latter, they may be thinned with one-third their bulk of boiling water.

At afternoon tea, also, they may be used "as is," either with hot bread, baked in dainty form, as individual Sally Lunns, or quick baking-powder rolls; or as a filling for sandwiches, either plain, in combination with butter, or with peanut butter, or cream, or cottage-cheese. A few chopped nuts may always be added to give a conserve effect, if the preserve closet does not contain a sweet of this kind.

The making of these sweets occurs at a season of the year when fresh fruits are so plentiful, and the purchase of sugar so much a matter of course, that the average woman loses her perspective of their actual money value. When the time comes to use them, they are ready-prepared, and "all paid for," so they are usually introduced with no conception of what they really represent.

As a matter of fact, they may be used to excellent advantage in the actual making of many sweet dishes. This not only makes possible the introduction of Summer flavors into the Winter menu, but also affords opportunity for the amount of sugar used in their making to receive full value. At the same time the other ingredients in these dishes may be proportionately reduced, making possible further economy.

All Measures Are Level

JAM COTTAGE PUDDING

1 cup jam or marmalade (any kind)
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons melted fat
3 teaspoons baking-powder
1 teaspoon salt
2 cups flour

COMBINE the jam, the egg, milk and fat in a mixing-bowl. Sift together the dry ingredients and beat them into the first mixture. Transfer to well-oiled muffin-pans and bake thirty minutes in an oven at 375 degrees Fahrenheit. Serve either hot or cold, with a plain lemon sauce. If desired, this may be baked in two-layer cake-pans and put together with whipped cream.

BREAD-AND-MARMALADE PUDDING

3 cups milk, scalded
2 eggs
¼ cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
6 slices bread, medium-sized
Butter
Orange or other marmalade

LIGHTLY butter the bread, then spread it with marmalade, cut it in finger lengths and place it in a baking-dish. Beat the eggs and the sugar together, add the salt and milk, pour over the bread and set the baking-dish in a pan of hot water. Bake until firm in the center and serve half-warm or cold, with or without cream.

JAM SPANISH CREAM

1½ tablespoon gelatin
3 cups milk
½ cup strawberry, plum or raspberry jam
⅓ cup sugar
2 eggs
Few grains salt
Few drops orange extract

ADD the gelatin to the milk and let stand for a few moments. Then stir in the jam and sugar and scald the whole mixture. Separate the whites and yolks of the eggs, beating the yolks till lemon-colored and the whites until stiff. Pour the scalded-milk mixture into the egg-yolks, return to the double boiler and cook like a custard, till slightly thickened. Then add the salt and flavoring and pour the mixture into the egg-whites, beaten stiff. Transfer to individual molds, let stand for a few hours to solidify and serve with or without cream.

A ginger-and-pear marmalade is also delicious if used in this way.

JAM FRUIT BETTY

2 tablespoons margarin
2 cups chopped apples
½ cup pineapple, rhubarb or orange marmalade
3 cups soft bread-crums
Nutmeg
Light brown sugar

OIL a baking-dish with part of the margarin. Stir together the apples and marmalade. Put a layer of the crums in the baking-dish, cover with some of the apple-and-marmalade mixture, add a little nutmeg and dot with a very little margarin. Repeat in this way until all has been used, making the last layer of crums. Then sprinkle very sparingly with the brown sugar, cover and bake in a hot oven, 375 degrees Fahrenheit, for half an hour, removing the lid to let the pudding brown. Serve half-warm, with cream, top-milk, or lemon sauce. This is particularly attractive if baked individually in ramekins and garnished with whipped cream or hard sauce just before serving. If desired any kind of jelly may be substituted for the marmalade.

STEAMED JAM PUDDING

½ cup fat
½ cup brown sugar
3 eggs
¾ cup flour
¾ teaspoon soda
⅛ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup any rich tart jam or marmalade

CREAM together the fat and sugar, beating into them the eggs. Sift together the dry ingredients, stir them into the first mixture, together with the preserves, and transfer to a well-oiled mold. Cover tightly and steam for two hours. Serve with a plain lemon sauce, or with a hot foamy sauce made of the same preserve as that used in the pudding.

FOAMY JAM SAUCE

⅓ cup jam or marmalade (any kind)
1 cup boiling water
3 tablespoons sugar
¾ tablespoon lemon-juice
1 egg

COMBINE the jam, boiling water and sugar, and boil for five minutes, then add the lemon-juice. Beat the egg light, pour the boiling sauce into it, return to the heat, stir constantly for a moment and serve hot. This sauce is also delicious with plain cottage pudding, steamed chocolate pudding, or a plain steamed apple pudding, or apple dumplings.

JAM OR JELLY TAPIOCA

9 tablespoons raspberry, strawberry or plum jam or 1 cup jelly
3 cups boiling water
Few grains salt
6 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca
1 tablespoon lemon-juice

STIR the jam or jelly into the boiling water and add the salt and tapioca. Simmer until the latter is transparent, then add the lemon-juice and pour into individual molds. When stiff, unmold and serve with cream or top milk.

BLANC-MANGE RENVERSÉE

3½ cups milk
⅓ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup corn-starch
½ teaspoon orange extract
Strawberry, raspberry or grape jam

PUT three cups of the milk on to scald with the sugar and salt. Stir together the corn-starch and remaining milk, add it to the scalded milk, stirring constantly until the mixture is thickened. Then let it cook over the hot water for at least twenty minutes longer, to remove any possible raw taste, and add the flavoring. In the meantime, put a spoonful of the jam into each of six good-sized custard-cups. Pour the corn-starch mixture into these, let stand until very cold and unmold. The jam will form a delicious sauce and yet will have delicately flavored the pudding.

JAM OR JELLY OMELET

4 eggs
4 tablespoons water
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
From 1-3 to ½ cup jam or jelly, tart flavor
1½ tablespoon margarin
Powderod sugar

SEPARATE the whites and yolks of the eggs and beat the yolks till lemon-colored and the whites till stiff. Stir the water, the salt and the sugar into the egg-yolks, then fold in the egg-whites. Pour the mixture into a medium-sized frying-pan, in which the margarin has been melted but not allowed to become very hot. Cook the omelet mixture gently, lifting it occasionally around the edges with a knife, to allow the uncooked portion to precipitate. When browned on the bottom, place it in the oven for a moment to firm the top; then spread half of it lightly with the jam or jelly. Cut at right angles to the handle, fold over, slide it onto a hot platter and dust with powdered sugar.

Serve as dessert in a meal otherwise deficient in protein.

RASPBERRY-JAM ICE

1¼ cup raspberry jam
4 cups boiling water
1½ teaspoon gelatin
2 tablespoons lemon-juice

COMBINE the jam and the boiling water and simmer for five minutes. Then add the gelatin, which has been allowed to stand for five minutes in cold water to barely cover; stir until dissolved and rub through a sieve. When cool, add the lemon-juice and freeze in an ice-cream freezer, using three parts of cracked ice to one of rock salt.

STRAWBERRY OR PINEAPPLE JAM ICE-CREAM

1½ cup strawberry or pineapple jam
1 quart light cream
½ cup sugar
Few grains salt
½ tablespoon lemon-juice

COMBINE the jam, cream, sugar and salt and scald them together. Rub through a fine sieve; when cool add the lemon-juice and freeze in an ice-cream freezer, using three parts of cracked ice to one of rock salt.

GRAPE OR STRAWBERRY JAM BAVARIAN CREAM

1½ tablespoon gelatin
½ cup cold water
1½ cup jam
½ tablespoon lemon-juice
2 cups heavy cream

ADD the gelatin to the water and let stand for five minutes, then dissolve it over steam. Add it to the jam with the lemon-juice and let stand until beginning to congeal. Whip the cream, fold in the jam mixture and transfer to a mold which has been rinsed with cold water.

Unmold when firm and serve with or without a sauce made of additional jam.

THE STORY OF THE NINETY NINE BALES OF AGAR-AGAR

By JOSEPHINE E. McINTOSH



—we sat and chewed Agar-agar

WE sat in his private laboratory at a great oaken desk—amidst test tubes, retorts, mysterious scientific apparatus and bottles of vari-colored, sparkling liquids.

From time to time as we talked he reached over, plucked a little white stick from a bundle of them on the desk and chewed it. Then he would toss it aside and pick a similar looking stick from another bundle. I noticed that his whole desk was covered with these little bundles, and asked him what they were and why he chewed them so incessantly.

He laughed and said:

"Those little bundles contain agar-agar. Each is a sample taken from a great bale weighing hundreds of pounds, now ready for shipment from Japan. I was chewing a few here while we talked to determine which bales to buy."

"What is agar-agar and what do you use it for?" I asked.

"Agar-agar is a species of dried sea weed," he returned. "It is gathered by Japanese natives off the coast of the island of Formosa and is dried and bleached in the hot tropical sun. It is then inspected carefully and that which passes the test is chopped into suitable lengths and baled into huge bales for export."

"Some years ago scientists discovered that agar-agar is valuable as a medical aid in treating bowel disorders and constipation. When taken into the system, in combination with certain other substances, it absorbs from the cells and walls of the body sufficient water to promote a normal healthy action and thus affords relief to sufferers from this affection."

"But why can you only use one bale in a hundred, and who uses the other ninety-nine, and how can you tell which bale you want, and what do you use agar-agar for when you get it?" I went on.

"Well," he said, "it's like tea-tasting. There is no chemical or laboratory test for determining which tea has the best aroma for a certain purpose. Certain people who have trained themselves to distinguish one aroma from another, taste tea as a profession. So in selecting agar-agar, we have no laboratory tests. We must buy that which is the most gelatinous—it must absorb water quickly and be of a certain flavor and color. I have developed the ability to determine quickly by the taste which is the best and personally have selected every bale of agar-agar McKesson & Robbins have bought for over twenty-five years."

I tried some from several bundles, could see no difference and told him so. He laughed and said, "Of course you cannot. This business requires long experience. We use this agar-agar, for instance, in Analax, the fruity laxative. In combination with chopped oranges, grape juice, raspberry juice, and other appetizing ingredients it forms a laxative that assists Nature wonderfully in helping your body become normal. The agar-agar in one little pastille of Analax absorbs two and a half ounces of water. Then the clogged up bowels are relieved so naturally that you think it is magic."

"This would not be the case unless we selected our agar-agar with the greatest care, using sometimes only one bundle in a hundred and permitting less exacting manufacturers to buy the ninety-nine rejected bales. We select every ingredient with as great care as we select agar-agar."

"Do you see that little oval over my desk?" he asked. I looked and saw a bronze oval containing the initials "McK & R."

"For nearly a century McKesson & Robbins have been importing and manufacturing the materials your druggist uses. For over eighty-six years they have been making simple home remedies. All this time that little oval has been cherished as a seal that goes only on preparations we are proud of; that are the best that can be made."

"All corners of the globe furnish us with the materials we use in our laboratories. You will find here coca leaves from Bolivia, cinchona bark from the Dutch East Indies, gum arabic from far Sudan. You will see camphor from Japan and blue-flag root from Alabama side by side."

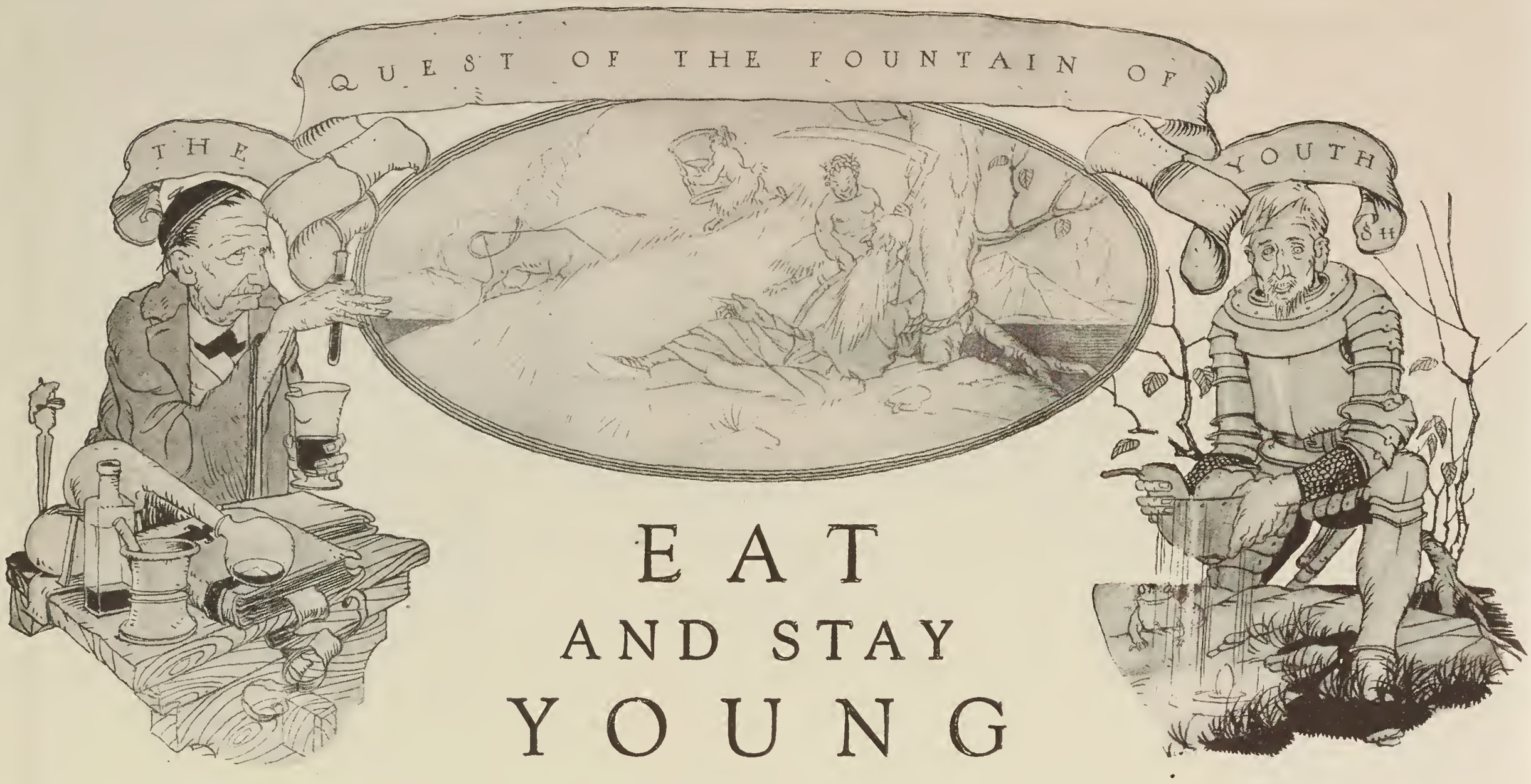
Later I went through and saw these things for myself. Great casks of liquids from foreign lands, bales of odd-smelling leaves and a myriad bottles of colored liquids. Everywhere was order, neatness and an atmosphere of content.

I saw then why this great house of McKesson & Robbins, starting in New York when there were no telephones, no electric lights, no sewing machines, no steamboats, no automobiles, no kerosene, when surgeons operated without anaesthetics—when America was in her cradle days—I saw why this great house had steadily climbed to leadership.

Exceeding care, *loving* care, in attending to the most minute detail in the production of the products bearing that little oval seal of quality is responsible.

When my local druggist shows me—oh, anything, with that little McK & R oval on it, my mind runs back to that day when we sat and chewed agar-agar and I see in that package the loving care that was put into it and I know it could not be any better.





EAT AND STAY YOUNG

BY CAROLYN CONANT VAN BLARCOM

Grow old along with me;
The best is yet to be,
The last of life,
For which the first was made.

—BROWNING.

"A MAN is as old as his arteries and a woman is as old as she looks" is a rumor that we have heard so long and so often we suppose it is all true and give it no further thought.

That is, unless it happens that we are beginning to feel the sun shining on our backs as we travel along the road called Life. Then this time-worn, half-flippant saying carries with it a new and arresting thought; one that we were not conscious of in the days when we laughed and skipped and sang because our bodies were young.

As we feel that western sun, we give ourselves a little shake, take a furtive look at our skin and hair, and wonder about those wretched arteries, kidneys and liver that we are told register faithfully the passage of time. We have never been anything but young before and this idea of even beginning to grow old is so strange and unrelated to us that it is not quite easy to grasp.

Looking about, we find that on every hand there are other aging people secretly longing and endeavoring to stay the passing of youth and retain the joy of youthful vigor.

They are not averse to the idea of advancing in mental and spiritual life, for that means a rolling up of experience; a mellowness and understanding and a depth of feeling that can only come with the years. But they dread the prospect of their eager minds being pent up in slowly crumbling temples.

It is young bodies that they want—physical youth with its exuberance and freshness carried along into the spiritual mellowness of middle age, and that "Last of life for which the first was made."

Meantime the clock ticks away the days and the years, and our arteries and looks and failing physical powers tell the tale.

It all seems so inexorable and so in compliance with immutable laws that we accept it with a helpless, unresisting kind of acquiescence, much as we accept such world-old notions as the one that water can not run up-hill or that iron is heavier than water and therefore must sink.

But just here we pause a moment and consider, for we remember that modern scientific effort *has* made water run up-hill and that in every part of the world ships made of iron and steel are skimming smoothly over the surface of the water.

AND now we are finding out that modern scientific investigation has given one more irreverent kick to world-old tradition and completely knocked over that sedate and ancient belief that the ravages of time can not be stayed; that our bodies must grow old as our birthdays accumulate.

It is not a golden nectar mysteriously distilled at some witching hour, nor sparkling water from a remote and crystal-clear spring that can give us our youth "to have and to hold;" not a fanciful, poetic idea made real. Far from it.

It is through the most mundane earth-earthy means imaginable that youthful joy may be delayed in its passing—our unromantic three meals a day.

Dr. E. V. McCollum, Professor of Chemical Hygiene of the School of Health and Hygiene at Johns Hopkins University, has worked long and patiently on this subject and now tells us that mankind, and his sister, can greatly prolong their physical youth and buoyancy by a proper selection and combination of foods.

"One of the most important means of preventing the deterioration of the body," he says, "is through proper nutrition."

The key-note of Dr. McCollum's teaching is that generous addition of milk and leafy vegetables to the diet at all ages is necessary to normal development and to preservation of youthful health and vigor. Although the commonly used staple articles of food are valuable in making up the dietary, Dr. McCollum feels that the leafy vegetables and dairy products are so necessary in maintaining physical well-being that he designates them "The Protective Foods."

THE following is an example of a typical American dinner of the meat-potato-bread type. Such a diet would fail to satisfactorily nourish the body if adhered to over a prolonged period.

Roast beef
Baked potatoes
Stewed tomatoes
Bread and butter
Apple dumpling with hard sauce
Coffee

Dr. McCollum has shown how the above meal may be so altered as to provide the body with all of the substances which it needs to promote health and preserve youth. If you will send a stamped, addressed envelope to Carolyn Conant Van Blarcom, Health Editor of THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York City, she will send you three typical but faulty menus which have been altered by Dr. McCollum to conform to his newest teachings.*

He has done much scientific writing on this subject and scientific circles have profited. But the mothers of men have gone on serving the time-honored meals consisting largely of meat and potatoes, peas, beans, cereals and bread; and in their children, while still children, have started the deterioration which later will cause them to grow old in their arteries and in their looks.

"We have become so accustomed to seeing children whose physical development is distinctly below what it should be," says Dr. McCollum, "that as a rule parents do not feel a due sense of guilt for a condition which is wholly the result of their own neglect of duty." That this parental neglect is due to ignorance does not lessen the lifelong tragedy of physical impairment suffered by the unnourished children.

"It is high time," in his opinion, "that every mother should know as much about feeding her family as the thousands of successful farmers know about feeding live stock."

And so Dr. McCollum has written a book to these mothers which he calls "The American Home Diet—An Answer to the Ever-Present Question: What Shall We Have for Dinner?" He describes in simple language the results of his many years of patient, scientific laboratory work so that children and adults alike may be provided with a youth-preserving diet. And he gives a properly balanced menu for each of the three daily meals throughout the entire year.

We have read about how to "Eat and Grow Thin" and "Eat and Grow Fat," and now we are told how to Eat and Stay Young.

Dr. McCollum tells us in his book that "It is only within the last four or five years that any one could say what constituted a satisfactory diet, but we now know definitely that the regular diet of a large portion of the people of the United States is falling short of maintaining satisfactory nutrition."

He maintains, what will surprise many, that the widespread confidence in calories as a reliable unit by which food values can be measured is responsible for much malnutrition.

Dr. McCollum believes that a diet may satisfactorily measure up to the caloric standard and yet fail to promote development and preserve health. This is because of a need that we have of something that the calories do not measure—substances that are not known to be involved in the production of heat, energy and the repair of body tissues. And he discovers that the richest supply of these elusive "protective" substances is found in milk and leafy vegetables. Eggs and the glandular organs, such as liver, kidneys and sweetbreads, also contain protective substances, but to a lesser degree.

He says: "Scientific research has fully demonstrated that the view which was universally accepted a few years ago, namely, that the protein and energy needs of the body are the two fundamental factors in nutrition, is erroneous. In the older literature foods were selected solely on the basis of their chemical composition and fuel value, and the commonest comparison of the feeding of an individual was with the stoking of an engine."

His belief is that much aging and malnutrition have resulted from the practise of giving growth-producing foods to infants and children only, and in feeding adults with the sole idea of preserving the body and keeping it going.

"We have failed to find any evidence in animal experimentation or in human experience,' he says, "to warrant the belief that there is any essential difference in the character of the diet which will best support well-being in persons of different ages. It is true that certain foods which are not suited to the delicate tract of the infant or young child can be safely taken by an adult. It is by no means certain, however, that the adult will be well nourished and his vitality maintained at a high level by diets which are unsuited to the child of four or five years. There is no satisfactory evidence that the character of the diet should be changed when growth is completed."

In other words, we are all a lot of Alices in Wonderland who have to keep on running very fast to stay where we are physically. We must supply our adult bodies with the same kind of building material that we give to young, growing bodies if we would preserve our youth.

Milk and leafy vegetables are the watchwords.

"The span of human life has been nearly doubled during the last century and a half because of the operation of several factors," says Dr. McCollum.

"Much, however, remains to be accomplished in alleviating the sufferings of mankind. The mortality (death-rate) records show a marked decline in the power of American workers to withstand certain influences in modern life. This is manifested in an extraordinary increase in the death rate from breaking down of the heart, hardening of the arteries, the development of diseases of the kidneys and an increase in nervous and digestive disorders.

"These diseases are developing in younger people with each succeeding decade, and now reach down into middle life, and are increasing in people of all ages. They are old-age diseases, and yet among the four hundred and ten thousand people who die annually from them, sixty thousand die under the age of forty years; one hundred and five thousand die between the ages of forty and sixty years, and two hundred and forty-five thousand die above the age of sixty."

Isn't it almost beyond belief that people under forty and even under sixty should be dying in such numbers of "old-age diseases"?

"Not only is the span of life shortened by these old-age diseases, but the productive period of life and the capacity of the individual are reduced. Accident, damaged products and ruined machinery, as well as physical discomfort and mental suffering, are the price which society is paying for living in such a way as to foster the early degeneration of the body tissues and consequent early loss of youth. They are the causes of inaccuracy, lack of efficiency and lack of success. The records show that the mortality from these old-age diseases has increased nearly one hundred per cent. in thirty years.

"There can no longer be any doubt that faulty nutrition is one of the most important factors contributing to this condition."

THERE is no more prompt nor undeniable evidence of poor nutrition than loss of the normal texture and tint of the skin and hair. The fact that people generally are growing old before their time and are aware of the fact is reflected in the character of much of the so-called "beauty" appeal constantly made to the public, the women in particular, by commercial houses.

American women of to-day, and men too, are observing in their mirrors skins that have lost their freshness and

Concluded on page 72

fried foods healthful as well as delicious

Fried foods can be as healthful as they are delicious, if you fry them in Crisco, the strictly vegetable cooking fat.

Crisco makes fried foods wholesome because it is wholesome itself. It is simply a solid white cream of nutritious vegetable oil—delicate, appetizing, pure, white, tasteless, odorless. It does not turn rancid.

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Buy Baker's Dry-Shred Coconut if you prefer the old-fashioned sugar-cured kind in paper cartons.

WHEN SUGAR IS SCARCE

BY FLORA G. ORR
Home-Economics Editor

WHEN sugar is scarce we can depend upon other sweets. Jams, jellies and marmalades—your own or those bought at the grocery store—can be used as the sweet part of the meal. Or they can be used in cooking where they will take the place of sugar and will add flavor to a dish as well.

Condensed milk, sweetened coconut and marshmallow whip are all sweet products which the clever cook will utilize. Condensed milk will sweeten your coffee or will help out in any cooking emergency where milk and sugar both are ordinarily used. For example, you can use condensed milk in cocoa, in custards, junket desserts, rice puddings and in blanc-mange.

Sweetened coconut helps out in many ways. Combined with condensed milk it is good as a cake-frosting. A mixture of coconut and condensed milk may be combined with a stiffly beaten egg-white to make coconut macaroons.

COCONUT MACAROONS

1 egg-white
1¼ cup sweet coconut
⅛ cup condensed milk
½ teaspoon flavoring

BEAT the egg-white until stiff, then fold it into the mixture of coconut and condensed milk. Add the flavoring. Drop by spoonfuls on a greased baking-sheet and shape into cakes. Bake in a moderate oven until lightly browned.

A MARSHMALLOW whip has many uses. It will garnish and sweeten puddings and pies, looking very much like whipped cream. It will sweeten and "extend" whipped cream. It is excellent as a cake-frosting. It may be combined with coconut, raisins, dates, figs or nuts. Less sugar than usual may be used with stewed fruits when they are to be topped with marshmallow whip.

Do not forget the uses of figs, dates and raisins for sweetening purposes. Stewed with a little sirup or honey they make a particularly nice cake-filling.

SIRUPS AND HONEY INSTEAD OF SUGAR

WAR-TIME experience taught us pretty definitely what might be done about substituting sirups, molasses and honey for sugar. But it will not come amiss at a time like this to sum up that experience.

In almost all cooking except baking, one sirup or another may be used for sweetening without the aid of any sugar at all.

That is to say—cereal puddings, such as tapioca pudding, rice pudding corn-starch puddings, bread pudding, gelatin desserts, charlotte russe and junket as well as fruits and fruit sauces which are not too acid may all be sweetened entirely with sirups or with honey. Examples of fruits which are really too acid to be sweetened entirely with sirups or honey are grapefruit and cranberries. Try to save enough sugar to use with these for best results.

In substituting sirups for sugar in making any of the desserts mentioned above, follow some such rule as this:

One and three-fourths cup of honey or sirup may replace one cup of sugar in a recipe as far as sweetening power is concerned. But since honey and sirups contain some water, reduce the liquid in the recipe one-fourth cup for every cup of liquid sweetener used. If honey is to replace sugar, add one-sixth teaspoon of soda to each cup. This is because honey is somewhat acid.

Between one and one-third cup and one and two-thirds cup of cane-sirup or maple-sirup should be enough of these to take the place of one cup of sugar.

A new sugar substitute is malt-sugar sirup. It looks like maple-sirup and has a delicious flavor. If your grocer does not handle it, get your friends to ask him for it continually. Then he will realize the demand and will lay in a stock.

RICE PUDDING

5 tablespoons rice
4 cups milk
½ cup cane-sirup
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup raisins

WASH the rice and mix it with the milk, sweetening, salt, cinnamon and raisins. Pour into an oiled pudding-dish and bake slowly for three hours. Stir frequently during the first hour to prevent burning and sticking and do not have the oven heat great enough to cause the milk to boil. Eat hot or cold as preferred.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING

4 tablespoons corn-starch
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ cup corn-sirup
3 cups milk
2 squares chocolate
½ teaspoon vanilla

MIX together the corn-starch, salt, sirup and one-half cup of the milk. Scald the remaining milk in a double boiler and add the chocolate. When the chocolate has melted add the corn-starch, sirup mixture and cook, stirring constantly until thick and smooth. Lastly add the vanilla and if desired fold in the whites of two eggs beaten stiff. Pour in a mold, chill and serve with whipped cream sweetened with sirup.

SORGHUM and molasses have long been used to sweeten certain puddings.

INDIAN PUDDING

1 cup corn-meal
2 cups boiling water
4 cups hot milk
½ cup molasses or sorghum
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon ginger

POUR boiling water over corn-meal, then add to the hot milk and cook in a double boiler for twenty minutes. At the end of this time add molasses or sorghum, salt and ginger; pour into greased pudding-dish and bake slowly for two hours. Serve with milk or with cream. One-half cup of raisins, dates or figs may be added to this pudding.

SOMETIMES one or more eggs are added as well to make a richer, tastier pudding.

FANCY INDIAN PUDDING

MAKE as for Indian pudding, excepting that a little fat may be added, and to this amount of meal use two eggs. The whites and yolks are beaten separately, then the yolks are combined with the other ingredients and the pudding is baked. Jam or marmalade is then spread over the top of the pudding and the whole covered with stiffly beaten egg. Replace in the oven until the meringue is a delicate brown.

BAKING WITH THE SIRUPS

YOU can bake gingerbreads without using any sugar at all by using molasses, honey, sorghum or sirup in combination with sour milk and soda. The texture of gingerbread is good and the use of a liquid sweetener in this case does not keep the product from being light.

You can not, however, entirely substitute a liquid sweetener for sugar in a cake and get a product which is just as good as the cake made with sugar would be. You can substitute for half of the sugar in this way and get a fair result.

HERE is a standard plain-cake recipe:

¼ cup fat
¾ cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup milk
1½ cup flour
2 teaspoons baking-powder
⅜ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon flavoring

WARM the fat, beat well with sweetening. Add egg-yolk, beat again. Add milk and sifted dry ingredients. Beat until smooth. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Bake in a medium-hot oven.

YOU may change this recipe as follows with fair results:

¼ cup fat
⅜ cup or 6 tablespoons sugar
⅓ cup sirup
1 egg
7 tablespoons milk
1½ cup flour
2 teaspoons baking-powder
⅜ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon flavoring

OR YOU may attempt to get a better texture by substituting sour milk for sweet milk with the requisite amount of soda (½ teaspoon to each cup of sour milk):

¼ cup fat
⅜ cup or 6 tablespoons sugar
⅓ cup sirup
1 egg
7 tablespoons sour milk
¼ teaspoon soda (takes the place of 1 teaspoon of baking-powder)
1½ cup flour
1 teaspoon baking-powder
⅜ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon flavoring

SOUR milk and soda with molasses give a nice gingerbread:

1 teaspoon soda
1 cup sour milk
1 cup molasses
¼ cup melted fat
1 egg
1 tablespoon ginger
½ teaspoon salt
2½ cups flour

MIX together soda and sour milk and add with molasses to the other ingredients. Bake in a shallow pan twenty-five to thirty minutes.

HERE is a recipe for devil's-food cake in which molasses has been substituted for one-half the sugar which was called for by the original recipe:

DEVIL'S-FOOD CAKE

¼ cup fat
½ cup sugar
6½ tablespoons molasses
¼ cup sour milk
1 egg
2 squares chocolate melted in 6½ tablespoons boiling water
½ teaspoon soda
1½ cup flour
1 teaspoon vanilla

COMBINE ingredients in the order given. Bake in a loaf and for a frosting use whipped cream, or whipped evaporated milk, or a mixture of cocouut and condensed milk thick enough to spread.

DESSERTS WHEN SUGAR IS SCARCE

THE following list shows that variety in the sweet sauces is possible in sugarless days:

Gingerbread with apple-sauce which has been sweetened with sirup
Gingerbread with whipped cream sweetened with honey or sirup. (Whipped evaporated milk may take the place of whipped cream if desired.)
Bread pudding sweetened with sirup and served with marshmallow sauce
Apples baked with honey or sirup, stuffed with raisins and nuts
Prune or other fruit whip sweetened with sirup—served with whipped cream or marshmallow sauce
Brown Betty sweetened with sirup. Serve with sirup sauce
Custards or other puddings sweetened with honey or sirup; coconut custards and puddings
Ices or ice-creams sweetened with sirups
Prunes stuffed with raisins and nuts served with marshmallow sauce
Preserved or spiced figs with whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk
Sliced oranges with sweet coconut
Biscuits and honey
French toast with jelly sirup or cane sirup
Fruit fritters with strawberry sirup
Indian pudding
Biscuits with jelly or jam
Small tarts filled with jam or preserves
Pumpkin-pie sweetened with sorghum
Charlotte russe sweetened with sirup
Gelatin desserts sweetened with sirup
Molasses cookies served with fruit sauces sweetened with sirup

Chocolate Cream Padding

Scald two cupfuls Libby's Evaporated Milk in a double boiler, add one-third cupful sugar mixed with three level tablespoonfuls cornstarch. Cook until thickened, add two squares of melted chocolate. Cook five minutes longer, then stir in one cupful marshmallows cut in small pieces. Pile in serving dish and garnish with marshmallows. Serve hot or cold



Milk that gives your cooking the richness of cream—at half the cost!

If you had plenty of rich cream for cooking, couldn't you make wonderful cream soups, cream gravies, puddings, ice-cream and pies?

You can get the same results with Libby's Evaporated Milk—at half the cost of cream!

Try the Chocolate Cream Pudding shown above. Your family will declare they've seldom tasted a dessert so rich in creamy flavor—and yet the recipe contains—for its cream content—only two cupfuls of Libby's Evaporated Milk.

Libby's Evaporated Milk is wholesome milk from fine dairy sections—evaporated to the consistency of cream. More than half the moisture of the fresh milk is removed—nothing added—but all the food value of the milk is retained.

To restore it to the consistency of ordinary milk, dilute Libby's with a little more than an equal quantity of water—but wherever cream is called for, use Libby's Evaporated Milk undiluted.

Try Libby's Evaporated Milk today in one of the cream-and-butter-saving recipes given here! Your grocer has it, or will gladly get it for you.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 803 Welfare Bldg., Chicago



Cream of Corn Soup that is different somehow—creamier

Chop two cupfuls of canned corn, add two cupfuls Libby's Evaporated Milk, half a teaspoonful salt, a teaspoonful finely minced onion and cook fifteen minutes in double boiler. Just before serving beat with egg beater until frothy

"Better than the best of creamed chicken" is this creamed tuna fish

Scald a cupful of Libby's Evaporated Milk in a double boiler, add one level teaspoonful cornstarch and one-quarter teaspoonful salt mixed with one-quarter cupful water. Cook until thickened, then add one cupful tuna fish and one-quarter cupful ripe olives cut in strips. Cook five minutes longer and serve very hot

Such quaint little puddings

Beat together one egg, a pinch of salt, one-third cupful of sugar and one-half cupful Libby's Evaporated Milk. Next add three-quarters cupful of flour and beat until very smooth, folding in two level teaspoonfuls baking powder the very last thing. Butter custard cups, put a little sweetened, well drained fruit in the bottom of each and half fill with batter. Bake in a quick oven until well browned. Serve with a hard sauce made by beating together one cupful powdered sugar, two tablespoonfuls Libby's Evaporated Milk and one teaspoonful vanilla

Libby's





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It is made entirely of vegetable oil—as good as any salad oil you ever tasted —stiffened into a creamy consistency that makes it most convenient to use. Snowdrift is never too hard nor too soft, no matter what the weather.

It is rich—richer than butter—and very wholesome. There is more real food value—pound for pound—in the Snowdrift you use in making cake or bread or biscuit than in anything else you put into your cake or bread or biscuit.

But the chief reason that everyone who tries it likes Snowdrift, is because Snowdrift is *fresh*.

Do *you* know how much nicer cooking fat is when it is fresh?

All shortening is fat. It gets strong and finally rancid—how soon depending largely on the weather—*unless* it is in an *airtight* can. Snowdrift is in a can as truly airtight as you yourself would use to put up fruits or vegetables.

When you open a can of Snowdrift in your kitchen, it is sweet and fresh. Sweet—as you use the word to describe sweet cream. Fresh—as you use the word to describe a new-laid egg.

After the can is opened Snowdrift stays sweet a long time because it was so fresh when you opened the can—as fresh as the day it was made. This delicious *freshness* of Snowdrift—with all its other virtues—makes such a difference that we know you will prefer Snowdrift, if you will once try it.

Your grocer has it or can easily get it for you. In 1, 2, 4 and 8 pound cans —*never in bulk*.

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New York Savannah New Orleans Chicago

SOUP—AND SOUPS

BY MRS. NELL B. NICHOLS

"Soup of the evening, beautiful soup."
—Alice in Wonderland.

YOU may think that there are many kinds of soup. In a way there are, because they are flavored differently. Yet after all there are only three kinds: the soups made from meat, usually beef, mutton or fowl; those made from milk combined with vegetables; and those made from the left-overs which are collected in the stock-pot. These are the foundation soups which every housewife can make to taste different by using various vegetables and herbs for flavoring.

The meat to be used in making soup is cut into small cubes; two pounds of meat are used for every four quarts of cold water. If a brown soup-stock is desired, a part of this meat is browned over the fire in a hot frying-pan. Then the meat is placed in the soup-pot and the cold water poured over it. If there is some bone with the meat, it is added and a clove and a bay leaf may be added for flavoring. This is allowed to stand for an hour and then is placed over the heat to simmer for three hours. It is then removed from the fire and set aside to cool.

Before using the stock, the fat is removed.

When the stock is cold, the cake of fat will cover the top. It may be loosened by running a thin knife along the edge and then lifting it off with care. The few particles of fat left floating on the top will adhere to a dampened cheese-cloth when brushed gently over the stock. This fat may be used for drippings but should not be left on the soup.

Now the stock can either be served as a consommé or combined with other foods. If it is to be used as a clear soup, it must be cleared. Use the shells of eggs for clearing soup—two or three broken shells for every quart of stock. The shells are added and the stock heated very gradually.

The clear soup, however, is not very nutritious. It is warm and appetizing and stimulates the flow of the digestive juices in the stomach but with the exception of a little gelatin and a few minerals, clear soup does not have much food value. The addition of other foods makes it much more nutritious.

IF VEGETABLE soup is desired, the vegetables may be diced and added. Then the soup should simmer for an additional two hours. Any choice of vegetables may be used. It depends on the individual taste. Perhaps, tomatoes and onions may please. Again it may be carrots, onions and turnips. At any rate there is usually a wide variety of vegetables from which a choice of combinations can be made.

When neither vegetable nor clear soup is desired, you may add macaroni, vermicelli, noodles, rice, sago or barley. All make good soups.

The most economical soup and one that may taste very similar to the one made from the meat purchased especially for soup is made from the left-overs which are placed in the stock-or soup-pot.

When the stock-pot finds a welcome in the kitchen, little food is thrown away. From bits of foods delicious soups can be made.

An earthenware pot with a lid makes the best stock-pot. Into it are placed all the odds and ends which are left from the meals, such as bits of meat, gravy, bones, carcasses of chicken, trimmings from meat, breakfast cereals, left-over vegetables of all kinds, celery leaves and a hundred other scraps of food. These left-over foods are placed in the pot, cold water added and then they are simmered over the fire until they are to be served as soup.

Twice this week I have served soup from my stock-pot—soup that made the cold day seem more warm. The bones from a beef roast were broken thoroughly, some of the marrow from the bones picked out with a knife and the few bits of meat were ground in a food-chopper. The bones were placed in the bottom of the stock-pot, some left-over vegetables added and then enough cold water added to cover.

The stock-pot was then placed over the fire and the soup allowed to come to a boil slowly.

It was then placed in a fireless cooker for several hours but it could have been left over a low flame to simmer several hours. When the soup was cool, the fat was removed and then just before serving, the soup was heated.

From the gravy made with the same beef roast which furnished the bones and bits of meat for this soup, I made another soup the following evening.

After diluting the gravy with water, it was seasoned with the left-over vegetables. It simmered for several hours and was then strained and noodles added.

Of course, there are many kinds of soup which can be made from the stock-pot. The kind varies with the material which is left from the meals.

TO BE successful in making good soup from the odds and ends is not difficult. One of the most essential things is that the stock-pot be kept clean and fresh. Here are rules—simple but to the point:

1. Never add one morsel of tainted food to the stock-pot.
2. Always keep the lid of the pot tight to insure cleanliness.
3. Keep the pot in a cool place. In the Summer this means the refrigerator.
4. If there is a coal or wood range in the kitchen, keep the pot on the back of the range in the Winter so that it may simmer hour after hour. Add cold water from time to time to prevent dryness.
5. If a fireless cooker is available or a gas oven which is insulated so as to retain the heat for several hours after the gas is turned out, the soup-pot may be left to simmer after being removed from the flame.
6. Heat the stock-pot every day.
7. Serve soup from the stock-pot two or three times a week, depending on the amount of left-overs.
8. Wash the stock-pot until it is scrupulously clean after using the contents and before adding more left-overs.

Another waste common in many kitchens is avoided in the making of soups when the water in which the vegetables such as potatoes, turnips, carrots, celery and many others, are cooked, is used in soup making.

Just because the liquid does not look like foods such as bread and meat, for instance, is no sign that it is not of value in our meals. In it are dissolved many of the most valuable minerals needed by the body to build and repair the bones and teeth and to regulate the work of the body.

In addition, some of the fuel value of vegetables dissolves in the water in which they are cooked. This food can be utilized in soups. It is wasteful to throw it away.

A STUDY made at the University of Chicago to determine how great the losses in cooking vegetables were, shows that from fifteen to sixty per cent. of the food value of the various vegetables dissolves into the water in which the vegetables are cooked. More than this, a larger percentage of the minerals dissolves into the water. Thus every time the water in which vegetables have boiled is thrown into the sink, a large amount of the food value is wasted.

An evidence of what happens is shown by pale children and grown-ups. It is often wondered what can be done to bring back the glow to the cheek. Paleness is due to the lack of iron in the blood. Therefore one of the ways to improve conditions is to save the iron which dissolves out of vegetables in cooking by using the water in soups.

There is still another substance in this liquid in which vegetables have cooked. It is called a vitamine. It is a substance which is needed by the body if good health is to be maintained. Many of the vegetables contain a great abundance of this vitamine which dissolves in water, and yet when the water used in cooking the vegetables is thrown away, this valuable vitamine goes, too.

It is economy from the health standpoint, as well as from the economical point of view, to make use of this liquid in which vegetables are cooked. Why not use it in the stock-pot instead of water?

Why not grind the tougher portions of vegetables in the food-chopper—the woody parts of the parsnip and the turnip, the heart of the cabbage, the outer leaves of the cabbage—and use them in soup? In this way no food value is lost.

If the housewife wishes to cut the vegetables for soup-making, it is best to cut them in small, lengthwise pieces. According to the study of the cookery of vegetables made at the University of Chicago, more of the food value dissolves into the water used in cookery when the vegetables are cut in small pieces lengthwise of the vegetable.

AFTER one masters the art of making the three foundation soups, the most important thing to consider is the art of flavoring. Cooking which is noted for its fine flavor is due largely in many cases to the skilful use of herbs. Every kitchen garden once had its collection of "pot herbs." Let us revive the custom!

Never let one thing taste more than another. Flavors from the different ingredients should blend.

Other rules which help to bring success in making the soups from meat and the soups from the stock-pot are to use cold water for the starting because it extracts the flavor and the food value from the materials better than hot water; and let the soup simmer instead of boil.

The long simmering helps give the soup a delicious taste.

The soups made from milk and vegetables are very nutritious. Milk is the most nearly perfect of all foods and it is used for the basis of all the "cream" soups. For this reason, these soups are of great value in the child's meals. They give him a warm food, easily digested, and provide a change in his menu. Vegetables give a wide diversity of flavors and as every mother knows, the child may tire of drinking milk with every meal three hundred and sixty-five days during the year. Yet children need milk on account of its food value.

Many of these cream soups disguise the milk sufficiently to please the school tot's hunger more than cold milk would do. Even the pink coloring which the tomato gives to the soup or the green of the pea, in addition to the different flavor, would make the child find more satisfaction in a bowl of hot soup after a cold walk from school than in a glass of cold milk.

"Cream" soups are made simply. The vegetable to be used is first boiled until tender and then rubbed through a sieve. This pulp is combined with a white sauce made from milk, using one cup of milk, one tablespoon of fat, one tablespoon of flour and one teaspoon of salt. The butter, salt and flour are mixed thoroughly and added to the heated milk.

This is then cooked over the fire three or four minutes with constant stirring. To every cup of this white sauce, one cup of the strained pulp of the vegetable is used in the soup.

OF COURSE there are the canned soups on the market which the housewife who works or who must prepare her meals in haste, finds most welcome. A supply of this soup on the pantry shelf gives one a feeling of safety, for sooner or later the unexpected guest will come. Then a bowl of hot soup, heated from the can in a few minutes, will give a good start to the meal. Or these canned soups can be used as a foundation to conserve a few left-overs which would not do by themselves.

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.....Soup Vegetables—10c per carton (Sufficient for six or eight plates of soup),

.....Spinach—30c per carton (Six to eight generous portions).

.....Squash—25c per carton (A vegetable for six people or 4 pies).

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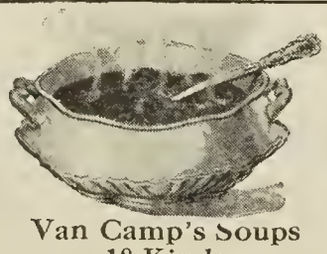
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A new grade, made from blended nuts with every skin, every germ removed.

Continued from page 11

GUESTS FOR DINNER

person, excepting the ones of the boy himself. And every stick of furniture was indelibly associated with some person no longer living.

It shocked her and made her feel very old and uncertain of her own span of life. Wasn't it, after all, symbolic of her own point of view? Hadn't she, all this time, been living in a past peopled with those who had gone on; and could she blame her boy for seeking gayer atmospheres?

She rose to her feet, staring around the room that had been her haven for so many years. When she had come out of her rigorous widow's mourning, she had lost her taste for going out into the world. She shrank from it and could not understand why other people liked it. But Homer wanted youth; young, live people, and she was trying to force him to live in her own world of personalities he had never known.

Her half-hearted wish to change her method of living suddenly focused into action. Hurrying out into the hall, she seized the telephone-book, holding it close to her eyes in the flickering gaslight. She would call up the first girl she could think of.

That was the question which made the heavy book slip out of her hands. Whom did Homer know?

There was some girl, a very rich one, who was constantly showering Homer with invitations. She telephoned sometimes, and Mrs. Garthewaite knew her only by her colorful, imperious voice. Miss Whitney. For a minute she hesitated. She knew her street; it would be easy to find.

The telephone was in the hall just outside the bathroom door toward which in her indecision she happened to glance. The hall light caught dully on the tin bathtub which was Homer's pet abomination and which she had been too thrifty ever to replace. No. Miss Whitney, with probably a porcelain bathtub for every member of her family, would not do.

SHE was so out of touch with things that she did not know where to begin. Try as she would, she did not know the names of three girls with whom her boy spent his evenings. With a strange, helpless feeling she went back into the front room. The black onyx clock on the mantel was striking twelve. Had she been all this time thinking out Sarah Billings's pungent advice? It was time for Homer to be getting home, for, unless it were a dance or a theater-party which he casually mentioned, he was never very late and she always heard him tiptoeing up the stairs. She would wait and let the boy decide for himself whom he wanted. In the meantime she got out paper and pencil, trying to see, in her usual systematic fashion, just how much extra these guests would cost her and just what she would have to go without.

She was sighing over the price of meat when she heard Homer bound up the stoop outside. With a wry smile she noticed that his noise diminished the instant he reached the top step and that he stole up the stairs with the skill of long practise. From the hall he blinked surprisedly at her and she saw a wave of irritation sweep into his face.

"I just wanted to talk with you, Homer," she said hastily.

Reluctantly he sat down on the edge of his father's chair, with the sulky pout that often kept her from sitting up for him. Mrs. Garthewaite hesitated. The step she was about to take seemed so tremendous that she was embarrassed at revealing it, but another glance at the boy's petulant lower lip gave her courage.

"Homer—you said something—about having girls here——"

There was a look of relief on his face. She wondered if he thought she had intended to scold him for his late hours. Her lips quivered when she added:

"So I've decided we'll ask some for dinner."

His expression showed, not the pleasure she had anticipated, but some doubt as to her sanity.

"Have you any engagement to-morrow night?"

HE TWISTED uneasily in his father's place.

"N-no," he stammered. "I don't think so."

"Well, then," announced Mrs. Garthewaite crisply, "whom shall we have? Suggest some one and I will telephone her in the morning."

He stared at her speechlessly.

"Can't you think of the name of any girl?" asked his mother scathingly.

He rubbed a puzzled hand through his soft, blond hair.

"But you—you—don't know any of them!"

"That makes no differenee. I want to know them. This is the only way," she said firmly.

He looked at her in vacuous astonishment.

"But Maggie?" he queried, throwing her own words back at her.

The sudden heart-beat that goes with new ventures came to her at that moment.

"If I plan ahead, Maggie can always manage."

He was looking critically around the room and she sensed his feelings before he could commit himself.

"I know what you are thinking of, son. You're wondering if I will stay around all the time."

He flushed, with a shy upward glance of the eyes that he had had since childhood.

"After dinner," she promised tumultuously, "I shall talk to you in the down-stairs sitting-room—just for a little while—and then I will leave you young people alone. The lamps will all be lit and—there's the piano—and it will be as though you were calling on her in her own home."

Delightedly she saw a small look of anticipation steal into his face. That he was going over his list of girls was evident.

"I'm trying to think which one would be best," he answered slowly. "Why not ask—Kitty Hollister?"

"The Arminton Place Hollisters?" she asked eagerly.

He nodded and she gave a sigh of relief. At least, though she did not know this momentous first girl, she knew her family.

He rose rather awkwardly to kiss her good night and she seized his hand, yearning to cry out with all the passion in her, "I'll do anything to make you stay home, son; go without anything to give parties for you—if you'll only stay."

Instead she only said an affectionate "Good night, dear," watched him go up the stairs, and then turned out the lights and went back into her own room.

SHE knew herself to be a creature of fixed habit. How else, she argued, could she have managed on her small income? Now after the morning telephone and the surprised acceptance at the other end, she fell into a veritable panic, all the time polishing silver, dusting, filling lamps and pressing out her linens. Even as she telephoned her orders she kept repeating to herself:

"This is going to cost more than I can afford. I shall have to scrimp on other things."

But she plunged recklessly ahead. Wasn't it sink or swim, holding her boy or facing an increasing loneliness? Wasn't it better to have Homer home two nights a week than to have a new suit for next Winter?

She was exhausted at the end of the day, and as she dusted her black-walnut bed for the third time she felt quite unnerved.

"Just to ask one girl for dinner," she mused, getting out her best black satin. "And maybe it won't do any good at all!"

When she had dressed, she was fairly trembling with excitement and her cheeks were flushed. Her dress, which she had not worn for two years, seemed indecorously low cut and she added her mother's black jet cross hung on a velvet ribbon. Her gray hair she tried to shake out into the loose ripples she had worn a long time ago.

She could not remember the time when she had given a dinner-party. Sarah Billings and occasional friends like her came to dinner, but between "dinner" and "dinner-party" was a deep, significant difference.

Haltingly she went down-stairs. Homer had gone for the girl, and as she waited, she lit the lamps one after another, in first the front room and then the back. This done, she had a sudden, panicky impulse.

"I might go up-stairs," she whispered fearfully, "and take away all those pictures—of dead people. I could hide them in my bedroom closet—or I might even move the chairs around a little."

She clung to the end of the banister, looking up-stairs waveringly, when she heard Homer's key in the lock. In a frightened flutter she tried to make her dragging feet speed to welcome them, but her first sight of Miss Kitty Hollister was disappointing. As she helped her off with her coat, she kept repeating to herself in startled surprise:

"But she's not pretty. I thought of course all Homer's girls were pretty."

AS THEY sat down in the little reception-room, there was an air of embarrassment over all three. Homer plainly viewed his mother's effort as a failure and wished that it were all over. The girl was punctiliously polite and shy, while Mrs. Garthewaite was quite the most unhappy of the three.

It did not help her when they filed solemnly down the dark stairs to the dining-room to remember that Homer had said that nowadays no one ate in the basement!

At the head of her own table, however, Mrs. Garthewaite pulled herself together to draw the girl into conversation and really make the party a success.

"I think I used to dance with your father, my dear. That is, if he is James Hollister?"

The girl looked up glowingly and Mrs. Garthewaite grasped at the mutual point of interest, deciding that while the girl wasn't pretty, yet she had a nice face, with a sensitive mouth and responsive brown eyes. She hoped that the ice was broken, but across the fernery which she had had newly refilled for the occasion she saw Homer scowlingly staring down at his plate, quite evidently wanting to be in the conversation; and when he broke in about a new comic opera, she sank back in her chair relieved.

But she had not counted on Maggie. Maggie was not used to company, wanted to be informed of it a week in advance and she had been disapproving all day. None of which were real reasons why Maggie should have dropped a pot of boiling soup on her foot.

At the crash Mrs. Garthewaite paled, yet forced herself to sit still. But at the wild Hibernian shriek that followed she darted through the swinging door into the kitchen.

"Why didn't you do this at the end of the dinner instead of the beginning?" she raged; then with sudden remorse pulled down Maggie's stout stocking.

MAGGIE was suffering too vividly to attempt anything but pure and pointed Irish.

"Mother of Mary, I didn't mane it for me foot," she moaned.

Mrs. Garthewaite paused suspiciously, catching an astonishingly venomous glance in Maggie's eyes.

"I niver liked company folks," she revealed. "I jist wanted to spile your having them parties!"

A scorching smell which told of imminent danger to the chickens further incensed Mrs. Garthewaite and she fairly groaned as she ran for flour and butter. Outside was the guest who was to break the monotony of Homer's home life—and Maggie had deliberately spoiled it all!

Bed was the only place for Maggie, she was thinking desperately, and a doctor must attend to those dreadful, swiftly rising blisters. She could have burst into tears with the vexation of it all, when a cool, sweet voice interrupted:

Concluded on page 66

The Transformation of Jane

The story of a secret that is too good to keep

By ESTHER DELAND

Illustration by Will Grefé



Never did an evening fly like that one

STEPPING quickly out of the open French window while the dancing was at its height, Jane found herself alone on the veranda of the Alden homestead. There was no use, she said to herself, she just couldn't stand it always to be a "wall-flower!"

She had hoped things would be different at *this* party. But the whole evening had been a repetition of her previous social experiences. Jane was naturally shy and backward in company, but her discomfort was increased a hundred fold when she contrasted her own commonplace dress with the wonderful party frocks of so many other girls. So she had finally yielded to the impulse to get away and bear her grief alone.

She allowed herself another glance through the window at the gaily-lit, luxuriously furnished drawing room. She saw pretty Gertrude Alden, her hostess, whirling through the dreamy measures of a waltz with Arthur Marsden. They looked very happy. And this only intensified Jane's feeling of utter loneliness. She turned away resolutely and hurried across the lawn and down the street.

A few moments later in her own home she sank upon her knees and hid her face in her mother's lap.

"Oh! Mother! Mother!" she sobbed. "I'm so wretchedly unhappy! I had to leave the party! I don't know how to make myself attractive! My clothes aren't stylish and becoming! I'm not like other girls and no one wants to waste their time on me!"

"There, dearie, don't!" pleaded the little woman in black, as she stroked her daughter's bowed head soothingly. "It's too bad the evening you looked forward to so eagerly was spoiled. And I'm just as sorry as you, my little girl, that you can't have clothes like the other girls. But you know how hard it is to get along. Anyway, don't cry any more—you'll feel all right next time."

"No! No! Mother," cried Jane, raising her head and wiping the glistening teardrops from her eyes, "I'll never, *never* go to another party as long as I live! There isn't any use trying—I just can't bear to feel that people are sorry for me or making fun of me. Gertrude Alden was right—my full name ought to be '*Plain* Jane!' "

"Never mind, honey!" said her mother. "All Gertrude has is her pretty face, and a little money! *You* are pure gold all the way through and they'll find it out some day! Now go to bed like a good girl and try to forget all about it."

FOR a few months things went on as usual with Jane and her mother. Both were busy—Jane with her studies at business college and her mother with the duties of the household. The little money left by the husband and father had dwindled rapidly during the four years since his death. It would be only a matter of months when the whole support of her mother and herself would fall on Jane. Time had softened the memory of Gertrude Alden's party and her own unhappiness that night. But she had kept religiously her decision to remain away from all social gatherings.

Then one evening she found this note in the mail:

> Dear Jane: Mother is going to give a dinner and dance for me on the evening of my 21st birthday—February 5th. I want you to be sure to come. With love,
>
> MARGARET.

"How in the world can I decline, Mother?" asked Jane. "You know I can't go."

"I don't think you should decline, dear. Wait a week—you may change your mind!" and she smiled mysteriously.

"All right," answered Jane, "I don't know what you mean, but I'll wait."

Dinner over and the dishes done the following Thursday, Mrs. Elliott slipped her arm through her daughter's and said: "Jane, I have the most *wonderful* secret. Let's go up to your room—I want to show you something."

A moment later Jane entered her own room. Her long French mirror had been moved to the center of the floor and there beside it, draped gracefully over the high back of her favorite chair, was the most beautiful evening gown that Jane had ever seen!

Stifling something between a sob and a gasp, she gazed in rapture at it for one long moment, then sprang forward and caught it up. With shining eyes she faced the mirror, holding the unbelievably charming dress full-length in front of her.

"Oh! Mother! Mother! Isn't it *divine?* But—how *could* you get it when we need the money so much for other things?"

"It's all right, dear!" Mrs. Elliott said. "Now you sit down and accept Margaret's invitation—I promise that you will be satisfied when I tell you the whole secret! Oh! Jane, it has worked out so much better than I dared to hope!"

AT last the evening of February 5th came. Jane had taken longer than usual to dress, and as a result she was a little late in getting started to Margaret's party. Approaching the house, she hesitated—a remnant of her former backwardness coming over her for just a moment. Then she smiled a happy little smile, and with madly beating heart rang the bell.

A maid let her in and helped her off with her wraps. One passing glance in the long mirror banished the old timidity. And even before she encountered the critical eye of the drawing room, Jane Elliott knew she had at last come into her own!

There was a new sparkle in her eyes, as with utmost simplicity and grace she swept through the heavy portieres and out among the guests. And surmounting all this, the magic transformation from plain, almost shabby clothes to radiantly stylish and beautiful attire simply made her a new creature!

Although a moment before a dozen little groups of guests had been scattered through the room, there was now only *one* group, and it centered around Jane. No one had realized before how pretty she was! The girls had never been so cordial and all the men were asking for dances in the same breath.

Then in the midst of her triumph, Jane saw Arthur Marsden excuse himself to Gertrude Alden and come swiftly to her, both hands outstretched. All he said was "Jane!" but, oh, the tone in which he said it!

Never did an evening fly like that one! Every little second was filled with excitement and happiness for Jane. And when at last, after bidding Arthur Marsden "Good-bye!" at the door of her home, she rushed into the room and almost smothered with kisses a slender, eager, motherly figure in black, she cried:

"Oh, Mother, dear! This wonderful Cinderella dress has given me the happiest time of my life! Can't you tell me all about it now?"

"Yes, Jane," Mrs. Elliott replied, her eyes reflecting Jane's joy and her own, "I can't keep it any longer myself. Sit right down here beside me and listen.

"EVERY cloud, you know, has a silver lining, dear! And all our happiness today began that terribly unhappy evening when you came home, heartbroken, from Gertrude Alden's party. After you had gone upstairs, I sat here wondering how I could help you, when suddenly I remembered reading about an institute of domestic arts and sciences that had developed a wonderful new method by which *any* woman or girl *anywhere*, could learn right at home to make becoming clothes for herself or others.

"I hunted the magazine out of the little pile on the table and read it over again. It was a story about a girl like you—they called her Cinderella—and I saw at once that if I could learn to make dainty, stylish and becoming clothes for you and for myself it would mean the truest kind of economy, besides saving you a repetition of your experience at Gertrude's party. Before I went to bed that night I wrote and asked the Woman's Institute how I could learn to make our clothes.

"You know I had never learned to sew—before your father's death it wasn't necessary and afterward it wasn't possible. But the information I received proved a revelation to me. The Institute provided just the opportunity I needed, so I joined and took up dressmaking.

"I could scarcely wait for my first lesson. But when it came, my last doubt disappeared. I realized that *any* woman could learn dressmaking by this wonderful new plan! The language is so simple a child could understand it, and the pictures are simply marvelous.

"The best part of all is that right away you begin making actual garments. Why, from the third lesson I made a beautiful waist for you. I'll show it to you in a minute—it's in my closet where I hid all my lessons and my work. You see I wanted to be sure my plan would work before I told you about it.

"The course can easily be completed in a few months by studying an hour or two each day. And any woman who is at all interested in clothes couldn't *help* learning rapidly. The textbooks foresee and explain everything. And the teachers take just as personal an interest in you as if they were right beside you.

"Besides learning how to make every kind of garment at a saving of half or more, I also learned the all-important thing in making clothes—the secret of distinctive dress—what colors and fabrics are most appropriate for different types of women, how to really develop style and how to add those little touches that make clothes distinctly becoming.

"The lessons followed each other so naturally that I was soon able to work on elaborate dresses and suits. I learned, too, to copy models you see in the shop windows, on the streets, or in fashion magazines. In fact, this wonderful method of the Woman's Institute has really made me more capable than most professional dressmakers—after just a few months of spare-time study at home!

"Of course, as a member I had an opportunity to learn a great deal about the Institute and its work. Jane, it's perfectly wonderful what this great school is doing for women and girls all over the world! You see it makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you wish, and just whenever it is convenient. This has made it possible for women of all ages and in all circumstances to take the Institute's courses.

"SO that's my secret, dear," continued Mrs. Elliott. "I made every stitch of your party dress myself! It didn't cost half as much as some of our old *ordinary* clothes. And I have a wonderful new wardrobe of other clothes—I can hardly wait to show you! Furthermore, now that *you* know, too, I'm going to transform all our clothes of previous seasons into stylish new garments of the latest mode. A whole section of my course was devoted to teaching the easiest and best ways to renovate and remodel all kinds of garments.

"Best of all," finished Mrs. Elliott, "the Institute has solved the problem of our future—we can have a business of our own, with a splendid income. The last section of my course gave just the practical knowledge needed by the woman who wants to go into business as a professional dressmaker. You have always been so clever about trimming hats that I want you to take the Institute's course in millinery. We'll open a little shop and be *together* all the time."

"Isn't it wonderful?" echoed Jane, drinking in her mother's words. "I'd so much rather do that than go into an office. Can I really learn to be a successful milliner?"

"Yes, dear!" replied her mother. "There isn't any question but that with the help of the Woman's Institute, *any* woman or girl *anywhere* can easily learn everything there is to know about dressmaking or millinery!"

MRS. ELLIOTT was right. More than 40,000 women and girls in city, town and country have proved that you can quickly learn at home, in spare time, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes and hats or prepare for success in dressmaking or millinery as a business.

It costs you nothing to find out what the Institute can do for *you*. Just send a letter, post-card or the convenient coupon below and you will receive—without obligation—by return mail the full story of this great school that has brought the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business, to women and girls all over the world.

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☐Professional Dressmaking ☐Cooking

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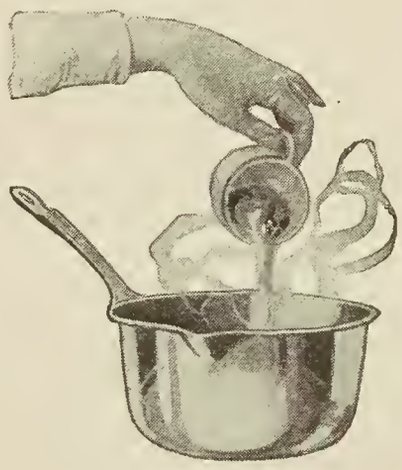
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Concluded from page 64

GUESTS FOR DINNER

"Something's burning. Let me look after it."

It was young Miss Hollister, who was already extending a capable hand toward the oven door.

"Mother, you oughtn't to let Kitty do this!" expostulated Homer, his faee red and harassed.

Mrs. Garthewaite had reaehed the most difficult situation in a day full of diffieulties. Her cook was calling on all the saints, the chieken was spoiling and everything had gone wrong!

Maggie, who had been with her twenty years, was in this day of unsettled labor problems, even though guilty, the person to be considered first, and Mrs. Garthewaite spoke as any woman would.

"Get things for yourselves!" she snapped. "I've got to attend to Maggie first!"

IT WAS nearly half an hour later when she came down-stairs again, and the sight that met her eye was astonishing. A perfeetly browned ehieken awaited her earving, the vegetables were all cooked and neatly eovered, even the salad was at each plate, while Homer and Miss Kitty Hollister were seated cozily in front of the kitchen range.

"How did you ever learn to cook?" she ejaculated, as they resumed the meal.

"I do it whenever I have a ehanee," the girl answered laughingly. "It's my only talent."

Homer was looking at her with a new interest that was quite evident even to his mother, and when they had finished, Mrs. Garthewaite flushed.

"Now, my dears, go up-stairs and I will straighten things out."

"That isn't fair," expostulated the girl. "I want to wash up!"

Homer scolded, but to no effect and, though protesting, Mrs. Garthewaite found herself buttoning an apron around a determined young woman whose eyes were already on soap and dish-rag. Mrs. Garthewaite's head swam as she obediently dried the dishes. Once, when Homer was putting the ice-eream freezer back in the eellar, she whispered:

"I didn't know you were this way, my dear."

The girl paused in scouring a pan.

"I hope you don't mind," she said shyly.

"No, indeed," affirmed Mrs. Garthewaite hastily.

She stared around the spotless kitchen.

"We'll go up-stairs."

When Homer untied Kitty's apron, she emerged spotless and unruffled, to follow up to the dingy parlor floor. Mrs. Garthewaite hardly paused in the drawing-room She was stunned with all the events and wanted to sit down peacefully in her room up-stairs.

Homer was patently delighted at her departure, and Kitty stood primly gazing into the gas-log, a slender, mute figure with no hint of the eapabilities she had shown down-stairs.

Up in her own sitting-room, Mrs. Garthewaite sank down into her husband's chair, a thing she never did exeept under the stress of great excitement. How badly everything had turned out and yet how splendidly this strange girl had acted! Queer, though, that this first momentous venture of hers should have eulminated so badly!

SHE yearned to call up Sarah and tell her all about it. Only she was afraid the couple down-stairs would hear her. Why didn't the girl try the piano? And to make telephoning possible she even went so far as to lean over the banister with a demand for a pretty tune.

Homer, from the lower hall, ill coneealed his petulaney.

"She doesn't want to play, mama!" He scowled up the unearpeted stairease.

There was a swift rush of soft skirts. "Of course I do!" interrupted Kitty. "Only I play very badly."

"Any pretty little tune," Mrs. Garthewaite called down gratefully.

She heard them go into the back room, and as the girl's fingers wandered over the keys and the old piano responded in surprise, Mrs. Garthewaite hurried to the telephone. Sarah answered quiekly, and with a careful ear for the melody eoming up from below she related the ineident of the evening.

"——and that cat of a Maggie did it on purpose! But I've never seen sueh a capable young girl!"

"Humph!" replied Sarah dubiously. "Now you have gone and done it!"

"What do you mean?" cried Mrs. Garthewaite.

"I might be wrong, but human nature—" returned Sarah aggravatingly.

The music down-stairs paused, but Mrs. Garthewaite did not notice it.

"Sarah, what are you talking about?"

"Are you planning more parties?" asked Sarah with tantalizing telephonie safety.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Garthewaite. "All these things won't happen again."

"U-um," murmured Sarah enigmatieally. "I wouldn't worry about any more parties. Neither need Maggie."

EVEN when Mrs. Garthewaite grew insistent, she would not explain herself and said she had to go to bed.

At half-past ten Mrs. Garthewaite grew restless. The piano had long since ceased and she had heard them stroll baek into the front room. There came up to her an intermittent murmur of voices in whieh Homer's had been predominant. Now after all this hard day's work, she was getting sleepy and she wished the girl would make a move to go home.

If eonditions had been reversed and Homer had been a daughter with a persistently late ealler, the situation would have been simple. Her own father had been expert in the matter of speeding lingering guests, but Mrs. Garthewaite eould hardly call over the banisters.

A book dropped on the floor and several restless pilgrimages down the hall had no apparent effect, and it was half-past eleven before she heard their voiees at the foot of the stairease.

"I had no idea it was so late," said the girl with embarrassment.

"Come right up, my dear," said Mrs. Garthewaite with relief.

Below she saw Homer, his hands in his poekets, walking absent-mindedly up and down the hall. As she watched the girl eome shyly up the stairs, she beekoned her impulsively into the front room.

"It seems kind of—old fashioned—" she stammered, pointing a trembling finger around her. "Couldn't you—a young thing like you—suggest something different?"

Kitty Hollister stood out in the middle of the room, looking uneertainly around. As she fumbled for an answer, more forcibly than ever Mrs. Garthewaite realized that this was a room of the past and that youth would be its only redemption.

"Please," she said eagerly, "couldn't it be made more eheerful?"

Kitty colored. "That's a lovely little mahogany table over there in the corner," she suggested timidly.

Instantly Mrs. Garthewaite decided it should be moved into prominenee.

"Would you change the lamp?" she eried.

"Mother has six lamps in our sitting-room. It makes it niee and light."

"That's a good idea," ruminated the older woman. "Tell me some more things."

But the girl, murmuring that she must go home, was already moving down the hall, not before her eyes had wandered in silent eriticism to the mantelpiece.

Hurrying after her into the bedroom, Mrs. Garthewaite helped her on with her things, thinking longingly to herself how niee it was to have a rosy young girl about. Suddenly she felt her fingers grasped by burning young hands and a flushed cheek was pressed against her own.

"I shall never—never—forget this evening!" choked the girl, and before the startled Mrs. Garthewaite eould answer, she had fled down the stairs to Homer.

AFTER they had left, Mrs. Garthewaite went earefully around the house, shutting it up for the night.

"I suppose," she meditated with deep diseernment, "that living as she does, the girl was tiekled to death to do things informally. Probably loves to mess in a kitchen."

Hanging up her good dress, she put on her flannel nightgown and elimbed into bed, but as she did not feel sleepy, decided to wait for Homer to return.

Now that the hard work was all over, she decided that she had really enjoyed it and wanted more parties of a similar kind. If she had to give less to the chureh, have fewer clothes and simpler every-day food, what differenee did it make if Homer were happier?

She couldn't remember the time when he had spent a whole evening at home, and though her efforts had been wholly altruistie, she admitted considerable pleasure for herself in youthful femininc guests. Her grave-like sitting-room had fairly glowed when the girl had stood in it, and by her suggestions she might turn it into a pienie plaee.

Who would be the next girl that Homer would piek out and how soon could they have her? What would she be like?

She wished Homer would return and, remembering that the Hollisters lived only a mile away, frowned when she observed by the watch under her pillow that it had already taken him an hour tc take Kitty home.

It was only a minute after that she heard him coming up the stairs. Sitting up eagerly in bed, she called him.

"Wasn't it fun, Homer, to have a girl here?"

He erossed the room slowly and sat down on the edge of the bed. His face was ruddy with the cold night air and he seemed deeply interested in his right finger-nail.

"I want a lot more!" she cried. "I like parties, even though Maggie did aet up so dreadfully. Who shall the next girl be, dearie?"

"Kitty," he said, still manicuring.

"She's perfeetly lovely," said Mrs. Garthewaite sincerely. "But we must ehange off. I want to know a lot of your friends, dear."

She eovered his restless fingers with her own.

"How cold your hands are, son! Did you wear your gloves? Whom shall we have for the next one? I thought, if Maggie's all right, we might have another next week."

WITH a long sigh he looked down at the rag rug beside the bed.

"Why not—have—Kitty again?" he said unsteadily.

"Kitty—every—time?" she gasped.

He nodded without meeting her eyes.

"N-never too mueh for me," he stammered.

She sank back on her pillows, trying to fathom the new look on the self-conseious young faee beside her.

"Homer, do you mean—that it's—really serious?"

For answer he buried his face down in elose to her neck as he had done when he was a child.

"U-um," he murmured ineoherently.

"Do you mean that it wouldn't have happened if I hadn't had—this dinner? Answer me, son."

"Didn't realize," he mumbled, "so niee."

She stared down at his head euddling against hers. She had tried to keep him with her and she had lost him inevitably.

Of eourse she had expected him some day to marry, but she hadn't expeeted it to come out of her own doings and this was something she had gone into deliberately and painstakingly. Now she must answer, quickly and enthusiastically. Tenderly she lifted up his face, hair rumpled and boyishly embarrassed at having to admit so deep an emotion.

"Dear," she said, kissing him, "if you want Kitty—and only Kitty—you shall have her for dinner—every—single night! I think anyway," she added inexplicably, "I shall get more lamps for the sitting-room."

And when he did not seem to understand, she would not explain.

UNSWEET PRUNE Desserts

AS DELICIOUS AS THEY ARE WHOLESOME AND

Always Economical



Sunsweet Prune Pudding

Take 2 cups cooked Sunsweet Prunes; 1 cup prune juice; 1 cup boiling water; grated rind and juice of orange and lemon; ⅓ cup sugar; 3 tablespoons granulated gelatine; ⅔ cup cold water. Soak gelatine in cold water until soft; remove stones from prunes and cut in quarters; to boiling water add sugar, prune, lemon and orange juice; heat to boiling point, remove from fire, add gelatine; stir until dissolved; add prunes, cool and pour into wet mould; chill until firm; unmould, add cream (plain or whipped).



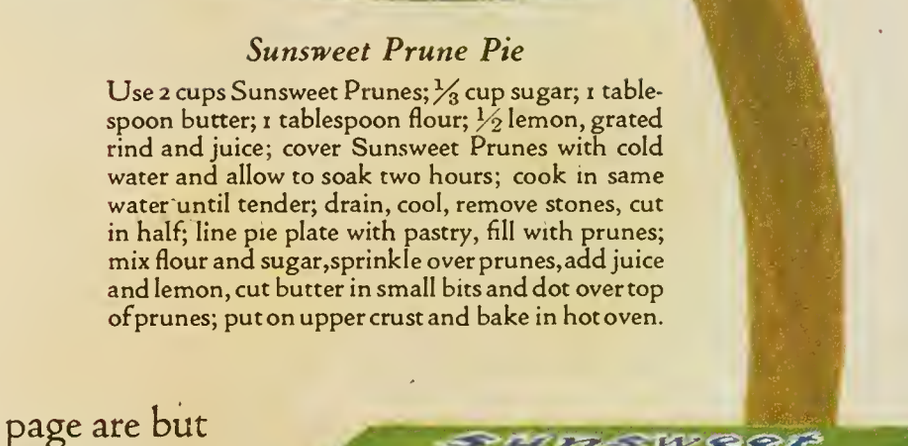
Sunsweet Prune Cake Filling

Drain cooked Sunsweet Prunes, remove stones and measure 1 cupful; chop fine, add ⅓ cup orange marmalade, ⅓ cup finely-chopped walnuts, 1 teaspoon lemon juice; mix well and spread between the layers. This can be used with the usual layer cake recipe.



Sunsweet Prune Soufflé

Put 2 cups cooked Sunsweet Prunes (stoned) through colander; whites of 4 eggs beaten stiff; add 4 tablespoons sugar and the prunes; pour in a well-greased pudding dish; then set in pan of hot water, cover and bake slowly until set; serve with whipped cream and sprinkle with walnut meats.



Sunsweet Prune Pie

Use 2 cups Sunsweet Prunes; ⅓ cup sugar; 1 tablespoon butter; 1 tablespoon flour; ½ lemon, grated rind and juice; cover Sunsweet Prunes with cold water and allow to soak two hours; cook in same water until tender; drain, cool, remove stones, cut in half; line pie plate with pastry, fill with prunes; mix flour and sugar, sprinkle over prunes, add juice and lemon, cut butter in small bits and dot over top of prunes; put on upper crust and bake in hot oven.

THE tempting desserts pictured on this page are but a few of the tested recipes you will find in our SUNSWEET Recipe Packet. The recipes are printed on gummed slips (5 x 3 inches) so you can paste them in your favorite cook book or on your recipe filing cards. This Recipe Packet is free—send for it today!

And when you buy prunes, be sure to ask for SUNSWEET—the top-quality prunes that have been sun-sweetened and sun-cured in California's fairest orchards. If your grocer is not yet supplied with the 5-lb. cartons, see that you are served from the 25-lb. box of SUNSWEET Prunes supplied to retail grocers everywhere.

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HAVE A LIVABLE GUEST-ROOM

BY AMY BONNER

TO BE able to entertain guests always seemed to me the crowning virtue and joy of the homemaker. I do not mean simply welcoming them to meals and tea, but actually having them living for several weeks under one's roof-tree. One can plan and carry out all sorts of delightful surprises aside from the good times themselves, to make each guest's visit fragrant with happy remembrances. The woman who is fortunate enough to possess a guest-room to-day will not lack opportunities for using it. From all sides pour in tales about the difficulties that face visitors seeking sleeping quarters in both cities and towns. Housewives are finding themselves suddenly and unexpectedly playing hostess to some stranded friend or acquaintance. As in the days when distances were great and travel inconvenient, hospitality, now that living quarters are limited, has become almost a necessary virtue.

Our minds go back to conjure up pictures of those unprepossessing chambers of dreadful and elegant gloom—inspiring even the bravest to nights of weird and uncomfortable sensations—that used to be called "guest chambers." A guest-room should certainly not be at all like one of these!

ONE'S guest-room can easily be cheery, up-to-date and altogether delightful, yet not requiring the expenditure of a small fortune. This is not difficult to achieve, especially in New York, where even a casual shopping tour is an opportunity for gathering ideas. Indeed, you will find with most shopkeepers, if your manner is friendly, a willingness to give you the benefit of the ideas and discoveries that they have gathered in their contact with the public.

It was a shopkeeper, in fact, who showed me some marvelously monogramed, hand-woven bed-linen, such as is used by the royal family in England, and which he was to deliver to a wealthy New York society woman who did much entertaining. For less ambitious mortals ordinary muslin bed-linen must do. Often the rugs, furniture and bed-covering are already on hand.

For the guest's comfort and delight the clothes-closet can be made irresistible. A guest seldom thinks to bring hangers, shoe-cases and all the other paraphernalia of a tidy closet. Sets of clothes-hangers crowned with fantastic heads and enameled in pale blue, yellow, pink and other attractive colors, each to match the individual gown, blouse or suit, are delightful accessories to the clothes-closet. The hanger for the evening gown can be dressed in knotted ribbons and hung with fragrant bags of sachet. The shopkeepers who sell the sets and sachets will tell you of the enthusiasm with which prospective hostesses always pounce on them. Hat cabinets, shoe cabinets, jewel cabinets, umbrella-boxes and all sorts of wondrous cabinets and cases covered with colored papers, chintzes or silks are just the things to slip into the closet, or leave standing in the room for surreptitiously supplementing the cupboard space. All these can be purchased, but it is surprising how easy it is to make them at home. Just boxes of suitable size and shape, a few evenings to cover them, and there they are!

THE up-to-date hostess should give some little thought to the dressing-table. It is no longer sufficient to have in a guest-room simply the furniture, without any of the little accessories. The New York hostess likes to feel that her room is so complete that it is only necessary for her guest to step in with her apparel to be quite at home. The very last word in guest comfort is an attractive week-end case with soap and dainty wash-cloths with colored hand-crocheted borders, as well as the expected embroidered guest-towels. In the shops are some very pretty novelties. A dressing-table set consists of a small mirror and powder-puff, each mounted on a long thin stem which serves as the handle, and set in a pale rose, blue or yellow flat ribbon flower back. To supplement this you can always find all sorts of pincushions and handkerchief cases. Much lace is used nowadays, and sometimes the handkerchief case is of padded silk. To buy all these might mount up to a little more than one finds practical to spend. So the pincushion and *mouchoir* case must often be of home manufacture.

THE telephone rose has taken housewives by storm. Hostesses are so delighted with the idea that they are gathering telephone flowers as fast as they grow in the shops. Of course they are of ribbon! The green stem and leaves effectively conceal the unsightly telephone stand, and the pale pink petals and shaded heart curl about the mouthpiece. A truly cozy room needs a lamp. The most unusual bases are of luster ware. They come from the firing as iridescent as a dragonfly's wing, and may be chosen to fit in with the color scheme of the room and crowned with a shade to harmonize. Emphasize the effect by adding a flower-bowl to match, which of course is kept filled with fresh flowers. For what guest does not enjoy being greeted with a bowl of flowers? "Let us know how you are!" is so universally the cry with which folk are sent a-visiting that the model hostess would not think of omitting a well-equipped desk. The most pleasing touch of all is the writing-paper box, filled with the dainty envelopes and writing-paper. This year leather articles have proved the most popular, and some very distinctive desk articles are shown in wonderful blue, yellow or red leathers bordered with hairlines of gold. The box, the blotter, the portfolio, scissors and paper-cutter in a case, and the clock, are the most essential pieces.

In the shops are new kinds of water-bottles, enameled pale lavender, rose, gold or blue, flecked with flowers, or painted like cretonne, and china pieces to match.

Have you ever found yourself in strange surroundings late at night, and very hungry? Then include refreshment trays with vacuum bottles for boudoir use. One can prepare light tempting repasts for the late hours when guests are threatened with attacks of midnight hunger. The vacuum-bottles save the systematic housekeeper from serving repasts outside of regular hours.

THERE are breakfast trays, too. Your guest, whenever possible, should have breakfast in bed, rising at her own sweet will. The wise hostess will find that this gives time for her own household chores, or whatever other duties to which she may wish to attend. What a charming affair the breakfast tray may be! There are lacquer, hand-painted polychrome, mahogany, white enamel, white wicker, and all sorts and kinds. But best of all, there are breakfast-sets to match. Your New York hostess takes her tray, and then finds a charming breakfast-set to go with it. If she is not limited as to price, she may buy a hand-decorated or hand-lustered set. Or she may choose an unpretentious one, patterned in blue, yellow, green or purple, and edged with gold. And do not forget a few flowers, and a magazine or the paper, to be sent in with it.

Your masculine guest should have smoking things. A crowd of pedestrians gathered about a shop-window led me to discover an ash-tray, an iron affair in the form of a crane, the body holding the bowl and the eye containing a cleverly concealed cigar-cutter. A unique humidor comes from a shop to which a group of leather artists send their work. Hand-tooled leather is used, colored in iridescent but subdued tones, touched with gold, the whole reproducing the feeling of the old Italian, English and Spanish leather treasures. Of course they are not inexpensive, but they have been most enthusiastically admired and bought by discriminating hostesses. Collar and bureau boxes, portfolios, waste-paper receptacles and game chests of the same beautiful workmanship can be purchased. Men guests are very fond of their card and other games, so a game chest is indispensable. This can hold cards, checkers, chess, and as many of the well-known games as one cares to introduce. Of course, there is always the alternative of the plain colored leather chests, which are much less in price, or even boxes, made and covered at home.

THIS year lace is used in boudoirs for chaise-longue covers, for boudoir pillows and bed-spreads. It is used, too, for the table. A society woman of great prominence used doilies of all-over lace, which were set on a satin table-cloth. The latter fits the separate table-top of wood, of which the number of guests at each affair determines the size. This is not as extravagant as it sounds, for a very sensible style has decided that old pieces of odd lace are made up into a sort of patchwork cloth or set of doilies.

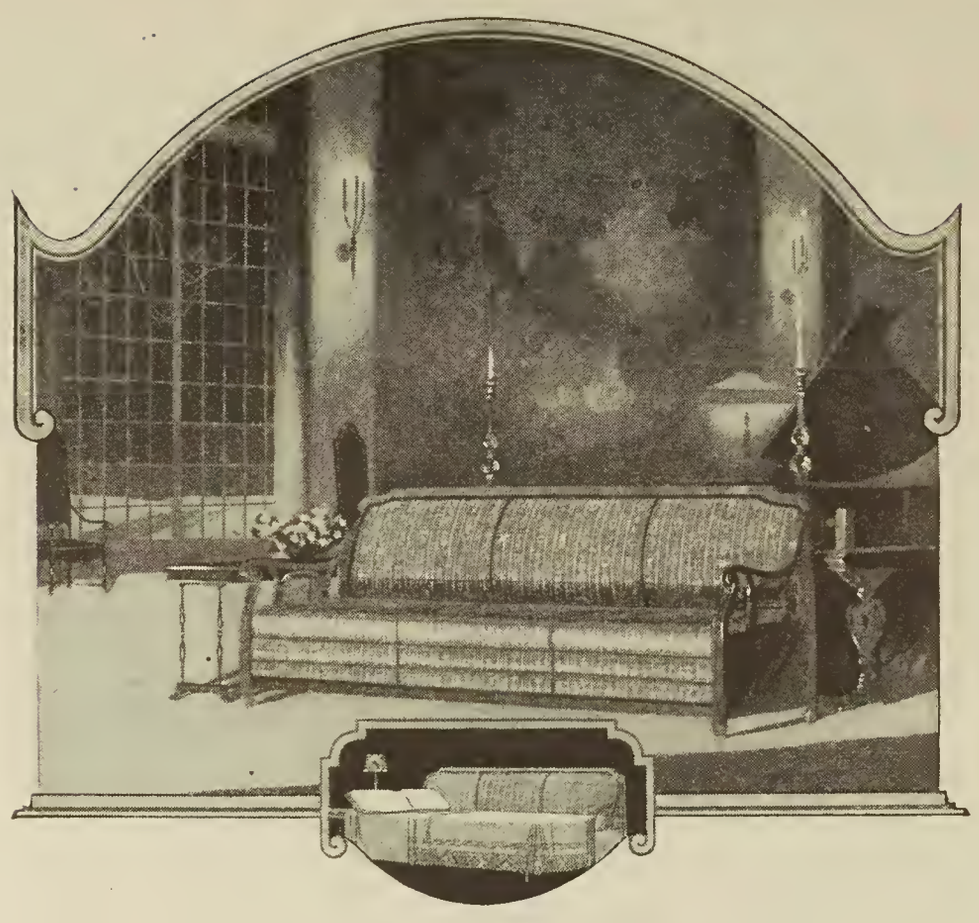
Linen is in good taste, also the unpretentious substitutes that modern housewives are using these days of limited materials and curtailed help. There are the crocheted doilies, easy to launder, and the embroidered natural-colored linen sets, consisting of two oblong pieces that are simply laid one across the other at right angles, the one with the center design on top, forming the centerpiece, and cleverly shaped individual doilies that fill in the spaces left by the centerpiece, which extend out to the table edge. The most practical of all are the luncheon-sets of hand-painted enamel-cloth, which is not very far removed from the old-fashioned oil-cloth of our grandmothers' time.

THEY may be made to harmonize with any interior, or painted in patterns that match the cretonne. And they are considered by up-to-date hostesses quite correct. And no wonder they are popular. A damp cloth is all that is necessary to cleanse them.

An attractively set table is always important. There should be flowers on the table, of course. A prominent hostess used a set of convolvuluses of antique blown-glass, one at each place. Yet nothing so expensive is necessary. Venetian glass is, as usual, very popular. A set of slender glass vases is appropriate and modest. The center vase should be somewhat larger than its four companion pieces, each bubble-like form decorated with flying bluebirds. A delicate glass chain links each vase with the centerpiece. The effect when these are filled with flowers is charming!

At card-parties and small affairs the novelty of place-cards and tallies can very greatly add to the interest of the guests. Instead of the more or less formal, conventional plain cards, the unusual is sought. Odd touches can be given by some quaint little figures bonneted with real shells that are mounted above the shoulders, and rows of flowers, consisting of shells also. And there are boxes of individual hand-painted tally and place cards, not to be duplicated, which hostesses have made to order for special occasions.

OF COURSE hostesses of unlimited wealth are instituting unusual features. There was a wedding breakfast, for instance, where artificial flowers formed the decoration, and concealed revolving electric fans threw off fragrant scents which a perfumer designed for the occasion; and a dinner where the perfume was carried through the house on braziers to make the air sweet. But without attempting anything so elaborate, a table can be always attractively set, and a guest-chamber so very bright and welcoming, that guests, when it is time to leave will not want to leave.



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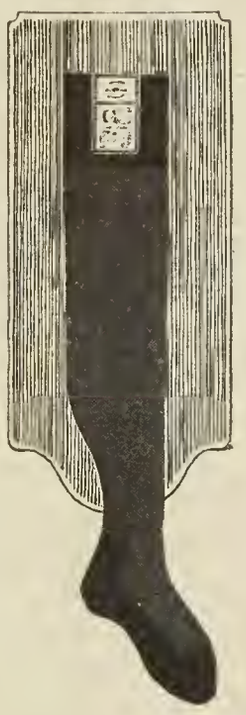
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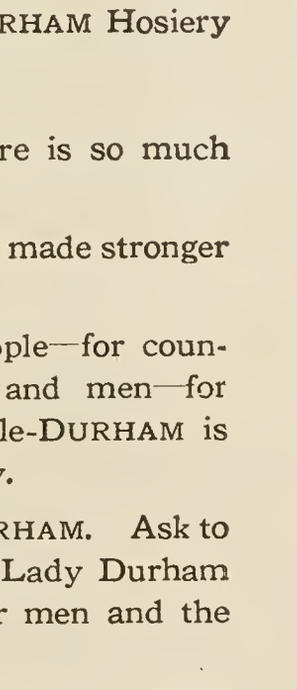
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HOW TO LIVE IN JUST ONE ROOM

BY ELINOR JUDD

HOW to get the most comfort out of a single room is a problem that more women than ever before are solving. This is because the prohibitive rentals asked for small apartments have put them beyond the reach of many women, and even those who enjoy a fairly good income find it necessary to live in a single room, so furnished as to pass muster as a sitting-room during the day and evening and also provide comfortable sleeping quarters.

The veteran occupant of such a room glories in her skill at eliminating and transforming, and will tell you in five minutes how best to economize space, what pieces of furniture to disguise and just what must be eliminated; also what articles are best adapted to a room that must not be noticeably apparent as a sleeping-room.

Fortunately, just now there are many charming bits of furniture that seem especially adapted to this purpose, and when a woman feels like expending a small sum toward accumulating household gods she can get a good deal for a comparatively small outlay. If this is out of the question, clever transformations will make a surprising lot of difference.

In any case, it is always well to take a general survey of the new room and its possibilities. If there is a couch instead of a bed, and if the bureau is not too awkwardly large, your chances are good. The popularity of the day-bed is a veritable boon to the solitary woman who aims to have what I call a two-in-one room.

SHORN of the miscellaneous assortment of pillows that formerly made the divan a disorderly-looking makeshift, the day-bed has the charm of individuality. It gives an impression of dignity even to a small and unpretentious room.

Any divan can be given this quaint, prim look by tossing away the multitudinous pillows and substituting a simple bolster at each end. The old pillows may be used for the stuffing of these end pieces, which should be covered with the same material used for the body of the day-bed.

By all means have a footstool or at least a floor-cushion in front of your day-bed, the covering of the entire set to be the same. Now, stand back and take an admiring look at the transformation! From an old fashioned couch you have achieved an up-to-date day-bed that is admirably adapted to a room which must serve a twofold purpose.

There are delightful little half-tables, known as "couch ends," that are often associated with a day-bed either at one end or at both. Such a resting-place is just the thing for a drop-light, or for a few of the owner's most intimate books.

A CLEVER woman who coveted such a pair of tables for her room arranged a fairly good substitute at much less cost. She had made two pine book-shelves to stand at each end of her cot, the width of the top forming an ample resting-place for a lamp and a folding book-rack. The height was conveniently adapted to that of the cot, and gave the impression of a single piece of furniture. The book-shelves being light and easily moved, did not interfere unduly with the pulling out and making of the cot into a bed.

As a bureau detracts decidedly from the desired sitting-room effect, it is better, if possible, to use a substitute. The simplest form of substitute bureau is a desk with ample drawer room. The next best thing is a bookcase with glass doors that can be securely locked. These can be backed with soft drapery silk, thus concealing the contents.

If neither of these substitutes can be acquired, try a transformation of the bureau. I have done this myself several times, and each time more successfully, which is an encouragement to others to put their wits to work.

Every mirror that I have yet encountered is easily detachable from the bureau of which it appears at first sight to be a permanent part. If all the screws are carefully saved, put into an envelope and labeled, even the most fussy landlady can not object to this temporary dismantling of her bureau, provided you promise to rehabilitate it when you leave her home.

YOU now have a chest of drawers and a separate mirror as the basis for operations. By means of a pair of strong screw-eyes the mirror can be hung like a picture in any part of the room where the light is good, or where it will not interfere too much with the pictures and other decorations.

I have found it a splendid plan to hang the detached mirror on the inside of my closet door. This, in connection with a cheval glass, which is one of my cherished possessions, enables me to dress carefully without the use of a hand-mirror, as I can move the portable glass at any angle which will best accord with the mirror hanging on the inside of my closet door. The door shut, the mirror is out of sight, and another evidence of bedroom furnishings is eliminated.

The mirrorless bureau is easily transformed into what will pass as a bookcase, by providing it with a board top, which has a block of wood at each corner, raising the false top five or six inches above the original top of the bureau. This leaves a space for any flat boxes, containing toilet articles and various personal belongings.

Across the front of the board top attach a brass curtain-rod and hang a pretty curtain, reaching to the floor. Lay a strip of similar material over the board top and arrange a few pieces of bric-à-brac, or a pair of candlesticks and a vase for cut flowers. If there is a division in the center of the curtain, of course access to the drawers is easier.

AN EXPERT at getting the most out of the smallest space enlarges her closet space and also solves the bureau problem by utilizing an old-fashioned bookcase with two doors. In one half she has retained the shelving, and this side serves instead of a bureau. The other side she has fitted with a rod, on which skirts can be hung, though the depth of the shelves is not sufficient to admit the hanging of waists or coats on this lengthways rod.

To obviate this, she has had attached to the back of the bookcase, on the inside, a strong projecting hook, similar to the kind used for bird-cages. One of these large hooks will hold a half-dozen light wire waist-hangers, the arrangement being similar to a wardrobe trunk.

Among the most difficult articles to domicil happily in small accommodations are my lady's hats, and the more fond she happens to be of pretty headgear, the more pitiful her plight. Ornamental hat-boxes, either round or square, covered with satin, brocade or cretonne are so attractive as to warrant a place even in an artistically furnished room.

SOME of the more elaborate of these hat-boxes are edged with metal lace or galloon, and this trimming sometimes forms the frame for a colored French print which is applied to the cover of the hat-box as a center decoration.

A famous French beauty, posed with her hat on, like some of the well-known Gainsboroughs, would be just the thing for the final touch to one of these artistic and at the same time practical hat-boxes. A large box of this type will easily hold two or three small hats without undue crowding.

One of my friends who is addicted to hats and yet is obliged to live in somewhat cramped quarters utilized a little old-fashioned, flat-topped trunk for stowing away hats and furs not worn every day. In these days of luxurious baggage an ordinary little trunk is somewhat despised and can be picked up almost for the proverbial "song."

While not strong enough to stand rough handling in modern baggage-rooms, such a trunk is excellent for home use, and its lock gives a certain amount of protection to the contents. Covered with material to harmonize with the room, this furnishes a satisfactory window-seat, as it is too small to be clumsy-looking.

For the woman who does any light housekeeping, a little trunk like this, that can keep things locked away from prying eyes during the owner's absence from the room, will be found indispensable.

MOREOVER, the top may be fitted with a sheet of zinc, and when the utensils from within are to be used, here will be a safe and suitable place, obviating the necessity of clearing off a table for the purpose.

A flat tin baking-sheet, such as is used for cookies, makes a capital protection for a small cooking outfit, and can be purchased at any store carrying cake-tins and similar cooking utensils.

A college professor and his wife have for years sublet from the tenant of a large apartment the two rooms originally intended as kitchen and maid's bedroom, the latter having a tiny bathroom adjoining. This arrangement comprised a miniature suite, the good-sized kitchen being used as a living-room and furnished so effectively as completely to disguise its real purpose.

A reproduction of an old-fashioned secretary, with ample shelving space above the many-drawered desk, was the most important article of furniture in this room and as effective as it was practical. The mirror was a reproduction of an antique one with mahogany frame, and gave no impression of being a toilet accessory.

ANOTHER bit of furnishing that does not too evidently betray its purpose is one of the inexpensive copies of the famous Martha Washington sewing-table. Its drawers are deep enough for stockings, gloves, handkerchiefs and many small personal belongings, while the deep hexagonal receptacles on both sides offer invaluable space for odds and ends.

A shoe-bag with many pockets, the whole covered with a closely snapped-on flap, is a valuable asset to the occupant of a two-in-one room. Overshoes, wrapping-paper and twine, small pieces to go to the laundry are only a few of the many articles that may be tucked away in such a capacious hold-all.

An important item in connection with a combination room is some sort of a drop-leaf table, preferably a reproduction of the old gate-leg model. With both leaves down, and the table set close against the wall, it is just right for a reading-lamp, a magazine or two and a few books. With one leaf raised, there is sufficient space for your breakfast-tray and electric toaster. With both leaves up and the accommodating table extended to its limit, a jolly little supper-party can be seated around it as comfortably as around the table in a real dining-room.

Lacking a muffin stand, use a magazine stand as a "silent waitress," its open and easily accessible shelves being just the thing when you have guests in for Sunday night supper or afternoon tea.

HOWEVER unpretentious may be the single room that constitutes home for the unattached woman, let her so arrange the furnishings that there shall be an easily recognized "center of comfort" that will act as a magnet to any one entering the room. A table with a lamp, and beside it a comfortable chair and footstool, is a good nucleus for such a center. A prettily curtained window, with a plant and a window-seat is sure to beckon.



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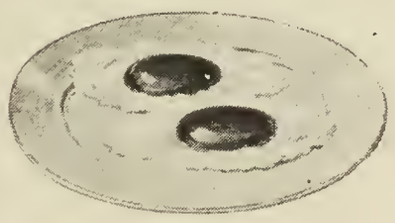
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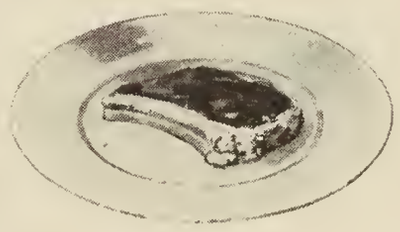
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Quaker Oats cost 5½ cents per 1000 calories. That's the energy measure of food value.

Compare that cost with other necessary foods. Here is what they cost at this writing:

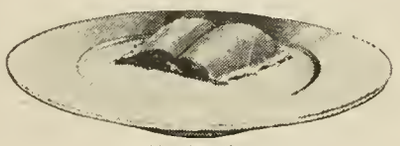


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Quaker Oats . .	5½c	Eggs	70c
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Concluded from page 58

EAT AND STAY YOUNG

hair that is no longer abundant and lustrous. They pause before windows displaying hair of the shades characteristic of youth, and read thoughtfully the suggestions for restoring freshness to their complexions.

"These and other causes for uneasiness, to so large a portion of our population," according to Dr. McCollum, "reveal the need of a full appreciation of the kind of habits of life which will conserve better than we are now conserving the buoyancy of childhood and adolescence, which but too seldom remains with either men or women after growth is completed.

"During the last few years," he continues, "it has been discovered that there are three substances of remarkable interest which the diet must supply, which were not suspected to exist until recently. They are remarkable in the fact that but a surprisingly small amount of each is necessary to meet the needs of an individual, but even the small amounts which can not be dispensed with are not present in many foods. One of these substances will not take the place of another. All must be supplied. When one or another of these three substances is absent from the diet, or is furnished in inadequate amount, there results a peculiar disease. There are three of them, and they have come to be called 'deficiency diseases!' Each is the result of the lack of a single substance in the diet."

THESE interesting food units are variously known as vitamines, accessory food substances, fat-soluble A, water-soluble B, water-soluble C, etc., while the three deficiency diseases to which Dr. McCollum refers are scurvy, beriberi and xerophthalmia (a certain type of eye disease).

"Rickets," he says, "appears not to be a deficiency disease in the same sense that scurvy, xerophthalmia and beriberi are, but it is directly the result of faulty nutrition in young children."

He sums it all up by the warning that for young and old alike the thing to be kept in mind is that nearly all of our common foods are deficient in one or more respects. But since the shortcomings are not the same in different classes of foods, we can secure highly satisfactory diets by using suitable combinations, which supplement each other in the proper manner.

This suggests to us why the meat-and-potato-peas-and-bread kind of meals fail to supply satisfactory nourishment. These foods belong in about the same category, as established by Dr. McCollum, and are deficient in the same kind of food principles. If such a fare is augmented by the addition of the protective foods, milk and leafy vegetables, we have a diet in which the deficiencies of one group of foods is supplied by the properties of the other group. In fact, it is only such a supplementing combination of foods that is entirely favorable to the promotion of health and vigor, and the prolongation of the characteristics of youth.

A relative shortage of any one of the kinds of food principles results in some degree of malnutrition.

DISTRESSING evidence of the wide prevalence of this nutritional instability was revealed by the draft boards during the war. The medical examiners discovered an appallingly large number of young men who were passing in every-day life as normal, but who were physically unfit for military service.

Dr. McCollum's grouping of foods is remarkable, as it upsets so many of our lifelong convictions. The basis of his classification is the dietary need which the various foods supply. Unlike though they seem, milk and leafy vegetables are in one group, while lean meat, cereals, potatoes, root vegetables, peas, beans and bread are in another general group.

"Only those diets which contain one or preferably both of the protective foods, milk and leafy vegetables," according to Dr. McCollum, "have ever maintained animals in a state of nutrition which promotes vigor and preserves the appearance of youth and sustains longevity."

In this connection Dr. McCollum has reached a conclusion that is of immeasurable practical value. He finds that even a diet which contains the protective foods is slightly deficient in certain minerals that promote well-being and help to give us a strong resistance against disease. And so he advises every one, children and grown-ups alike, to take daily about half a teaspoon of precipitated chalk as a supplement to the diet.

Milk may be added to the diet both as a beverage and in foods such as cream soups and sauces, ice-cream, custard, cheese and butter.

The leafy vegetables include cabbage, spinach, cauliflower, turnip tops, beet greens, Brussels sprouts, artichokes, celery and lettuce and also string-beans, asparagus and onions.

This makes us wish that we had been somewhere near when poor old tired Ponce de Leon was looking for a bubbling fountain of youth and found Florida instead. We would have led him to a dairy farm or a garden full of fresh green vegetables, given him a little package of precipitated chalk, and he would have lived long and joyfully afterward.

Dr. McCollum believes that meats are important dietetic accessories because they contain protein of value and because of their appetizing flavor, and for those reasons should be included in the average diet. But in other respects he does not regard them as food of unusual merit.

"It is not desirable to dispense with meats in the diet," he tells us, "for they fulfil a psychic requirement from which we can not free ourselves. It is sound policy to eat foods which taste good, for taste and the enjoyment of food are indispensable to efficient digestion. Excessive meat eating, however, certainly has a damaging effect on the body."

The question arises as to why some races, such as the Eskimo, who lives almost entirely on flesh, are free from scurvy and other deficiency diseases. The explanation lies in the fact that they not only eat the lean muscles of their prey, but also the blood, bone-marrow, glandular organs and the soft bones of frozen fish, some of which contain protective substances.

The effects of diets that do not contain a suitable amount of the protective foods is traced in the physical condition of natives in different parts of India. Among these natives are found groups who differ widely in their dietary habits, sometimes from necessity and sometimes from religious motives.

THE natives of the congested districts in Bengal, for example, subsist largely on grains because of the scarcity of meats and vegetables. The physical condition of these people is generally poor. A little farther east, where the natives are able to add beans and fish to their dietary, the average physical condition is better. But far superior in physical development and endurance are the hill tribes of Tibet, who keep flocks and herds and consequently use large amounts of milk in a diet which also contains meat and vegetables.

That this physical superiority of the hill tribes over the Bengalese is not to be ascribed to climatic advantage is exemplified by the Arabs. These peoples live largely on soured milk of camels, mares and cows in a land where the daily temperature soars to one hundred degrees Fahrenheit and more. And yet since the dawn of history these tribes have had the courage and physical power to make their long and wearying journeys over the desert wastes.

But much nearer home is the annual unconscious testimony of our New England grandmothers, who faithfully mixed sulfur and molasses and brewed sassafras tea as regularly as they turned their houses inside out for the Spring cleaning.

These observing women accepted as inevitable a tired-out, run-down family at the end of a long shut-in Winter and dosed them accordingly.

THE ubiquitous patent-medicine man was also observing, likewise convincing, and did a thriving business selling his tonics and "blood purifiers" to a listless clientele.

At the same time the first tender little greens were being diligently sought and eagerly eaten by people who were half starved and did not know it. The gardens came on and fresh vegetables appeared on the table regularly. The cows that had been dry all Winter, because of their half-starved condition, became fresh, and there was once more an abundance of milk for drinking and for cooking.

Meantime every one was taking their Spring tonics and feeling better and stronger every day. Eyes were brighter, skins clearer and steps springier.

But, with apologies to Gilbert and Sullivan, "the tonics that came in the Spring, tra-la, had nothing to do with the case."

It was the green, leafy vegetables and milk that did it; they were added to the diet three times a day and every day in the week. They supplied the "protective substances" which the diet had lacked during the long Winter months and which we now know are necessary for the preservation of youth, health and general well-being.

And so as we travel down the road and feel the western sun on our backs, we ponder these things in our hearts and sing a new and merry song of confidence along the way.

We know that old age awaits us just beyond the turn. But we are ready; forewarned and armed with knowledge. And we go into the sunset aglow with physical youth and health and tingling with the sheer joy of living.

Concluded from page 24

BUSINESS LIFE: IS IT WORTH THE COST?

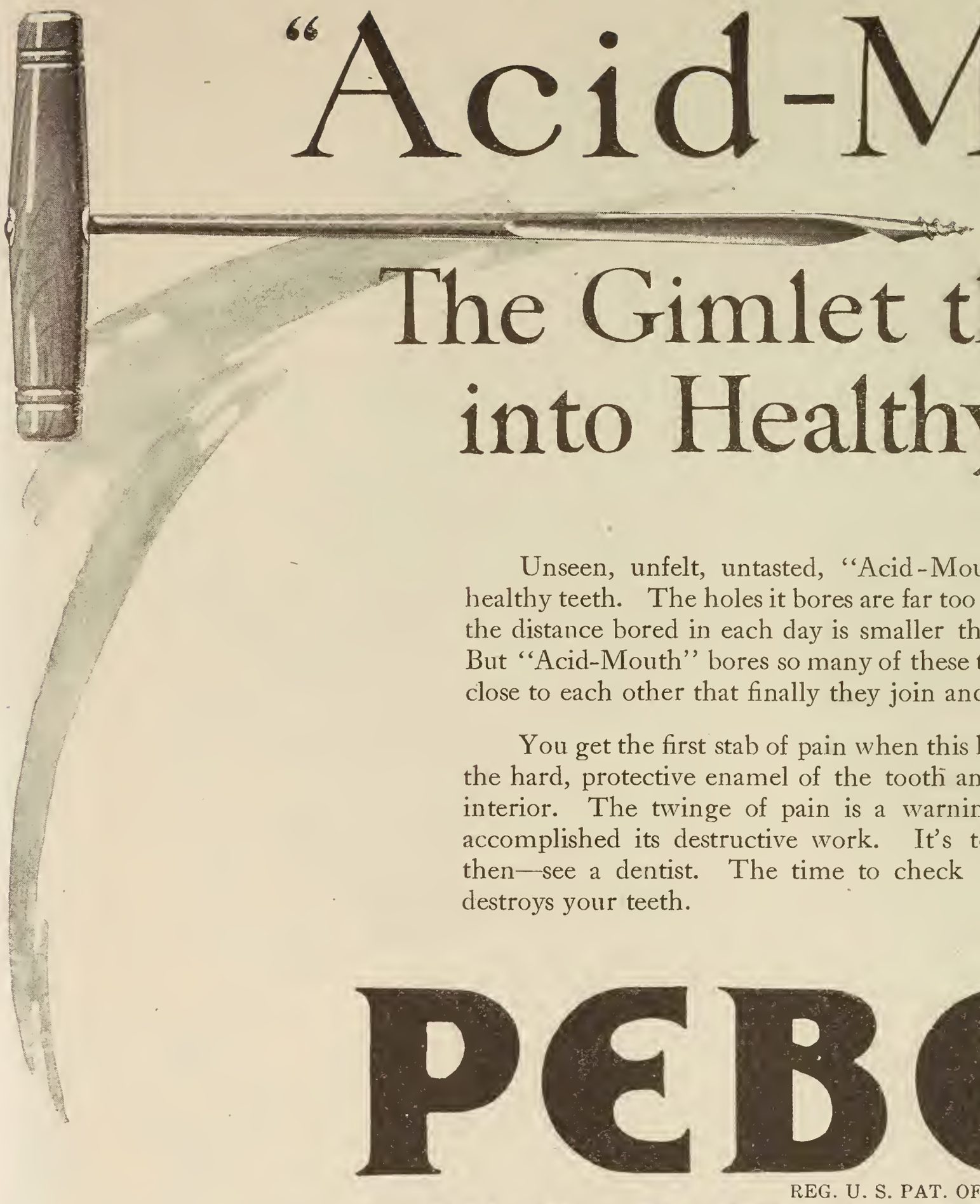
motherhood, we are compelled to admit.

What is the answer? Oh, my dears, I wish I were wise enough to say. I can only give you the philosophy that I have worked out through the long, hard years.

First of all women must come to face the fact that they never have been willing to face, namely, that a business woman's life is, and perhaps always must be, just twice as difficult as a man's. Because, along with her business success, she *must achieve success as a wife and mother.*

Let every girl, I say, be forced to learn a trade or a profession, just as is her brother. And let every girl be forced to learn mothercraft. Let her believe implicitly that it is as much of a disgrace not to be self-supporting as a man feels it to be; and let her believe that the self-supporting woman who allows her business to unfit her for motherhood and wifehood is as much of a disgrace to her sex as is a man who lets his wife support him.

My philosophy is not an easy one, is it? But life is not easy. A soft code will not fit the modern woman's problems. I am for the business woman. I am for the mother of children. It is our infinitely difficult problem to make the two great tasks function together.



"Acid-Mouth"

The Gimlet that Bores into Healthy Teeth

Unseen, unfelt, untasted, "Acid-Mouth" bores tiny holes into healthy teeth. The holes it bores are far too small for the eye to see and the distance bored in each day is smaller than the mind can conceive. But "Acid-Mouth" bores so many of these tiny holes and bores them so close to each other that finally they join and one big hole results.

You get the first stab of pain when this larger hole has gone beyond the hard, protective enamel of the tooth and entered its soft, sensitive interior. The twinge of pain is a warning that "Acid-Mouth" has accomplished its destructive work. It's too late for tooth cleansers then—see a dentist. The time to check "Acid-Mouth" is before it destroys your teeth.

PEBECO

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TOOTH PASTE

Counteracts "Acid-Mouth"

Pebeco Tooth Paste counteracts "Acid-Mouth" by stimulating the salivary glands into action, thus increasing the amount of normal saliva in the mouth. Saliva is alkaline and neutralizes the acids of the mouth.

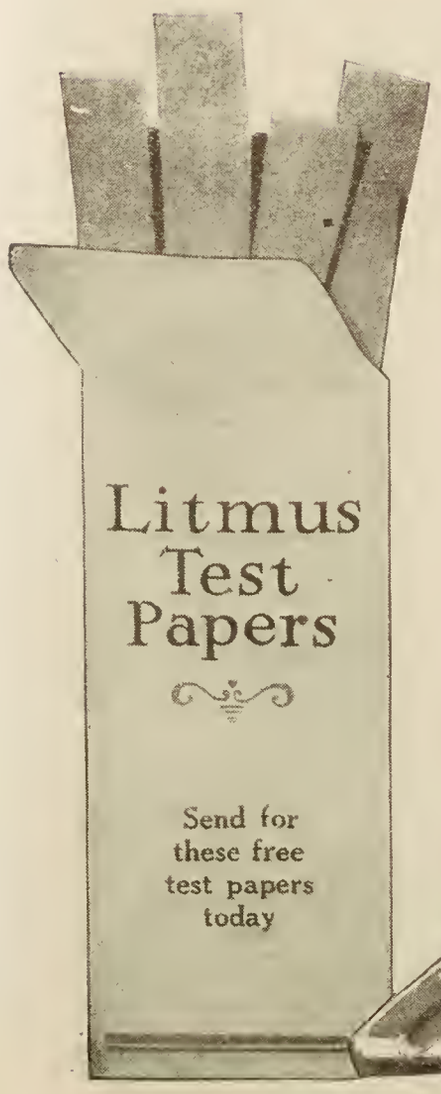
At the same time that Pebeco counteracts "Acid-Mouth," it cleans and polishes, without scratching, the enamel of the teeth. The cooling sensation it leaves will cause a feeling of confidence that you at last have found a tooth paste which assures pleasing, sanitary mouth conditions.

To ward off decay, use Pebeco twice a day and have your teeth examined twice a year by your dentist.

Send for free Litmus Test Papers
and a Ten-day Trial Tube of Pebeco

Try out the litmus paper test yourself. If there's evidence of "Acid-Mouth," use Pebeco and then repeat the test. Be convinced of our claim that Pebeco counteracts this tooth-destroying condition.

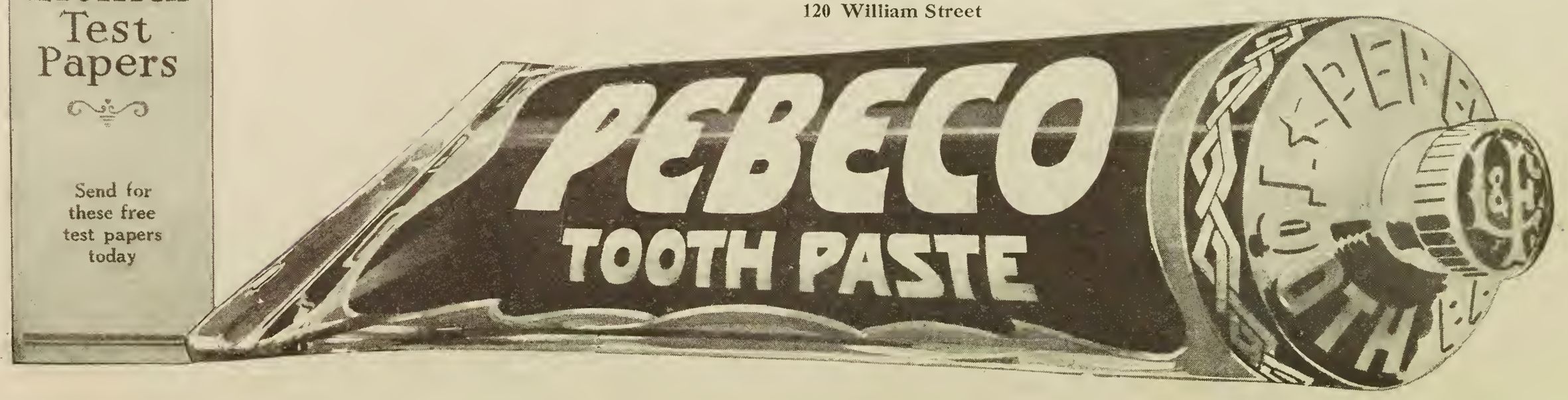
And if you haven't "Acid-Mouth," decide for yourself whether Pebeco isn't a pretty good tooth paste for just its cleaning properties. Send your name and address.



Pebeco is sold by druggists everywhere

Lehn & Fink New York Inc.

120 William Street





The Care of the Teeth

Cleanliness of the mouth is very desirable for the sake of the general health. It is important and necessary to the preservation of the teeth and to the physical welfare of the gums.

Decay usually occurs on those surfaces of the teeth which the bristles of the tooth-brush do not reach, hence, the toilet of the teeth is incomplete if the brushing be not followed by thorough rinsing of the mouth with a suitable mouth-wash.

A germ-laden tooth-brush is a menace to the health of the gums.

Wash the brush thoroughly after use, then immerse in or pour upon it a little undiluted Listerine.

Manufactured only by
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

LISTERINE

the safe antiseptic

INFECTION: BABY'S FOE

"MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR BABIES"

BY CAROLYN CONANT VAN BLARCOM

IN THINKING of the grave importance of protecting infants and children from the ravages of "catching diseases," I am reminded of a man who handled mules with peculiar success.

When asked how he managed that nearly unmanageable animal, he smiled a dry little three-cornered sort of a smile and said, "I treat 'em kindly, but I always keep a club handy."

I can see him in my mind's eye, studying carefully the habits and natural tendencies of his mules; doing all in his power to prevent any disturbance among them; constantly watchfu and on the alert for any outbreak; and promptly employing aggressive measures to put down an uprising should one occur.

We will do well to apply his reasoning to the problem of controlling infectious diseases of childhood; first learning their tendency or how they are spread; next taking all possible steps toward preventing their development; then watching for early symptoms and acting promptly upon their appearance.

Too much care can not be taken in coping with these diseases, for not only do they cause many avoidable deaths, but they leave deafness, blindness, paralysis, weak hearts and diseased kidneys in their wake.

IT IS a very destructive doctrine that suggests that children are due to have measles, scarlet fever, whooping-cough and diphtheria, and that it is well to have them—"get them over with."

We used to believe that the germs of these diseases were carried by the air or on clothes, and so forth; or that they clung to walls and pictures and carpets and were scattered about in that way. As a result there was, and is still, a tendency among many people to fight infectious diseases with awful-smelling solutions. The worse the smell the greater the sense of security.

But thanks to the patient, searching studies of such men as Dr. Charles V. Chapin, Superintendent of Health, Providence, Rhode Island, this is all changed and the overpowering and useless smell-producers are being routed from the field.

In his book on the "Sources and Modes of Infection," Doctor Chapin tells us that with very few exceptions, infectious diseases are transmitted directly or nearly directly from one person to another; that most disease germs can not live long outside the body if exposed to light and air, and consequently are not usually carried about on books and clothes and seldom wafted through the air.

The secretions of the nose, throat, ears and eyes of infected individuals contain the germs of most infectious diseases and these are generously scattered broadcast by their owners. And, surprising though it may seem, it is not only the person who is sick with scarlet fever or diphtheria, for example, that carries these germs around and presents them to others, but many, very many who are not sick at all, but who are what are called "carriers," dispense the same commodity.

CARRIERS and people who are so mildly ill that the disease is not recognized, are about everywhere, coughing, sneezing, kissing children and adults, sticking their fingers in their own mouths and then handling pencils and the like that shortly go into other people's mouths.

"Probably the chief vehicle for the conveyance of nasal and oral secretion from one to another is the fingers," says Doctor Chapin in his book. "If one takes the trouble to watch for a short time his neighbors, or even himself, unless he has been particularly trained in such matters, he will be surprised to note the number of times that the fingers go to the mouth and the nose.

"Not only is the saliva made use of for a great variety of purposes, and numberless articles are for one reason or another placed in the mouth, but for no reason whatever, and all unconsciously, the fingers are with great frequency raised to the lips or the nose. And who can doubt that if the nasal and oral secretions contain the germs of disease, these germs will be almost as constantly found upon the fingers?

"All successful commerce is reciprocal, and in this universal trade in human saliva the fingers not only bring foreign secretions to the mouth of their owner, but there, exchanging them for his own, distribute the latter to everything that the hand touches. The cook spreads his saliva on the muffins and rolls, the waitress infects the glasses and spoons, the moistened fingers of the pedler arrange his fruit, the thumb of the milkman is in his measure, the reader moistens the pages of his book, the conductor his transfer tickets, the 'lady' the fingers of her glove.

"Every one is busily engaged in this distribution of saliva, so that the end of each day finds this secretion freely distributed on the doors, window-sills, furniture and playthings in the home, the straps of the trolley-cars, the rails and counter, and desks of shops and public buildings, and indeed upon everything that the hands of man touch. What avails it if the pathogens (disease germs) do die quickly? A fresh supply is furnished each day."

DOCTOR Chapin further states, "Another important vehicle of transfer must be the common drinking-cup." And one might add the common towel.

All of this would be very terrifying to us mere mortals did it not point so comfortingly to the conclusion that, after all, personal cleanliness is the best and surest method of protecting babies and adults alike from infectious diseases.

If you do not plant the seeds of flowers or vegetables, you will have no garden; and if you keep the germs of diphtheria, and so forth, out of your baby's mouth and nose he can not have the disease.

That simplifies the whole thing so beautifully that we find ourselves breathing easily once more. And we rejoice that we need not hold handkerchiefs to our noses and run breathlessly past a placarded house for fear a wicked little germ will leap over the fence and "catch" us; nor does the whole family have to be ostracized and shunned because one of the children has planted measles and diphtheria in his mouth and grown from it a rash or sore throat.

PREVENTION, then, involves personal cleanliness first of all.

Quite logically babies and children are kept clean in this sense by being kept away from children and others who have colds or sore throats to sneeze and cough upon their companions. And they will be kept clean also by being kept as much as possible out of crowds, where always there are "carriers" and others unconsciously scattering germs.

In other words, you must remember that persons, not things, are dangerous.

You can not, however, put your child in a glass case and separate him from all human sources of infection; so you are going to help him to build up within himself a powerful resistance to infection by means of proper food, fresh air, plenty of sleep and drinking-water. Then the chances are that if some ambitious little germs do get into your baby's mouth or nose, his body cells will be so strong that they will destroy the invaders.

Isn't it gratifying to realize that it is the care which you yourself can give that will protect your baby or your children, and not something remote and indefinite that you can't quite control?

There are some diseases, it is true, that may be carried by milk or water or by insects. Typhoid, cholera and dysentery may be borne by water, while typhoid, diphtheria and scarlet fever may be carried in milk. Mosquitoes carry malaria and yellow fever, and flies carry the germs of the baby's Summer complaint, while if there is any disease that is air-borne it is probably tuberculosis.

BUT we've been over all these sources of trouble before, and talked about pasteurizing milk, boiling water, screening the house and the baby's crib and keeping him off the dusty floor. So the cleanliness and strong body resistance are really achieved through the thousand and one little acts that make up the daily total of your baby's care, and that you know all about.

Going back to the example of our mule-tamer, we remember that he was constantly watchful and had one hand out for his club practically all of the time.

So, too, must you be watchful for such symptoms of trouble as the following, and their appearance should prompt you to use your club in the form of isolation and a doctor's advice: A sore throat may be diphtheria or scarlet fever; a persistent discharge from the nose may be nasal diphtheria; catarrh or cough with fever may be measles; vomiting with fever is perhaps scarlet fever; weakness or lassitude in a child previously well may be the beginning of diphtheria; a cough which comes in spells is usually whooping-cough; a croupy cough may be laryngeal diphtheria; while a rash suggests measles, rubella, scarlet fever or chicken-pox. You should own a thermometer and learn to use it, for a doctor should be called when the child's temperature is above 99.5 degrees.

Your doctor will of course direct all details of the treatment should your baby fall ill, but if you understand what you are doing and why, you will greatly increase his chances of recovery.

The general principles to bear in mind during the illness are that your little patient must be kept quietly in bed in a well and evenly ventilated room at about sixty-four to seventy degrees; he must have plenty of drinking-water; a nourishing diet of liquids or very light food, and a daily bowel-movement. And you must watch him like a cat for the first sign of any complication. It is the complications and the conditions that follow these infectious diseases that make them so serious.

Other members of the family must be kept away during the infectious stage and scrupulous personal cleanliness preserved with both the baby and yourself.

DO NOT allow him to cough or sneeze in your face. Teach him to use paper napkins or gauze handkerchiefs and if he is old enough, to hold them before his face when coughing and sneezing. The soiled handkerchiefs should be collected in a paper bag and burned.

The little patient's mouth, nose, ears and eyes must be kept clean; particularly the mouth. It is advisable, therefore, to brush the teeth night and morning and before and after taking food.

Give a daily sponge-bath in bed, using warm water and soap, and in addition wash the little hands frequently and try to keep them out of the owner's mouth. By the same token keep your own hands away from your face, and wash them after each time that you touch your patient.

Washing your hands in this sense means using hot water and soap and scrubbing them thoroughly with a stiff brush. Soiled sheets, pillow-cases, towels and night-clothes used by the patient should be put into the wash-boiler and boiled before being further handled or mixed with other clothes.

The dishes used in the sick-room should be *covered* with water and boiled after each using. Dishes piled up in a pan that has a little water boiling in the bottom are not disinfected.

Be watchful during the convalescence, taking great care that your patient resumes normal life by easy stages.

Concluded on page 81

VICK'S VAPORUB

FOR ALL COLD TROUBLES



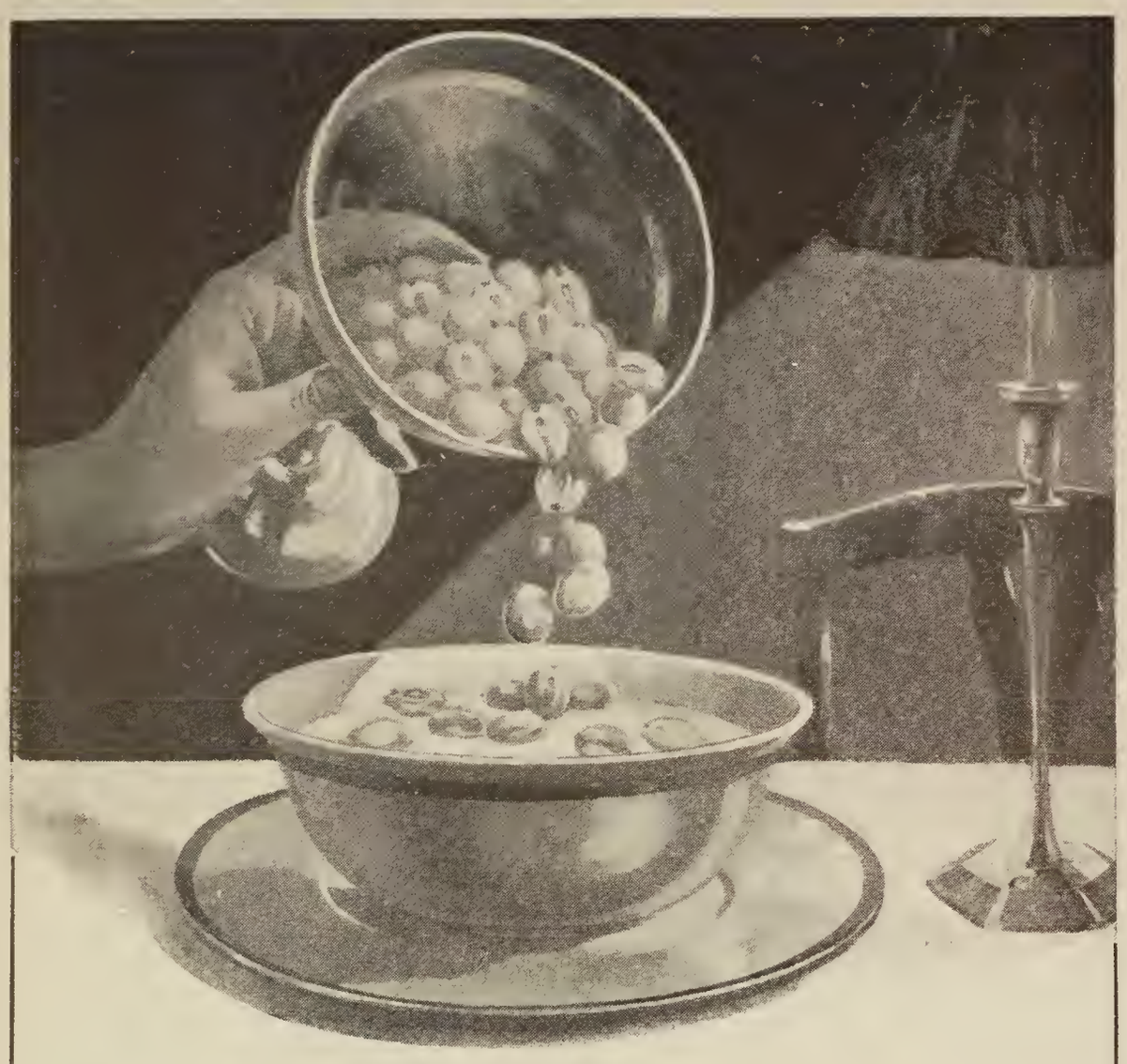
You Just Rub It On

THIS external Southern vapor treatment appeals especially to mothers, because *there is nothing to swallow,* therefore nothing to upset the delicate stomachs of small children.

Vick's VapoRub combines, in the form of a salve, the old-fashioned remedies—Camphor, Turpentine, and Menthol—with certain volatile oils, so that when rubbed on the throat and chest, the body heat vaporizes the ingredients. These medicated vapors are carried with every breath direct to the air-passages and lungs, loosening the phlegm, and helping to relieve the tightness and soreness. Fresh air, so necessary in the treatment of colds, can be let into the bedroom in abundance without interfering in the least with the action of the vapors.

Vick's VapoRub comes in three sizes,
30c, 60c and $1.20. At all druggists.

THE VICK CHEMICAL COMPANY, Greensboro, N. C.



Bubble Grains At Bedtime

Foods Easy to Digest

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are not for breakfasts only. Serve them for luncheons and suppers. Float in every bowl of milk.

These are bubble grains, airy, crisp and toasted, puffed to eight times normal size. No other dainty in existence makes the milk dish so enticing.

Every Food Cell Blasted

Consider Puffed Wheat. Here is whole wheat made delightful, both in texture and in taste.

Under Prof. Anderson's process, every food cell is exploded. Digestion is made easy and complete.

It supplies whole-wheat nutrition. It does not tax the stomach. It makes milk inviting, and every child should drink a pint a day.

Serve as a breakfast dainty. Mix with your fruits. But don't forget that Puffed Grains also form the ideal bedtime dish.

Puffed Grains are the greatest of grain foods and the most enticing. Serve all three kinds. Let children revel in them.



Try Melted Butter

on the grains some morning. Add cream then, if you wish. This adds a new delight.

Puffed Wheat

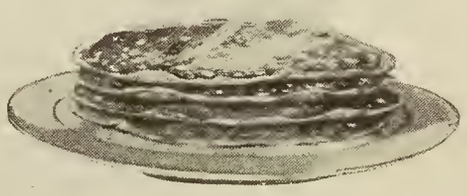
Puffed Rice

Corn Puffs

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

A New Pancake Delight

Now we make a pancake flour mixed with ground Puffed Rice. It makes fluffy pancakes with a nut-like taste—the finest pancakes ever served. The flour is self-raising. Simply add milk or water. Ask your grocer for Puffed Rice Pancake Flour and you'll have a new delight.



The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

3275

GRACEFUL BEDSTEADS

BY MARTHA H. CUTLER

(*See illustration on page 30*)

BEDSTEADS are unavoidably the center of interest in any bedroom and consequently should be particularly beautiful. In the days of Martha Washington, the dignified four-posters of Mount Vernon with their graceful canopies and dainty draperies were worthy their conspicuous position in the center of the room.

We laugh now at the step-ladders required to mount their snowy heights, but we are in no position to mock. The beauty was there and we were blind to it. Successive generations have swung us around a circle of unsurpassed ugliness in a "follow-the-leader" search for comfort and sanitation, but we have at last arrived at the starting-point, a little sadder, with our collections of homely, long-enduring bedsteads, but a little wiser as well in our appreciation of beauty.

Our grandmothers gave up canopied bedsteads, which were cumbersome and whose voluminous draperies shut out air and collected dust. Now those who possess them are counted fortunate, while those who desire them are many.

Appreciating their beauties and profiting from our lessons in sanitation and comfort, we have hit upon the happy compromise of reducing the draperies to a minimum and of substituting light, graceful posts for heavy, carved ones, while the feather-bed and step-ladder have retreated hand-in-hand to the attic, giving way to the luxurious box-spring and sensible hair mattress.

HOW to "dress" the canopy-bed according to these modern ideas is then the question. The simplest method is to dispense with the curtains formerly hung at the corners and across the back, and to have only the valance at the foot and at the top, the lining in the top to be used only when the construction of the bed absolutely requires it.

To make removal for laundering easy, these valances are now shirred over slender brass rods which rest in sockets attached to the bedstead underneath the side and foot boards and inside the molding at the top. Three rods are used and the valances are cut in three strips at both the bottom and at the top unless the posts are unfinished and homely. In that case the valances are in one piece and shirred around the posts to conceal them.

A foot valance should be deep enough to reach the floor within two inches, and the top valance is usually made about the same depth, although it can be deeper if need be. The foot valance needs no heading, but the top valance usually has an inch heading. The process of covering the frame for the top of the bed is a difficult one and requires technical directions which will be given by THE DELINEATOR'S Service Department upon request, as well as more detailed directions for making other bed draperies.

IN A Colonial room there is no prettier or more appropriate material for these valances than dotted grenadine, fine dimity or mull, with narrow ball or knotted fringes. Old-fashioned knitted or knotted bedspreads go well with them and should hang down over the foot valance about three inches.

Glazed chintzes were used by the English for bedsteads of this type and are frequently used here. They are trimmed sometimes with silk bindings that harmonize in color and sometimes with narrow knotted fringes in appropriate colors. The English unglazed chintzes in the small designs are almost as pretty as the glazed and drape more softly. Either is appropriate.

The four-post bedstead without a canopy can be used in either simple or elaborate rooms and is consequently very popular. It comes at all prices and with varying degrees of beauty of linen. The fluted posts are lovely and so are some of the plain ones. Heavy lines and machine carving are to be avoided here, as in all furniture. These bedsteads are very attractive in mahogany, but more unusual and distinctive when painted in an interesting way.

THE most effective designs for decoration are quite conventional. They are taken either from old pieces of furniture or from a detail in the design of the chintz or cretonne used in the room. Realistic floral and landscape designs are not suitable, even when the design in the chintz is of that nature.

The best furniture has a dignity of its own which requires dignity in its decoration. The designs should be painted with simple, broad strokes not with finical detail, or the effect will be lost.

The amateur artist who wishes to experiment along these lines should first study the work of professionals. He can find it in the best shops and in museums. If he can not do this, it is better to confine his efforts to lines of effective contrasting colors, unless the furniture is so old that he will not regret a few mistakes.

The background color should always be carefully selected in relation to the color scheme of the room. The conventional colors to be found in the shops are gray and white. Lines of color can be added to these, but there is an infinite variety of beautiful colors to be had for the asking if one is clever with a brush or if the manufacturers are given special orders to carry out individual color schemes.

FASCINATING Colonial rooms are worked up very frequently from ancestral patchwork quilts which are used as bedspreads. I have in mind one suggested by a "Tree of Paradise" quilt. There was a great deal of old-fashioned green and orange-red in the patches and the finely quilted background, originally white, had yellowed with age.

A single four-post bedstead was chosen and painted a lovely shade of the green. It was decorated with stiff little baskets of fruit in the orange-red of the quilt. You have seen this design numberless times on the backs of black-and-gold kitchen chairs owned by our grandmothers.

The valance round the bottom of this bed was made of écru mull trimmed with a bias fold of green silk. The entire effect was charming. Other old patchwork quilts have equally unusual suggestions in them.

When spreads are made for four-post bedsteads, it is best to cut a square out of each lower corner so that the spread will hang gracefully round the posts; and this is not as easy as it sounds. Careful measurements must be taken with the customary bedclothes in place; and it is much wiser to fit and pin the spread before the corners are cut. The measurements to be taken are the width and length of the top of the bed, the distance between posts, the necessary drop of the sides and bottom and the distance over the pillows.

It is now customary to solve the bolster problem, always a difficult one, by making the spread long enough first to tuck four inches under the bottom of the pillows, then pass up over and finally tuck down back of them four inches more. If, when the bed is made, the pillows are doubled over tightly lengthwise and placed smoothly end to end, the effect when the spread is drawn up over them will be that given by a bolster, only much more graceful.

SPREADS are now made of colored materials harmonizing with the color scheme of the room, sometimes of chintz, sometimes of a plain cotton material, poplin, chambray or crêpe and sometimes of taffeta silk. For a graceful finish the edge is frequently cut in shallow scallops and these in turn are trimmed with silk bindings, narrow fringes or inch-wide shirrings.

Colored spreads have become fashionable because it has been discovered that unless the coloring in a room is very delicate a bedstead draped in white is too conspicuous for beauty. A blue-and-lavender room recently illustrated this point. A blue-and-lavender chintz was used for the curtains and upholstery of the chairs. The wall was a delicate gray and blue, the carpet blue and the furniture mahogany.

The original bedspread was white embroidered linen, and had been very much admired, but the four-post bed covered with it always stood out like an alien intruder in the room where there was nothing else white.

A blue silk spread matching the blue in the chintz was substituted. It was trimmed with narrow lavender silk fringe. The transformation was complete. The bed at once became a beautiful part of the room. In the Summer a blue cotton-crêpe spread trimmed in a similar way replaced the silk one and was equally effective.

EMPIRE beds or sleigh-beds, as they are often called, have very graceful lines and are beautiful either in mahogany or painted with appropriate decoration on the head and foot boards. Adams, Sheraton, Heppelwhite and Louis XVI. models come in various woods—mahogany, rosewood and walnut—but are frequently painted and decorated with designs suited to the periods. They are usually more expensive than the Colonial or cottage types. The cottage types are made of cheaper woods and belong to no historical periods, but the lines are usually good and lend themselves easily to artistic decoration.

Day-beds, the fad of the moment, follow the same general lines as other beds, but with two distinguishing characteristics. The head and foot boards are both low and of the same height and the bed itself is seldom more than two feet six inches wide. It is always placed with its side against the wall so that it will serve as davenport, couch and bed alike.

In other words, the day-bed is an improvement upon the old college couch, which was never a thing of beauty, and serves the same useful purpose, but the day-bed, if its lines are graceful and its covering and pillows carefully chosen, can be as beautiful in its way as the old canopied four-poster.

It is French in its origin, a luxurious day-bed for madame's boudoir. We are hastening to Americanize it both in appearance and in use and will do well not to use it too freely or it will lose its original distinction.

IT SHOULD always have a colored spread harmonizing with the furnishings of the room. It may be made of cretonne, silk, linen or cotton. The pillows usually consist of two bolsters or flat rectangular pillows the length of the width of the bed that are placed at the ends against the head and foot boards, of a long rectangular pillow for the center-back and of a few soft extra pillows.

It is not at all the thing to have a large assortment of pillows covered with different materials. That was the curse of the old college couch. Each pillow must be considered in relation to the color scheme of the room, the covering of the bed and its pillows.

Unfortunately most of us can not dispense with all the bedsteads we do not like. They seldom wear out, so that the problem of adaptation confronts us in all its puzzling phases. First there are the wooden bedsteads with high, ungainly headboards that our mothers had when they began to keep house, but those are not as hopeless as the heavy brass beds with elaborate decorations that came later.

The wooden bedsteads can be cut down and painted. The brass bedsteads can be painted, and if they are not over-elaborate will look very well. Many of them have simple, good lines and of course a metal bed is always particularly sanitary and easily kept so.

FOR additional suggestions for bed draperies and directions how to make them, for information about springs and mattresses, and for directions for painting furniture, write the Interior-Decoration Editor, THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York City. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.*

A SILENT STRIKE

BY REBECCA CONKLIN AND P. D. PARTRIDGE

ENTIRELY UNORGANIZED AND UNDRILLED BY NO WALKING DELEGATE, THE GREATEST STRIKE IN HISTORY HAS TAKEN PLACE. THE "HIRED GIRL" HAS VANISHED FROM CITY, VILLAGE AND FARM. SLOWLY AND ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLY THIS HAS HAPPENED. WHAT IS THE REASON? HOW SHALL WE REPLACE THE BRIDGETS AND MARYS IN OUR KITCHENS? HERE IS ONE ANSWER

WHERE is the "hired girl?" Why has the Mary, the Bridget, the Annie or the Gretchen of our childish memories disappeared from the domestic horizon?

She washed on Monday, plunging her strong red arms into the foaming tub and wringing out the garments as white as snow; she ironed on Tuesday, singing a little foreign song over the tucks and ruffles on petticoats and dresses; she baked on Wednesday and Saturday, cakes and pies and cookies which she bestowed at all times with lavish freedom; and once a week she cleaned with a terrible fury of broom, mop and dust-cloth, scolding us heartily for muddy shoes and finger-marks.

We have all watched those big, capable hands kneading the dough which made the delicious home-made bread of bygone days, and our nostrils have quivered in response to certain savory odors escaping from the oven, knowing very well that there would be a saucer pie or a little cake just for us. Those same hands were never too busy to put a stitch or two in a torn dress to save us a scolding, and many a tear has been dried by that blue-gingham apron while we wept out our troubles on an ample, floury bosom.

We went with her to her mother's and played with her little brothers and sisters. We knew her "young man" and where he worked and what his wages were, and after they were married we went to see her often and ate her cookies in her own kitchen.

AND she was mother's friend as well as ours. Together they planned the work and the meals. Parties were a matter of equal concern and interest to them both. They both knew what "he" liked, and shared the pleasure of providing him with it.

Mother wiped the dishes on wash-day and did the dusting when there was extra baking to do; the upheaval of Spring cleaning was something between a festival and ritual to both mistress and maid. Our own care and behavior was an equal source of joy and shame, and advice was interchanged on many topics outside the household realm. A mutual respect was the basis of a happy relation which often lasted over a period of years.

Alas for those halcyon days! They are indeed gone, and gone forever. The revolution is complete. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, it has come about, a steady advance to impending doom.

The reason is clear, though composed of many minor and trivial matters, and is almost entirely a psychological one: the mental attitude of the housewife or employer toward the servant or employee.

The old-time domestic servant entered the household at an early age, say fifteen or sixteen, and would be classed as unskilled labor. Her wage was small. She was given a home and good food, and was taught by the housewife to cook, clean, serve the table, iron the best linen and care for the children; in short, she became a "help" in the widest sense of that beautiful word.

IF THIS attitude could have been maintained, all would have been well. Class distinctions were existent then as now, but they were not distorted and mentally emphasized. Annie served the table quietly and capably and ate her lonely meals in her cosy kitchen because it was the most efficient method, not because she "was not good enough to eat with the family." That was a later, more modern development which it took years to produce.

It is doubtful whether the girl herself would ever have attained this attitude of mind had it not been for her employer. The word "servant" took the place of the good word "help" in regard to domestic labor, a significant change.

Insidiously the poisonous propaganda did its work. Tasks which had formerly been shared with the idea that many hands make light work were now considered menial by the housewife.

Public opinion was molded to a false idea and a false standard for which the country has paid with interest in health, comfort and well-being. And, as always, the innocent have been made to suffer with the guilty.

The comic papers of twenty-five years ago also "did their bit" and did it thoroughly. Hardly an issue of any funny page of that period but had its "hired-girl joke," amusing perhaps at the time, but fatal in its contribution to the final result. Gradually new fields of work opened for women, and the better cla[ss] of girls in domestic service, tired of a lac[k] respect for their honorable calling, were [quick] to seize the opportunities offered them i[n] ing, stenography, shops [or] factories [with] d been gossiped, sn[eered] [at], [the] increase in [wages] labor [and] [the] alone, [and] [the] [girl] se[rvice] wi[th] diffi[culty] where [she] before t[he] workmen's [compensation] They we[re] small and p[oorly] of surveys [and] [investigations]

women, and worked for less than a living wage, eking out an existence at painful cost to their health and strength.

Why? *To keep their self-respect.*

Mothers who in their youth had been in domestic service, reared their daughters to "something better" from their point of view; a manicurist, perhaps, in a down-town barber-shop, with all its attendant risks and temptations; or an office girl on small pay, but never, no, never to work in a kitchen! That was beneath her, whatever that might mean.

The reasons that the girls themselves gave were several, but the prevailing note was a lack of social life and opportunity, due entirely to their position in an ostracized class. They did not meet young men who were willing to marry them.

They didn't have any friends out of their own class. Isolated, poor things, set apart from other workers by no fault of their own, no lack of skill or knowledge, but by a mental attitude introduced and fostered by the employing class. The complaint of hours and wages did not come until later years, a spirit eagerly borrowed from workers in other lines, but in no wise having its origin in domestic labor.

THE teaching of household economies and domestic science in the public schools would quite naturally give a basic training in housework to young girls who might wish to engage in this work until such a time as they had homes of their own, but only in perhaps one case in fifty does this result, and then usually by force of circumstance rather than choice.

The girls who elect the domestic-science course are, generally speaking, girls who desire to learn home management and who will belong to the employing class. The girls who would be putting this work to a practical use are studying business courses, shorthand, bookkeeping and typewriting.

The lack of assistance in domestic labor is gradually but surely changing the character of American home life. The size of the family is becoming smaller. Homes are being sold, and families are crowding into apartments, hotels or boarding-houses.

The community kitchen, the delicatessen shop and the restaurant supply the "home fires" for these cave-dwellers with the resultant lack of background and establishment. The influence of neighborhood, church and school is of little consideration to families who select their environment principally for its juxtaposition to their particular choice in steaks or pastries.

Entertainment quite naturally follows the modern trend. Hospitality, its old significance forgotten, means a dinner at a restaurant or hotel amid sights and sounds alluring or distracting, as the case may be, with no possibility for coherent speech, much less any interchange of thoughts or ideas. Fathers and mothers no longer know their children's friends, for the "younger set" has its own choice of the best place to dine and dance. And so we come to see that Annie and Bridget, Mary and Gretchen were real pillars of society.

Attempts are being made to restore the function if not the personality of our old-time, faithful friend. Short courses of training in household economics are being given by several institutions to fit young women for domestic workers.

GIRLS who have had training in domestic service are also being sent out from corrective institutions to serve the remainder of their time in private homes under the watchful eye of the mistress of the house, who must exact obedience to certain strict laws laid down by the institution. It is a questionable experiment, however, in a position where personality counts to so great an extent as in the home.

Immigration will not answer the question to-day as it did in the past, even if present conditions allowed for an unrestricted supply of foreign labor, for the housewife has grown away from the old idea of "help" unskilled and untrained ready for her hand to do the molding; she now demands a skill and training far above her own.

What, then, is the answer? Just this: never have women been so ready to work as now. The war has taught all classes of women the dignity of manual labor. Extend this dignity to housework. Make it a "job." Fight propaganda with propaganda. Organize domestic labor if necessary. Restrict the hours, fix the wages, train the workers, *but train the employing class.*

Make them see this work as it is. Give the "hired-girl joke" a decent burial. Place the domestic worker in a class with nurse, stenographer, bookkeeper, clerk, or office girl. Give her a status, restore her self-respect, in whatever way this may be done, as quickly as possible, by any legitimate means.

You won't get her back until you do, and until she returns the middle-class family of small means must sacrifice home, children, pleasure and establishment to a petty class feeling which, when analyzed, has no excuse for being.

[reasonableness] is all on the side of the [girl] in this silent strike. Living an almost an outcast in the [world] [standardized] hours of [work] [an] increase in [wages] [alone], [and] [the] [girl] [who] [goes] [into] [domestic] [service] [will] [be] [treated] [with] [consideration] [and] [respect]



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THE ALWAYS-READY DESK

MAKE IT THE ROOM'S REAL CENTER

BY HARRIET CHANDLER

THE solid comfort of a spacious, well-equipped desk! It is an inviting offer to write the friendly note, the hospitable invitation, the cordial bread-and-butter letter, the message of love.

But there are always those two qualifications —spacious and well-equipped. Unless the desk has both those attributes it might just as well not exist. Who among us has not fretted when she sat down at the spindle-legged, small-topped, cluttered-up affair, typically supposed to be a "woman's desk," and tried to write a note or check up the monthly bills?

One must push aside a lot of useless paraphernalia. One or two dog-eared magazines, the framed photograph of Elizabeth's baby, ink-wells and a pen-tray are all planted on the desk blotter, so successfully covering its blotted, ink-stained surface that until they are brushed aside there is not a square inch of space where one can put a piece of paper and plant one's elbows.

Then one opens cubby-holes to look for paper. The drawers stick fast with the old letters that have overcrowded them and clogged at the back. One jerks and pulls and loses one's temper and religion. No paper there! Only old memoranda and bills, jammed into tight confusion.

At last one unearths a tablet for figuring. But where are pens and pencils? Only rust-eaten pens; only chewed-up pencil stubs. With this inadequate means one tries to check up on the butcher and grocer, gives up finally in despair, accepts their figures and pays them, whether right or wrong.

Just so does much of our housekeeping go mismanaged. Just so do many of our most cordial relations in life, that might be maintained by a little pleasant correspondence, remain neglected.

THE EFFICIENT "HOME" DESK

WHY can not the home desk be as efficiently equipped and delightfully kept up as the desk of the general manager of a business concern? His secretary takes five minutes each morning to dust it, put fresh pens in the holders, sharpen his pencils, renew the supply of memorandum paper, fill the ink-bottles and turn the desk-calendar over one page to its confronting memoranda of appointments and duties. It is not cluttered. Nothing is allowed to grow stale there. Business moves *over* it and does not get stalled there in pigeon-holes and under the corners of the desk blotter. It is the center of life for the business man, his machine, his tool at which he transacts business and spends most of his life.

The home desk can be just as efficient, just as delightful, just as inviting a spot to work and think and dream and read, just as much the center of one's inner life as the business man's desk is the pivotal post of his busy executive life. It can be the spot to which we are bidden, the center to which we gravitate the moment we enter the room. We have all heard the stories of President Wilson's desk, that storm center of activities during the war. It was always serene, cleared of papers, with a rose in a tall-stemmed vase.

SO, THEN, for an abolition of the disorderly, crowded, tiny desk of the home woman! She is to substitute one as cheery and cordial in its invitation to write as the desk in the writing-room of a smart hotel or in the guest-room of a hostess who knows the last word in comfort for her week-enders. There the handsome stationery and shining pens extend irresistible invitations to write.

In the first place, the properly outfitted desk must be spread with a clean desk-blotter. In one corner is tucked a small blotter of the same color. It may be a piece salvaged from one of the bigger blotters that has gone into the discard. It does the heavy work, and is always at hand to protect the desk-blotter from too many ink-stains. Nowadays some women are using glass tops instead of desk-blotters, but most of us still prefer the quietly toned colors of the big blotter which harmonize with the coloring of the room.

SERVICEABLE FITTINGS

TO-DAY desk-sets are as antediluvian as dinner sets or parlor sets. Dishes at table, to-day, harmonize, but to not "match" down to the ultimate cup and saucer. One is as appalled nowadays before a precise desk-set as one was in the old-time parlors, whose haircloth sets were in use only for funerals or equally funereal callers. As the comfortable, livable living-room has supplanted the parlor, so harmonious and useful utensils have replaced the formal brass and silver that used to stare coldly up at us from our desks.

Sometimes the desk-blotter has corners or strips down the side of handsome Japanese embroidery. Sometimes leather is still used. Sometimes the blotter is laid simply and honestly on the desk without ornamenting corners or panels.

Usually a desk should have three ink-b
tles: one for plain black ink, one for red
one for fountain-pen ink. Glass
is best, for it can easily be
stains. These bottles ca
as simple as you
But abo
them.
des

ing a schedule of engagements and duties. Each leaf is dated and allows ample space underneath the date for penciled notes. This affords a "follow-up," equivalent to the business man's methods.

In one of the drawers or pigeon-holes is a loose-leaf note-book and a block of paper for brief memoranda.

PAPER FOR EVERY OCCASION

KEEP on hand a generous supply of stationery; note size and for life-sized letters.

For social correspondence a woman of good taste clings to a distinctive style of paper—something that expresses her as carefully as her perfume or her hats do. From this style she never varies. Perhaps it is plain white linen paper, embossed in black or blue at the top of the paper and on the flap of the envelope, in two lines, with her address. Very occasionally a delicately tinted paper is used, perhaps even delicately scented paper; but persons of good taste are wary both of tinted and scented paper. For business purposes—writing to the shops, the hand laundry, for sending checks in payment of bills and so forth—up-to-the-minute women are using a cheap grade of paper on which is printed the address which is embossed on the handsomer paper used for social correspondence.

If your husband or oldest son likes your desk so much that he asks the privilege of using it for his social correspondence, keep on hand a supply of larger-sized stationery, the size that is known at the shops as "man's size." It can be plain or embossed with the address.

Be very certain that there is a supply both of envelopes and paper of each size you use, so that you will not be folding down a big size of letter-sheet to fit a small envelope, or tucking away a sheet of note-paper into a business envelope.

Postage, too—there should be a book of twos always conveniently near in one of the drawers.

Perhaps the most important feature of a desk is its lighting. Without realizing what is wrong, some persons never feel invited to a desk that is as generously outfitted as the one we have been describing. It is because the lighting is wrong. When one tries to work there, all unconsciously, one is fretted and irritated and can't succeed in doing anything.

Place the desk so that the light falls from the left and rear. A desk lamp should stand on the desk, or on a small table beside the desk. In a somewhat elaborate room, a bridge lamp can be used. Have the light so arranged that it is not necessary to move or adjust it when you are ready for work. Let it *be* ready the moment you choose to begin.

STUDY THE LIGHTING

IN AN electric fixture, a forty-watt tungsten lamp gives the best light and uses the least electricity in proportion to the light given. The wasteful carbon-filament lamps of course should never be used; they give poorer light and use more electric power than the tungstens too.

If gas is used, a gas mantle should be substituted for the open flame as being both more economical and giving a better light. If kerosene is used in place of electricity or gas, nothing could be better than the student lamp or the Colonial glass-standard lamp, provided the oil container is kept filled and the wick clean and trimmed.

If gas or electric fixtures are installed but not so placed in the room as to make a desk-lamp available, even then the student lamp comes to the rescue especially in this day of lamp popularity, when interior decorators are elaborating their attention on many lamps and handsome shades.

The decorators tell us that every room should have its "center"—the spot that invites us, the moment we enter a room, to come to it. Sometimes that spot is an easy-chair, placed near the light, and with the newest, smartest magazine laid on its arm or on the low table near by. In the living-room the center may be the big table, with sprawling books and an array of magazines and papers. Sometimes it is the long divan before the open fire, with table and lamp at its rear, or end-tables flanking it.

Why not let it be the open desk, arrayed with its wide blotter, clean pens, fresh stationery, stamps, calendar and books? And why not double its charm with the lamp, handsomely shaded in chiffon and silk? With the desk-chair seconding the invitation, one gravitates immediately to the desk, writes half a dozen notes in peace and comfort and breathes several thankful sighs over the something accomplished, something done.

A MONITOR OF DESKS

WHO is to keep the desk in this meticulous order? And who is to prevent every one in the family from using up the best stationery and the stamps if the desk holds so compelling a charm that none can resist using it?

In the first place, every one in the family
n have an equivalent of this desk, even if it
only a kitchen table painted white, spread
th a clean green blotter, and equipped with a
ent bottle of ink, a ruler, a ten-cent pair
k-ends, and half a dozen pencils and
d a kitchen lamp with a green
dressing to

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en a better
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the desk

A DUTCH-COLONIAL HOUSE

CONTINUING THE DELINEATOR'S HOME-BUILDING CAMPAIGN

BY JOHN GRAHAM, JR., ARCHITECT

This is the second of the "Home-Town Houses" in THE DELINEATOR'S Home-Building Campaign. It is a dwelling built in the East and intended primarily for Eastern readers, though appropriate to any section of the country. In the February DELINEATOR appeared a Middle-Western House; in the April number will be a dwelling from Portland, Oregon, intended for the Northwest but good anywhere. Drawings of the exterior of the house by E. E. Deane appear on page 16 of this issue, and suggestions for interior decorations of several of the rooms, in color, by Albert Hencke on page 17

THERE is an old saying that there is nothing new in architecture. No matter what appears to be new and original in a modern structure with architectural merit, there can be found a precedent for it in some monument of the past. The particular precedent may not include all the exact details giving similarity, but it will be found to contain the fundamental principles of design upon which the modern work is based.

The adaptation of a recognized style to suit present-day living conditions brings into play all the skill of the designer. He often fails, but when he succeeds the results establish a precedent which has appreciable influence on the work of future designers.

tion for a covered terrace running the entire length of the house. This terrace was carried around on the living-room end and became the floor of an enclosed porch. This porch is used in the Winter as a sun-parlor.

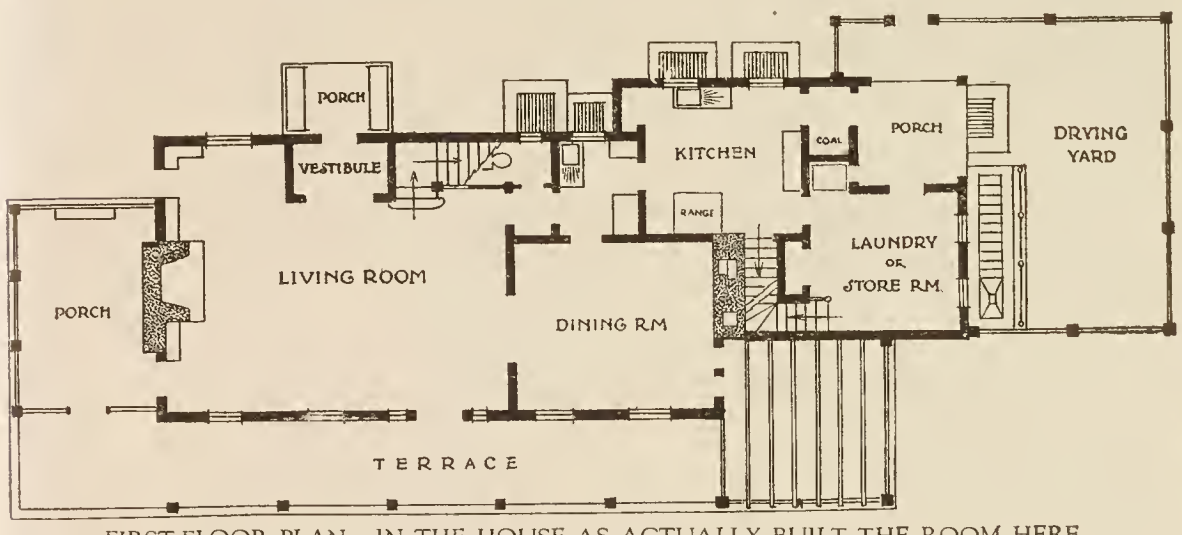
The combining of certain features, as hall, living-room and main stairs, greatly economized the available space and added to the quaintness of the interior design. The average person likes coziness, and when it is obtained in a natural way by simple irregularities of plan it is especially attractive. The Dutch Colonial style admirably lends itself to this expression.

COMMENTS BY ALICE PELOUBET NORTON

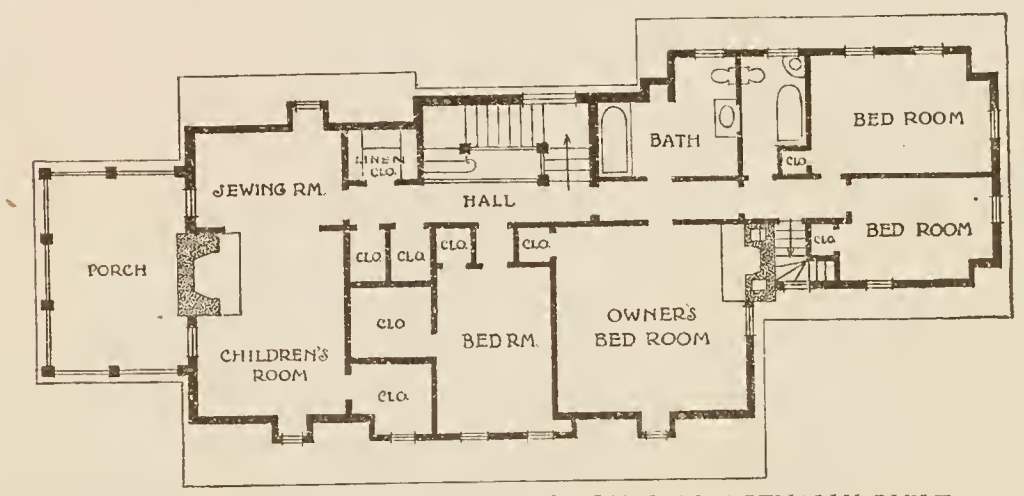
Editor, American Home-Economics Journal

CERTAIN excellent points in the house appeal immediately, such as the room with a porch opening from it that also opens into the kitchen, and that could be used for certain portions of the work during hot weather, as well as for rest. This room appears to be somewhat large in relation to the rest of the house. It is very nearly the size of the family dining-room.

The end of the living-room containing the fireplace is well arranged for use. It would be better, however, if the vestibule and porch were moved some feet farther toward the kitchen in order to allow more private space at this end of the room. The staircase might then start up from the hallway, in my opinion a much better arrangement than with the



FIRST-FLOOR PLAN—IN THE HOUSE AS ACTUALLY BUILT THE ROOM HERE LABELED "LAUNDRY OR STORE-ROOM" IS THE SERVANTS' DINING-ROOM



IN THIS SECOND-FLOOR PLAN, THE HOUSE AS ACTUALLY BUILT HAS A BATHROOM BETWEEN THE CHILDREN'S ROOM AND THE ADJOINING BEDROOM, BUT FOR THE PURPOSES OF THE MAJORITY OF DELINEATOR READERS THE CLOSETS SEEM OF MORE VALUE

The Dutch Colonial style was used in designing the frame house for Mr. Robert Wood of Chestnut Hill, Pennsylvania. The lot of about five acres situated in the beautiful White-march Valley made it mandatory that a quaint, rural style of architecture be adpotod. The gentle rise of the ground from the road to the border of trees determined the placing of the house against the trees so that full advantage could be taken of the commanding view toward the south—and it was thought that a white house would look especially well against the green background of trees, provided its roof lines were kept low and rambling.

Originally the living-room was entered directly through the front door. At the last moment a small vestibule was included which materially improved the plan. A small lavatory was placed under the stairs. The opening between the dining-room and living-room was provided with glass doors, so that when they were closed after a meal the noise of clearing away the dishes would be greatly subdued.

Doors opened off the dining-r[illegible]o the outside breakfast porch on the [illegible] As it was not the intention to cl[illegible]rch with glass, meals could be [illegible] in Summer. A servant [illegible] worked in back of the l[illegible] was placed in the base[illegible] servants' dining-ro[illegible] stairs going down [illegible] rigerator space w[illegible] ould be [illegible] c[illegible] hall [illegible] three m[illegible] the sout[illegible] The [illegible] Colonia[illegible]

staircase going directly from the living-room. This would mean that the front door, as well as the stairs, were more accessible from the kitchen, a very desirable matter since the maid can admit guests without passing through so much of the living-room.

There is excellent closet room in the hall, in the second story. The owner's bedroom would be much better if it were connected with the bath. Many parents would prefer to have the children's room more accessible to their own.

There are many jogs in the outline of the second story that would mean expense in building.

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

THE purpose in exhibiting these successful dwellings from month to month, as the reader may infer, is to offer our readers, in this era of home-shortage, specimens of the best in this field of architecture throughout the United States, by sections.

The Philadelphia house presented this month derives its character from the Dutch Colonial farmhouses which still abound in New Jersey and Eastern Pennsylvania—houses of much exterior charm and interior [illegible]fort. The design of this house, by Mr. [illegible] has provoked much admiring com[illegible]tical persons who have seen it in [illegible]ing.

[illegible]er than the [illegible]-Home-



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Alabastine is recognized everywhere as the most satisfactory, artistic, and hygienic wall finish—and is ready to apply to any interior surface, plastered walls, wallboard, over paint, burlap or canvas, or even old wall paper where it is fast, has no raised figures and contains no analine dyes. Alabastine is the nationally accepted wall tint for homes, schools, churches, apartments, hotels, and all buildings where beautiful interiors are desired.

Write for Free Color Chart

We maintain an art department to assist home owners in the selection of the most appropriate, newest and best wall treatment and will gladly give you without charge the benefit of our experience. If you have a decorating problem let us hear from you.

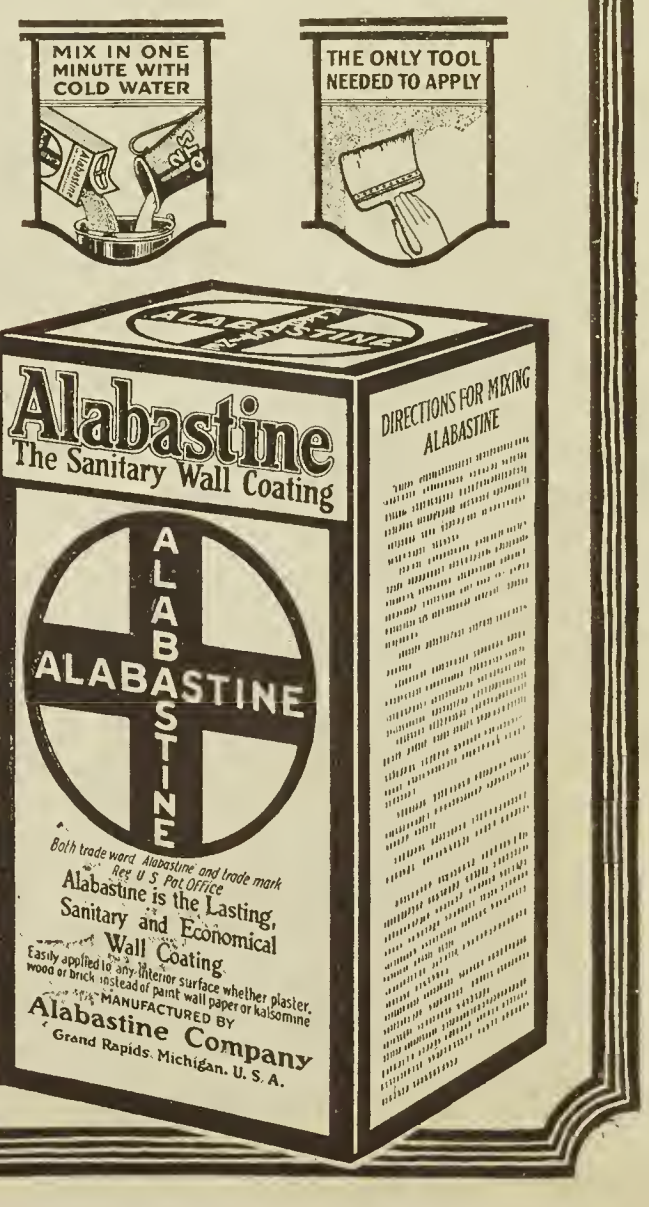
Alabastine is used by best decorators and sold by best stores everywhere. Ask your decorator to bring it in original packages and look for the cross and circle printed in red on each. Poor results on your walls mean that a substitute for Alabastine has been used.

PRICES

5 lb. package white Alabastine, 75c
5 lb. package tinted Alabastine, 80c
Special deep shades (No. 33 dark green, No. 58 deep brown) 95c

The Alabastine Company
355 Grandville Avenue
Grand Rapids, Michigan

[illegible] Local Dealer
[illegible] Your Trade
[illegible] circle printed





Millions *Stop* Colds

In this "Old-Fashioned" *way*

IT is easy to stop colds and their sometimes serious consequences if you get them at *the start*.

Take a hot bath, *a hot lemonade*, cover up warm in bed and get up with full vigor in the morning.

It's an "old-fashioned" remedy that millions have used for years because in those years they have found no other way that is so effective.

Do it tonight if you feel a cold *coming* now. Don't wait till you *have* the cold. If the cold is developed take the lemonade nightly until it is broken.

Many people stop nine colds out of ten by taking hot lemonade at the beginning. Several hundred million lemons were used in this way during the last influenza epidemic.

The results then have made scores of new users of this standby remedy. They will make you a user also.

California lemons make the best lemonade. They are practically seedless, tart and heavy with acid juice. Buy them at any first-class store.

Try the "hot lemonade way" tonight.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Section 1010, Los Angeles, Cal.

A HEALING CREAM

Mentholatum

Always made under this signature A. M. Hyde

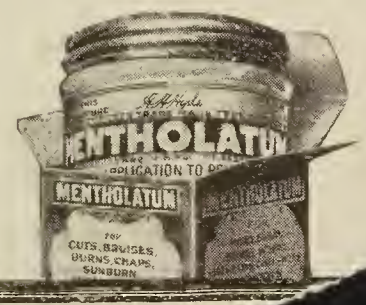


CHAPPED hands, cracked lips and roughened skin caused by cold, damp weather are softened and healed gently and quickly by Mentholatum. Its antiseptic action prevents the infection which often results if the skin is broken.

Try Mentholatum in the nostrils for a head cold, too.

At all druggists' in tubes, 25c. Jars, 25c, 50c, $1.

The Mentholatum Co. **Buffalo, N. Y.**



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buy a copy of *EVERYBODY'S MAGAZ*
in the station, and notice how fast the mil

20 cents a copy. *$2 a year.* THE RIDGWAY CO NGE-



WHEN NOT IN USE AS A DISH-WASHER, IT SERVES AS A TABLE

DISH-WASHING MAGIC

BY ELNA HARWOOD WHARTON

DESPITE the enjoyment her family showed for the meals she cooked them, the kitchen was hard on Adelaide. It wasn't the actual cooking. That was always interesting; a good cook with an inventive turn can extract a great deal of real pleasure out of her laboratory.

The fly in the ointment was the dish-washing.

"Three meals a day," Alice computed once, as she stood her turn at wiping the dishes, "is twenty-one meals a week, Muddy. Ninety-three meals a month—ten hundred and ninety-five times a year we have to wash dishes! I wish we had elves, or friendly dwarfs, or fairy people like that nowadays, don't you, Muddy? Or *Aladdin's* lamp and genii."

Without doubt Adelaide wished, too, for some magical assistance in the inevitable task. The children, of course, were a help. Long since, a dish-washing routine had been worked out to include Garry and Bud, as well as Alice, but that was only distributing the labor, not eliminating it.

The evening dinner, after all, was more of a ceremony than a mere feeding-period. It was the only time the family could all be together without rush and interruption. The general conversation during meals was important; the training in manners at table was imperative.

Adelaide and Bruce had felt that the necessary jumping up to change courses was almost unbearable. By using a wheel-tray and a side-table, Adelaide gradually reduced the movements to a minimum, and now they scarcely noticed it when one of the boys went to the kitchen for the hot plates or the ice-cream.

Nothing, however, seemed to affect the actual dish-washing problem. If the kitchen was not cleaned up at night, it stayed without change to confront her in the morning. No gnomes or brownies developed in the interim to whisk the cleaned china into the closet again, ready for use.

Paper and wooden picnic plates were tried and abandoned as unsatisfactory for steady use.

"This rice pudding tastes of cardboard," was Bud's comment. Bud was fussy, in the opinion of the others. "I'll wash them if we can have china, Muddy," was his offer.

THERE was always a system by which they rotated the dish-washing for the heaviest meal. Adelaide got a drain-basket to stand the plates in, and eliminated drying as much as s could by turning a spray of water over them were a bu

"Jean is coming to-morrow! Here's her letter."

Adelaide's invitation to Paul's sweetheart had been almost forgotten. Of course she was delighted to have them together after the long separation, but the first thought in her tired brain was, "One more to do dishes for!" Jean was the kind of visitor who took care of her own room, straightened the towels in the bathroom, and took the children off on junkets. But heretofore there had always been some one in the kitchen when she came.

Adelaide opened the letter with less enthusiasm, therefore, than might have been expected. After reading a few lines the droop in her mouth unconsciously straightened, and the furrow between her eyes smoothed itself out.

"I'll come on one condition only," Jean wrote, "and that is, that you allow me to do a just proportion of the work for such a large family. Of course I'll do anything you say, but it occurs to me that with nine people in the house the big problem will be the dish-washing.

"I'm writing to Paul to insist that he and I will take over the kitchen every night after dinner, and let you off. We won't have anybody else present, either, for we shall have things to say to each other every minute we get a chance!"

The choice of a specific task rather than a vague offer of help was characteristic of Jean's

Concluded on page 81



Concluded from page 80

DISHWASHING MAGIC

practical nature. The inclusion of Paul in a purely household task was equally indicative of her modern point of view. Adelaide made a few feeble protests after Jean arrived, but that forceful and magnetic young person carried the day.

"She's a kind of good fairy, isn't she, Muddy?" remarked Alice, whose admiration for her aunt-to-be was undisguised.

Jean had elected home economics at college. She had theories of her own about housework, but during her visit she mentioned only a few of them to Paul over the dish-pan, and none at all to Adelaide. Between them was the unbridged space that separates the mother of a decade or so ago, used to making the best of work done under unsatisfactory conditions, from the young girl fresh from the laboratory where things are of the latest pattern. Laboratory tools are not bought with funds that were intended for the children's shoes!

"We never used any other method at college," returned Jean, splashing the suds with unnecessary vigor. "This way is archaic. Adelaide should have made Bruce provide her with a dish-washer years ago."

Life was still ahead of Jean. That Adelaide might have considered labor-saving devices and deliberately condemned herself to doing without them was not likely to occur to her modern young critic.

Over Adelaide's dish-pan Jean and Paul discussed their approaching domestic arrangements, as well as less practical matters which sometimes prolonged their stay in the kitchen to an amazing extent. It was Paul's proposal to mark the visit by a helpful surprise gift to Adelaide.

The great secret was cleverly managed, but at the end they had to take Bruce into their confidence. The last day of their stay was a Saturday. Bruce induced Adelaide to take the children to the movies, so that a certain expressman might deposit a crate in the kitchen, unobserved.

Jean cooked dinner. At the table she made a speech.

"As a kitchen assistant in this family I beg to announce the termination of my function," she began. She fixed her eye on the head of the house. "After this meal, Bruce, you will collect your own dishes and follow Paul to the kitchen. And you, Grandmother Bourne, will come next—then Garry, Alice, and Bud. Adelaide and I will bring up the rear. The first to leave the kitchen again will remove the napkins and cloth and put the day centerpiece back."

Mystified, the family looked at each other as politely as possible, trying to veil their amazement that Joan should be giving orders in her hostess's home. Presently the procession started.

"Allow me," Paul turned and addressed the waiting line, "to present the new family scullery maid, Bridget, invited here by Jean and myself as a slight token of our appreciation of your hospitality. Now follow your leader.

"I scrape my plates thus; I rinse them under the tap thus; I place them in this rack—silver in this basket, glass here. Next!"

Obediently they presented their dishes to "Bridget." Jean filled the machine with water from a pail filled at the sink, sprinkled in some soap powder; Paul seized a lever, worked it back and forth a few times, and opened the lid. Quickly the suds were drained off by means of the faucet at the bottom of the machine and fresh water was introduced.

"Any one who is really homesick for old times may take a towel and polish the silver and glass," explained Jean, as the hot, gleaming dishes were finally displayed, "but it isn't strictly necessary.

"Our own machine is going to be built into the plumbing and operated by pressing an electric button," she continued, "but this was the best we could do at the present time, though Bruce has promised to exchange this floor-base for the wall-attachment so that the plumbing connections can be installed. We do hope it will help.

"We'll leave it to Adelaide to appoint the Lord High Master of the Lever, and the Royal Faucet-Manipulator, and the Conveyor to the Closet."

"Me!" shouted Garry to the first. And, "Me!" begged Bud to the second, while Alice, having more time to respond, agreed more grammatically to put the dishes away.

"Why, there's nothing left for me to do!" Adelaide fairly gasped, and turned to include both Paul and Jean in a big, expressive, affectionate hug. "Bless your dear hearts, both of you."

"It *is* like *Aladdin's* lamp, isn't it, Muddy? insisted Alice.

Concluded from page 74

INFECTION: BABY'S FOE

In cleaning the room after your little patient vacates it, bear in mind that the best disinfectants are floods of sunlight and hot water and soap used freely.

Although in general, the prevention, mode of infection, and nursing care of measles, whooping-cough, scarlet fever and diphtheria are much the same, suppose we take up briefly the incubation period, symptoms, treatment and complications of each.

MEASLES is infectious only in the very early stage, before the rash appears and for a few days afterward. It develops in from eight to fourteen days after exposure; is frequent and most fatal from the second to the fifth year, but commonest from the fifth to the eighth year.

Symptoms: Cold in the head; red, watery eyes sensitive to light; hard, dry cough; sore throat; rash behind the ears and along the hairline on the forehead at first, then spreading to the entire body. The child will be feverish, drowsy, irritable and restless.

Complications: Serious complications and results of measles are bronchitis, pneumonia, kidney trouble, consumption, deafness and diseased teeth and eyes. About one out of every ten deaf persons is deaf as a result of measles. It is important that your doctor carefully examine the ears every day, for there may be trouble without any pain or discharge at first.

WHOOPING-COUGH is contagious as long as the disease lasts, but is most dangerous in the early stages; probably before the child begins to whoop. It develops in from one to two weeks after exposure, and is commonest and most fatal under five years of age. The disease usually lasts from three to eight weeks but may be followed by bronchitis that will last all Winter.

Symptoms: Cold in the head and a hoarse, jerky cough which is worse at night. Usually there is not a whoop at first, but there is likely to be vomiting before or after an attack of coughing. During the paroxysm the little face is flushed and anxious, and the child breaks into a perspiration.

Complications are bronchitis, pneumonia and tuberculosis, particularly in children under five.

Prevention: Vaccination against whooping-cough does no harm and will prevent the disease in about three-quarters of all children vaccinated.

DIPHTHERIA is a dangerous and very contagious disease which develops in three to ten days after exposure. It is commonest between two and eight years of age, but most fatal under three years.

Symptoms: The disease usually begins with slight fever and fast pulse, aching back and limbs, with perhaps a feeling of chilliness. The throat is usually a little sore and sometimes very sore, with grayish spots on the tonsils or back of throat.

Sometimes, however, all of these symptoms may be very slight and the chief trouble will be difficult breathing and a sharp, croupy cough. This is the most dangerous form of diphtheria, as it is the kind in which a membrane forms in the larynx and if not treated *at once* may cut off the child's breathing.

Complications: Diphtheria may cause heart or kidney trouble or both, and may be followed by bronchitis and pneumonia if not promptly and properly treated. Paralysis of muscles in various parts of the body often follows an attack.

Treatment: The important treatment in diphtheria is the *early* administration of antitoxin.

So important is the early administration of antitoxin that it is often advisable to give it before a positive diagnosis is made.

A bulletin of the New York State Department of Health says: "The diagnosis is often delayed so long that the antitoxin is given too late." It further states in reporting upon a large number of cases, that the death rate in those cases where the antitoxin was given on the

First day, was	2	per cent.
Third or fourth day, it was	5.3	per cent.
Fifth day, the death-rate was	8	per cent.

Prevention: But better far than even this valuable treatment of diphtheria is its prevention by vaccination. Some people are susceptible to this disease while others are not, and this susceptibility may be discovered by means of the "Schick test," which can be given by any doctor. Individuals so tested and found to be susceptible should be vaccinated.

SCARLET FEVER is a dangerous and catching disease, characterized by vomiting, fever, sore throat and reddened skin.

As to season, it seems to be commonest from November to April, to be most frequent between the ages of two and eight years, but most fatal when occurring between the first and second years. It develops in two to seven days after exposure.

Symptoms: The first symptom is usually an attack of vomiting or, in babies, a convulsion. Next follows a sore throat and fever, and in a day or two a scarlet rash on the neck and chest spreading to the entire body, but leaving the face pale.

The glands in the neck are often swollen, the tongue is furred, the breath is apt to be bad. The lips are dry and cracked, and the throat red. In a few days the tongue begins to look red and is covered with little raised spots, giving what is called the "strawberry tongue."

Complications: It is the complications which make scarlet fever such a dangerous and treacherous disease, for they may be just as serious in a mild as in a severe case. Ear-trouble should be watched for as in measles, and since the heart, kidneys and blood-vessels may be affected, the child should be kept in bed from three to six weeks. The eyes and teeth should be examined by specialists after recovery as they are frequently affected.

It is believed that many cases of deafness, heart and kidney trouble, and many of the cases of apoplexy of middle and later life had the foundations laid in neglected scarlet fever in childhood.

Remember that though acute infectious diseases are likely to be damaging at any age, the death-rate in all of them is highest before the fifth year. The more we see of them the more we realize that prevention at any cost is cheap.



Good From The Start
Grape-Nuts

—good, because in addition to ordinary food values, it contains those vital mineral salts necessary for teeth, bone and healthy blood.

—good, because the naturally developed flavor is generally liked and its granules encourage chewing.

A nourishing wheat and malted barley food that should be served at least once a day.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts



Overcoming the Difficulties of the Nursing Mother

If nursing mothers will only realize that practically everything they take for constipation just before and during the nursing period affects the infant, they will realize the tremendous benefit to be derived from taking Nujol.

Nujol is not absorbed into the system. It will therefore not upset the mother's stomach, nor affect the nursing baby's nutrition in any way.

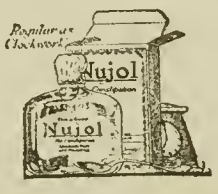
Many nursing mothers have already discovered the wonderful properties of Nujol and have written telling us of their relief and happiness. It can also be given to the infant with perfect safety and effectiveness.

By an *entirely new principle* Nujol will keep the poisonous waste moving out of the body. Every other form of treatment either irritates or forces the system. Nujol works on the waste matter instead of on the system. Hence it is the ideal bowel aid for the nursing mother.

Nujol prevents constipation by keeping the food waste soft, thus helping Nature establish easy, thorough bowel evacuation at regular intervals—the healthiest habit in the world. It is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take—try it.

Nujol is sold by all druggists in sealed bottles only bearing the Nujol trade mark. Send for instructive booklets—"The Days That Go Before" (Constipation during pregnancy and nursing period), and "As The Twig Is Bent" (Constipation in infancy and childhood). Address Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), 50 Broadway, New York.

Nujol *For Constipation* SICKNESS PREVENTION



Cherish your beauty at all Seasons



THERE is nothing we cherish so deeply as the persistent preference that American women of three generations have expressed for D & R Perfect Cold Cream. The fact that old admirers continue to use this dependable and tested toilet necessity, year in and vear out, while the younger generation keeps swelling the ranks of satisfied patrons, is the final proof of superiority. The Red Band of Honor on every package of

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S PERFECT COLD CREAM

"The Kind That Keeps"

is put there as our pledge to you of unquestioned quality and purity and for your protection against substitution. The daily use of D & R Perfect Cold Cream will add charm to your complexion, cherish its beauty in all seasons and keep your skin clear and soft. It has many uses in the home and nursery. In tubes and jars, 10 cents to $1.50.

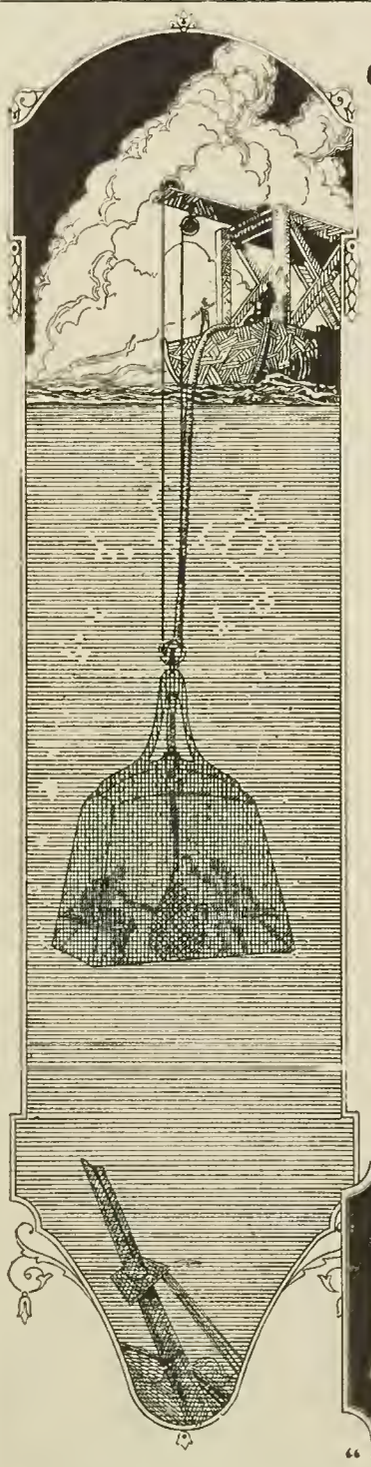
Poudre Amourette: The renewing face powder that stays on and always looks natural. Flesh, white, brunette, 50 cents. Of your dealer or by mail of us.

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Dept. 1206
D & R Bldg., New York



Send for Free Trial Samples

Samples of D & R Perfect Cold Cream and Poudre Amourte will be sent ree on request.



The Diving Bell Principle

An empty tumbler turned bottom up and immersed in water, demonstrates how complete protection is afforded to those who go down into the sea in diving bells.

The air within keeps water out.

Through the same unalterable principle, the air-tight "bell" of the Clark Grave Vault permanently keeps water out.

To further insure its precious contents against all invasion, the Clark Grave Vaul. is built from heavy plates of rust-resisting KEYSTONE copper-bearing steel, electrically welded and tested to 5000 pounds hydraulic pressure.

The steel base of the Clark Vault, securely attaches to its water-tight "bell" by means of powerful, self-acting locks.

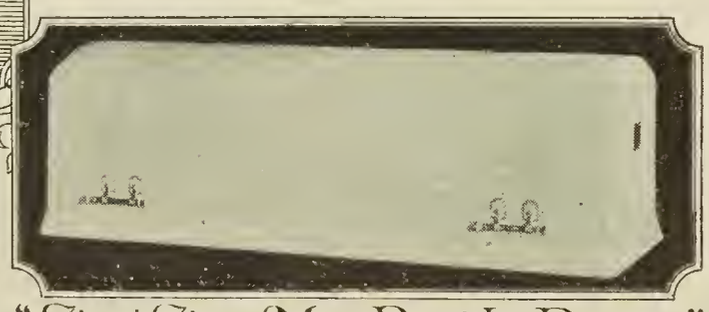
The substantial elegance of the Clark Grave Vault adds dignity and impressiveness to the ceremony.

Twenty years of satisfaction giving justify the maker's fifty-year guarantee.

Full description and proofs of quality sent on request.

The Clark Grave Vault Company

Dept. 98 — Town & Starling Streets Columbus, Ohio



"That They May Rest In Peace"

NOT FOR ANYTHING!

There are tens of thousands of intelligent women who would not for anything miss a copy of ***Adventure,*** which appears on the news-stands twice a month, full of the best fiction by the best writers. Try the current issue and see why.



HELP FOR YOU

UNPARALLELED is THE DELINEATOR'S record of service to its readers. Here are proofs in figures of the demand for personal letters and printed leaflets sent by the editors for the cost of a two-cent stamp:

Ten thousand requests, each month, answered by the Beauty Department. One month as many as sixteen thousand!

Seven thousand requests for etiquette help each month and one thousand requests a month for aid in planning parties and other entertainments.

Forty thousand Infant-Hygiene leaflets sent within seven months' time to mothers and expectant mothers.

Seven thousand kitchen cards holding the master rule for making ten cakes from one recipe sent out in answer to requests for them in less than six months. Fifteen hundred appeals for help, each month, to the Home-Economies Editor.

These are high lights of DELINEATOR service. Other departments, too, roll up their figures, but we can not list them all here.

THE DELINEATOR service has this popularity because its editors are simple, human, in what they say. They talk to you directly, as one woman to another, as the neighbor who drops in for a visit.

And what they say is scientific. Not a word of infant-hygiene help, not a single sentence of a home-economics letter, that is not founded on scientific fact; every implied meaning, even, is carefully exact. So, too, are statements on every other subject.

So send for these leaflets and helps:

NOW—FOR YOUR GARDEN PLANS

MR. BEATTIE, Extension Horticulturist of the United States Department of Agriculture, has prepared a Special Service bulletin for DELINEATOR readers, entitled "Crops Neglected in the Home Garden." Send your request for it to the Garden Editor.

It will be sent on receipt of a two-cent stamp.

Also when you plan the home garden, don't forget that delicacy, the strawberry. Send for the Government's bulletin No. 901 — "The Ever-Bearing Strawberry." Five cents.

It can be obtained for the purchase price mentioned. Address your request to the Garden Editor. He will forward your request to the proper bureau at Washington.

THE DELINEATOR HOME-BUILDING CAMPAIGN

GO AHEAD with that new house! Details concerning the Home-Town Houses described from month to month in the magazine will be sent on request if stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed.

In this issue a Dutch-Colonial house. In the February number was a Middle-Western cottage.

Following are the architects, landscape architects and home-economics authorities making up THE DELINEATOR Home-Building Commission:

Architect for the Middle Western section, C. H. Hammond, Chicago; landscape architect, William Pitkin, Junior, Cleveland, Ohio.

Architect for New England, Frank Chouteau Brown, Boston; landscape architect, Loring Underwood, Boston. Mr. Brown was the winner of the first prize in a DELINEATOR dwelling-house contest some years ago.

Architect for the Northwest, Ellis Lawrence, Portland, Oregon; landscape architect, E. T. Mische, Portland.

Architect and landscape architect for New York and vicinity, Dwight James Baum.

Architect and landscape architect for the Southwest, Elmer Grey, Pasadena, California.

Architect for the South, W. Duncan Lee, Richmond, Virginia; landscape architect, Raymond Ferguson, Richmond.

Architect for Philadelphia and vicinity, John Graham, Junior; landscape architect, D. M. Kirkpatrick.

Architect for Western Pennsylvania and Ohio, Louis Stevens, Pittsburg; landscape architect, Rhea F. Elliott.

Home-economics authorities to supervise working arrangements and equipment: Mrs. Alice Peloubet Norton, Editor *American Journal of Home Economics,* former President American Home-Economics Association; Miss Flora G. Orr, Home-Economics Editor of THE DELINEATOR.

YOUR HOME MADE BEAUTIFUL

RUBY ROSS GOODNOW, head of the interior-decoration department of one of the largest department-stores in the world, is preparing a series of articles for THE DELINEATOR. She knows *homes*—palaces in England and Italy, Fifth Avenue mansions, two-story houses on the side streets of elm-shaded villages, laborers' cottages, farm homes. The department, under her supervision, requests your questions on any problems of good taste in furnishing and decorating your home.

Enclose a two-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

WISE HOMEMAKING

FLORA G. ORR, the editor of the Home-Economics Department, trained at the University of Wisconsin, was formerly with the Food Administration in Washington and knows the needs of the average family the country over as few women do.

She presents simply, concisely and clearly each month, articles on simplified cookery (the recipes worked out in THE DELINEATOR kitchen), simplified dietetics, and supervises and writes articles on household management, labor-saving devices and method.

Always she emphasizes economy of buying—wise spending of money to get most food for least money.

Miss Orr's scheme for making ten dishes from a single basic recipe is a plan of easy, simple cookery which home-economics scientists have advocated for years, but which no woman's magazine of national importance has developed until Miss Orr worked out the plan for THE DELINEATOR.

In addition to Miss Orr's cookery pages, Helena Judson, editor of the Butterick Cook-Book and head of the banquet department of a great New York hotel, writes an article each month on how every-day foods can be made a delight to the palate.

Every phase of household management is considered, too, under Miss Orr's direction, in THE DELINEATOR pages.

No other woman's magazine in America has so completely allied itself with the home-economics movement as has THE DELINEATOR. Miss Orr cooperates with:

(1) *The Home-Demonstration Agents* of every county where they are installed. She has articles by them and refers readers to the agents of their own counties for direct help "on the spot." These agents, scientifically trained in home-economics and practieally trained by experience, are employed by the United States Government to teaeh the science of the new home-making to American housewives. These agents are directed by the home-economics leaders of the State colleges. They are employed to serve the women both of the big eities and the counties.

One of their "drives" is to install labor-saving devices in homes that are now deprived of the "hired help" of the old days. The housewife is being shown how various devices, from a ten-cent cleaning-mitt up to an electric washer or vacuum-cleaner, may do the work that human hands formerly labored long and many hours to perform.

Monthly, under Miss Orr's direction, THE DELINEATOR has published reports from the agents giving their own statements of the success of their drives to save the housewives of America from unneeded labor and exhaustion.

(2) *The Home-Economics Departments of the State Colleges.* Each month Miss Orr tells of the "scientific helps" these departments give in bulletins. She refers queries from the women of many States back to the scientific direction of colleges, thus putting the women in toueh with the extension work of their own colleges.

Concluded on page 83

Concluded from page 82

HELP FOR YOU

(3) *The Home-Economics Office of the United States Department of Agriculture.* Miss Orr is regularly in touch with these national leaders of the 1920 home-economics work.

The illustration on the preceeding page gives a tempting picture of just one of the ten kinds of cake which can be made from the Master Rule for Cake-Making. Send to Miss Orr for this Master Rule and do not miss the other items on her list:

A Master Rule for Cake-Making. One Recipe to Make Ten Different Kinds of Cake.
A Master Rule for Using Baking-Powder Biscuit Dough in ten different ways.
A Master Rule for Ten Breads from One Dough.
A Set of Recipes for Making Ten Particularly Delicious Candies from one Foundation Fondant.
A Master Rule for Frozen Desserts. One recipe will make ten different kinds.
A Set of Safe Rules for Cutting the Cost of Food.
A List of Books on Home-Economics Subjects which will be helpful to the housewife.
Government and State-College Bulletins on Homemaking. List of Labor-Saving Devices.

Any three of these will be sent for a two-cent stamp.

THAT PRECIOUS CHILD

CAROLYN CONANT VAN BLARCOM, the editor of the Health Department, is one of the foremost workers in America for the health of women and children. She was assistant superintendent of the Johns Hopkins Nurses' Training-School; she was sent abroad by the Russell Sage Foundation to study midwifery in England, and her report, published by the Russell Sage Foundation, is the national authority on that subject; during the war she carried on a tremendous piece of executive work, equipping all Red Cross nurses who went overseas.

So eminent is Miss Van Blarcom that for the Child-Placing Service of THE DELINEATOR she has gathered an Advisory Council of the most distinguished social workers of America—men and women who agree to counsel with THE DELINEATOR because they implicitly believe in Miss Van Blarcom and her undertaking. The Council consists of:

Dr. Felix Adler, President of the Ethical Culture Society of New York.
Mrs. Albion Fellows Bacon, State Director of Child Welfare of Indiana, Indianapolis, Indiana.
Miss Mary Vida Clark, Member of Health Committee, Community Councils for National Defense, New York City.
Mr. James E. Ewers, General Agent of the Cleveland Humane Society, Cleveland, Ohio.
Mr. Marcus G. Fagg, State Superintendent, The Children's Home Society of Florida, Jacksonville, Florida.
Miss Katherine C. Felton, General Secretary, Associated Charities of San Francisco.
Dr. Hastings H. Hart, Director, Department of Child Helping, Russell Sage Foundation, New York City.
Dr. William Healy, Managing Director, Judge Baker Foundation, Boston, Massachusetts.
Mr. William W. Hodson, Director, Children's Bureau, State Board of Control, Saint Paul, Minnesota.
Mr. George L. Jones, General Secretary, Henry Watson Children's Aid Society, Baltimore, Maryland.
Rev. Hubert Le Blond, Director of Charities, Diocese of Cleveland, Cleveland, Ohio.
Judge Julian W. Mack, United States Circuit Court of Appeals, New York.
Dr. Lilburn Merrill, Chief Probation Officer, Juvenile Court, Seattle, Washington.
Mr. J. Prentice Murphy, General Secretary, Boston Children's Aid Society, Boston, Massachusetts.
Judge Samuel D. Murphy, Juvenile Court of Jefferson County, Birmingham, Alabama.
Dr. Jessica B. Peixotto, University of California, Berkeley, California.
Mr. Wilfred S. Reynolds, Superintendent, The Illinois Children's Home and Aid Society, Chicago, Illinois.
Rev. Michael J. Scanlan, Director, Catholic Charitable Bureau, Boston, Massachusetts.
Mr. Edwin D. Solenberger, General Secretary, Children's Aid Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
Miss Sophie Van Senden Theis, Superintendent, Child-Placing Department, State Charities Aid Association, New York.
Mr. Henry W. Thurston, Director, Department of Child Welfare, New York School of Philanthropy, New York.
Mr. C. V. Williams, Director, Children's Welfare Department, Board of State Charities, Columbus, Ohio.

IN ADDITION to the Child-Placing Service, Miss Van Blarcom directs the Infant-Hygiene page of THE DELINEATOR. Some of the country's leading obstetricians distribute among their patients the leaflets on pre-natal care and infant care which Miss Van Blarcom has written and sends free to DELINEATOR readers. These physicians use Miss Van Blarcom's leaflets because, as one of them says, "They give, better than any other publication, all the information a young mother needs."

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Outline for Talk on the Care of Babies' Eyes.
Directions for the Care of Your Babies' Eyes.
Suggestions for Organizing Local Work to Prevent Blindness among Babies.
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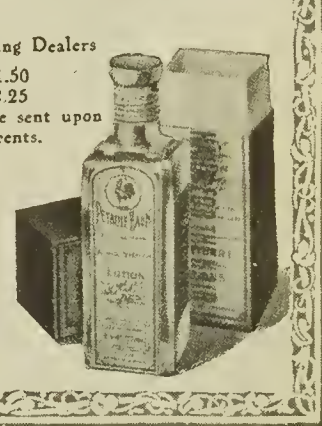
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UP-AND-DOWN LIVING

THAT IS, IN AN APARTMENT

BY MARTHA HILL CUTLER

WITH the ever-increasing value of land space we have learned to utter a silent prayer of thanksgiving that we can expand upward as far as we please. New York learned to build up, up, up, with the sky as her limit, many years ago. Other cities have followed her lead and now even small towns are realizing that rents can be multiplied as many times as there are layers in a modern apartment-house.

Women who are physically unable to do the work required in a house or financially unable to pay for having it done, and whose husbands and sons, if they have any, can not add the burden of caring for lawns and gardens to their other work, turn gladly to the simplified life of an apartment.

The transition from unlimited expansion outward to expansion upward, however, is not as simple as it seems. Life in the contracted space of an apartment is quite different from that in a house, with an attic for storage, unlimited closets, and room for everything. One's possessions must be cut down to fit the limited space and there must be a complete readjustment of furniture.

The best of the new apartments show the evidence of the architect's appreciation of the need for utilizing space. Places left by jutting corners have been turned into cupboards with shelves reaching from floor to ceiling; the top spaces of closets have been filled with small cupboards and shelves for hats and shoes; in very high closets pulleys have been arranged to draw evening gowns up out of the dust and away from the danger of crushing and poles have been set in below them to give the greatest possible room for waist-hangers.

SPACES under windows have been fitted with box seats and paneled fronts that let down to reveal shelves for magazines or books; bookcases have been built in; frequently settles with seats that lift up are built in spaces that would otherwise be wasted and, in the dining-room, built-in buffets and china-closets fit into niches too small to accommodate independent pieces of furniture.

Every inch of space in the small kitchen or kitchenette is usually utilized; there are open shelves and cupboards reaching to the ceiling, hooks under the shelves for shining rows of kettles, a work-table with shelves for the needed materials used in cooking within easy reach, a refrigerator tucked away in a convenient niche as far from the gas-range as possible and a porcelain sink and dish-drainer close at hand.

The ideal kitchen now is the one in which one can stand in one position and reach almost everything that one needs, so that the limited space in an apartment has no ill effect upon that room. It may be necessary to draw an awkward clothes-basket, which refuses to be folded, up on pulleys near the ceiling, with the wash-boiler neatly tucked inside it. A convenient step-ladder is an absolute necessity.

When the apartment is decorated, much can be done to create an impression of space. The walls in the living-room, dining-room and hall, for instance, can be painted or tinted the same color; the woodwork can be treated uniformly and the floors can form an unbroken stretch of the same color, creating in that way the impression of one large room instead of several small rooms. The space will seem larger if the color selected for the walls is a light, neutral, "retreating" color instead of a strong, assertive color, and the effect of size will be intensified if the woodwork is painted either the same color or a tone of white bordering on the color, so that it does not stand out and mark the limits of wall spaces. Light gray, ecru, cream, tan and fawn are "retreating" colors.

SOMETIMES a piece of tapestry or a painting of a landscape hung at the far end of two adjoining rooms will add marvelously to the impression of space by giving the effect of a long vista.

Unity, with its accompanying sense of space, will not be lost if color variety is given to the different rooms by means of the curtain and upholstery materials. If the wall background is the same, for instance, one can use jade green, mulberry and blue in the furnishing, a preponderance of the green with a little mulberry and blue in one room, blue for the dominating tone in the second, with a little green and mulberry, and mulberry in the third with the green and blue in small quantities.

One kitchenette apartment illustrates unusually well all the clever expedients possible for both utilizing space and creating an impression of it. It contained only a living-room, dining-room, bedroom, kitchenette and bath, all very small. The walls were all tinted a light warm gray, including those of the kitchenette and bathroom. The woodwork was painted a tone darker than the walls and all the floors were covered with gray jaspé linoleum. The rugs in the living-room, dining-room and bedroom were taupe. The walls were broken with panels and the moldings were outlined with lines of turquoise blue.

ONE entire side of the living-room was taken up with a double French window which became inevitably the center of interest in the room. Consequently the curtains for this window were of supreme importance. Three ugly transoms above the window were concealed by shades made of a brilliant glazed chintz in purple, turquoise blue and Chinese green, with woolen tassels for pulls containing the three colors. Glass-curtains at each division of the window were made of blue-green tarlatan trimmed with narrow gold fringe. Side curtains of a changeable purple-and-blue silk poplin were edged with two-inch-wide ruffles with picot edges, one purple and one turquoise blue.

The day-bed, considered an essential piece of furniture in so small an apartment, for the accommodation of guests, extended along the wall opposite the window. It was painted a dark turquoise and was upholstered with the glazed chintz. Blue and green taffeta pillows rested softly against a center pillow covered with rich purple velvet trimmed with green-and-purple moss trimming and huge tassels.

In front of the tiny fireplace, painted gray, with brilliant green tiles, stood an interesting bench painted like the day-bed. On it was a pad of purple velvet embroidered with a gay basket of flowers in brilliant colors. The pad was tied to the bench with flaunting tassels in the colors of the flowers. A little brilliant scarlet was combined with the blue and green. Near by were two wicker chairs painted black with glazed chintz cushions. A brilliant orange pillow lay carelessly across the arm of one.

NEAR the window across the corner of the room a gate-leg table, painted dull turquoise, gave a charming bit of color with its green glass bowl of goldfish resting on a bit of purple brocade. Two straight chairs, with purple pads tied on with tassels, completed the furnishing of the room with the exception of a charming floor-lamp, with a slender wrought-iron stand and a creamy yellow silk-gauze shade trimmed with narrow turquoise and purple fringes. Turquoise-blue cords and tassels replaced the ordinary brass chains for pulling the lights off and on.

All the furniture in the room was placed either against or near the wall to give a sense of space in the center, while a mirror over the fireplace reflected a vista of the tiny dining-room adjoining. Built in each side of the fireplace were what looked to be two paneled cabinets surmounted by bookshelves, but a lid to one let down to reveal a desk and to the other to reveal a magazine closet.

The tiny dining-room was long and narrow. Here the blue-green and orange of the color scheme were emphasized. The green tarlatan curtains were repeated without any side hangings. A long refectory-table painted dark turquoise had on it crossed strips of old Italian lace and an Italian majolica fruit-dish filled with oranges. Each side of the table, made to slip under it if need be, were two long monks' benches with orange pads weighted down by heavy black tassels on the corners. Two wall-pockets painted orange and black were filled with growing ivy. A narrow console-table, made to let down, was the only serving-table. The top was painted like the wall so that it would not show when let down. A paneled china and glass closet filled one end of the room. The doors of this were decorated with bunches of stiff little green-and-purple flowers.

IN THE bedroom, opening out of the other side of the living-room, there were light turquoise-blue gauze curtains edged with lavender and coral pink silk ruffles, under a pointed valance made of lavender, pink and blue striped silk. The furniture was painted a light gray-green and decorated with baskets of flowers in which the colors of the silk were repeated. The bedspread was turquoise blue trimmed like the curtains and the dressing-table was draped with silk like the valances. Over it was a mirror with a frame painted green and blue. There was no chiffonier. Instead there was a surprisingly large closet which was the special joy and pride of the owner's heart. Here drawers, shelves and cupboards had been built into one end, suitable for a woman's entire wardrobe. They extended from floor to ceiling, but were comfortably reached by a slender wheeled ladder similar to those used in libraries. The other end of the closet was filled with poles for hangers and with a generous supply of hooks.

A similar ladder was supplied for reaching the high shelves and closets in the tiny compact kitchenette. The curtains in this little workroom were bright orange cotton crêpe, bound with blue, and the cooking dishes and jars were blue with quaint little yellow designs on them. Even the ordinary yellow mixing-bowls fell harmoniously into the scheme as if it were intentional. An orange-and-black linoleum on the floor was full of character.

A serene old Chinese Buddha on a bit of burnt-orange embroidery adorned the little black lacquer table in the tiny patch of an entrance hall. Across from him a short gray-stone bench was covered with a strip of orange brocade and above him an old mirror with a black lacquer frame reflected the living-room in a most inviting way.

THE owner of this artistic home recognized its limitations before she bought the furnishings and cleverly adapted them to it so as to bring out all its possibilities. Those who move from houses into apartments can not always do this. They must use what they have. Alas, they too frequently insist upon using all they have and sacrifice every possibility for beauty in their new homes to an unwise devotion to their old furniture, especially the more elaborate pieces which are almost invariably those least adapted to an apartment on account of their weight and size. The simpler pieces may not be as handsome in themselves as the larger pieces, but the fact that they are appropriate makes them look much more beautiful when in place.

Frequently one hears of a bride and groom who are obliged to begin housekeeping in a small apartment, but hope to own a home later. Their inclination is to buy sets of furniture supposedly suited to the prospective house, whether it is appropriate for the apartment or not. It is always wise to buy furniture of lasting beauty and usefulness, but it is sometimes wiser to buy simple furniture for the apartment, with the expectation of being able to use it in the bedrooms of the house, when that nebulous dream comes true. It may be a long time, long enough even to wear out one set of furniture. In the meantime it is deplorable to sacrifice the beauty of the apartment by getting furniture that is too large and heavy for it.

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SENSIBLE SHORT-CUTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER

BY RUTH McNARY SMITH

WHEN we consider the problem of saving time and strength on the duties which are, strictly speaking, housework, we all think at once of buying the very latest labor-saving devices. As prosperity brings more of these into our homes, housekeeping is revolutionized.

But many kinds of work can not be done by machinery, and since so much will always have to be done by the hands of the busy housekeeper herself, the buying of better equipment will not entirely emancipate her from the drudgery of her tasks. So many of our housekeeping processes are traditions, which we accept without question from our mothers, that we seldom stop to think whether or not they are done in the best and easiest way.

If we could have well-cooked, nourishing meals, in reasonably neat houses, and go to bed in comfortable, well-made beds, and yet have all this done at less expense of precious strength and nervous energy on the part of the wives and mothers, all would be well. The trouble is women object to anything that may look like a compromise in their housework, for fear of losing caste as housekeepers. Another reason why women continue their old methods is because it is an effort to force themselves out of the rut of habit, even though they may realize that they are not working well or easily.

It might be interesting to think this over, and even though we might not all agree as to the value of new methods over old ones, or of a new routine over the one we are now using, it might help us to detect some of the leaks in our own particular systems.

COOKING

WHETHER necessary or not, one may safely say that many women spend three-fourths of their time in the kitchen. Of course the small-town woman is usually dependent on herself—often with no bakery and almost always without a delicatessen to help out in emergencies.

Can the time spent in cooking be cut down? Most women say it can not, but we might mention some common ways of saving time in this process.

Simplicity of meals—We have all known wonderful cooks—perhaps they were our mothers, who loaded their tables with two or three kinds of pie, cake and pudding, with everything else to correspond. Of course these women never strayed far from the kitchen stove, as it takes time for even an expert cook to prepare three kinds of pie-filling.

Greater simplicity in meals is certainly a much-needed reform in some homes. Like other reforms, however, it is not likely to be popular at first.

Uniced cakes, one-crust pies, dropped biscuits or muffins, may not look as well as their more dressed-up cousins, but they are just as nourishing, and should be used more than at present.

Elaborate preserves, pickles and relishes take a great deal of time, and while we all like them, this time might often be better invested.

Unnecessary cooking—Time is often wasted, especially in the busy Summer season, by cooking food which would be just as good or better uncooked. Tomatoes, berries, peaches, pears and other fruit should be served raw whenever possible. Time is also wasted in peeling such vegetables as radishes. Baked potatoes, or those boiled in their jackets, should be used oftener, thus saving much peeling.

Duplication of effort—There are women who make salad dressing every time they need it, or white sauce two or three times during a meal. The skilful manager knows that it is a great saving of time and effort to cook in as large quantities as possible—potatoes for two or three meals, breakfast food for two mornings, pie-crust for several pies, large pieces of meat, and cakes which will keep well and need not be eaten fresh.

Poor planning—Too much last-minute planning wastes time, and poor planning of meals often results in a nerve-racking rush at serving-time. It takes experience to plan meals which go smoothly, because everything does not require attention at once, or which do not run too much to baking, boiling or frying at any one time.

Time-consuming methods—I suppose we have all spent a good deal of time and strength creaming sugar and butter together making cake. We now know that much of this is waste effort, as the results are just as good if the butter is softened and mixed with the sugar.

If you can afford a pressure cooker, the time spent in canning may be considerably shortened.

Many women continue to use the sponge method of making bread, and will not discard it because they think it gives better results. Experience and careful observation show no difference between bread made up stiff at first and allowed to rise twice before baking and that which was started in a sponge. Kneading bread entirely by hand is an antiquated and time-wasting method, and should be discarded in favor of the bread-mixer. Opposition to this apparatus because it is hard to wash is certainly not well founded.

Chopping food by hand is so evidently time-wasting that it is done very little now. A great many things may be done more easily with the food-chopper; for instance, cutting up cabbage, cheese and other food.

Peeling such fruit as plums and apricots for canning is superfluous.

Much time is also wasted through useless stirring of food. The thickening is added to milk or puddings long before the boiling point, or custards are cooked without a double boiler, or foods which must be cooked for a long time are put on in a single kettle.

A great deal of the straining of sauces, gravies, apple sauce, and so forth, is unnecessary.

Potatoes may be mashed so much more quickly and easily by ricing them first that it is surprising more women do not do this.

Family likes and dislikes—Often the work of the housewife is complicated further by the prejudices of her family. Because Willie won't eat this, and Bessie won't eat that, their mother often has to make enough desserts and vegetables so every one will be suited. Then there is the man who refuses to eat cake that is more than a day old, or who rebels at warmed-over meat, or who must have hot bread two or three times a day. And there is also the man who insists on having three hot meals on Sunday.

DISH-WASHING

DISH-WASHING, with its dreadful certainty, takes a great deal of valuable time. Of course nothing is so time-cousuming as washing dishes without running water and a sink. Even if there is no plumbing, it is a great help to have a sink with a drain-pipe ending in the garden, so that every drop of water does not have to be carried out of the house as well as into it.

The suggestions given here for saving time in dish-washing may not be new to most women, but experience has proved them good.

Many steps may be saved by using a tray to remove dishes from the table to the kitchen, if there is no pass window. Some prefer a wheeling tea-wagon.

Washing up utensils as one prepares the meal is always time-saving, as is the economizing in every possible way on utensils, using the same bowls and mixing spoons over and over again. Scraping burnt kettles is inefficient—they should be set on the stove, filled with some strong water and sal soda and boiled for a while.

If kettles are kept scoured and in good condition, it is easier to clean them. It is hardly necessary to say that filling them with water as soon as emptied is time-saving.

Dishes should be drained instead of wiped, with the exception of the silver and glassware. It is purely prejudice which influences women to continue hand-wiping every dish long after all the most expensive hotels in the country have done away with this process. A drainer may be made at home. The dish-containing part may be a well-constructed box, six inches or so high and three feet square. This should be lined with block tin or galvanized iron and provided with legs, a drain-pipe and slats to hold the dishes. The dishes should be well scalded and covered with a dish-towel to prevent "tear drops." This also saves dish-towels.

CLEANING

POLISHED furniture, especially if upholstered, takes too much care to be suitable for the average home. Reed and wicker furniture, with plain, easily laundered cushions, saves work.

Small rugs in the bedroom, if the floors are well laid, are work-saving.

White curtains of net or lace, which must be dried on stretchers, are more trouble to keep clean than side curtains with a valance made of crêtonne, tan or colored cotton poplin, Japanese crêpe, or even the very attractive curtains made of unbleached muslin with colored borders. These narrow side drapes, which are enough protection in the country, may be washed and ironed in a fourth the time that would be required to put white curtains on the stretchers.

A busy woman can certainly use her time to better advantage than in dusting bric-à-brac, washing cut-glass, or polishing metal ornaments displayed on the sideboard or elsewhere.

Nothing makes more litter than having a fireplace without a drop for the ashes. If the house has been built without this convenience, it should be provided afterward.

If a box is provided for the children's playthings and a rack for magazines and papers, much "picking-up" is saved.

Even if linoleum can not be afforded for the splintery kitchen floor, at least it can be painted with three well-dried coats of deck paint, followed with one of varnish or shellac. This kind of a floor is very easily kept clean.

No one who has not used an oiled floor-mop knows how much work it saves.

The careful housewife always provides the ends of her quilts with a washable protector, sometimes even having a slip-on cover which goes on over the whole quilt. Any one who has helped with a quilt-washing would be glad to avoid as much of this back-breaking work as possible.

The substitution of the bright pan or boiling method of cleaning silver for the tedious polishing is a great help. If one teaspoon each of baking-soda and salt are added to the boiling water in the bright pan just before putting in the silver, the cleaning is done more quickly.

YOUR OWN EXPERIENCES

THE editors of THE DELINEATOR will be very glad to hear your comments upon Miss Smith's article. Perhaps you agree with her on all points. If you have already tried one or more of the short-cuts she mentions and found your daily tasks lightened, or if one of her suggestions proves to be a solution for a difficult household problem, write to Miss Flora G. Orr, the Home-Economics Editor of THE DELINEATOR, and tell her of your experience. If you disagree with Miss Smith, write to Miss Orr and explain just how your own experience is at variance with Miss Smith's conclusions. Send your letter in care of the Butterick Building, New York City.



White Tar Moth Bags. Six sizes. Protects clothes without fold or wrinkles.

Tar or Cedar Paper for packing trunks, lining bureau drawers, wrapping blankets, etc.

White Tar Moth Balls, White Tar Naphthalene Flakes.

Year 'round moth protection

The practical, economical and safe way to store garments. Easy to handle, keeps clothes free from wrinkles and ready to wear instantly.

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Garment Bags

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One bag holds three garments—each on a separate hanger. The money saved in pressing alone more than pays for these compact safety garment containers.

Sold by leading dealers all over the country.

Write for our instructive booklet "Clothes Protection."

The White Tar Company
Dept. D 56 Vesey Street
New York City

Torrington ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER

Do as you please in the afternoon

IT'S only fair, both to you and the family, that you have *some* time to yourself. But how can you, when morning tasks crowd late into afternoons?

The answer is a Torrington Electric Vacuum Cleaner. It turns the endless drudgery of sweeping into just an easy fifteen minutes in the morning. When you buy a Torrington, you really buy happy afternoons—afternoons for planning, reading, or for friends.

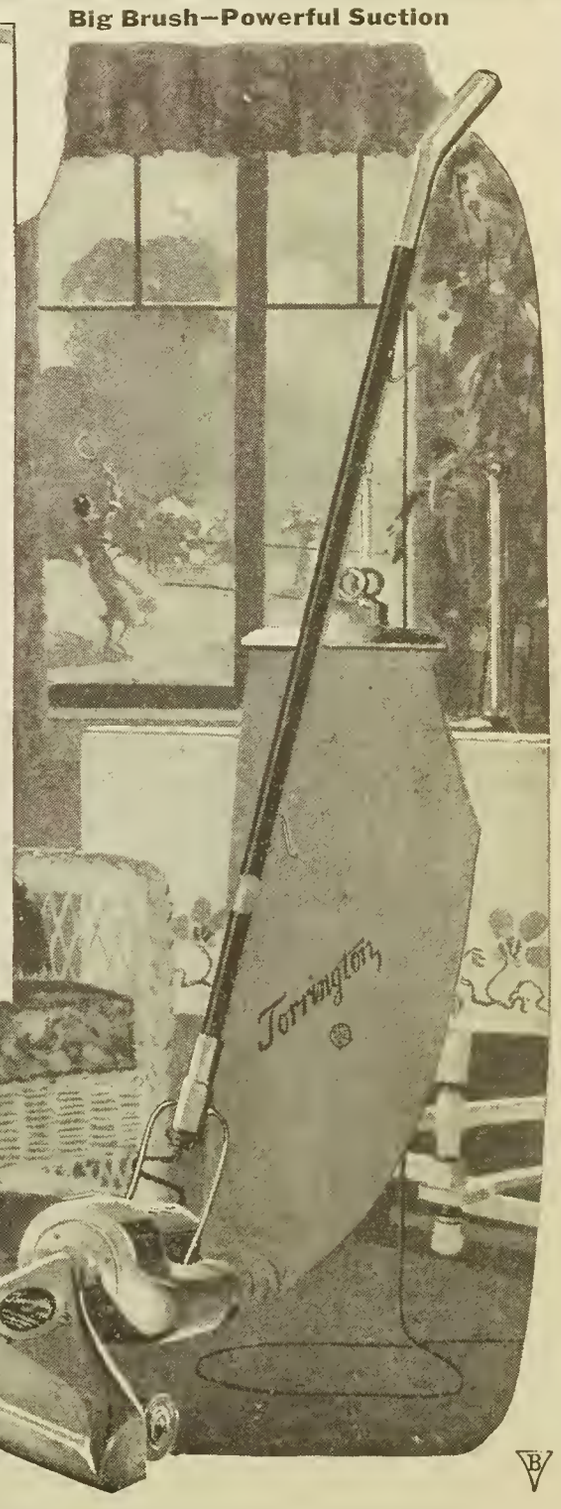
There are dozens of other ways in which a Torrington, with its simple attachments, lightens and speeds your work. How quickly it draws the dust from curtains and hangings—from upholstery, radiators, dresser-drawers and from all sorts of hard-to-get-at corners!

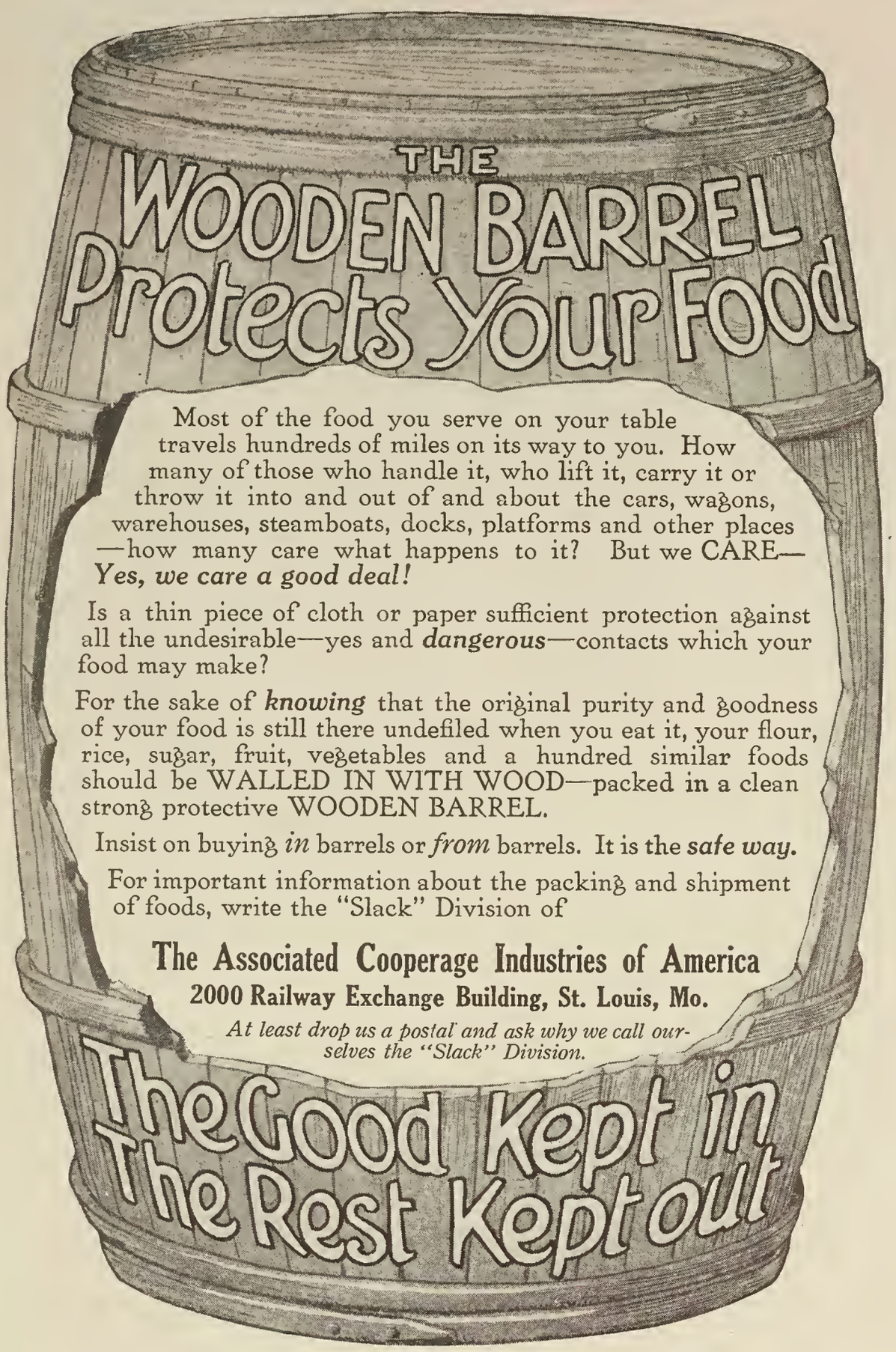
To appreciate what a Torrington Electric Vacuum Cleaner can do for you, you must use one for a few days in your own home. This wouldn't mean that you'd have to buy. But it *would* prove to you that having a Torrington means more afternoons to do as you please.

Why not talk to your dealer today, or send for a free booklet?

THE TORRINGTON COMPANY
(National Sweeper Division)
7 Laurel St., Torrington, Conn.

Big Brush—Powerful Suction





Genuine Aspirin

Always say "Bayer" and insist upon a "Bayer package"

BAYER



The "Bayer Cross" is the signature of the true, world-famous "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin." The name "Bayer" is only on genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over eighteen years. Always buy an unbroken package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" which contains proper directions.

Bayer-Tablets of Aspirin

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents—Larger packages

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid



Mrs. Anderton of Mass.

She Had 12 Children

THE youngest was only one year old when Mrs. Anderton was left a widow with no means of support. What was she to do?

Magazine subscription work solved her problem. In her spare time she built up a business that not only supplied all her wants, but left her time to make a real home for her children.

The same opportunity that we offered Mrs. Anderton in her town is open to you in your town. If you want more money—if you have a little spare time, we need you.

Many of our local representatives earn $25.00—$50.00—$100.00 a month. You can, too. Write us for full particulars to-day. *THE DELINEATOR*, 510 Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

LIBERAL PRIZES

FOR TELLING YOUR TROUBLES

YOUNG housekeepers, new housekeepers, all housekeepers, are invited, urged, to tell THE DELINEATOR'S staff of trained experts their housekeeping difficulties, and thereby some of them to win prizes of cash.

For the most complete, concise, most revealing and most clearly and neatly prepared letter in answer to the following questions, will be awarded a prize of Thirty Dollars.

For the two letters next in order of merit, Ten Dollars each.

For the six letters next in order of merit, Five Dollars each.

For the ten letters next in order of merit, Two Dollars each. Nineteen prizes; a total of One Hundred Dollars in cash.

The answers need not be of great length; clear, concise answers often say more than prolix answers. They must be numbered strictly in accordance with the numbers of the questions herewith. The name and address of the writer must be written at the head of the first page.

The contest is open to all readers, without money or other consideration.

Here are the questions:

1. Do you live in a city, small town, village, on a farm or ranch? If you live on a farm, how far away from town? If in town, are you near a farming community?

2. Tell us about your family—names, ages, occupations and any other interesting facts.

3. How large a house must you care for? Can you give us a genera idea of its arrangement?

4. Do you have any outside help in caring for your home and family? In getting the meals? Do you send the laundry out? Do you have dinner at noon or at night?

5. Name whatever labor-saving devices on this list you already own: Oil-stove, washing-machine, dish-drainer, vacuum sweeper, vacuum cleaner, kitchen cabinet, bread-mixer, refrigerator, electric flat-iron. If you use other modern devices not listed here, please mention three or four of them.

6. How is your kitchen arranged? Your laundry, if you have one? Will you draw for us a very simple pencil-plan showing the approximate location of each item of kitchen and laundry furniture? Which of these may be changed about at will?

7. How do you wash and dry your dishes? If in the old-fashioned way, with dish-cloth and dish-towel, please say simply, "Old way." If you have succeeded in simplifying and shortening the task, we should like very much to know just how you have accomplished this. What devices or apparatus do you use? Do you wash dishes three times a day?

8. How tall are you? What is the height of your kitchen sink? Your work-table? Your ironing-board? Your laundry tubs? Do you sit at your work?

9. What are your most trying cooking troubles?

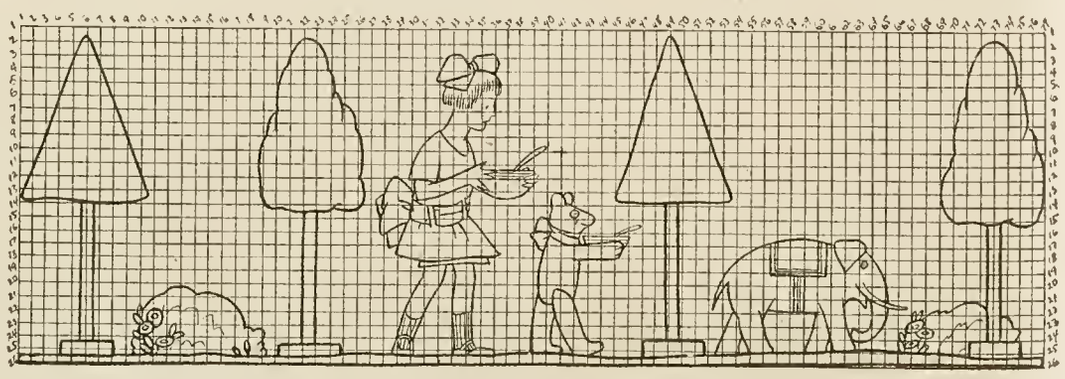
10. What are your chief housecleaning worries?

11. Do you make a rough outline in advance of each day's work? If so, send us your program for one week. Even if you do not have what may be termed a program, you may have worked out definite principles or a policy of certain labor-saving ideas which you regularly follow. If so, these should be put down as fully as you care to state them.

12. Do you own and use a book or books devoted to cookery, kitchen management laundry, etc.? If so, please give their titles. Do you find them helpful for regular use in your housework?

REMEMBER THE DATE!

All answers must reach the Home-Economics Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City, not later than March 15, 1920.



ENLARGING "LITTLE MISS MUFFETT"

THERE are delightful possibilities in the way of enlarging the "Little Miss Muffett" color-pictures on page 18 of this issue, simply and without difficulty, so that a girl or boy can carry out the process with enjoyment. The pictures can thus be adapted for use as decorations for furniture or for the walls of the children's rooms.

In order to do this, get a big sheet of paper and a foot-rule and rule off perfect squares of any size desired, twenty-six squares up and down and seventy-seven squares horizontally, as in the diagram here given. Then fill in each square in which a part of the drawing appears, with as much precision as possible, in accordance with the picture. When the pictorial squares have been filled out, on the larger scale, the complete picture appears.

This preliminary drawing should be made on thin, strong paper such as typists use for carbon copies. If the sheets are not long enough, paste them together neatly before drawing the squares. After the drawing is complete, take a soft lead-pencil and blacken the reverse side. Next take a hard, sharp pencil and go over the lines of the drawing, transferring them to the paper which you intend pasting on the wall or furniture. The drawing is now ready for coloring.

Ordinary water-colors may be used to copy the flat tones of the pictures as they appear in THE DELINEATOR. These colored drawings may be applied to the walls with paste, or the separate figures may be cut out and applied to furniture with thin glue. When dry, the subjects should be neatly varnished or shellacked so that when the surface is cleaned the picture will not be disturbed.

A STEP-SAVING KITCHEN

BY FLORA G. ORR

Home-Economics Editor

THE PLANS ACCOMPANYING THIS ARTICLE WERE MADE BY MARCIA MEAD, A MEMBER OF A FIRM OF WOMEN ARCHITECTS WHOSE WORK FOR THE GOVERNMENT IN WAR-TIME HOUSING HAS BEEN HIGHLY COMMENDED. THE MECHANICS OF HOUSEKEEPING RECEIVE PRIME CONSIDERATION IN THE WORK OF THESE WOMEN ARCHITECTS. THEY INSTINCTIVELY "KEEP HOUSE" IN THE BUILDINGS WHICH THEY PLAN

WHEN one stops to think of the number of hours that are spent in the kitchen each day it seems very much worth while to make an attempt to have a convenient workshop in every respect.

Shape and size of the kitchen can only be very generally recommended. A square kitchen or one approaching a square is better than a long, narrow room. Nine, ten or twelve feet by twelve feet is a fair-sized kitchen. Avoid a kitchen so large that there is a tendency to use it for other purposes than the preparation of food.

If possible, windows should be on opposite walls and as far apart as possible so that there is a chance for cross ventilation.

Have the tops of the windows fairly close to the ceiling, so as to allow odors an easy escape. Windows are important for light as well as for ventilation. Have windows over the sink if possible, and as many of them as you can.

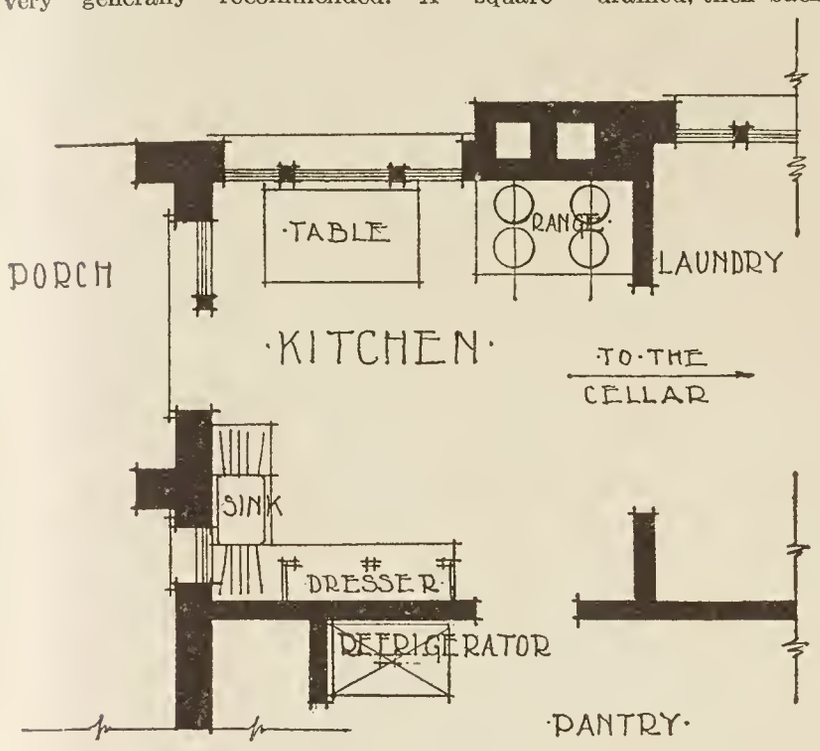


FIGURE 1

A GOOD KITCHEN BADLY ARRANGED. SEVEN TRIPS ACROSS THE KITCHEN FOR PREPARING VEGETABLES

WHETHER or not you have anything to say about the location and general plan of your kitchen, you can at least see to it that the equipment is arranged conveniently. Even if the stove and sink are already installed when you move into a new house or apartment, you still have an opportunity to make good in this respect.

There are three kinds of work done in a kitchen: preparation of food, cooking and cleaning up, washing dishes and so forth. Equipment related because of the use under one of these many heads should be grouped together.

For example, in the DELINEATOR kitchen down near the floor, there was a built-in cabinet for the garbage-pail. It was on the opposite side of the room from the sink, and every time it was used some one had to cross the room and go through a back-breaking exercise. I painted the garbage-pail with a white-enamel paint and lifted it to a position of glory on a stand near the sink. It is not at all objectionable to look at, and has proved to be most conveniently located. Dishes are carried to the sink, scraped, and the garbage is put immediately into the can.

For the preparation of food, cupboards containing supplies, the ice-box and table and other working spaces should be grouped together.

The stove and its accessories involve the third group of equipment.

Unless some grouping like this is really thought out, the kitchen worker will find herself taking innumerable trips about her shop apparently to no purpose.

The plans which accompany this article show how much good may be done by a rearrangement of kitchen equipment. The first plan is very good in many respects. It has windows on opposite sides of the room, thus insuring good lighting and cross ventilation. This means that odors will be quickly carried off and that the kitchen will be cool at all times. Furthermore, all the working surfaces have light from the side or in front, never behind the worker.

When the range, for example, is in a dark corner with the only light entering on the other side of the room, the cook works in her own shadow. Since cleanliness is so essential in cooking, this condition should not be tolerated if there is any way of remedying it.

This first plan, however, fails as a step-saver, requiring much more travel than is necessary in preparing a meal. Take the preparation of potatoes or other vegetables. First they are brought from the cellar and carried across the kitchen to the sink. There they are prepared for cooking and carried to the stove. When the cooking is finished, they are taken to the sink to be drained, then back to the work-table to have the final touches added before they are served.

At least one journey to the refrigerator and back for butter and cream is necessary. Seven long trips in all!

MUCH of this travel is wasted energy. Rearrangement such as that in the second plan eliminates eighty per cent. of the journey. In this case vegetables may be brought to the sink, prepared, cooked, drained and seasoned within a radius of a few steps. What has been accomplished is a concentration of the whole working space, shoving it all toward one end of the room. Time saved by the new arrangement may well be spent in sitting in the kitchen chair.

Notice, in the second plan, that the laundry is now isolated from the kitchen by extending the partition and adding a door. This makes room for the dresser which contains the kitchen utensils and supplies. In its new location the dresser is practically equidistant from the range, the sink and the work-table where its contents are used.

IF ONE is building a new house certain things relative to the kitchen may be taken into consideration during the planning. There is the location for example. If you are to use the kitchen chiefly for morning work a northern or western exposure is decidedly desirable.

This insures a fairly cool kitchen for the Summer months. East or northeast is better when the evening meal is a heavy one, requiring considerable labor at that time of day.

The location is necessarily dependent on the rest of the plan and the exposures desired for other rooms. Southern exposures are rarely suitable for the kitchen and are more in demand for living-rooms.

If a kitchen must be limited to one exposure, north is undoubtedly the one which you will be wise to choose.

PLAN for your refrigerator from the beginning if you can. It is a much visited piece of equipment when one is doing any baking or preparing a meal. Hence it should be as close as possible to the table and kitchen-cabinet or other working surface.

If possible it should be built in so that ice may be put in from the outside. Special arrangements can be made for this purpose.

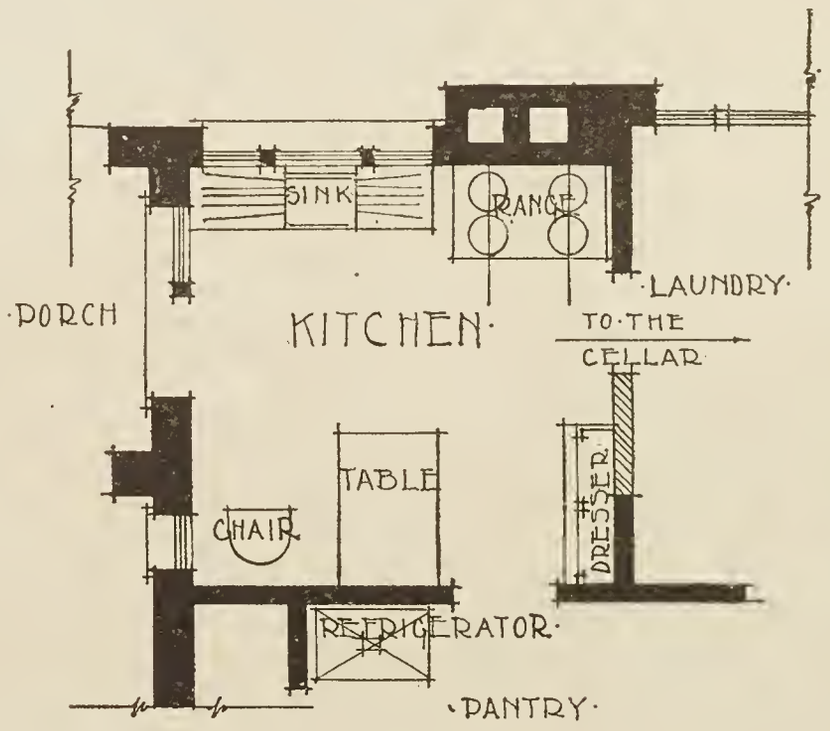
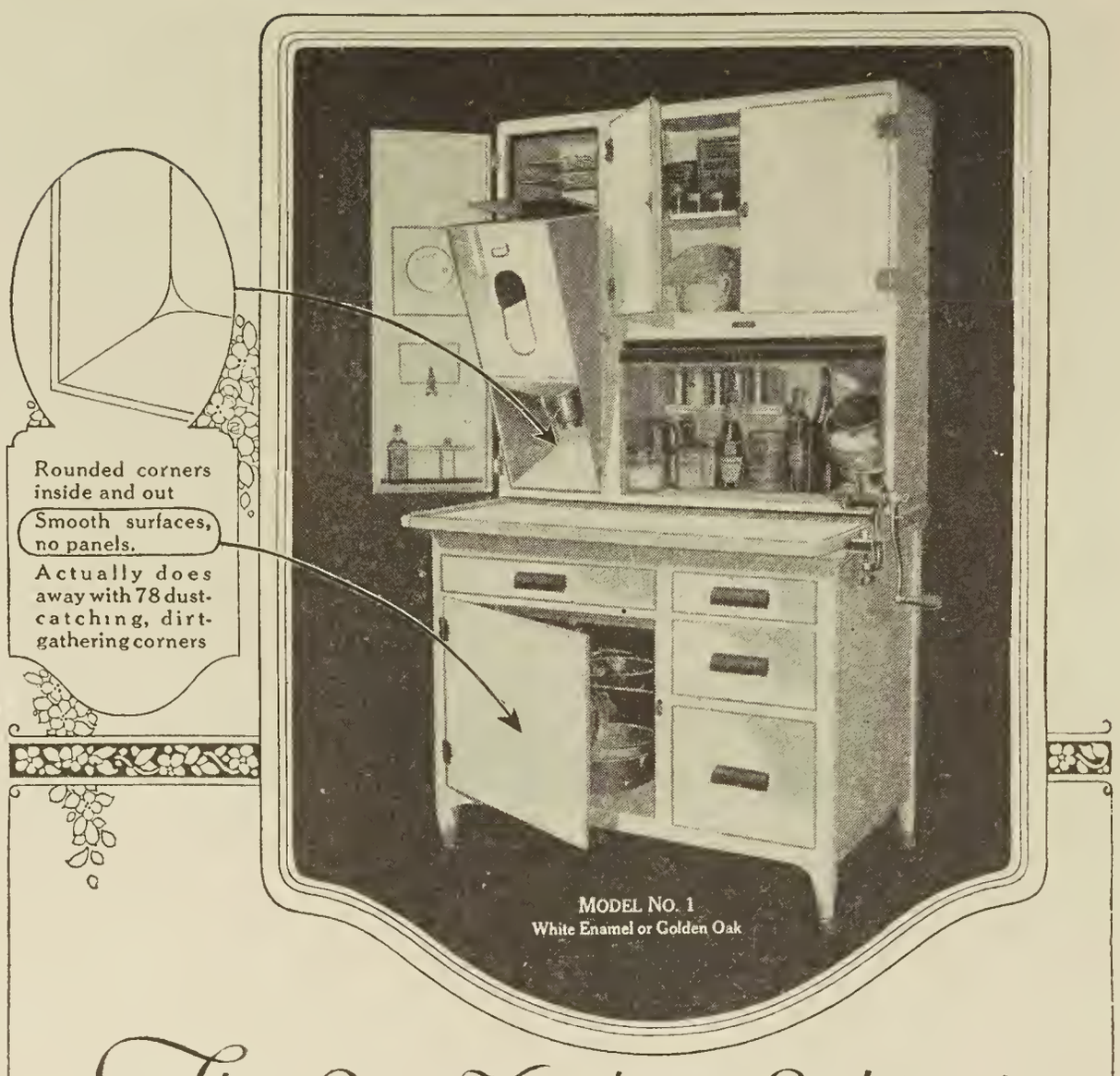


FIGURE 2

TRAVEL IN THE SAME KITCHEN CUT EIGHTY PER-CENT. BY THIS REARRANGEMENT. ALSO NOTICE THE SEPARATION OF THE LAUNDRY FROM THE KITCHEN



The One Kitchen Cabinet that's always Sweet and Clean

The Kitchen Maid has every modern kitchen cabinet convenience with two exclusive advantages. Every housewife who sees the Kitchen Maid is delighted with it. She sees at once it means less work and less cleaning. The thoughtful construction of the Kitchen Maid actually does away with 78 dust-catching, dirt-gathering corners.

Perfectly smooth outer surfaces—no panels—rounded corners inside and out. There isn't a single place for a speck of dirt to hide.

See the Kitchen Maid at your dealer's. See for yourself how it is built, it almost keeps itself clean and sweet. If you do not know a dealer who sells it, write us. We will send you his name, together with our descriptive booklet. Address Dept. B. 3.



KITCHEN MAID

THE SMOOTH SURFACE ROUND CORNER KITCHEN CABINET

Wasmuth-Endicott Co., Andrews, Indiana

LET THE KITCHEN MAID BE YOUR KITCHEN AID



"California Syrup of Figs"

All druggists sell the reliable and genuine "California Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna".

Children's Pleasant Laxative

Full directions for children of all ages are plainly printed on label. Mother! You must look for our name,—The California Fig Syrup Company.



"Hooray! Do it again."

WHO cares about an unexpected spill in the snow? These sturdy little folk enjoy the fun of healthful, out-door play in snowy weather as in summer-time.

Mother safeguards against cold and hunger by giving them each a steaming bowl of ***Wheatena*** as their cereal for breakfast. ***Wheatena,*** the roasted, all wheat cereal, supplies the proper nourishment for a sound foundation of strength, and tastes so good, children, and big folks too, never tire of the sweet, nutty flavor.

***Wheatena* is cooked and ready to serve in 3 minutes.**

The quickness and ease with which ***Wheatena*** is prepared make it a real boon to housewives. And ***Wheatena*** can be served in many tasty recipes that are equally delicious for every meal of the day.



Wheatena is sold by all grocers. Send for our Recipe Book. Free on request.

The Wheatena Company,
Wheatenaville,
Rahway, New Jersey



Doughnuts To-day!

It is these haunting canteen memories which remind the American woman that the most fitting gift for a man between the ages of 21 and 45 is a year's subscription to the only magazine designed especially for him—

THE HOME SECTOR

A WEEKLY FOR THE NEW CIVILIAN

CONDUCTED BY THE FORMER EDITORIAL COUNCIL OF

The Stars and Stripes

15 cents a copy on all news-stands—every Wednesday

THREE JOBS IN ONE

BY MARION McLEAN

HERE IS A PARTICULARLY SOUND AND WELL-TOLD STORY OF A WOMAN WHO TELLS HOW A WAGE-EARNER WHO IS ALSO A MOTHER AND HOUSEKEEPER, MANAGES WITH NOTABLE SUCCESS

I HAVE kept house as a single lady; I have kept house as a newly-wed "keeping on with her job" down-town; I have kept house as a proper, and I admit rather self-conscious, middle-class housewife to whom the salespeople said instinctively, "Yes, madam," and "No, madam," and I am now keeping house as a mother, housewife and business woman combined.

It is a complicated and puzzling task, but perfectly possible. In these after-war times so many other women are either doing this triple job or considering it, that my schemes may be of help. I certainly have put my best gray matter to work on the problems, and the result is a healthy and happy family life which I have to try very hard not to brag about.

Many young families are in exactly the same position as that in which we found ourselves after the war, with no army pay coming in and no income. The laboriously built-up professional career just had to be done all over again. Even if I hadn't preferred my office work to the life of a housewife, I should have wanted to go back and work, just to do my even share of the family care and support. There was no tiny baby and no reason why I shouldn't work. There must be thousands and thousands of families like ours all over the country.

My husband and I are making now approximately equal incomes. We divide the house and children's expenses equally and each pays his own small personal expenses and clothes. My salary makes the difference between comfort and worry—and a long, long distance for a few dollars it is!

IN RUNNING three jobs, you have to decide on the essentials—the things you absolutely must have and do.

The office requirements are definite—nine to five o'clock, and complete attention. It is a point of honor with me never to ask any extra privileges because of my family duties. It is not the firm's fault, one way or the other, what I have to do outside of hours. As a consequence, I think I probably am more steadily on my job than the average office worker. I am sure that my family takes less from my efficiency than does that of many young married men of my acquaintance.

Getting the essentials for the children is the most important duty I have in any of my various professional rôles. They must have first-class training, proper food and bodily care, clean and simple clothes. All of this is much simpler than the average mother thinks. One gets so swamped with the round of immediate duties that it is almost impossible to detach oneself and force oneself to systematize the children's life.

BUT it can be done, at a great saving of money and wear and tear. My two children, who are both under five, have a first-class nurse, not a trained nurse, nor a servant, but the nicest kind of woman, an ex-teacher and the mother of grown-up daughters.

She is a member of the family and the most important single factor in my whole scheme. She sleeps near the children, supervises their food, teaches them, and does the buying for them—shoes, socks and so forth. She has a half-day off each week. I secured her through advertising in a daily paper.

The children's clothes are made always of one pattern, though of different materials. A half dozen new dresses a year keep them always tidy. This is much better economy than buying ready-made garments. The seamstress's charge and the cost of good Japanese crêpe, or batiste for their white dresses, comes to very little more than the cheapest respectable ready-mades, and the dresses last about three times as long.

I embroider the white collars and cuffs in colored blanket-stitch; it takes about an hour and a half to do one dress. That is all the sewing I ever do, and I do that for fun. The nurse, with occasional help from a seamstress, does the mending.

We are kept clean by a laundress who comes in for two days a week and does all the shirts and the children's dresses. The only things sent out are my husband's dress shirts and collars. Needless to say I do not wear many wash dresses myself.

IN THE kitchen, when I am making money outside the home, I do not try to have a maid, so-called. I began by advertising for a "reliable woman, to get breakfast and dinner and keep apartment clean." I had about thirty applicants, most of them of a good type. I pay the one I engaged twelve dollars a week. She has so much per week per person to run the house; she comes and gets breakfast, tidies up and goes away. Then she comes back in time to get dinner in the afternoon and stays until about eight-thirty. She does all the house errands for me—the locksmith and the paperman, and buys the hooks and the dish-cloths and does all the rest of the chores. She arranges her work as she likes.

She has one free day a week, which is not Sunday. On Sunday she stays till after a noon dinner and leaves a supper in the ice-box for us. She has a room outside with her own things in it, her own little home. She is a business woman, like myself, and merely my employee. There is none of the "servant" feeling about our relation at all.

My principle in employing household help is exactly the same as I have followed in executive positions in business: to engage reliable people and then leave them alone. If the results are not what you can reasonably expect after a fair length of time, fire them quickly without a qualm. You will never be imposed upon for any length of time, and never be sorry when you have acted as your best judgment has dictated.

One thing I have found out since I have been working and housekeeping and mothering that has heartened my soul. Every housewife knows how little conscience the average maid has about leaving whenever she gets ready. I have never had anything of that kind happen to me *when I myself have been working.*

Isn't that a commentary on what servants think of the wife who spends a good part of her time in real or apparent idleness? I can hear them say: "Aw, it won't hurt her to do 'r own work for a while. 'Twill do 'r good."

There is a bond of service between the woman in the kitchen and the housekeeper who works hard at something, that is a good indication of a growing sympathy among women. The great work that women of all "classes" have done in the war ought to make women who can afford household service recognize the dignity of all kinds of labor.

The "essentials," then, as I see them, are of course the obvious essentials for the children, a clean and tidy house, good food and some leisure.

THE main non-essentials that I have discarded are first of all conventional table service, conventional door service, conventional clothes for my babies. The table service I must say I rather miss. The housekeeper changes the plates for the second course at dinner, but that is all. I would never ask her to go through what is to me merely a pleasant, ceremonious way of doing things, but to her almost a mark of servitude. I have the doilies and the candlelight at dinner, just the same as if I had a butler. But the finger-bowls and salad-forks are put away. The housekeeper and the nurse have their meals together, chiefly for convenience, and because my husband and I like to be alone for the one comfortably unhurried meal of the day. They have never objected to this arrangement.

I do not care if the nurse goes to the door in a blue blouse and skirt. She goes just as a cousin or friend would do it for me.

Every one seems to like the babies in their plain little dresses and black slippers as well as if they wore embroidery and white shoes. I should like to have them wear fine embroidered dresses, but I want them to be clean and free to play as they like. If they were allowed to play in fussy clothes, of course, I couldn't keep them decently clean. And I prefer them clean and plain.

There are a few non-essentials that I haven't discarded, just because I particularly like them. I am very fond of my silver. I know perfectly well that it is an unnecessary labor to have it polished every week, but it is so much pleasure for us both to use it that I think it worth while. Besides, it can't be broken, like china platters and vegetable dishes and tcapots, and I keep it insured. This, I think, is my one real housekeeping extravagance.

I OVERHEARD my husband the other night telling some people at dinner that our children were a great disappointment to a great many people. "They are so well and so well-behaved," he added.

They are a surprise at any rate to many of my relatives and older friends. They are far better taken care of, as a matter of fact, than most children I know. I know they have more real thought put on their training than if I were worn out with worrying over the way all our worst traits were appearing in their characters.

I do not claim that my apartment is a model. There are many fine touches I wish I had time to give to a great many things. But we certainly all have the things we need and the time we spend together is recreation time, which we all thoroughly enjoy.

I am almost always free for an evening out with my husband. I remember very well what a luxury that used to be when the babies were little and the maid had to have every evening out. In those days I had one night a week, by special arrangement with the maid, on which I could go out. Now I have one night a week when I have to stay in.

MANY women will wonder whether they could earn enough outside the home to make it worth while.

A friend of mine who is a social worker worked out, three years ago, the amount necessary to earn to make a net profit—figuring in the barely necessary cleaning and maid service, as well as the inevitable kitchen waste—for the wife who works. She figured then that a housewife is worth at the lowest estimate seventy-five dollars a month; in other words, you must make that much or more to make a profit on the time spent away from home.

Of course if there is no income at all, the money is just so much money to keep alive with. I am talking about a rational scheme that can run along for years and not wear you out completely. Nowadays I should say that one hundred dollars a month was nearer what a woman saved by doing her own work in her home, even with only one other person to feed.

I SHALL never forget the shock it was to me to have my husband say, "You keep house much better when you have a job." It was true. I thought about it harder, did the necessary planning all at one time and put responsibility on the people who worked for me.

Which only goes to prove that the important factor in keeping house is right up above the eyebrows. And if you want to go to work, either for your own sake or for extras for your children or to relieve the financial burden that falls so heavily on the young professional man whose career was stopped by the war, don't let the servant bugaboo scare you! If you're smart enough to get a business woman's salary, you're smart enough to manage a home besides.

Here are a few of the many ways in which we use Del Monte Canned Fruits & Vegetables to keep the freshness of summer in the winter menu.

Alice Bradley

Principal, Miss Farmer's School of Cookery



Miss Bradley and some of her pupils in the kitchen at Miss Farmer's School of Cookery.

Miss Alice Bradley is a New Englander and a graduate of the Boston Cooking School. She has taught cooking in Canada, New York, Philadelphia, and Boston for twenty years, and has also had several years' experience as dietitian in hospitals and summer camps. She has been connected with Miss Farmer's School of Cookery since 1903 and became principal of the school after Miss Farmer's death in 1915. In this school practical instruction is given in cookery and allied subjects in short courses that are especially valuable to brides-to-be, the homemaker and also to women who wish to prepare themselves to take remunerative positions. Miss Bradley is author of the "Candy Cook Book," "Food Values and Economical Menus," is Cooking Editor of the Woman's Home Companion; a contributor to the Modern Priscilla, and the Boston Herald, and a lecturer of ability.

WINTER always brings a larger number of pupils to Miss Farmer's School of Cookery than we have in summer. They learn to cook, in each practice lesson, a three or four course luncheon or dinner, and they are taught to provide at least a pound of fruit and vegetables daily for each adult member of the family.

A hundred years ago the cold-weather menus that they might have prepared would have been noticeably lacking in those dishes which give freshness to summer meals. But today the foods that we teach them to serve are as attractive in winter as if the school received a supply of fruits and vegetables fresh from the garden every morning.

We find that the wide line of DEL MONTE Products—"packed where they ripen the day they are picked" with all their natural fresh delicacy and flavor—always enables us to put the healthful warm touch of summer into our winter meals. There is almost no end to the many delightful ways in which we use these truly delicious canned fruits and vegetables to add appetizing variety to every-day meals.

Here is one dish that is always popular with our students and it illustrates at once how DEL MONTE makes summer last all year 'round. Apricot shortcake in March! Doesn't it make you hungry? Make it this way:—Sift together 2 cups flour, 5 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon sugar. Rub in lightly with the fingers ⅓ cup butter and then stir a scant cup of milk in with a knife. When well mixed, put smoothly in a greased round cake pan and bake 20 minutes in a hot oven. Open a large can of DEL MONTE Apricots and drain the syrup into a sauce pan. Add ⅓ cup sugar to the syrup and boil 10 minutes. Reserve eight halves of apricots and cut the remainder in pieces. Beat 1 cup of heavy cream until stiff and add to it ⅓ cup sugar. Split the shortcake and spread the lower half with a little of the cream. Cover this with the cut up apricots and with the other half of the shortcake. Place the perfect apricot halves at regular intervals on top of the shortcake, filling the spaces between with the whipped cream put through a pastry bag and rose tube. Serve with the hot syrup. This dessert serves eight people bountifully.

We make an especially attractive and appetizing salad with DEL MONTE Pineapple by draining each slice, and spreading smoothly with cream cheese moistened with French dressing. Each slice is then laid on a nest of lettuce leaves with 3 cubes of red jelly, or 3 pieces of DEL MONTE Pimientos cut in fancy shapes, placed on the cheese and served with French dressing.

The pineapple syrup that is left we use to make a delightful pineapple cocktail, as follows:—To the syrup from one can of pineapple add juice of 1 orange, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and 3 tablespoons sugar. Just before serving add ⅔ cup of charged water and a very few grains of salt. This will serve 6 people.

A delicious hot pudding is often made with DEL MONTE Berries. Loganberries are preferred, though other berries will do. Cream ¼ cup butter, add slowly ⅜ cup sugar, then add 1 cup flour mixed and sifted with 1½ teaspoons baking powder and ⅛ teaspoon salt. Strain one can DEL MONTE Loganberries into a saucepan. Add 1½ cups of the drained berries to the pudding with ⅓ cup milk. Mix, and bake 20 minutes in a greased cake pan. Heat remaining loganberries with juice and pour over pudding when served. With this dessert serve also a cream sauce made by creaming ¼ cup butter, adding gradually ½ cup powdered sugar. 1 egg-white beaten stiff, and ¼ teaspoon vanilla extract. Just before serving fold in one cup heavy cream, beaten stiff. This is a very rich dessert but wonderfully delicious.

Because it is so healthful, we especially encourage the use of spinach in our winter classes. DEL MONTE brings us spinach at its best with all its natural fresh qualities intact, ready to serve at any time, without all the laborious work of cleaning. Try DEL MONTE Spinach with carrot balls if you would know how good it is. Drain one can DEL MONTE Spinach, chop, season with pepper and salt to taste. Fill small ring molds, set in pan of hot water, cover and leave until heated through. With a small French vegetable cutter make carrot balls from 2 carrots. Cook in boiling, salted water until tender and drain. Place spinach cups on round platter, fill cups with carrot balls and serve with heated DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce.

Our pupils are always taught to use the water in which vegetables are cooked and canned. You will find that the spinach water left after making the above dish can be utilized in making a cream soup, in the gravy for a roast or in a stew or casserole.

DEL MONTE Asparagus, like most other DEL MONTE products, is delightful when served just as it comes from the can, with the addition of any suitable sauce, but we serve it in a great many combinations to keep the menu from becoming monotonous.

We especially like Cranford Woodcock—a DEL MONTE Asparagus dish. Put 3 tablespoons butter in a chafing dish or saucepan. When melted add 2½ tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt and a few grains of cayenne. When smooth add 1 cup milk slowly, stirring, until sauce boils. Then add one can DEL MONTE Asparagus Tips cut in two or three pieces, the liquor from the can, 4 hard-cooked eggs cut lengthwise in sixths and 1 DEL MONTE Pimiento cut in tiny squares. Serve very hot.

Of course, our pupils are taught to make tomato sauce from DEL MONTE Canned Tomatoes, but it is most convenient to have always on hand so distinctive, delicious and economical a ready-to-use product as DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce, and we suggest its use in all forms of cooking. Its possibilities for adding zest and flavor to "left-over" foods, the cheaper cuts of meat and many other inexpensive dishes, are legion. Try it this way with fish. Wipe 2 pounds of fresh fish (Cod, Haddock, Halibut or other white fish) and remove the skin. Place in casserole dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and brush with melted butter. Cover with DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce and with one onion thinly sliced. Bake 30 minutes or until the flesh easily leaves the bones.

For a dish that is equally appetizing as a salad or a dessert we serve DEL MONTE Jellied Pears. Drain one can DEL MONTE Pears and cut enough pears in small pieces to make one cupful. Soak 2 tablespoons gelatine in 2 tablespoons cold water until water is absorbed. Heat ⅔ cup pear syrup up to boiling point, add soaked gelatine, 2 tablespoons sugar and a few grains salt. When cool add ¼ cup lemon juice and 1 cup ginger ale. When beginning to set stir in the pieces of pear and 2 tablespoons Canton ginger cut in small pieces. Turn into a mold rubbed with salad oil. Let stand until firm, remove from mold and serve as a dessert, with whipped cream sweetened and flavored, or as a salad with mayonnaise dressing combined with an equal amount of whipped cream. The remaining pears may be cut in quarters and used in pear fritters, the syrup being heated, flavored with lemon juice and served as a sauce.

Pistachio Ice Cream and DEL MONTE Peaches served as illustrated below make a dessert that no one can resist. We have it often. We also use the left-over portions of any DEL MONTE Fruits to make delicious fruit cocktails. Cherries, Pineapple, Peaches, in fact almost any combination of DEL MONTE Fruits is delicious as a first course for luncheon or dinner or as a dessert for a home luncheon or supper.

These are just a few of the endless ways in which we use DEL MONTE Products in our school work and on our home tables. Some housekeepers may be able to serve three meals a day, week in and week out, without the aid of a can opener, but we use one very often at Miss Farmer's School of Cookery—and always with the most satisfactory results.

Any woman who wants to know the almost limitless ways to use canned foods in every-day meals should send for a copy of "DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor"—a 64-page book with over 500 practical recipes and suggestions—all so good they "make your mouth water" just to read them over and so simple and economical that every one can use them. For a free copy address a post-card request to Department D, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.





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EVERY-DAY PROBLEMS SIMPLY SOLVED

MISS FLORA G. ORR, HOME-ECONOMICS EDITOR OF THE DELINEATOR, CAN GIVE YOU GOOD ADVICE IN YOUR PARTICULAR DIFFICULTY. HER LETTERS ON THIS PAGE PROVE HER SKILL. THEY ARE REAL ANSWERS TO REAL QUESTIONS PUT TO HER BY DELINEATOR READERS AND REPRESENT THE HOUSEKEEPING QUERIES OF MANY THOUSANDS OF WOMEN.

MY HOME-ECONOMICS problem is indeed a problem. It is this: A family of five small children from eight years of age to infancy; a town lot with garden and chickens, and a cow; a seven-room house with bathroom, porches and pantry to keep; a family consisting of the five children mentioned, my mother, who assists with the work and the children, a sister, who teaches in the public school, and also helps with the children and the housework, and a brother who is here only at night.

The two older children are in school and both take music. Naturally, since they are so young, I must supervise both their school work and their practise, and since they are so young they must be put to bed early. Heretofore I have always had a maid, but owing to the death of my husband I have had to dispense with her services and cut down our scale of living very materially. I feel that I am not getting the best results in the matter of costs, labor, or moral effect upon the children.

—MRS. M. C. L.

YOUR problem is indeed one which requires a great deal of thought. I have studied it for some time, and feel that the following division of labor is about the best general plan which you could follow:

The greater part of the care of the two younger children might be given over to your mother; that is, she will put them to bed at night, dress them in the morning, and look after the greater share of their needs. If you yourself care for the baby and the two older children, you will have your hands full, I am sure.

Your sister, since she deals with children all day long, would better be relieved as far as possible of care of the children at home. She can do any little things for them which she desires, of course, and often she will be perfectly willing to stay with them in the evening while you and your mother go out.

What your sister can do, with perfect ease I believe, is to prepare the morning meal for the whole family, and wash the dishes and do the kitchen work from the evening meal.

In the morning you will have the responsibility of getting the two children off to school, putting up their lunches, attending to the baby's wants and so forth, your mother attending to the wants of the two younger children.

After breakfast, when the children and your sister and brother have left the house, you will probably want to do your household planning and go marketing. Your mother can do the breakfast dishes, prepare lunch, and either start dinner or do some cleaning during the day.

When you have returned from marketing and have made the beds and done some cleaning, lunch will be ready. You might do the luncheon dishes, prepare all the dinner, or part of it if your mother has been able to start it while she was doing other work in the kitchen, and you will want to get ready some simple lunch for the children when they return from school.

After the evening meal, while your sister is attending to the dishes and the kitchen work, you and your mother can see that the children get to bed. I see no reason why your brother can not help with the dinner dishes too. Men are doing this often nowadays to help out their womenfolk. This may have occurred to him.

Your brother ought to look after the cow and the garden, and do some of the heavier work about the house. Of course, he and your sister will pay a certain amount into the family treasury each week for their room and board. You will be able to estimate from your expenses just about how much this should be. In your estimating, do not forget to figure labor as worth money.

In regard to the cost of food, these suggestions may help you to get the most food possible for the least money. Of course, each of your children should have a quart of milk a day in some form or other, and each of the adult members of the family should have about a pint.

I presume that your vegetables are fairly well supplied from your home garden, and that you can, dry and store enough of these to last you through the Winter.

Cereal foods are the most inexpensive of all foods for the number of calories which they furnish, so it is only fair to say that when one is trying to cut down food expenses, that cereal foods should be the largest items in the meals. A family of eight could use six pounds of cereal food a day. Each of your children needs an egg each day in some form or other. If there are any extra eggs, adults may have them.

Meat, eggs, cheese and fish are all the same sort of foods as milk, and if one buys all these, allow for them about as much money as you would pay for the milk if you bought it in your town.

Meat or fish or chicken may be served once a day. Your children are still at an age when they are just as well off without any meat at all.

Do not forget the egg each day for each of the children, however. For the adult members of the family estimate about a quarter of a pound of meat or fish or chicken for each person to be served. The daily ration need not go over or above this amount in the cheaper dietary. Two ounces is a fairly liberal allowance of fat per person per day. Of course, sugar is expensive, and if one uses a great deal of it, it makes the meals expensive.

Each member of the family should have a little fruit each day. The cheaper fruits are those which are in season peculiar to the locality in which you live, and the dried fruits, such as prunes, apricots, figs, raisins and apples.

I am enclosing in this letter a copy of a bulletin issued at Cornell University which tells of the things needed by an individual from his three meals a day.

Try to introduce into your home as many labor-savers as possible. One of these is unquestionably the fireless cooker. You will find, if you use it well, that you can often cook a whole meal in it, and cereal put in it at night is ready for use for breakfast the next morning with very little trouble.

The wheel tray is a decided convenience in the home. Try to arrange your kitchen as conveniently as possible so as to save steps and time.

Keep the meals simple, and use as few dishes in preparing them as possible.

MY PROBLEM IS A MONEY ONE

I FIND that with the exceedingly high rents, still higher rates for food, I am not coming out very well in my accounts. I have tried not to be extravagant in our living, but to have properly balanced meals; yet it seems that I will have to retrench somewhere or we shall have nothing left for clothes.

There are three of us in family: two adults and a little girl of nine. I need your advice as to the family budget. I would like some menus of simple, balanced meals that will cost less than I have been spending. Breakfasts I do not need menus for; they are always the same; but I would like some luncheon menus for two persons and dinner menus for three. I shall be grateful for any suggestions that you will make to reduce the cost of living.

—MRS. C. B. A.

I AM enclosing in this letter one of our budget charts from which you will see that the usual amount allowed for food is 35 to 40 per cent. of the income; 18 to 25 per cent. is the amount allotted to rent; 10 to 18 per cent. is given to clothing, and 10 to 20 per cent. is supposed to go for operating expenses.

If you cut down your food budget to 35 per cent. of your income, but allow the full 25 per cent. for rent, and 18 per cent. for clothes, and an average amount of 15 per cent. for operating expenses, you will not have used all of your income at the end of the month.

Could you get an apartment for $40 or a little over?

The food problem is certainly a perplexing one at present. At a distance, about the only thing I can tell you is to follow some such general scheme as this:

For every $10 spent for food, use about $2.50 for foods that come from grains, that is, breadstuffs of all kinds, cereals, and so forth; $2 for milk, $2 for meat, eggs and fish, $2 for fruit and vegetables; and $1.50 for fats, sweets of all kinds, beverages, condiments, and so forth.

Every child below ten years of age should have a quart of whole milk a day, and every adult should be allowed from one-third to one-half a quart. If you can manage to buy two quarts of milk, so much the better. Remember, all of it need not be whole milk. Skimmed milk gives a great deal of value for the money. Adults can use skimmed milk to greater advantage than children can do without whole milk.

When one is trying to cut down the amount of money spent for food, he must make the greater part of his diet consist of cereal foods, but he must be careful not to neglect fruit and vegetables and milk. It is usually not necessary to caution any one concerning meat, fat and sweets. It seems to be a natural trait of the human being to get plenty of these things without any trouble, that is, if he follows his own inclinations.

Perhaps the set of rules for buying daily food for the family, which I am enclosing, will also be of some use.

Two books which might help you are "Better Meals for Less Money," by Mary Green, published by Henry Holt & Company, and "The Cook Book of Left-Overs," by Helen Clark and P. D. Rullon, which is published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

SCORCHED LARD

CAN you suggest a remedy for scorched lard?—Mrs. B. L. D.

I DOUBT if I can suggest any remedy for overheated lard. You might try clarifying it with potato. This sometimes removes disagreeable tastes.

If lard has been overheated, however, it means that its composition has actually changed, and once the mischief is done, the material is useless henceforth.

PATCHES ON PUMPKIN PIE

A SHORT time ago I had dinner with a neighbor who served pumpkin pie for dessert. This pie had black patches on the top. Can you tell me how the cook gave the pie this appearance?—Mrs. C. R. R.

THE black patches on the pumpkin pie which you so much admire are probably caused by a caramelization of some of the sugar in the pie filling. This means that all you have to do to give your pies this appearance is to bake them in a little hotter oven than you have been accustomed to use. The recipe for pumpkin pie which you enclosed in your letter seems to be a perfectly good one.



Why Oats Is Greatest

After all, the backbone of your meals must be the foods that really feed. Otherwise, how are you going to build your family into healthiest, finest men and women?

Meats are chiefly valuable for building the muscles. Vegetables, beans and peas supply energy to do work. Butter and eggs make blood and bone. But oats does all three. Oats is the greatest of solid foods.

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THE DELINEATOR, 511 Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

Concluded from page 29

THE MEN, THE MEN, THE MEN!

"Whereupon they buy ties without any thought of their eyes, of making the one dash of color they are allowed *serve* them, bring out their eyes, make their skin tones effective. Oh, no! They like red, so they buy red, though they may be as florid as a Kannedwell Soup baby. Or they find blue serviceable, so they buy blue, though they have a swarthy skin and brown eyes that are just crying out for all the lovely shades of brown and bronze-greens and soft, dark reds.

"And do they think about what *kind* of men they are when they buy their hats and order their suits or buy them off the shelf? Oh, no! They prance around impatiently like a small boy 'showing off' because he's mad at his mother for bringing him. They jam the hats down on their heads and the first one that feels really comfortable—it's probably too small, but they like the feeling—and so they buy it. Then they wriggle around in their suits when they're being fitted and mutter about, 'Ought to have been back at the office fifteen minutes ago,' and never think about whether they should wear stripes—yes, I know there's a chance for a joke there—or dull colors, or soft materials, or smooth to make them look thinner, or tweedy and rough because they're that type. And yet they want to look nice, they want to be admired, and to dress correctly, and bring out whatever personality they have! Don't you think so?"

"Of course! Why boys are *awfully* serious about the way they look. Only they haven't any sense. They don't have a system!" It was Red-Top again. "They ought to study themselves and then keep their heads when they buy."

"Self-conscious, poor lambs!" we sighed. "And it's *our* fault! We don't like them overdressed, and we don't like them unpressed and unpolished, and we don't like them stupidly dressed—wrong colors and bad cut—and we do like them carelessly dressed, only awfully clean, when they're the picturesque type.

"But somehow we haven't tact enough to get at them properly and help them quite simply to find their types and dress becomingly. We've been dressing somewhat the same for centuries, while men have gone from skins to flowing mantles, from gorgeously colored velvets and satins to dull, severe, uninteresting pantaloons. And they can't do their hair to soften their faces, and they can't rouge to look merry 'n' gay, and they'd consider skin-food a disgrace and powder a shame. Who did it to them?

"Well, whoever did, some woman was back of it, I'll wager my grand new boots on that! And we ought to find a way to reinstate them. We might form a league and take a leaf out of the Boy Scouts boys and do one kind thing a day to the appearance of men. What's the first thing you'd do?"

"Shoes polished and suits pressed regularly," promptly answered the head of the line.

"Next!"

"Hair! Take them to that shop so that their hair would look human. Not all stiff or slimpsy."

"Nails. Collar. Ears. Hair. Clothes. Immaculate!" rapped out the third in line.

"White teeth and the cigaret stain off their fingers!"

"Clothes that have the same kind of shoulders they have—that *fit*, that look as if they had been born just for them!"

"Fresh handkerchiefs. Not all mussed up and gray-looking."

"Good manners!"

"Ah!" we cried. "Now we're getting inside!"

"If they'd only treat us like human beings!" came in a rush from them all, only differently worded. "Not something one jollies or teases or crawls around underfoot, with moon-eyes! That's why *men* are nice. They talk to you about things—life and politics 'n' everything. Boys are so silly and awkward. Why can't they treat us as if we were human?"

"Because," we answered solemnly, standing up to say it, "they're frightened and masterful and humble and condescending and worshiping and pitying and all in a mess mentally and emotionally. And while the Lord didn't make them that way, civilization did. Once we were strong enough to take velvet away from them and now we have to lean on them—most of us—to get any velvet for ourselves. And it makes them in a whirl. And about all we can do about it is to love them heaps and polish them up and buy their ties and sneak their suits to the tailor to have them pressed, and secretly—or openly, but not too openly—admire the few really well-dressed men that we do see."

And then the train came in with dozens of men and boys on it and we all gave our hair a swift fluff and bit our lips a little redder and piled on to the train with eyes that saw everything, the polished and pressed and the unpolished and unpressed, and our hearts said with every beat: "Why life wouldn't be any fun at *all* if there weren't any men! Pressed or unpressed, typed or hit-or-miss, just as they are!"

Only, we admit, that the pressed and polished have the best start.

Concluded from page 52

PETS OR PESTS?

to be considered. And have you ever asked yourself what you can do that will entertain a canary bird? Probably not, but there are ways, with mirrors and chickweed, and bells and facial contortions and such.

And as to individuality and personality, you don't deny that canaries have it. Every canary sings its own song, or pecks its cuttlefish bone its own way or leaps into its bath with some peculiar mannerism of its own.

And if dogs and cats and parrots and canaries and goldfish have personalities, what then of the more bizarre pets—say, a baby alligator, a lively mud-turtle, a domesticated raccoon, a wistful-faced monkey, a gentle white rat? If you keep any such for pets, heap them with affection, for perhaps they may be sensitive to the cold glances of those to whom they are less familiar. Any one who has found a white rat curled up in her shoe or opens the closet door and sees a raccoon hanging from the hook next to her yellow organdy is not likely to be very free with kind words or carcsses for such pets.

BUT should you begin to feel that this question of the personality of pets is carrying you to the verge of the ridiculous, call a halt at once. There is a limit. That needn't prevent your taking proper care of them, however. I do not refer to daily manicures or pasteurized milk. Plenty of people, of course, are plain foolish about pets. "Has itty tootums dot his paddy paws wet?" But it isn't coddling or pampering to treat 'em right when they're sick. In fact, it's more than likely that they won't get sick if you treat 'em right.

If you're a beginner at pet-keeping—and everybody has to begin some time—study "Our Home Pets," by Olive Thorne Miller, or "Pets," by Crandall. You ought to know enough about your pets to recognize when it's time to call the doctor. Don't depend on your own sugar-pill remedies, when by calling the "vet" in time you may save a very much valued life. If your pet really means anything to you, you'll be on the job with pounds of prevention and cure.

The question naturally arises: How far shall the personality of pets dominate the household?

Some pets certainly do get away with a lot. I recall a glaring example. Up in a little two-by-four Vermont town, in the household where the teacher boarded, there used to live, and probably does yet, a trio of cats. They had what you might call personality plus.

THERE was autocratic old Jim; Binks, the big yellow rat-catcher; and young Tommy, the lovable trickster who could "roll osy." Each puss had his own favorite cushioned chair drawn up in the limited space near the glowing coal stove, and of a zero evening the trio always kept warm, which is much more than can be said for the boarder. Once or twice she was bold brazen hussy enough to brave cat-hairs and occupy a cat's throne, but cats never looked at kings more reproachfully than Jim or Binks or Tommy eyed the boarder on such occasions.

In another household, no matter who else goes motoring, a seat is reserved for Pete, the poodle.

And have you ever had a perfectly good story spoiled in the middle by a family pet? Pets are nearly as bad as babies for that. You mount to a fine climax and think you are going to get a big laugh, when the puppy drags off the table-cover and throws over the lamp. In the ensuing excitement you never get a chance to finish the story. And meanwhile the puppy may have gotten into the hall and chewed buttonholes in your brand-new rubbers.

IN SOME houses, however, pets are rather subordinated to guests and you'd never dream that the cat could pick the roses one by one out of a bowl and then drink the water if you didn't happen to catch her at it. Somehow your imagination runs on to the thought of what would happen if she were left alone with the goldfish globe. (But, honestly, in some households if you don't notice the pets your name is mud. You need never expect another bid.)

Just as there are indoor and outdoor folks, there are indoor and outdoor household pets. Of course you could never put dogs and cats into any one class. To some people, dogs belong out in the kennels as much as tree-toads belong in trees. Such people hear only muzzlings for fleas, champing of chops and scratchings of claws on hardwood floors when a dog spends the evening in a living-room. Other folks see the other side and think no home should be without one.

BUT have a heart and spare any dog the life of a city apartment. However civilized you think your dog, daily rambles straining at a leash along concrete pavements are no substitute for squirrel-chasings and bone-burying. No, if you insist on having a dog in your apartment, choose a china one to beam from the mantelpiece, or a couple of fire-dogs to bark and bask on the hearth.

There are plenty of out-and-out outdoor pets. Chickens, for instance, ponies, pigs, lambs, woodchucks. But as they really, by no stretch of the imagination, can be called of the household, they can not be discussed here.

After all, where would this dull old world be without pets? Especially, what would little girls and boys do? Flannel bunnies and rubber cats and stuffed puppies wouldn't make up. No siree, there must always be kittens to lift by their tails and puppies to lug around and parrots to poke pudgy fingers at.

Seriously enough, many a grown-up would be good and lonesome without some loyal, loving old collie or warm, affectionate pussy-cat in his life.

Long live the household pet!



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SOPHIE BRASLAU
CONTRALTO OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

RECORDS REALLY TEACH

BY SOPHIE BRASLAU

The foremost young contralto of her country, Miss Sophie Braslau, has made a notable career, both at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and with the Chicago Opera Company on tour, as interpreter of principal rôles. The daughter of an eminent physician, and of Russian parentage, Miss Braslau was born in New York. She obtained her education in the public schools there, and later, in the same city, a thorough musical training.

Five years ago Miss Braslau made a successful début at the Metropolitan. From the very beginning of her career she became a prominent figure as soloist in music festivals, in concerts with the principal orchestras, and in recitals throughout the country, from New England to California.

In the following, Miss Breslau tells clearly and practically of the great value of records as an aid to students of singing; the kind of records to select, and how to get out of them the greatest good as a source of vocal training.

VERY often I have played records for myself as aids in study, and it is my conviction that the records of great artists have, more than any other source, been responsible for the love of good music and musical appreciation throughout our country. Artists no longer find it difficult to sing in smaller towns; serious numbers, instead of being unknown quantities, are understood everywhere, for everywhere they have been made familiar through frequent hearings on the records.

The foreigner may claim that we are far behind in musical appreciation and composition. My claim is that Europe would never have succeeded in building up a concert world of audiences in the short time in which we have done it. And in this achievement the records of great artists have played the foremost part.

All can be students from good records, for they present perfect studies in singing by the greatest artists. These records may not be able to tell us in words how to do things, but they will show us practically how to get over barriers. In records, too, one will find the most finished examples of the individual singer's art, and for this reason: It is far more difficult to make a record than to sing in concert. A certain passage may not go well in concert, but all that follows may be given so perfectly as to make the listener forget that which was momentarily less good. In the record this will be impossible. Every little error remains impressed on the disk eternally; each repetition will give that error to the listener. To make records is the greatest nervous strain upon artists. Their best throughout the whole number is demanded; nothing less will suffice. Therefore they give their very human best.

TO GET proper value out of records, the first necessities are a good musical ear and strict attention in listening. A method must be followed in studying from records, just as in studying anything else. It is best to play over and over again in the natural tempo the records selected for study. With each repetition you will hear something new, some point in singing that you have not grasped before. Let the piece sink into your memory until you can sing the whole by heart. Then get the music of that piece, and play it over on the piano. Every singer should know how to play one instrument, and the piano is possibly preferable because it is complete within itself, not needing, like the violin or other stringed instruments, a supporting accompaniment.

Once you have memorized a piece by frequent listening to it on the record, playing it over for yourself on the piano, and have indelibly fixed in your ear the right way of doing it, if you are musical you will not be satisfied until you have sung it rightly, too. Rely upon ear and memory to do this. Then listen again to the record to see if you are right.

I do not believe in making a study of any one especial singer, but of several, in order to compare their way of doing things. Take, for instance, a Melba, a Galli-Curci and a Tetrazzini record of the same piece and compare the different methods these singers have of doing the identical song or aria.

Records will show us, among many other things, what a full, beautiful quality of tone is; evenness of tone in runs and scales; how the voice should be managed in singing difficult intervals; the variety that may be obtained in coloring the tone—that is, in making it dark and covered, or light and brilliant—and as well it will show how many varieties there are in shading these two extremes. In addition there is the invaluable advantage of hearing the interpretations of great selections by great artists.

FOR beginners, records of simple things are the best to start with, though simple songs are the hardest of all to sing flawlessly. Of the simpler things, good selections to make are the old English, Irish and Scottish songs, and the old American songs of Stephen C. Foster.

Splendid pieces for study are songs by the old Italian masters and by Handel in the old Italian style. These melodies are simple, and made of sustained tones, every one of which plays its individual and important part. To sing them properly requires a perfect command of tone. Listen intently to their records, and listen to them often in repetition. The outcome will be that your ear is awakened keenly to the thoughtful care and musical concentration on the tones that are necessary in good singing of any melodies.

Fine examples for study, too, may be found in the coloratura arias of the older Italians, such as Bellini and Donizetti. Again, the music of Mozart, pure old Italian in its limpid beauty, gives, together with the Bellini and Donizetti records, insight into agility in singing, together with beauty of tone and flexibility of voice.

IF YOU are advanced in singing, modern operatic records may be taken up as studies. Arias of this dramatic type illustrate the broader style and forceful interpretation. Tender, joyful, despairing and passionate in turn, they portray the range of human emotion in singing. Records of such arias by great dramatic singers will show, too, the power and value of direct sincerity and absolute freedom from exaggeration, no matter how great the intensity demanded.

There are no better records for the singer as a study than those made by celebrated violinists. The management of the voice in sustaining melodies and in runs, scales and embellishments is exactly that employed by the master violinist on his instrument. In his playing you can hear the great variety of tone color that gives life and beauty to the simplest melody. You can also learn from it a vast deal about another important matter—phrasing; that is, the management of a sung phrase or musical division. These phrases, made like the lines in a poem, each treated separately, yet merging into one another, as lines do in a verse, receive from the great violinist a breadth, a finish and a beauty in performance that make a fine guide and study for any singer.

While in studying songs and arias we may specialize in our own class of voice—soprano, mezzo or contralto, as the case may be—we may learn from all good records, vocal or instrumental. Whether the record be of a great tenor, bass or baritone, whether it be of a noted soprano, mezzo or contralto, it will help us if we study it with concentration.

The fine violin record aids us in vocal study, and so does the cello; orchestral records contribute to our musical development. Indeed, the resources presented in records are almost limitless, and, best of all, they are within the reach of nearly every one of us.

A LIST of records approved by Miss Braslau will be sent to any reader. Send your request to the Music Editor, THE DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

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Concluded from page 19

THE DAUGHTER OF A DIPLOMAT

said with that little English air of amused tolerance: 'You overestimate me, Miss Strong. And anyway, since I am here only until father returns from England, why should I entangle myself with school politics? President of Student Government? They know their own problems better than I. Let one of them solve them.'"

"Nevertheless," said Miss Henry, "she is her father's own daughter, a born diplomat! And if she can't be useful, she's bound to be dangerous. I wish she had never come. The girls are stirred up and restless. They can't resist her charm and yet she gives them nothing. They have become discontented with themselves and yet are unable to imitate her. And all the time she is bored. plain bored!"

Up-stairs Diantha crossed the long empty dormitory and went on down the hall to her own room, a private one which had been secured for her with great difficulty and expense when she entered unexpectedly in the middle of the year. Her father's sudden call home on diplomatic duties had left her alone with the housekeeper in the great house in Pera.

"It will do you good to be with girls of your own age," he had decided, rumpling her hair in his busy, friendly way. "You are getting spoiled with all these attentions of the English colony. Time enough to set them up by the ears a little later. Get educated, my girl, get educated! That's the idea! It's a wonder I never thought of it before." He tossed her a generous check-book.

So Di, entirely against her will, had found herself one of this great group of girls of all nationalities, sharing neither their past of struggle toward the difficult goal of college nor their present of appreciation of its attainment.

In her dark room Diantha crossed to the window and crouched on its broad sill. A nightingale was calling below in the Dervishes' Garden. Over beyond the dark cypresses of the old Turkish cemetery she could catch a gleam of silver that meant the moon was shining across the Marmora.

"STUPID, too!" she yawned at last. "Every one of them. Think I'd better go to bed before some one comes in."

"Too late," she sighed. "Now I'm in for it. Come in! Oh, it's you, Marika—hello."

"If you are going to bed," said Marika, hesitating at the door, "I won't stay."

"I was only going to bed because I'd nothing else to do. Marika, can't you somewhere out of your serious, sensible depths, find something interesting to tell me! Here, sit down and have a chocolate. I'm desperate!" she finished.

Diantha liked the big, steady Bulgarian girl who had no illusions about her and yet was fond of her, who even had a succinct way of dispelling some of Diantha's illusions about herself.

"Interesting!" asked Marika. "Why do you need anything interesting? I just heard some one in the drawing-room say that you were the most interesting girl we had ever had in the school. What is it you say in English about bringing coals to Newcastle?

"If you would stop being interesting for a while," went on Marika, "and do things *with* us instead of *at* us, you wouldn't be bored long."

"If you begin to preach to me—" Diantha turned from the mirror where she was pummeling her hair with a pair of military brushes—"I'll call you Mama Marika at the lunch-table, and then you'll be Mama Marika until you die. You know those girls!"

Marika flicked a chocolate across the table at her.

"Class elections come Wednesday," she announced. "I'm going to put you up as our Senior President."

"Just to see how well I shall manage the refusal scene?" inquired Di.

"Not wholly," said Marika, "though that would probably be worth the trouble—if you refused."

"As I shall," completed Diantha.

Marika rose.

"There are times when Mama Marika would like to spank you," she said. "Good-night."

Diantha flung a challenging laugh after her and went on undressing.

She turned her lights out and listened drowsily to the sounds of the dormitory beyond.

"I believe they like being herded in together like that," she thought.

She might have been asleep a couple of hours when she wakened herself by coughing.

"What rotten luck!" she murmured sleepily. "Another cold."

THEN, suddenly wide awake, she sprang out of bed. Gusts of smoke coming over the transom were blowing across her face like a choking veil. She sprang to the window and, leaning out, filled her lungs with clean air. "Easy enough," she said. "Just down the rose trellis. But of course I can't. Well, here goes!"

As she threw open the door the smoke seemed to march down on her like a solid wall. She gave her kimono a quick twist about her head and dived into it. At the end of the corridor was the gong used for fire drills, and beyond, the dormitory. The fire was apparently in her ell of the house as yet. She could hear it crackle behind, and wished grimly as she gathered the fluttering silk about her, that she could have had time to put on her riding-clothes. *One! Two! Three!* clanged the bell. "Oh, if I could only breathe!" gasped Di.

One! Two! Three! again.

"Once more." She buried her smarting eyes in her free arm. "Then I can run."

One! Two! Three! And run she did, a staggering queer run, but one that got her finally through the dormitory doors.

Slamming them behind her, she faced the long lines of beds lighted by the flickering night lights. Caught from their sleep by the gong's din, dazed for the first moment as the girls were, Di drove at them as an experienced horseman gets his horse in hand before fear has captured it. She turned up the light over her head and stood there, her eyes like gray stones, her voice hard and metallic.

"Out of bed there! And march!" she ordered. "Yes, it's a real fire. Stop for *nothing*," she snapped at a girl who was reaching in her closet. "Now march, not run, down the front stairs."

The girls marched out, and as Diantha's eyes followed them, a gleam shot across her face.

"Maybe it's a good thing they are used to following my directions," she murmured. "We are all right here," she called out to some of the teachers who had come in breathless from their run across from the other wing of the dormitory. "Every one is out and the fire is behind me. Think I'd better be moving along," she finished to herself as her ears caught the ominous roar behind the doors. "Now for the prep-school dormitory."

BUT there she found Marika at work with the teachers, comforting, reassuring, directing the little girls, and turning them out into the garden in groups in charge of the older girls.

"I shot them out," said Di in her ear, "and you lead them out. Come on, let's see if we can't save some of that truck in the library."

"All right." Marika gave the last child a shove into the hall. "Just marshal the girls and we'll pass the books out down the line."

Di's clear contralto voice rang out, and at its summons the girls scattered from the groups where they were watching the fire. Frightened now and chilled in their nightclothes, some of them were inclined to be hysterical. The teachers had hurried off to the president's office, to help gather together valuable documents and papers. The flames were spreading far too rapidly for the street fire-brigade to be of any service.

"Never thought I'd see myself working so hard for these old things," thought Di as she emptied shelf after shelf of books, passing them down the long chain of girls to the safety of the garden. "I hope we'll have time to get some of the laboratory apparatus out. It costs a lot and we shall be poorer than ever. *Wel* Humph!"

Fast as they worked, the fire in the old building worked faster.

"Biology will have to go," gasped Di, as she prepared for retreat. "Maybe somebody has read the stuff enough to remember the titles and I can send to England for more books."

The far wall shook and tottered, and a gust of terrific heat brushed her skin. "Run!" she shouted. "Run!" The plaster and shelves crashed in and the fire crew fled down the steps to the garden.

"Kept them there a bit too long," she confided to Marika. "Got my hair scorched. Lucky it's short!"

In the red glare of the flames Marika saw her eyes blazing as if they would meet the fire with its own kind. She poised an instant like a flame, erect, taut, ready to dart in any direction.

"No recklessness," commanded Marika. "Go make those Armenian girls understand that the end of the world hasn't come yet. Here, put on this coat."

WHEN dawn crept into the garden, the fire had died down into a smoldering mass thrust through by ugly black spars that had been rafters and walls. The large dormitory with the dining-room and the library had gone. A shift of the wind had saved the rest. The teachers were herding the smoke-blackened girls into the other dormitory, where clothes were pooled and chosen at random. Di had plunged her whole head into water to get the soot off, and her shining damp hair was drying in a mass of reckless curls. She had slipped into an old dress of Marika's and bound its generous dimensions about her with a curtain cord while she helped sort out and distribute clothes. As she measured up the girls and fastened them into strange-looking combinations of color and fit, she seemed at the same time to throw in some of her gay, indomitable spirit.

"An outlet for her energies at last," thought Miss Henry, as she came to call the girls into the assembly hall for hot coffee. "Pity we can't afford a fire oftener!"

When the girls were finally gathered together in the hall and given their coffee and rolls, the tired teachers met them and together they discussed plans for finishing the few weeks of the term under these difficult conditions. Diantha from habit slipped into a back seat and sat a little withdrawn from the talk. She found herself listening, however, and suddenly, to her enormous surprise, she had popped up with a suggestion about a temporary arrangement of the library books.

"That would work very well," agreed the president, "if we could only get hold of an extra librarian."

"I have managed my father's library at home," offered Diantha, flapping back her sleeves with total disregard of the scrutiny of the school. "I'd really like to get this thing into working order if you will trust me with it."

The president smiled at her.

"Since you salvaged the books," she said, "they are yours to do what you please with."

DIANTHA dropped into her seat, absorbed in her idea, her quick brain leaping to its consummation as she devised the practical steps. She was roused by Marika's voice.

"The Junior class will meet as it had planned on Wednesday night," she announced. "We are, as you know, electing the senior president, and since the senior president remains for always the class president, we must think the matter over carefully. I suggest for your consideration the name of Diantha Severance."

Diantha caught Marika's eyes, flushed, hesitated and then grinned resignedly.

"I may as well go on and see this thing through," she thought. "It might be even rather interesting."

"You win, Marika!" she announced as they filed out. "But won't I make you work! I'll make you chairman of every committee I appoint next year."



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Continued from page 10

THE TREE OF JOY—IX

A CHEMISE OF FINE WHITE CLOTH

"IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE"

every household art, is a fundamental tradition in their land. Girls would no more think of getting married without knowing how to keep house than their husbands would without knowing how to be carpenters or farmers or lawyers, or whatever other occupation it may be by which they are to support the family.

So the girls of Montigny-Lengrain are very eager to get at sewing. I just wish you could see how quickly Marie and all the others are learning. It's right in their little French fingers to take to a needle as soon as it's handed to them. It's fingers like theirs that have always made the most wonderful clothes in the world—that you've heard about—the dresses that come from Paris. Try as we will, no other country can do them with the art that alone is French. And the national birthright, which is the surpassing perception of beauty and the gift for creating it, could not be burned out nor blasted out by all the bombs of war. Here it is in Montigny-Lengrain springing to life in this group of little girls who have finished with mending and plain sewing and are arrived at hemstitching before an American class would have mastered the darning of a hole in the heel of a stocking. The teacher in the blue smock gave the instructions: "Here are two threads to be pulled. Now will you have the amiability to draw six more." Yes, one says it with great politeness like that, in France. She never has had to say it over again.

THIS day I am telling you about, every girl is hemstitching as if she had always known how. It will take two months to complete the entire set of underclothing that each is to have. And into the chemise that she is making, Marie Amélie in adoration is sewing all the stored-up love of beauty that is welling in her starved little soul. This is the first pretty garment her little brown hands have ever touched. Very softly, so as not to startle her, I draw near. I lean down so that the others shall not hear. Intimately, like this, nothing will hurt, I know. I whisper in French, "Isn't it just too lovely?" The child lifts her long lashes in a swift look from her amber eyes into mine, and a shy smile shines out in the sad, wistful little face. "*Oui, madame.*" And we are friends.

When the sewing-lesson is over it is time for the "*goûter*," the lunch which the American Committee furnishes every day for the children of the village, ninety of them altogether. It is always served here at the cottage because Madame Guilhote next door can cook it on her stove. There is hot chocolate and the sweet crackers that are called biscuits in France. The cups for the little children are set out on the rough plank table, and for the older girls of the sewing-class they are placed on the wide window-sill, where the orange-checked curtains hang at the window.

AFTERWARD Marie Amélie lets me take her hand and we walk down the poppy-bordered road to her home. She tells me of Hermione and Paulette and Denise, whose fathers are dead for France. And Yvette's father. Yes, I know about Yvette's father. Her mother is the caretaker at the castle, where I went yesterday, the Château Banru, over there hidden by the trees of a forest of ninety acres. You go through the fields of fat pink poppies that are being cultivated to make table oil. You follow the rushing waters of a green little stream right into the heart of the great forest. Not only do the green branches interlock above your head, but all the tree-trunks are draped with green vines that, in the soft light flickering through, makes them look as if trimmed with green lace. You find yourself wrapped about in a lovely green mist that is greener, I think, than anywhere else in the world.

At length you come to a very dark pool and across a rustic bridge you arrive at the old, old castle. You have come to hundreds-of-years ago. Here once walked knights and ladies of romance. If you listen, you can feel all the wide green silence still poignant with their life and love and death. Before you know it, your heart will be throbbing in tune with the joy and the pain of centuries past.

Oh, it is as beautiful, this forest, as anything you ever saw written of or painted. I said so to Madame Battaille, the caretaker at the château. "Not now," she said, and shook her head. "I used to think so before Pierre went away." And her eyes filled with tears. You see, it is a fierce, fresh, twentieth-century pain at Madame Battaille's heart.

Under the canopy of interlacing branches of green, Pierre Battaille marched away at the first call to the colors. They told her he must have died at Verdun. She would not have it so. She was always watching for him to come back down the long green avenue beyond the bridge. It is only this year that she has given up hope. The terrible, numb despair of her grief is reflected in her little daughter Yvette's face.

BUT Marie Amélie's face is sadder. To have a father who is dead is hard. But not to have had a father who could die for France is harder. Yvette wears a brooch on Sundays with her father's pictured face. Hermione can show you a beautiful plush box with the *Croix de Guerre* that came after her father was killed.

Not to have had a mother is even more. Hermione has a mother who made her confirmation dress. The wreath that she wore came from Paris. It has the loveliest shining green leaves, with little white flowers in between. No, Marie Amélie tells me gravely, she has not "made her confirmation." How should you, without a mother to make you a dress?

There is a little suppressed sigh from Marie Amélie at my side. I can't begin to tell you how much it hurts not to have "made your confirmation" when everybody else of your age has. Nothing more important happens to a girl in France until her wedding. No, I think even that is less impressive than when she first puts on a long dress and in this flowing robe of white, with a swirling white veil, marches in procession to be made the "bride of the church." It is the annual event in the village. They hurried to get ready for it here in Montigny where almost the first building repaired was the beautiful eleventh-century *église* there on the hill. The tower was badly damaged. But it's fixed now and the wall behind the broken altar has been rebuilt. The curé's *bonne* has made a lovely new banner for "Our Lady" of white satin embroidered in gold.

WE ARE coming now to *Neuve* Nollett's house. It will be opposite the *herboriste's*, Mme. La Farge, who makes her living by selling herbs to the chemists. She gathers the plants in the fields, *camomille* and *engremoin* and many others. And they are strung in green and brown draperies across her yellow cottage to dry in the sun.

Mère Léonie is what every one in the village calls *Neuve* Nollett. Because she's the oldest inhabitant. Oh, I suppose she's nearly eighty! Her stone cottage is much the same as *Veuve* Dupré's, where the *école ménagère* is held. Only it isn't nearly so clean. Perhaps *Mère* Léonie can't see very well to keep it clean. Everybody says it's mostly left to Marie Amélie. And Marie Amélie, of course, doesn't know how, because she's never been taught.

Mère Léonie, with her head wound round in a quaint head-dress of cloth, is sitting by the fireplace because of her rheumatism. She says when she tries to walk her feet hurt her so it is like walking on thorns. When the German gun-fire began to reach Montigny in May, 1918, and the people were all warned that they must go away very quickly, she and Marie started on foot with the others.

When they had gone three villages distant, *Mère* Léonie could go no farther. Somebody gave her a mattress to spread on the ground. But, she asked, how was it possible for her and the child to sit on a mattress under an oak-tree until the war was won? She said she'd rather take her chance back in her own village with her own feather-bed. Life was not much to her. But comfort was a great deal. And back through the lines of protesting military she went, Marie with her.

The French army was holding Montigny under fire from the enemy. All through the Summer the old woman and the little girl lived here in a hole in the ground beside their cottage. When the bombardment was going to be the heaviest an officer would come around and say, "*Grand'mère*, aren't you afraid to stay longer?" But she wasn't. "Let us send the little one away, then, to the refugee children's colony at Nice," the officer would argue. But Marie clung to the old woman. She cuddled close to her in the feather-bed at night. By day the army shared their rations with them. And all Summer men died!

Marie Amélie saw them. There were so many that the rest didn't count. But the three soldiers who were shot and fell just outside her cellar, these she speaks of more intimately. These are hers.

I have been with her to the churchyard, where they lie under three wooden crosses marked "*mort pour la patrie.*" There are flowers on the graves. "I keep them so," Marie says, her small brown fingers slipping along on her rosary. And Richard Moody and Robert Marius and Henri Brunetain, being dead, one feels, yet speak to the child. She is almost as content in the graveyard as when she sews in *école ménagère* on the chemise of fine white cloth. It is wonderful to have folks who belong to you, even if they have to be dead.

YOU would know if you were a ward of the state. That's what Marie Amélie is. *Mère* Léonie keeps on the topmost shelf of her cupboard the little black book that tells all that is known of Marie Amélie's history. It is the *livre de placement* from the *Assistance Publique*, which is the Department of Charity at Laon. It has the date of Marie's birth and her father's name. He went away when he brought her to the *Assistance Publique*, a baby whose mother had died of tuberculosis. Nobody knew anything more about him. The state pays *Mère* Léonie thirty francs a month for Marie's board. Twice a year her clothing comes from Laon. It looks, you know, just as charity clothes would. Of course a little dress that's black or that brownish gray doesn't have to be washed so often. But, oh dear, it's so dismal!

You who are twelve or thirteen, you will understand. And I know how glad you'll be that Marie now has a pink dress along with the complete outfit with which the American Committee has supplied her. And it was all through your *école ménagère*, where she sat sewing in the light of the orange-checked curtains, that they found her. For Marie Amélie, as I have told you, never asks anybody for anything.

She stood tiptoe for a glimpse of as much as she could see of the pretty pink dress in the broken piece of looking-glass tacked on the wall in *Mère* Léonie's black-raftered kitchen. A new Marie Amélie smiled back with dawning piquancy in the wistful little face where only pathos had been before.

There is even more which seems in Montigny-Lengrain exactly as if fairies had done it. But it wasn't fairies. It is you other children of School District 3, Geneva, Ontario County, New York. At the *Caisse*

Concluded on page 100



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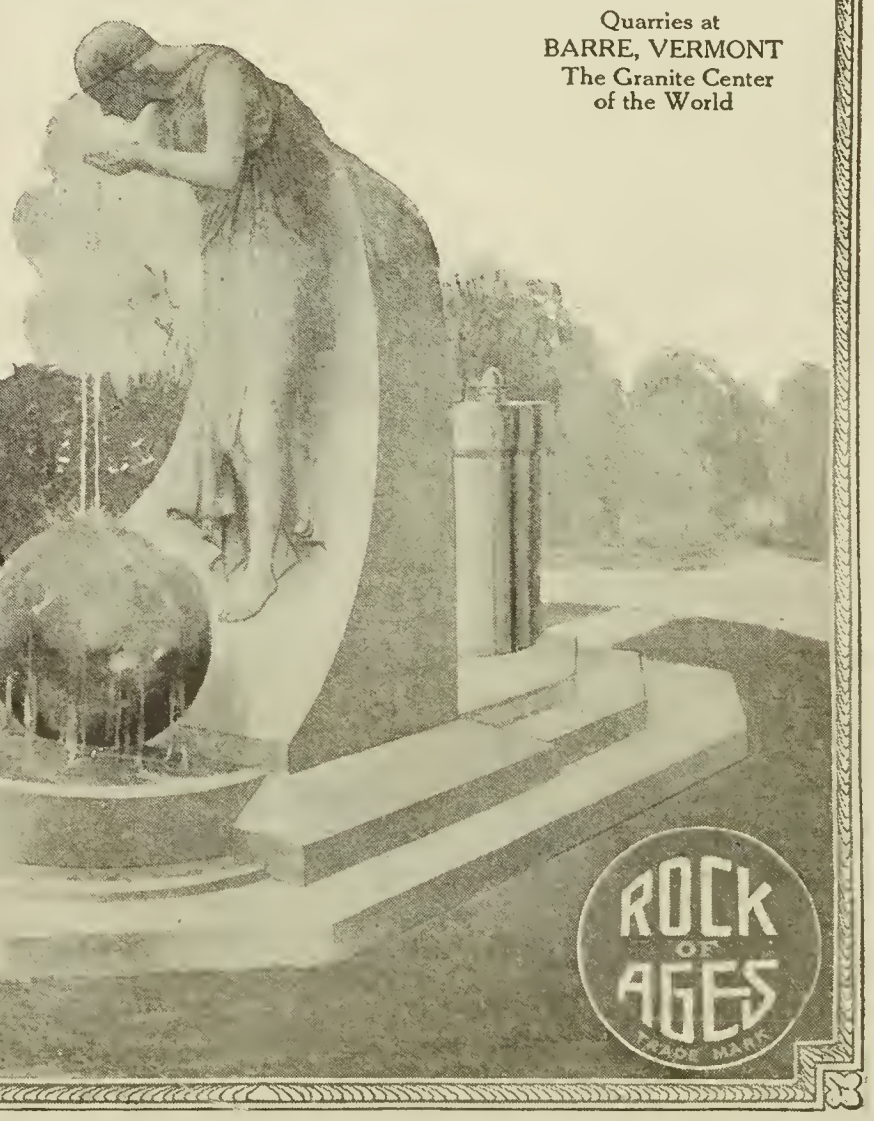
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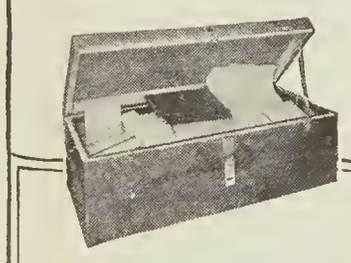
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Continued from page 7

TO YOUR TENTS, O ISRAEL!

inconceivable to us five years ago as the stories of the tortures of the Inquisition. It taught us that we still have to guard against dangers which we used to think as far in the past as stone clubs. What mother's life is not shadowed and lurid now with utterly new fears for her little ones, of horrors other mothers' children suffered during the four years of the war, their parents despairingly unable to protect them! Burned homes, starved families, mothers gone mad, sons enduring the primitive anguish of torn and burned flesh, and death by hunger and exhaustion—such things were the tragic commonplaces of the war for millions of mothers' children. And they were things which we had thought could not exist in the same world with our swift railway-trains and pleasant country clubs and prosperous factories and well-ordered, well-swept streets.

Somehow we must bring up our children so that they will not be fooled, as we were, into thinking that swift railway-trains and pleasant country clubs and prosperous factories are enough.

All the shining, outward show of our civilization proved as ineffectual to check the conflagration as a paper screen opposed to a forest fire.

Somehow our children must know how to construct something better than a paper screen.

We look down at them, playing about us, and feel that we might better jump into the river with them now than let them grow up as we grew up, with no more strength and resoureefulness to prevent incalculable disaster than our gencration had in the hour of necd.

BUT the war did a great deal more for us than to fill us with dread of physical violence, with a loathing for men who willingly flung aside the restraints which separate them from the brutes. Our problems did not end with the last gun. During the protracted disappointments of the peace conference, our eyes, sharpened by anxiety and by five years of horror and sorrow, began to see through the cloud of words and to recognize the ugly and ignoble motives which so often shape the world's history.

It was an awful thing to live through the Spring and early Summer of 1918 when the fighting was at its most terrible; but then at least we were sustained by that most splendid of human certainties, the conviction that we were giving our deepest accumulation of energy and courage to protect what we knew was right from an attack on it by what we knew was wrong. The situation was terrible, but simple to understand. We were fighting, or we thought we were fighting, that the weak might have their rights as surely as the strong.

But now since the pressure has been taken off "our side" by the armistice, are we so sure that we can pass on to our children that splendid conviction, untarnished? To strive mightily for the right—we who lived through the war remember the sweetness and exaltation of life lived in that conception.

Are we going to let that golden gift of life slide between our fingers till there is nothing left of it to hand on to the next generation? The peril does not come now from German bayonets, so plain to the sight; it comes from our own fumbling and uncertainty of purpose.

We still know that during the war the enemy was on the wrong side and that in our ideals we were unqualifiedly on the right side. But who of us can read the facts and opinions in our newspapers without wondering what our children will say in years to come about the extraordinary gap between our professions of faith and our acts, now that we are out of immediate peril? There are innumerable examples in every day's doings.

Take only two examples: we *know* that we meant every one of the indignant words we flung off about the inviolability of Belgium, the small and weak nation, in the face of Germany, the immeasurably stronger neighbor; but how can we expect our children to believe that, when we now borrow the very literal words out of the mouths of the Prussian rulers before the war when we talk about the necessity sooner or later of imposing our superior civilization on Mexico?

We *know* that our acclamations of the brave old Cardinal Mercier are sincere. But how can our children be anything but cynically skeptical of all our fine words when facts show so plainly that we would by no means acclaim a brave Mexican patriot who would preach unremittingly against the possibility of American force used in that country?

Somehow we must bring up our children so that they will be morally strong enough to do what we do not, respect those who resist any threatened unjust action, no matter whose action.

And oh! that darkly insoluble problem which is ours alone in the world. What will children make of our indignation at the treatment of the Jews by the Poles or the Armenians by the Turks when they read in their histories of the recent negro pogroms in our own America? Somehow the great mass of the next generation must see, what the great mass of ours has refused to see, that this harrowing problem can not be solved by crossing over on the other side and going our way to the little palliatives we now affect.

Here is a tragic warning writ large. Here is an example of precisely the sort of undeserved trouble which we must not prepare for our children. For really this appallingly difficult situation is not our fault. It is the fault of ancestors of ours who, three hundred years ago, were not sufficiently in advance of their times to avoid a terrible mistake.

But here we are, and we must somehow untie the knots they tied so unwittingly. The consequences of their mistake in good feeling and judgment almost wrecked the lives of the generation who fought between '61 and '65, and it looms blacker and blacker over our generation

Somehow our children must be wise enough and brave enough to look that awful perplexity in the face, and must know that the only solution of it which can endure will be based on entire justice to the negro, such as we thought we were waging the war to secure for all the numerically weaker members of society.

IS THE world, then, worse than before the war? In all probability it is not essentially worse. The difference is that we are all now shocked alive to see not only what happens about us, but the enormous possibilities for good and evil, for future safety or future disaster, in every-day occurrences, in everybody's thoughts and theories.

For instance, before the war we honestly considered it merely a rather ludicrous lapse from good taste and decorum to be entirely convinced, as the Germans were, that their nation was the only one which had any real civilization worth preserving. We made rather vague attempts to keep our children from expressing too openly this feeling about American life, merely because it seemed blatant and ill-bred to express it, not because it was abhorrent to feel it.

But the war has shown us that along that road lies the most literal and foaming madness. We now see that selfish and narrow national arrogance is not only disagreeable, but as dangerous as dynamite, and that our children should be protected from it as from the smallpox germ. We now see that a broad and intelligent view of nationality is not only an intellectual benefit to bestow on our children, but as necessary to their safety and that of others as a notion of how to use the compass if they are going to spend their lives in an untracked forest, which is exactly what is before them in reality.

For we begin to feel, we parents, that we are not living in the safe, once-for-all ordered and well-policed city where we thought we were bringing up our children, where a son might be considered reasonably well equipped for life if he had sound health, an agreeable personality, could do a good day's work in a business office and play a fair game of cards in the evening.

It seems to us as we recover our breath after the terrific onslaught of the war that instead of that play-acting at life we are living in the tiniest of tiny clearings in the great primeval forest of savagery, and that in the blackness of the wilderness about us there are roaming beasts of prey and evil forces against which tennis and good nature and even good business ability are pitiably small defenses.

THE forest is not only blacker and more perilous with fierce and ruthless enemies than we dreamed, but it is infinitely more confusing and unmapped. Of all the racking transformations wrought with dramatic suddenness by the war none is stranger than the forcible shrinking of the earth's moral surface

Continued on page 101

Concluded from page 99

THE TREE OF JOY—IX

A CHEMISE OF FINE WHITE CLOTH

"IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE"

d'Epargne et de Prévoyance, which is the savings-bank in Paris, your gift of seventeen dollars, which made a hundred and nineteen francs, has been deposited as a bank-account. This is what she most wished for in the world. "So that it shall be for me later on," she said firmly and with great dignity. Do you know what she means? She's set it apart for a marriage *dot* just like other girls in France.

She drew in her lip with a little gasp of delight at this last gift. It was more money than she'd ever looked at before. It makes her today the little rich girl of *école ménagère*.

In a quaintly formed phrase, Marie Amélie has asked me to tell all of you, her friends in far-off America, that you have given her "*beaucoup de plaisir*," which is "very much pleasure." But you wouldn't need to be told if you could have seen her the last day she walked with me in the poppy-bordered road. There was a lilt in the way she lifted the heels of the new American shoes she had on. She gave a little kick to a stone in our path. And now and then she raised her shy brown eyes to my face in a luminous smile that made me think of sunshine after rain. Marie Amélie is no longer *triste*. And let me tell you something: Not if she shall some day come to a real Paris gown, will it stir her soul more deeply than has the chemise of fine white cloth.

HOW TO REMIT

CONTRIBUTORS to the relief of France should make out all checks and money-orders to the French-Relief Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York. Unless otherwise designated, these contributions will be devoted to the Commune of Landres et St. Georges, "The Town of the Golden Book."

Continued from page 100

TO YOUR TENTS, O ISRAEL!

so that we find ourselves "neighbors" to (in the Scriptural sense of "responsible for") people whose names we had never heard before; with our children's future imperiled by what happens in strange-sounding Russian or Balkan cities which we do not know how to find on the map.

Before we have begun to decide what to do with the slums in our own town and the undernourished children sitting in our own public schools, we feel crushingly on our shoulders the need to do something for the Polish children or the Viennese mothers so that greater disaster may be averted from the world.

And somehow our children must learn how to keep their heads clearer than we have in the midst of complications, must not succumb, as we do so often, to sheer bewilderment as we look from one head-line to another in the newspaper.

An appalling strike is announced in one; now every citizen in a democracy should have an intelligent opinion on so vital a matter and be ready to back that opinion up with all his influence. But what *are* the facts of the case? We are still only half informed on the facts of that other great strike just finished. Was it finished by a victory of the right side? We can not stop to consider, for here is very bad news from Europe; Italy land-grabbing and defying the Peace Conference. What *is* the percentage of Italians in and around Fiume? And will the Japanese ever get out of Shantung?

HOW anxiously and fearfully we women in the home—mothers of sons—long for a right solution of such problems which only five years ago would have left us as indifferent (out of sheer ignorance) as the traditional Hottentot to the danger from typhoid-fever germs in his infected milk.

It is, of course, one step in advance to have left our ignorant indifference behind; and Heaven prevent us from ever trying to go back to it because it was easier. It is a step in advance to know at least, as we do now, that the invisible organisms are terribly dangerous and alive—that political microbes and ferments are as urgently, irrevocably, definitely a part of our every-day life and the future which we offer to our children as typhoid germs can be.

But we are almost as ignorant still as the Hottentot. We know that there are political germs and that some of them are deadly. But after long experimental acquaintance with the other, bacteriological germs scientists have found out that there are just as many healthful and life-giving microscopic organisms as there are dangerous ones, and that if we could succeed in sterilizing them all (as was our first panic-stricken impulse when we made the acquaintance of microbes) we would simply kill life itself.

Somehow the children must learn to do for political and economic ferments what our chemists have done in bacteriology: learn how to sort them out, handle them, and bottle up the bad ones, leaving the good to prosper to the immeasurable profit of mankind. And it obviously won't do merely to pass on to the children *our* ideas on the subject, because the deplorable state to which we have reduced the world is evidence that our ideas will give very little help in the enterprise. We have, rather, to keep our hands off, to let them develop the intellectual strength and courage and moral force necessary to use their *own* minds when they come to maturity in the new circumstances which we foresee will be about them.

SO HERE we are looking up from our tiny plot of cultivated ground and seeing the forest, impenetrable, menacing, labyrinthine, dark about us. Here we stand in a very different and much fiercer and wilder world than we thought we inhabited, into which in a few years our children will step forward. Their little hands are in ours, their eyes turned up trustingly toward our faces; they are waiting for us to give them the right opportunity to prepare themselves for the hard-beset struggle which life is.

In a few years' time, not their prosperity only (as we used to think in the old days), but their very lives—certainly all their chances of happiness—may depend on the tools we put into their hands now. Which one of us has not of late had the hunted feeling of being at bay against incalculable forces, thrusting the children behind us for safety, confusion roaring loudly in our ears?

Well, we are not the first American fathers and mothers who have stood thus at bay against incalculable foes, with their children huddled behind them, facing new dangers with little help to be expected from the lore of the past. Of all the peoples who face the perils, moral and material, of the after-war life, Americans are preeminently the ones who have national traditions of an earlier facing and mastering of new worlds.

Every log cabin of every European settler on the American continent in the early days of the country was shut in by a literal impenetrable dark forest, full of new and savage dangers, was confronted by problems utterly unlike those in the old life. The existence of each family depended literally on the capacity of the parents to adapt themselves somewhat, and to train the children greatly to meet new conditions with courage, ingenuity and resourcefulness. Every mother in those days, as in these, must have felt desperately that the training and knowledge which would have been sufficient in the old life would leave the children defenseless in the face of mortal peril.

AND that they did not exaggerate the tragically critical nature of their situation is shown by those colonies, not a few of them, which failed; where the settlers were unable to adjust themselves, tried to continue using the well-tried old methods in the new conditions and starved, perished and disappeared; or, almost worse, gave up the fight and went back beaten to the old country.

Well, at least we are safe from the ignominy of that second expedient. There is no retreat for us to the "old country" if we can not learn the lessons of the new, for the comfortable, settled old country where we used to live is gone and we shall only waste time and strength if we try to find it.

We must sharpen our wits, summon our resolution and see to it that ours is one of the colonies that succeed. We must see to it that the children grow stronger and hardier than we, so that they will laugh at our fears of the new order of things and at our stupidities in adjusting ourselves to them, as the grandsons of the first settlers, already adept in the new way of life, must have laughed at the clumsy, back-handed way their grandfathers tried to cultivate the new plant, Indian corn, or to find their way about the untracked forest; must have wondered pityingly at the scared, homesick desire of their grandmothers to go back again to the old country when the new was so much freer and richer.

Let us look back to our pioneer ancestors, then; draw from their strength and resolution and have courage. Let us not be crushed by the difficulties of our task.

To be a mother, to be a father in this heaving, fermenting modern world is terrible and daunting. But after all it is less terrible and daunting than almost any other responsible position.

WE are in the position of the humble gardener of a complicated establishment where all the modern conveniences have gone on strike, where the plumbing lets the sewer-gas back into the bedrooms, the lights are winking uncertainly, the hot-water system threatens to blow up and the electric wires to set the house on fire. The distracted industrial experts who installed all those modern *daemons* and are responsible for their proper operation are with good reason tearing their hair in perplexity as they rush about trying to get back their lost control of the situation.

But the gardener, *using modern science only to forward natural growth*, puts his seed into the old, old bed of earth with his usual calm certainty that if he only stands by to prevent untoward circumstances from dwarfing or deforming the young plants, the mighty miracle of renascent life and the invincible upward thrust of growth will come to pass under his eyes, the lordly sun in the sky and the very storms of heaven forwarding his purposes.

The fine house, reared of senseless stone and metal, may fall to pieces of its own complication, or explode or burn up in spite of the agitated mending and patching of its makers, but the gardener, in spite of frosts, drouths, blights, fungus diseases and insect pests, plods on confidently from day to day, knowing that all the vital forces of life are fighting on his side.

And, like the gardener, those of us who live with children can not accept the cynic's negation that it all isn't worth the bother it takes. We who see the daily awakening to life of human childhood with all its miracle of fresh vigor and gusto in existence can never wholly succumb to despair of our destiny or doubt that our work in protecting and cherishing that latent strength and good-will stands, through every hurricane which sweeps over the globe, as a work of high and blessed utility.

And, who else in the present corroding uncertainty of so much we have thought essential and valuable, who else is so sure that what he does is of high or lasting utility? There can not be a "capitalist" of the most case-hardened story-book, traditional conservatism who does not in this 1920 of ours have moments of qualms as to whether he is not piling all the strength of his stone and mortar on foundations of sand.

There can not be a radical thinker, absolutely certain that this time he is right as only a radical thinker can be, who, on reading certain pages in history about other radicals in past centuries who also were sure that they were right, does not have a disagreeable glimmering suspicion that much of his strenuous action is waste motion, and that he is only gesticulating from his chip as the great current bears him along.

But we fathers and mothers know that the great current is bearing us along. We accept that knowledge—we glory in it—we do not wish to dam it back; all we hope for is strength and skill enough to keep on paddling with it, to steer out of the eddies and backwater, to keep moving with the great flood of life.

And so we have in our lot greater good fortune than often falls to troubled human beings: we have, first, an aim, a great and noble and sufficient aim clearly presented, toward which to advance with all our strength; and, second, we have some, doubtless elementary, but certainly sound, notions of the points of the moral compass by which to direct our course.

SINCE the loss of the old simple, personal, religious faith which according to tradition gave coherence to our grandparents' lives, and since the let-up of the pressure of purely material needs such as occupied the pioneer periods of our national history, I think all of us have felt a certain unavowed sensation of "goneness" when we tried to consider what we would best do with ourselves, and why we had brought children into the world, and what we were to do with them and they with themselves now that they were here.

Our lives in the great majority of cases centered around no big and absorbing and permanent impersonal aim. No indeed! They flickered from one straw fire of personal interest to another. There was even a certain element of the vicious circle in the view of life which little by little we had drifted into; there was a certain ugly tincture of the bitter-aimless, buy-more-land-to-grow-more-corn-to-feed-more-hogs-to-buy-more-land summing-up of the life of the energetic farmer. We certainly no longer even claimed to bring our children into the world in order that they might glorify God, but that they might go to college, be prosperous, live in pleasant houses and bring up children to go to college, be prosperous and live in pleasant houses.

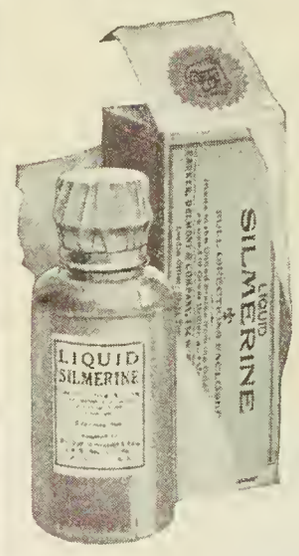
And occasionally in a rebellious or contemplative mood it seemed to us that the process hardly seemed thrilling and vital enough

Concluded on page 102



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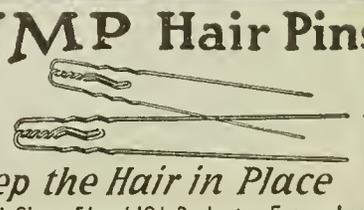
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Concluded from page 101

TO YOUR TENTS, O ISRAEL!

to warrant the immense amount of trouble it cost us. Consciously or unconsciously we felt the lack of some purpose in life commanding, imperative enough to bring out and vitalize all that energy and intelligence; and the general good intentions which we labored with automatic conscientiousness to promote, but which we felt lay listless in abeyance much of the time, while we did business or shopped or took motor trips or any of the other things which fill up our time. Consciously or unconsciously we envied the lot of those who felt themselves urgently necessary to the world, those who found themselves confronted with exciting danger—where all their intelligenco and courage were needed to rise to the crisis.

NOVELS of adventure flourished among us; we went to the moving-pictures to see their heroes climbing cliffs or riding unruly horses or swimming mountain torrents, and vicariously stretched our boldness and resolution, benumbed by the inaction of our lives. Our safe, suburban, small-town-residential-portion life seemed very colorless to us.

Well, the war has shown us how thin is tho simulacrum of settled security around us; how we dozed amiably in the protection of fortifications made of painted canvas; how wolfishly ravenous are the forces ready to fall, not only on the poor and ignorant and remote (we were always reasonably philosophic about what happened to them), but that what happens to them is bound in the long run to happen to us, to our own hygienically fed and clothed sons and daughters. We find ourselves (if we only have eyes to see it) in a danger far more exciting and real than unruly horses or mountain torrents.

The peril that confronts us is far more than a match for *our* utmost intelligence and courage. Although we have been told of it again and again in the centuries back of us, it has taken all those generations to bring us to the present glimpse of it, caught in the lurid lightning-flame of the war—and already the vividness of that glimpse is being dimmed by the inanities of every-day life. It will take generation after generation of intelligence and courage to cope with it.

What is this new exciting danger which we face now and did not before the war? It is not in the least new, and if we did not face it before the war it is only because we insisted on looking the other way. And because we did not face it, it fell upon us from behind in the shape of the war with red and ruthless horror. The danger is that *perhaps human beings can not live together on the globe without hurting each other to the death.*

And the name of our aim, the aim which is great enough to absorb us wholly, soul and body and heart and mind for many generations to come, is to *prove that human beings can live together on the globe in amity and good-will.*

THESE are the two conceptions, bound one to kill the other in the end. The first is the Prussian idea, Prussian wherever you find it, even if that is in the heart of an American legislator. The second is the conception to defend which every parent, having brought human life into the world, is bound to give his all. Solitary people without children may think that they have the dismal right to take this challenge lying down, if they choose; they can adopt the completely despairing doctrine that the human race has progressed only in mechanical ability—has remained as savage at heart as when the flood of Aryans swept through Europe and occupied it by killing off the natives, and that there is no way of preventing another war, nor in any way shaping the future. But no parent with an ounce of moral courage in him can do aught but stand up to the good fight.

What were we doing, we well-meaning American people, all those pleasant and prosperous years from 1880 on, that we did not see the black threat over us? We had conquered the forces of the new continent materially with railroads and plows and mine-shafts, and as a nation we rested from our labors, not seeing that in the heart of man were forces more awful than any tornadoes or earthquakes.

The war has thundered that in our ears; but to hear *only*, that is to stand in the ranks of the despairers. We parents, bound by the flesh of our flesh to the future, must see and believe and have faith that in the heart of man are also beneficent forces stronger than sunshine, sweeter than spring-water. Others may despair of human nature; but parents can not doubt.

Our work is cut out for us, plain to see. Can anybody ask for more? We must see clearly, every one of us, every day of our commonplace lives, that they are not commonplace at all, but pregnant with great and awful possibilities; we must know that the enemy is still upon us and that the time has not come for loitering along the by-paths of self-interest; that every man's strength and every woman's skill and heart are needed instantly and constantly to solve the problem (how easy it is to state it!) of how, although we are white, and yellow, and black, and male and female, and strong and weak, and young and old, and competent and feeble, and altogether different from each other, how we may still live together like human beings and not like wolves and hyenas.

WE must see how this concerns us now, immediately, in our own homes; how the fate of the prisoner in his cell is tied up with that of our baby in the cradle; how a moral victory in Siberia may save our little son thirty years from now and his children forever; how a starved child anywhere in the world blows the breath of death across the face of the little one on our knees.

We must learn that such statements are not poetical metaphors, but literal statements of facts. We must see how great is the task, so that tho need is piercing for all the skill and courage and strength our children can develop; and we must learn how to leave them unhampered by the bonds and weights of our own prejudices, so sadly discredited by the state into which they have brought us.

During all the centuries since we were told, "Be ye brothers, one to another," we have foolishly and lightly thought that the exhortation was a good and moral one, of course, which it would be virtuous and commendable to follow. It has taken the cataclysm of the war to make us see that it is the only possible way out of the situation in which we find ourselves, elbowing each other closer and closer on a globe steadily growing smaller because of our mastery of distance.

And it has taken the disillusions and bitter disappointments of the after-war arrangements to make us realize something of the complexity, the intricacy, the utter difficulty, of being brothers one to another even if we wish it with all our hearts. For it is evident in the dark wood where we stand bewildered that we do not by any means always know what will increase brotherhood among men.

BUT there are certain things about it of which we are sure enough to teach our children with all our hearts and souls: first, that it is tho aim, the only one, the essential thing which makes human life significant; next, quite humbly, that we of this generation have not known how to attain it; and, last, that the world waits, holding its breath in the hope that the next generation will do better. We can and must teach the children that our hope lies in them, that we trust them to put single-heartedly into this great problem the energy, tho ingenuity, the real genius which our generation put into organizing railroads and industrial production.

With all the ardor of our hearts we must dedicate our lives and those of the children to the problem of how we may learn, at least begin to learn, in small and great matters, to be brothers to our fellow men—and it may be at the end, as we look up from our work, that we will see we have been glorifying God.

Concluded from page 5

THE STATUE IN THE GARDEN

monizes with gardens, a warmth that is attractive."

Mrs. Bracken does not favor the dead white marble of the mortuary plot. She uses a glowing, rosy stone, such as that employed for tho California garden figures. And she likes to tone and color her bronze.

"There is a decided increase all through tho Middle West of people who want something individual in the way of gardens," she told me. "Of course I hope that the walled gardens are coming back, for you can do much more within walls. The entrance to a walled garden is capable of excellent sculptural treatment; the walls themselves invite it. But there is no end to the possibilities of garden sculpture, and each garden brings its own problem."

The objection to the nude is rapidly fading, In relation to this Miss Janet Scudder has had an interesting experience. Asked to send an exhibit to a town in Indiana, Miss Scudder responded with her Tortoise Fountain, a Cupid balanced on a tortoise, a laughing, adorable child figure, as innocent as sunshine. But the town in Indiana would have none of it. The children, Miss Scudder was told, nudged each other at the sight of the naked statue, and that would never do. Would she please send only draped figures in the future.

But the artist did nothing of the sort. Next year she sent another of her child-figures quite as innocent of garments as the first.

And here is the remarkable thing. The year following, that town bought the original statue, that of the joyous Cupid on his tortoise, and set it up in the court of the public school. The citizens had come to see that a lovely work of art was more likely to cure than to increase nasty-mindedness. This is becoming true everywhere.

Miss Scudder is particularly devoted to youth. Almost all her work is from baby models, or the adolescent youth of either sex. And what exquisite figures these are to set up at the end of some flowery pathway or in the center of a green plot of grass!

Miss Scudder, unlike Mrs. Bracken, does not care for special orders. She finds that her best results are reached by concentrating solely on her idea. But it matters little what is the inspiration that results in such work as that produced by these two women, who are making garden sculpture in America a thing of high beauty and importance. It is work like this that breaks down foolish prejudices and teaches understanding better than a thousand lectures on the antique, or the shows in museums. And a statue in a museum is not more than half alive. These garden statues, creatures of the sun, comrades of flower and bird, preach a gospel good to learn.

All over America it is being listened to, or perhaps I should say looked at. Each garden that holds one or more examples of the work being done by these two American women is a fortunate possession, not alone for the owner thereof, but for the entire neighborhood.



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—Proverbs 24:13

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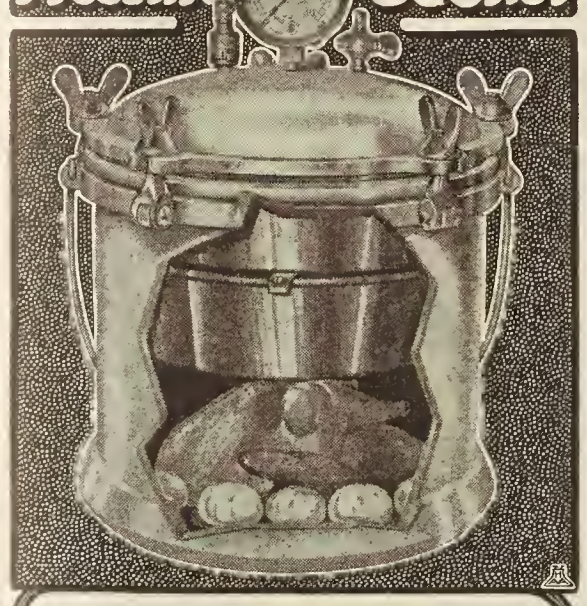


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Concluded from page 38

DESSERTS IN BLACK AND WHITE

appropriately served as "company" desserts though the ingredients are not unduly expensive.

GREEN MOUNTAIN CAKE

FOLLOW any good recipe for white cake and bake in three layers. Put together with boiled icing colored a pale green and stirred thick with finely chopped English walnuts. Reserve sufficient plain white icing for top of cake and put on it thick swirls, using the handle of a teaspoon. Sprinkle nuts on the top of each little mountain peak and touch lightly with the green-tinted icing. Use a small Irish flag or a green harp for a center decoration.

PISTACHIO ROLL

BAKE a thin layer of sponge-cake as for jelly-roll, flavoring with vanilla and almond extract mixed in equal proportions. While warm from the oven, spread with marshmallow filling tinted a pale green. Roll quickly, wrap in paper and tie, to keep in place. Just before serving, lay on platter with lapping edge down to keep from spreading and cover with whipped cream. Dip the tines of a fork in green coloring liquid and draw quickly through the cream, streaking it in irregular lines. This is delicious accompanied by a sauce made from the sirup drained from preserved raspberries or strawberries.

PINEAPPLE GEORGETTE

SELECT a perfectly shaped pineapple, scrub the surface and remove sufficient to make a firm base. Cut off top and remove pulp without cutting through shell. Finely chop the part removed, straining off the juice. Add chopped pulp to a vanilla blanc-mange and fill into cavity. Place on ice and serve very cold with a thin custard sauce, the juice from the pineapple used for flavoring. Trim the top of the pineapple and replace when dessert is brought to table.

PRUNE FLUFF TART

20 medium-sized stewed prunes
3 egg-whites
6 tablespoons sugar
Pie-crust

STONE the prunes and press through coarse sieve. Beat whites of eggs until stiff and add sugar gradually; then add prune purée and beat thoroughly. Add lemon-juice, if liked. Have ready a partly baked under crust and pour in the prune mixture. Bake about twenty minutes. Chill and spread lightly with whipped cream or serve with custard sauce made from the yolks of the three eggs.

RICE-COCONUT TART

2 tablespoons butter or butter substitute
1 cup sugar
3 egg-yolks
1 teaspoon corn-starch
1½ cup milk
½ cup desiccated coconut
½ cup cooked rice
½ teaspoon vanilla

CREAM fat and sugar, add beaten yolks and then the corn-starch rubbed smooth in a little of the milk. Reserve two tablespoons of the coconut, adding the rest to the custard mixture and then the boiled rice which has been soaking in the rest of the milk, lastly the vanilla. Pour this filling into a deep pie-plate lined with pastry and bake until the custard is sufficiently set. Brush top with melted currant jelly and sprinkle on the reserve coconut. Serve very cold.

ORANGE FANTAISIE

1½ tablespoon gelatin
⅓ cup cold water
⅓ cup boiling water
Juice of one lemon
1 cup sugar
1 cup orange-juice and sieved pulp
3 egg-whites

SOFTEN gelatin in cold water, then pour over boiling water. Add lemon-juice and sugar. Strain through cheese-cloth and add juice and pulp of orange. When partly firm, beat with egg-beater until frothy and add stiffly beaten whites. Continue beating until stiff and dry. Pour into a wet bowl and place on ice. Unmold on serving-dish, decorate with small cakes in the shape of orange quarters dipped in orange icing.

COLD CHOCOLATE-CRUM PUDDING

1 cup cake and bread-crums mixed
2 cups milk
1½ square unsweetened chocolate
¾ cup sugar
3 egg-yolks
2 tablespoons butter or butter substitute
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon vanilla

SOAK crums in one and one-half cup of the milk, add melted chocolate and sugar. Cook in double boiler until a smooth paste. Mix well-beaten yolks, the remaining one-half cup of milk, butter or butter substitute and salt and stir into hot mixture gradually, continuing the stirring until mixture thickens. Add vanilla and put in a greased pudding-dish. Bake in moderate oven twenty-five minutes. When slightly cool, spread with meringue made from whites of the three eggs stiffly beaten and one-half cup powdered sugar. Replace in oven until meringue is a light brown. Chill thoroughly before serving.

APPLES ALLEGRETTI

¾ cup chopped nuts and raisins
4 tart apples of uniform size and shape
½ cup cold water
1 cup powdered sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 square unsweetened chocolate

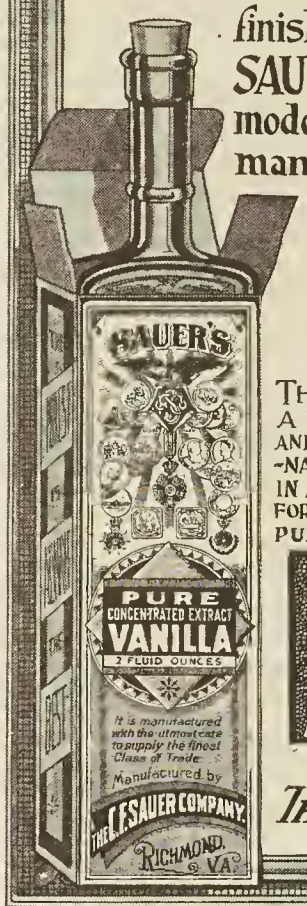
FINELY chop nuts and raisins; wash and core apples. Put in baking-dish suitable for table use, cover with cold water and bake slowly. Do not let them lose shape. Fill center cavity with chopped nuts and raisins and when apples are cool cover with frosting made from powdered sugar and a little lukewarm water and flavored with vanilla. When firm and cold, coat with melted chocolate.

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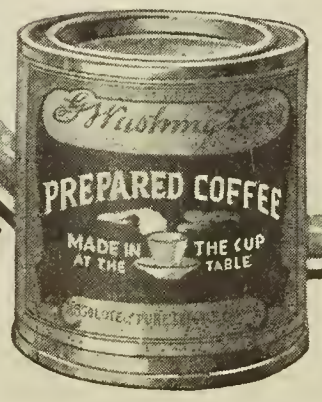
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Continued from page 9

MISS CASABIANCA

"Lucky I'm not much ou music," said Mary bravely. "I can't tell one tune from another. You know, I stood up once, in a theater, when they played the "Lohengrin" Wedding March—that's the truth. I did. The man who was with me almost died."

"Maybe the ceremonies at the dock will be a frost," her customer suggested consolingly, pausing in the doorway, having got that far.

"No such luck," said Mary brightly. "I bet they'll be a riot. But they got to proceed without me, that's certain. Well—good-by!"

But her smile went into retirement once more as Mrs. Scott's amiable bulk cleared the threshold, and she turned back into the highly sanitary recesses of the Beauty Shop with a tired little line between her pretty eyebrows.

Mary Magill owned the Beauty Shop, which was, properly speaking, no shop at all, but a room on the third floor of the Coliseum Building on the busiest corner in Honolulu.

Immaculato scrim curtained all the windows—two in number; curtains of equally immaculate cotton, strung on poles about eight feet from the floor, partitioned tho big, high-ceiled room into cubicles, one of which contained the barber-liko chair and mirror of facial massage; one of which, the washstand and mirror of the shampoo. There was a small gas-heater in tho first cubiclo and a small white-enameled ice-box in the second. Also there were piles and piles of towels, beautifully laundered, and, upon a small table by the washstand, all the paraphernalia of the modern Eve, including rouge in four shades, for discriminating females.

SO MUCH of the room as had not been curtained off contained the manicure-table, which stood by a window looking out upon a florist's back yard; one slightly larger table holding copies of a well-known *Hair-Dresser's Magazine*, and a few numbers of *The Cinema-Play*, copiously illustrated; also, a shining glass case, which stood upon the floor near the doorway and tempted the beauty-seeker with bottles of Blandoline, hairpins in assorted sizes and colors, eyebrow pencils, face-washes and a wealth of silken tresses in all the most popular shades. As the focus of infection in this wallow of feminine forethought, Mary Magill moved supreme. The immaculate curtains were laundered with her own hands, as were the little pillow-cover and towels of the manicure-table. She embroidered all the curly B's and S's upon her pinafores. In addition to being a manicure beyond reproach, she was also a born housekeeper; but the Beauty Shop was barely into its second six months of existence, and Mary Magill sometimes felt that sho might better have stayed on in Salt Lake City, where if she worked as an employee, not an owner, at least life had not so much suspended interest, and when she left the shop of an evening she left it—thank Heaven!—till the next morning. Now, she took it home with her and dreamed about it, when she had rather, like any other young and not unattractive woman, havo been dreaming of something else.

For Mary Magill was not unattractive. There is no blinking that.

She stood about five feet three in her neat silk stockings—lisle-thread foot and top—and her hair, which she had bobbed the year before, to help her get down to work earlier of a morning, was silken as to texture, and approximately the hue of a fair-weather sunset on copper.

SHE needed none of her own facials, which was fortunate, as she never had time to apply them to herself, and she had a wide Irish mouth with a smile to turn the head of a saint. In her modest white pinafores, which left her slim white throat and rounded white forearms bare, Mary was, take her by and large, exactly the appropriate owner of a Beauty Shop. She might not perhaps have stopped the show in a musical comedy, but steeping folded towels in hot water to apply to the blushes of stout ladies, she was delicious.

Clean as a clove-pink, and just as sweet—that was Mary.

She was, on the day of Mrs. Scott's shampoo and manicure a trifle sorry for herself, however, because she couldn't go to see the secretary open the new dry-dock.

The secretary had come all the way from Washington for that purpose.

It seemed a little discourteous of Mary not to be there to swell the applause.

Besides which, as Mrs. Scott had said, everybody in Honolulu would undoubtedly attend—everybody but Mary.

That was a fact which saw itself, next morning, when Mary got down to work. The streets were full of motor-cars, which in turn were full of people, all going out to have a look at the secretary and the dry-dock conjointly. Traffic was congested but sociable. There were flags flying wherever a flag comfortably could. Khaki was as common as dandelions. Shop-doors were closed, politely but definitely. And across the sort of deep-blue sky that only Honolulu can produce in its most shadeless perfection the wraiths of clouds were passing.

A great day—for those who could take it by the hand and go forth!

MARY climbed the stairs to the Beauty Shop about nine o'clock—the secretary's little party was at ten, and she had a feeble hope that the telephone might ring and release her from her vigil.

But it didn't. She hemstitched an entire towel between nine and eleven, at which time, as she had prophesied to Mrs. Scott, the Facial was not forthcoming. The Facial, most likely, had gone to Pearl Harbor, unmassaged but happy, to assist in the matter of the dry-dock.

Mary set her soft mouth, and wrote a letter to her sister in Salt Lake City. The hall outside the door of the Beauty Shop was echoingly silent, if such a thing may be. There was, Mary knew, an architect's office across the way; a dressmaker's place beyond; and farther along a firm of lawyers glorified a plain glass door with ornate lettering. Ordinarily feet went back and forth past Mary's door. There was a certain amount of friendly if unimportant noise about the place.

Not so to-day.

"Like a darned tomb!" thought Mary. She finished her letter, stamped and sealed it. After which it was suddenly twelve o'clock.

Mary sat down before tho little manicure-table by the window which looked out upon the florist's back yard and tried to feel cheerful, but made a total failure of it. She had now to wait for the Henna Rinse, who in view of the holiday was most likely careering blithely somewhere upon the Pearl Harbor road and would never give the Beauty Shop a second thought.

"I don't care," said Mary to her most red-headed self, "I got to be here in case she comes."

She leaned her head on her hand and became, by the minute, more dejected.

LIKE a rushing wind, or a great black cloud, or the towering height of a breaker about to crest, the fact bore down upon her that she had wanted badly to go to Pearl Harbor—that now the time for going was past and that she had been caged during the passing, alone in tho Beauty Shop, waiting for two shameless women—women with no sense of honor—women who made appointments and did not even trouble to notify a person that they were going to break them. "I'm young," said Mary to herself, growing more and more despondent all tho time. "I got a right to a good time, just like anybody else. It's a holiday—everybody in this whole darn town but me is out to-day—and—I—wanted—to—go!"

The inevitable happened. Being sorry for herself to the point of supersaturation, her sorrow overflowed. All at once tears stood in her Undine eyes—in half a moment there were tears upon her cheeks. She groped for her handkerchief, but half-heartedly; sho had no objection, at the moment, to a few tears. Life looked pretty dull to Mary—but at the instant of her applying the handkerchief, which she did rather languidly, there was a step in the hall.

Mary lifted her head like a startled fawn—old stuff, of course; but when you come right down to it, it was just that sort of half-shy, half-curious look that she presented.

THERE was a young man in the doorway—a tall young man with nice eyes and movie eye-lashes but the sort of rough-hewn mouth and chin which effectually saved him from being a hero. His hair was just smooth enough—no vaseline pomade there—he wore a presentable gray suit with a black knitted tie—and he was clutching the index finger of his right hand firmly in all five of his left. His expression registered some kind of anguish, not mental.

"Beg your pardon," he said abruptly, "but do you happen to have any ammonia?" His voice, if you like to know about such things, was deep and pleasing. It might, under other circumstances, have had a humorous inflection.

"W-What?" asked Mary, and sniffed surprisedly.

He repeated firmly, but with a suggestion of urgency:

"Ammonia—household ammonia—just a little."

"Why—yes," said Mary, recovering her poise. "I think I have. What's the matter?"

"I'll tell you while you're getting it," suggested the young man politely, but with undeniable significance. He smiled a slightly tortured smile. "If you don't mind!"

"Gracious!" said Mary. She was not used to being ordered about, which is possibly why she fetched the ammonia at once, from a little white-curtained closet in the second cubicle.

"Now!" said Mary. If he had known that she stayed long enough in the second cubicle to dash a little powder on her nose, he might not have turned such a grateful look upon her on her return.

"What do you want with it?" she inquired interestedly. "It's no good for cuts—or burns."

"Bee stung me," said the strange man briefly. "Would you mind pouring a little on my finger? You can see the place."

MARY could indeed see the place. The finger had begun to swell outrageously, and there was a small, deeply purple spot upon the second joint, near the knuckle.

"Got the sting out?" she asked in a business-like way.

He hadn't, so Mary got it out for him, with a cuticle knife and her two deft little hands. After which she poured ammonia on again.

"Oh, for the love of Pete! You certainly are kind!" cried the sufferer hurriedly.

"I'll tie it up for you," said Mary, "with some antiseptic gauze, if you like."

Life was looking up. She adored taking care of people.

While she was tying the finger up and making a very businesslike job of it, owing to the first-aid courses she had taken during the war, the young man became confidential, comparatively speaking.

"I've been in the office all morning," he said, "working over some plans——"

"Oh, the architect's office?" murmured Mary. And she had thought herself alone, out of all Honolulu, tied to the daily grind while the rest of the world was making holiday!

"Yes," he nodded, "that's it. And I went to put up a window a minute ago, because it was getting so close, and the dashed bee must have been roosting somewhere on the sash—because he stung me—like all the world—dag-gone his hide!"

"Did you kill him?" asked Mary, warmly sympathetic.

"I sure did. He's a dead bee now, all right—then I saw you sitting over here—you know your door's been open all morning—and it

Continued on page 105



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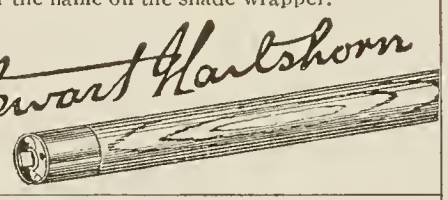


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Continued from page 104

MISS CASABIANCA

just occurred to me you might have some ammonia, so I trotted right over—and I'm mighty much obliged."

Was he offering that as a preliminary to leaving? Mary felt a sudden return of her former depression. Did she perhaps look it? Because:

"What are you doing down here to-day?" continued her visitor in the friendliest way. "Thought I was the only person in town that hadn't gone out to see the dry-dock opened."

"I had a Facial coming at eleven," Mary told him simply, "but she didn't come . . . and a Henna Rinse coming at one-thirty—only she probably won't come either. Anyhow I had to be here in case they did, you see. I made the appointments before I knew there was going to be a holiday—and then I couldn't get at the people to change 'em. So I had to keep 'em."

"Even when you knew the women probably wouldn't come?"

"I made the appointments myself," said Mary.

"MISS Casabianca!" said the young man admiringly. "You know I call that pretty fine of you."

"I'm either pretty fine or a poor fish, whichever way you like to look at it," said Mary, smiling for the first time that day.

They looked at each other with the beginnings of an interest distinctly out of the ordinary.

"It's about twelve-thirty, now," he said at last.

"My! Is it as late as that?" asked Mary hypocritically.

"When do you eat?"

She blushed suddenly and very thoroughly.

"I hadn't even thought of eating. I had such a grouch over being cooped up here on a holiday."

"I call this a pretty nifty little place—and you don't look as if you knew what it meant to have a grouch," he asserted instantly. "Say—do you know you and I are probably the only two heroes—or poor fishes, whichever you like—in this whole darned building that didn't get out to Pearl Harbor to-day? Suppose we go out to lunch, together—what do you say? Will you take a chance?" he added, when Mary did not answer at once. "My name is Towers—Dan Towers—and I'm a draftsman in Dillon & Butler's office, just across the hall."

"Oh-h!" said Mary.

"You think I'm pretty fresh, don't you?"

"No I don't," said Mary impulsively, "or maybe I do—but I like it—only"—her pretty mouth set itself in lines of an unexpected stubbornness, and she nodded her head until her short red hair rippled in ruddy glory—"only, I said I was going to stay here to wait for those two women and I'm going to do it——"

"Till something freezes over," said Towers, with the suggestion of a grin. "All right then—suppose I go out and get some chow and bring it to you up here"—his grin became magnificent audacity—" let's have a party right here in the Beauty Shop!"

MAYBE Mary should have snubbed him, but she didn't. She looked back at him with a delightfully reckless little smile twitching the corners of her mouth and put both hands in her pockets.

"Do you know," said Mary, "I call that almost an idea."

"I'm famous for having 'em," said Mr. Towers modestly. He continued, getting down at once to business: "What'll I get? Sandwiches, from the Young Hotel?"

"What do you mean—sandwiches! I'll tell you what you do," said Mary. "Do you like tomato soup?"

"That's my baby picture they use in the ads for it," he told her unblushingly. "Sure I like it—I love it."

"Then go to a bake-shop—it'll be the only thing open to-day—and get one tin of tomato soup—and a box of crackers—and stop at a fruitstand and get a couple of alligator pears, and——"

"Two or three bottles of ginger ale and a birthday-cake——"

"Some party!" said Mary, dimpling unexpectedly. "And don't bother about plates or knives or forks or anything, because I keep everything for two right here in the shop—sometimes a girl friend drops in to lunch with me. I'll have everything ready by the time you get back—and I've got salt and pepper—so don't bother about that either."

"How're you going to cook the soup?"

"I've got a gas-heater in the massage room."

"All the conveniences of home?"

"WELL, I like to be comfy," said Mary. "Now, run along, because I've got to have everything out of the way by a quarter-past one, in case the Henna Rinse should come—I'll set the table while you're gone. I do think this is fun."

Mr. Towers ran along. And while he was gone, Mary, humming "Till We Meet Again," in a sweet excited soprano, got out two soup-plates, two glasses, two knives, two forks, two spoons, even two napkins, and set the manicure-table for a fairy meal. Magic number, two!—and magic stuff, food, when divided by that magic number, the first time. We are not suggesting that the glamour wears off such magic repeated indefinitely across the conjugal mahogany—nevertheless, there is a thrill about the first time—but then there is a thrill about all first times! Why take it to pieces?

Anyhow, Mary set the table, and touched up her nose again, at the end of which labors there was once more a step in the doorway.

They heated the soup on the gas-heater in the massage room, and ate it, with a great many crackers, beside the window which looked down upon the florist's back yard.

"Wonderful stuff, isn't it?" said Mr. Towers warmly.

"What, tomato soup?" asked Mary.

Nevertheless she felt it as well as he. There was a delicious flavor of illicit domesticity about it—the party, not the thoroughly innocent soup—which hung in the air like the reverberation of silver bells. When they looked into each other's, eyes they laughed—about nothing at all—and they laughed frequently.

"This is better than Pearl Harbor, isn't it?" inquired Mr. Towers earnestly. "How do you like your alligator pear?—with salt?"

"Yes, with salt—yes, lots better!" said Mary. "Let me take the soup-plates away first."

HE DIDN'T let her, of course; he did it himself, very neatly. Mary couldn't help thinking that he must be one of those rare men who would really be of some use around a house.

She was sitting with her chin on her hands smiling when he came back with the second course.

"Anything wrong?" asked Mr. Towers quickly. He appeared to be a trifle sensitive about his buttling.

"You're a wonder," said Mary, "really you are. Who taught you?"

"M'sister. I lived with her when I was a kid—live with her now, for that matter."

"Queer—my sister raised me, too. She lives in Salt Lake City."

She insisted on arranging the third course, consisting of a slightly theatrical-looking cake and two bottles of ginger ale, herself.

The ginger ale foamed headily into the glasses. It might easily have been Pommery sec, by reason of the sparkle it lent the occasion.

"You're not missing the secretary, are you?" Mr. Towers suggested presently.

"Well—not too frightfully," said Mary. "Old boy probably talked 'em to death—don't you suppose?"

"Ye-ah!"

"Only"—she hesitated wistfully—"I never saw a dry-dock opened."

"Turn on both faucets in the bathtub—stand off a little to one side and sing 'The Star-Spangled Banner'—same effect exactly."

"But there ought to be a moving-picture man," Mary objected gravely, "to take my picture while I'm doing it."

"FUNNY," said Mr. Towers. "Did it ever strike you that the only thing in the navy that can get full now is a dry-dock?"

Mary paused in the midst of an appreciative snicker, and, rising, swept the remains of the cake with her.

"Mercy!" she cried. "Look at the time—that Henna Rinse might walk in any minute! Help me get this out of the way, will you?"

Mr. Towers would and did. It was amazing how well they coordinated. By twenty-five minutes after one the Beauty Shop might never have dreamed of tomato soup—or ginger ale.

"Now!" cried Mary, making an enchanting face at him. "Run along and sell your papers, little boy! Business as usual!"

Mr. Towers lingered determinedly in the doorway.

"But if your what-you-may-call-'em doesn't come?"

"Then I shut up shop and go home."

"What's the idea?" he protested deeply. "Go home—on a holiday? Is that the best you can do?"

"Listen," said Mary. "You've got to trot along—honest you have! I can't have any *Romeos* standing on one foot in my doorway with a customer coming up the stairs."

Mr. Towers laughed, abruptly but wholeheartedly.

"How long'll you wait for her?" he demanded.

"Till quarter of two—that's fair enough."

He sketched a gesture of departure.

"ALL right—at ten minutes of two I'll be back—if she isn't here—with plans for the rest of the visit."

"How'll you know if she's here?"

"I'll risk an eye."

"Don't you ever work?" inquired Mary innocently.

He really went after that, and Mary sat down with a bit of thread-and-needle flummery in her hands to wait for the Henna Rinse. Who never came, of course, or this might have been one of those other stories, forever unwritten. At ten minutes of two, just as Mary, dressed for the street in a snappy black-and-white gingham, cramming a *Little-Miss-Muffet* sort of hat—black, with a narrow but not too inconspicuous green ribbon around it—down on her nice red head, Mr. Towers returned with a stiff straw hat in one hand and a bunch of little pink roses in the other.

"From the secretary," he announced. Eve herself would have adored the cheeky appeal in his much too good-looking eyes. "Shall we be starting?"

"Sure we can start," said Mary demurely, "but the question is, where do we finish?" She took the flowers, however, thanked him with a smile and pinned them at her belt. It was a smile which, like certain bits of music, did very well without words.

"Well," said Mr. Towers, "how about the Outrigger—and a swim? Do you belong to the club? Because if you don't——"

"I've got a guest-card," said Mary promptly. "I know a boy who——"

"I'D RATHER you didn't know any boys," said Mr. Towers, "but it comes in handy to-day—you swim, of course?"

"Like any fish."

"I'm sorry," he told her gloomily. "I was hoping I could teach you!"

"H'm'm!" said Mary. "One-finger-under-the-chin-don't-be-afraid-I've-got-you stuff, eh? No, thanks!"

She locked her door and they went down the hall together laughing. "Secretary going with us?" asked Mary. "I suppose his official car's outside."

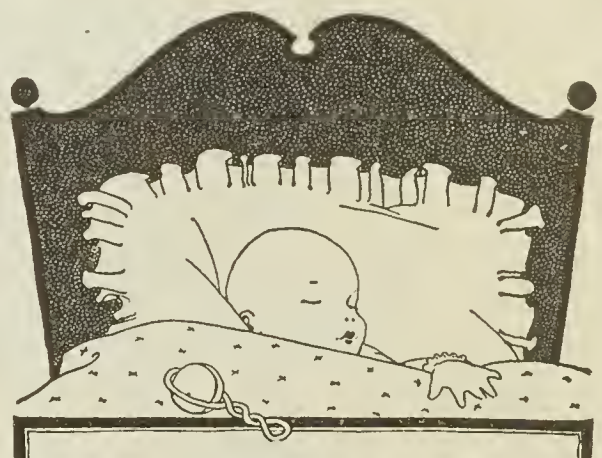
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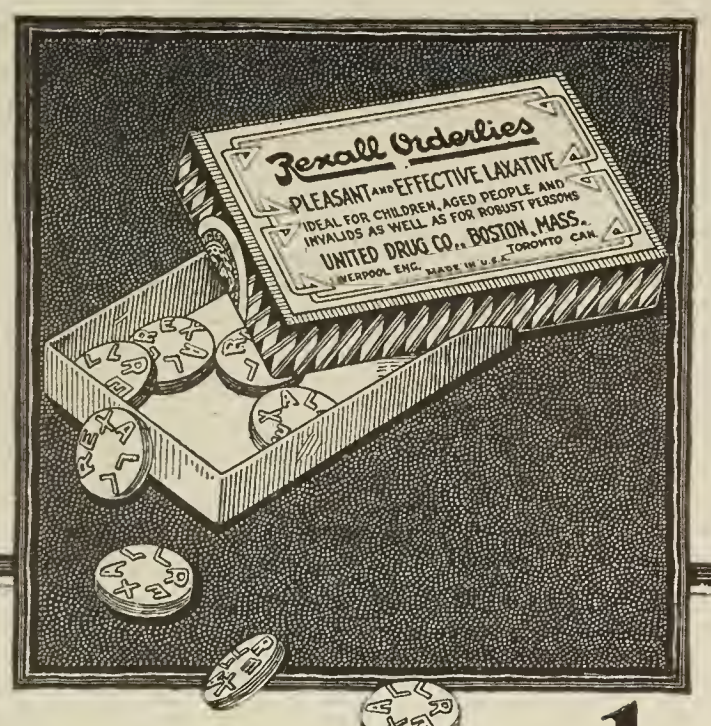
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Continued from page 105

MISS CASABIANCA

"He wanted to come, but I turned him down," Mr. Towers assured her gravely. "Don't believe in three-cornered parties; do you?"

They caught a King Street car, which was filled with the back-wash of the returning Pearl Harbor crowd, and rode out to the beach. Mary got a seat before very long, and at about Thomas Square Mr. Towers arrived at the felicity of sitting beside her. The day was gloriously cool with a stiff trade blowing, but gradually Mary's cheeks took on a delicate flush.

"Just the color of those," said Mr. Towers, in a careful undertone, touching the little pink roses the secretary had so thoughtfully sent.

"Right there with the soft stuff, aren't you?" said Mary, equally low.

BUT it was a fact that black-and-white gingham and dark-gray serge covered a left and right shoulder respectively, deliciously conscious of the first contact.

The beach at the Outrigger was crowded, as might have been expected, but there was a high surf running and most of the crowd was on the sand.

Mr. Towers was waiting for Mary when she came out in her black wool-jersey bathing-suit, with a tight rubber cap, having two dashing rubber roses pulled on over her silky hair. She looked like a nymph of purest ray serene, and Mr. Towers, jumping up from the hot sand to meet her, might easily himself have got by as a sort of mercurial Apollo. They made no Olympian conversation, however.

"Let's go!" said Mr. Towers.

"Gee—it looks good!" said Mary.

They walked down to the edge of the sand and flung themselves in. The cool, clear water flowed over their smooth young skins and left Mr. Towers's brown head, at least, as sleek as any seal.

"Swim out to the diving-stand," he suggested, with an exuberant sigh of relief.

They swam. Bit by bit the beach fell into the background; they passed all the more timorous bathers and came to the long, curling rollers which discourage uncertainty. A clean blue sky gleamed overhead; the spray stung like tiny whips; cleaner than a baby's blue eyes the depths of the water, and cool—oh, magically cool and kind! Waves crested and broke above their heads, a welter of ivory foam on reaches of ultramarine. Sometimes, erect upon his gleaming surf-board, like a merman in bronze, a Hawaiian boy fled past them on the forward sweep of such a wave. There were canoes farther out, toys of black and yellow, with little figures manning them, and these canoes rose and sank upon the hills and hollows of the sea.

"COME on, keep swimming," said Mr. Towers after a long, luxurious while; "we'll have dinner at Tait's to-night."

"I don't like San Francisco," said Mary.

"Then change your course and head the other way—we'll find a place to eat on the Yokohama Bund."

Mary floated beside him, staring up at the sky.

"I don't believe I could ever live inland again, could you?" she said dreamily. Then a wave slapped her face and she rolled over in the water with a gurgle and a splutter.

"Let's go sit on the stand and talk."

The diving-stand was very nearly empty; a couple of brown-skinned youngsters lying on their faces on the wet boards with the sun crimsoning their shoulders. Mary and Mr. Towers sat side by side, looking to the west, and swung their feet in divine congeniality.

"Where are you from, anyhow?" asked Mary, in the age-old question of the wanderer.

He told her:

"Kansas, mostly, but I've been all over the shop in the last fifteen years."

"My—how old are you?"

"Twenty-nine."

"I'm twenty-four."

"You look eighteen."

"Can the comedy!" said Mary sweetly. "I'm not old enough to need sympathy, anyhow. Do you like it out here?"

"I think I'm going to."

She threw him a glance of good-humored indulgence. "Nothing in life before to-day, eh?"

"Not enough to count."

"Are you married?"

"No—do I look it?"

"No, but you talk like it."

They both laughed.

"Where do you get that stuff, anyhow?" asked Mary, regarding him with delightful distrust.

"I'm new at it—that's why I don't do it better."

"I'll say you're good!" said Mary softly, smiling to herself.

NOT Olympian talk, as we admitted to begin with. Your young woman and your young man with several hundred thousand a year between them might do it more subtly, perhaps, but the fundamentals would be the same.

Mary was trying not to like him too much, this young man with the movie eyelashes and the stubborn chin who had walked into her life between a Facial and a Henna Rinse—and he on his side was trying to get past her guard, to see if the sweetness in her warm gray eyes were for him or not. One never knows.

Meantime, wind and sea and sky conspired against the pair of them. Romance, streaming out from the long green fingers of the palms along the beach, was caught and tossed up and flung back to shore again on the crest of each conquering wave.

There was salt in the air—and sweet, vague land-smells—and health and youth and—love? Mary didn't know. But she had no inborn prejudice against finding out. Neither had Mr. Towers.

That is the particular magic of the twenties. Any man to any maid may be the ultimate one—until she has tried him with her own especial password.

"Do you know," said Mr. Towers suddenly, "I never saw the sea till I was fifteen. When I was a kid—" With which he launched his Odyssey.

Mary sat and listened while the sun slid smoothly down the sky, and the crowd on the beach grew thinner. She asked a good many questions, and what she did not ask her silence asked for her. After a while, the tale of Mr. Towers's adventures more or less at an end, the two swam in to shore; and, lying on the sand, Mary turned Ulysses herself.

By request, of course.

"How about you?" said Mr. Towers. "Begin at the beginning."

He stretched his not insignificant length on the sand beside her, and built little hillocks of sand above her quiescent fingers. He had really a beautiful head, Mary thought dreamily, and his eyes were so clean and—well, you somehow wanted awfully to give him whatever it was those eyes were asking.

Aloud, however, she said coolly:

"Well—once upon a time there was a princess——."

"Begins right," commented the deep drawl. "A little princess, with red hair and a funny little nose—and her name was Mary. Mary is a grand old name."

"Who's telling this?" inquired Mary.

But she herself told rather more than she meant to. A lot of loneliness worked itself off in Mary's story.

"And you live all by yourself?" he asked at length quietly.

"If you can call it that. In a boarding-house."

"Little Miss Casabianca!" said Mr. Towers for the second time, that wonderful day.

"*Casabianca* was the little guy in the Fourth Reader that stuck by the ship, wasn't he?" asked Mary.

THEY talked a bit about young *Casabianca* and then a great deal more about Mary Magill. Meanwhile, the people about them, not having met that day for the first time and not being engaged in such deep-sea explorations of past and future, mostly grew tired of the beach and went home. A startlingly beautiful sunset developed, flamed along the western sky-line for a while and then began to fade.

"Gracious!" said Mary all at once. "It must be all of six o'clock—I've got to trot along."

"Why?" asked Mr. Towers calmly.

Mary only looked at him in mute amazement.

"Don't you ever go home?"

"The secretary's party was to be an all-day affair."

"Well—where do we go from here?" asked Mary with an answering flame of daring in her eyes. Then she laughed with a touch of nervousness.

"Do you usually pick up girls like this?—or am I easier than most?"

"Did *you* ever do it before?"

"No," said Mary, curiously sober, "I never did."

"Neither did I."

"Want me to believe that?"

"*I* believe *you*."

"Oh, very well!" said Mary. "But it makes it sort of funny, doesn't it?"

"I'll say it does," said Mr. Towers.

They looked at each other through the lovely purpling dusk of the afterglow, and after a moment they smiled; but in that moment her eyes grew shy, his daring.

"Let's have dinner somewhere and go to a movie," he offered.

"Shall we?" said Mary.

"Where——"

"I'd like—" Quickly, before he could forestall her, she named a dining-room not too splendid. "I'm not dressed for anything sporty, you know," she warned him.

Her thought for the strain on his pocket-book warned herself.

"YOU poor little fish!" she admonished the inner Mary Magill. "He's nothing to you—let him spend his money if he likes." At which she blushed warmly and got to her pretty bare feet.

"Suppose we go change—you're not going out to dinner in your bathing-suit, are you?"

"I'm game if you are," said Mr. Towers.

"I'm game, but not out of my head," Mary retorted impertinently.

She kept him waiting that time a good twenty minutes, but when they finally walked out of the Outrigger grounds together Mary was the best-groomed woman in Honolulu. Her red hair shone like silk; her face was at the same time pinker and whiter than the roses at her belt, and the highness and pinkness of her perfectly shaped finger-nails would have driven most of her customers wild with envy.

Mr. Towers himself was not exactly a jarring note in the ensemble. There was not a crease in his gray serge suit; his black knitted tie was correct to a hair's-breadth—and oh, the silken smoothness of that dark head beneath the stiff straw hat! It is such things as this that fill a woman's heart with pride—other qualifications being equal.

They sought out the little dining-room which Mary had mentioned, where they dined wisely but not too well, and felt for the second time that day the thrill of facing each other across the knives and forks and napery.

MARY noticed that he was kind to the waiter. Mr. Towers observed that Mary did not eat a great deal. It worried him deeply.

"This stuff isn't what you like!" he exclaimed.

Mary did not tell him that she could not for some reason or other have eaten manna and honey. She countered as best she could:

"You haven't much room to talk."

"Perhaps we're both in love," suggested Mr. Towers, grinning suddenly, then matched Mary's burning blush with a slow reluctant upsweep of color beneath his own bronzed skin.

Concluded on page 109

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Continued from page 14

THE PORTYGEE

And then began a new period, a new life at the Snow place and in the office of Z. Snow & Co. Or, rather, life in the old house and at the lumber and hardware office slumped back into the groove in which it had run before the opera-singer's son was summoned from the New York school to the home and into the lives of his grandparents. Three people instead of four sat down at the breakfast-table and at dinner and at supper. Captain Zelotes walked alone to and from the office. Olive Snow no longer baked and iced large chocolate layer-cakes because a certain inmate of her household was so fond of them. The house was emptier, more old-fashioned and behind the times, more lonely—surprisingly empty and behind the times and lonely.

THE daily mails became matters of intense interest and expectation. Albert wrote regularly and of course well and entertainingly. He described the life at the camp where he and the other recruits were training, a camp vastly different from the enormous military towns built for housing and training the drafted men. He liked the life pretty well, he wrote, although it was hard and a fellow had precious little opportunity to be lazy. Mistakes, too, were unprofitable for the maker. Captain 'Lotc's eye twinkled when he read that.

Later on he wrote that he had been made a corporal and his grandmother, to whom a major-general and a corporal were of equal rank, rejoiced much both at home and in church after meeting was over and friends came to hear the news. Mrs. Ellis declared herself not surprised.

A MONTH or two later one of Albert's letters contained an interesting item of news. In the little spare time which military life afforded him he continued to write verse and stories. Now a New York publisher, not one of the most prominent, but a reputable and enterprising one, had written him suggesting tho collecting of his poems and their publication in book form. The poet himself was, naturally, elated.

"Isn't it splendid!" he wrote. "The best part of it, of course, is that he asked to publish; I did not ask him. Please send me my scrap-book and all loose manuscript. When the book will come out I'm sure I don't know. In fact it may *never* come out; we have not gotten as far as terms and contracts yet; but I feel sure we shall. Send the scrap-book and manuscript right away, *please*."

They were sent. In his next letter Albert was still enthusiastic.

"I have been looking over my stuff," he wrote, "and some of it is pretty good, if you don't mind my saying so. Tell grandfather that when this book of mine is out and selling I may be able to show him that poetry-making isn't a pauper's job, after all. Of course I

Continued on page 110

Concluded from page 106

MISS CASABIANCA

It was at that point he asked abruptly: "Are you engaged?"

"No," said Mary; "are you?"

"No," said Mr. Towers, looking inexplicably relieved, and added; "Then that's all right!"

"Glad you're pleased," said Mary.

At the movies they found seats about halfway back in the house and Mary settled down with a lazy little sigh of satisfaction.

"I like this actress—her stuff always ends happily."

"No slush about it either," said Mr. Towers; "none of this sentimental business."

Saying which, he found Mary's hand and held it close and warm, within the shelter of the black hat, until the final embrace of the unsentimental heroine and the unfaltering hero, who was most immaculately tailored, but presented to the world, unfortunately, in that ultimate close-up, a neatly shaven neck.

"THAT'S one thing I can't stand—for a man to shave the back of his neck," said Mary severely.

Mr. Towers felt furtively of his own.

"Oh, you're all right—that's one of the first things I noticed about you."

"Then you have been noticing me—to-day?"

"Oh, from time to time," said Mary.

They went out into the streets again and turned up Hotel toward Alakea. That was Mary's determined doing.

"Now we go home," she insisted. "To-morrow is another day, and I got a Manicure coming at eight-fifteen. If I stay up any longer, I'll be so sleepy in the morning I'll chop the ends off her fingers. Let's go!"

So they went. A three-quarter moon went with them, riding serenely through a limpidly cloudless sky. The night air was cool and sweet as flowing water; it was one of those eternally young nights, spattered with stars, musical with lovers' whispers.

Mary began to hum, a little drowsily:

" 'This Is the End of a Perfect Day——' "

"Do you mean that?" demanded Mr. Towers earnestly.

"I don't have to mean it," said Mary. "I didn't write it."

Nevertheless she allowed him to hold her arm along the devious and desperate way home with a closeness and a protectiveness which only a brigand-infested mountain pass could really have justified. And she may not have meant her little song, but she went on singing it.

"Here!" she said at last, and turned into the low white gate of a rather weedy yard that led to a low, whitey-gray house, set back among low, kindly pepper-trees. The *lanai* of the house was in comparative shadow, although one yellow-shaded light burned in the hallway to which an open door gave access.

"Well, " said Mary, and put out her hand in farewell, "I've had a lovely time. Thanks, ever so much!"

"Not so fast!" objected Mr. Towers, and drew her away from the certain safety of that yellow-shaded light into the more doubtful country of the *lanai*. "You don't lose me as easily as all that. When do I see you again?"

"H'm'm?" asked Mary guilelessly.

"Listen!" said Mr. Towers. "Listen——!"

BUT it appeared after all that he had nothing to say to her, because, on the heels of that impassioned appeal he only stood there for several moments, crushing her smooth little hand in his big one, and staring down at her through the petunia-scented shadow. Mary knew, just about an eighth of a second before it happened, that he was going to kiss her.

Perhaps she could have stopped him—perhaps not. In any case she didn't try. She didn't struggle against his arms and she didn't hide her face. She only shut her eyes and gave herself up for one moment to the blindest, most breathless, most heart-breaking happiness that she had ever known—before she began to cry..

But if she had not resisted the kiss, she resisted the crying bitterly.

"I know it's old—stuff," said Mary, between her reluctant tears. "I know it's old stuff to—say so—but I didn't think—you'd—do it—although of course *you*—picked me—up—and had a right to think—you could——"

"You think I'm just kidding you along?" demanded Mr. Towers huskily.

"Sure I do—I'm no child," said Mary.

"You think it was just an accident, my picking you up, as you call it, this morning?"

"What else do you call it? Oh, it's all right! I'm not blaming *you*—a girl's got a right to do her own thinking—when she's taking care of herself, the way I am."

"Listen," said Mr. Towers desperately—"you've got to listen to me—I've been watching you across that doggoned hall for a good two months—waiting to get to know you, some way—there've been times I ought to have lost my job—I haven't had my mind on it, and that's the truth!—all on account of *you*—do you get me, Miss Casabianca?"

"I get you," said Mary slowly, "but how about this morning? Was that just—Fate—sort of——?"

"Well—sort of—" admitted Mr. Towers.

"You remember telling a customer, or whatever you call 'em, yesterday afternoon that you couldn't go out to see the secretary open the dry-dock to-day because you had two women coming—and you had to wait for 'em—whether they came or not?"

Yes," said Mary. "Yes, I do! I remember saying so to Mrs. Scott—big stout woman, with a mole on one side of her nose——"

"She's my sister."

"Oh-h!" cried Mary, in pathetic embarrassment.

"That wouldn't keep her from having a mole on the side of her nose—you needn't worry! Anyhow, she was so—she thought it was so fine of you to be staying away from the *fiesta* on that account—that she told about it at the dinner-table yesterday—remember I told you I lived with her?"

"And you stayed in that office all morning on purpose?"

"IT LOOKED like a fighting chance," said Mr. Towers, "now didn't it?" His beautiful eyes were dark with a very compelling earnestness.

"I—I think your sister's a peach!" said Mary suddenly, with adorable vocal unsteadiness.

"Can I send her to see you? She's always after me to get married!"

"Tired of cooking for you herself?" inquired Mary Magill.

Her April impudence wavered into tenderness. Smiling through mists, she groped for her handkerchief.

"Here, honey-lamb—take mine!" said Mr. Towers ardently.

He drew it hastily from his coat pocket. Mary, accepting it as simply as it was offered, stopped, a trifle startled. Out of those snowy folds rolled into her hand a small cylindrical object. Mary held it to the light—a little glass tube with a cork in it.

"For pity's sake!" cried Mary, even in the midst of delicious tremors, curious as Eve. "What's that thing?"

Mr. Towers began to grin. Incontestably he was very good to look at, and that grin had a small-boy appeal which no woman in the world could have resisted.

"You know what that is?" he said shamefacedly. "That's the thing I brought Mr. Bee down in this morning—got him off the hibiscus hedge right after breakfast——"

"You brought a bee down to the office—this morning—on purpose!"

"Ye-ah."

"And made him sting you?—you didn't!"

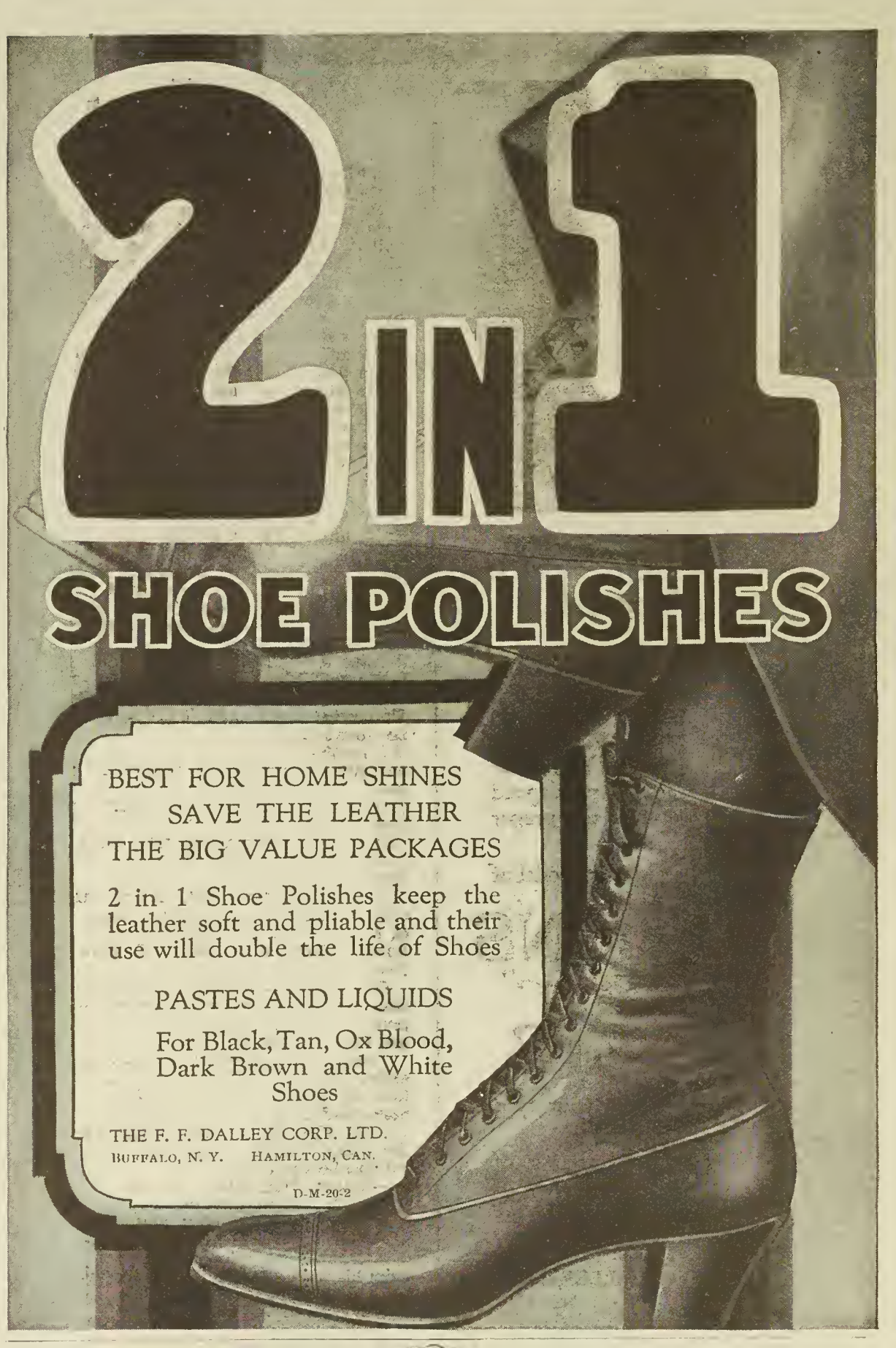
"Yes'm, I did."

They both began to laugh, but it was a queer, shaken sort of laughter, and rather low. All at once Mary put out both arms and held up her face to him.

"You big kid!" she said.

It was the softest little coo in the world—a note that had only just that moment been born in Mary's voice. She might have said more, but he smothered the rest.

Anyhow, that, as every one knows, is one of the things which a woman never calls a man unless she loves him.





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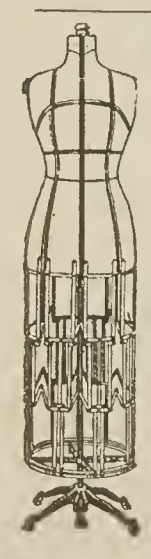
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Continued from page 109

THE PORTYGEE

don't know how much it will sell—perhaps not more than five or ten thousand at first—but even ten thousand at, say, twenty-five cents royalty each would be twenty-five hundred dollars, and that's something. Why, 'Ben Hur,' the novel, you know, has sold a million, I believe."

Mrs. Snow and Rachel were duly impressed by this prophecy of affluence, but Captain Zelotes still played the skeptic.

"A million at twenty-five cents apiece!" exclaimed Olive. "Why, Zelotes, that's—that's an awful sight of money."

Mental arithmetic failing her, she set to work with a pencil and paper and after a strenuous struggle triumphantly announced that it came to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

"MY SOUL and body!" she cried. "Two hundred and fifty thousand *dollars!* My *soul*, Zelotes! Suppose—only suppose Albert's book brought him in as much as that!"

Her husband shook his head. "I can't, Olive," he said, without looking up from his newspaper. "My supposer wouldn't stand the strain."

"But it might, Zelotes, it *might*. Suppose it did, what would you say then?"

The captain regarded her over the top of the *Transcript*. "I shouldn't say a word, Olive," he answered solemnly. "I should be down sick by the time it got up as far as a thousand, and anything past two thousand you could use to buy my tombstone with. There, there, mother," he added, noticing the hurt look on her face, "don't feel bad. I'm only jokin'. One of these days Al's goin' to make a nice, comf'table livin' sellin' lumber and hardware right here in South Harniss. I can *see* that money in the offin'. All this million or two that's comin' from poetry and such is out of sight in the fog. It may be there, but—humph! Well, I *know* where Z. Snow & Co. is located."

Olive was not entirely placated. "I must say I think you're awful discouragin' to the poor boy, Zelotes," she said. Her husband put down his paper.

"No, no, I ain't, mother," he replied earnestly. "At least I don't mean to be. Way I look at it, this poetry-makin' and writin' yarns and that sort of stuff is just part of the youngster's—er—growin' up, as you might say. Give him time he'll grow out of it, same as I cal'late he will out of this girl business, this—er—Madel—humph!—er—ahem. Looks like a good day to-morrow, don't it."

He pulled up suddenly, and with considerable confusion. He had kept the news of his grandson's infatuation and engagement even from his wife. No one in South Harniss knew of it; no one except the captain. Helen Kendall knew, but she was in Boston.

Rachel Ellis picked up the half-knitted Red Cross mitten in her lap. "Well, I don't know whether he's right or you are, Cap'n 'Lote," she said with a sigh, "but this I do know—I wish this awful war was over and he was back home again."

THAT remark ended the conversation. Olive resumed her own knitting, seeing it through a wet mist. Her husband did not continue his newspaper reading. Instead he rose and, saying something about cal'latin' he would go for a little walk before turning in, went out into the yard.

But the war did not end, it went on; so too did the enlisting and the training. In the early Summer Albert came home for a two-days' leave. He was broader and straighter and browner. His uniform became him and, more than ever, the eyes of South Harniss's youthful feminity, native or imported, followed him as he walked the village streets. But the glances were not returned, not in kind, that is. The new Fosdick home, although completed, was not occupied. Mrs. Fosdick had, that Summer, decided that her duties as mover in goodness knows how many war-work activities prevented her taking her "usual Summer rest." Instead she and Madeline occupied a rented villa at Greenwich, Connecticut, coming into town for meetings of all sorts. Captain Zelotes had his own suspicions as to whether war work alone was the cause of the Fosdick shunning of what was to have been their Summer home, but he kept those suspicions to himself. Albert may have suspected also, but he, too, said nothing. The censored correspondence between Greenwich and the training camp traveled regularly, and South Harniss damsels looked and longed in vain. He saw them, he bowed to them, he even addressed them pleasantly and charmingly, but to him they were merely incidents in his walks to and from the post-office. In his mind's eye he saw but one, and she, alas! was not present in the flesh.

Then he returned to camp where, later on, Captain Zelotes and Olive visited him. As they came away, the captain and his grandson exchanged a few significant words.

"IT IS likely to be almost any time, grandfather," said Albert quietly. "They are beginning to send them now, as you know by the papers, and we have had the tip that our turn will be soon. So——"

Captain 'Lote grasped the significance of the uncompleted sentence.

"I see, Al," he answered, "I see. Well, boy, I—I— Good luck."

"Good luck, grandfather."

That was all, that and one more hand-clasp. Our Anglo-Saxon inheritance descends upon us in times like these. The captain was silent for most of the ride to the railroad station.

Then followed a long, significant interval during which there were no letters from the young soldier. After this a short reassuring cablegram from "Somewhere in France": "Safe. Well," it read, and Olive Snow carried it about with her, in the bosom of her gown, all that afternoon and put it, upon retiring, on her bureau top so that she might see it the first thing in the morning.

Another long interval, then letters, the reassuring but so tantalizingly unsatisfactory letters we American families were just at that time beginning to receive. Reading the newspapers now had a personal interest, a terrifying, dreadful interest. Then the packing and sending of holiday boxes, over the contents of which Olive and Rachel spent much careful planning and anxious preparation. Then another interval of more letters, letters which hinted vaguely at big things just ahead.

Then no letter for more than a month.

And then, one noon, as Captain Zelotes returned to his desk after the walk from home and dinner, Laban Keeler came in and stood beside that desk.

The captain, looking up, saw the little bookkeeper's face.

"What is it, Labe?" he asked sharply.

Laban held a yellow envelope in his hand.

"It came while you were gone to dinner, cap'n," he said. "Ben Kelley fetched it from the telegraph office himself. He—he said he didn't hardly want to take it to the house. He cal'lated you'd better have it here, to read by yourself, fust. That's what he said—yes, yes——that's what 'twas, cap'n."

Slowly Captain Zelotes extended his hand for the envelope. He did not take his eyes from the bookkeeper's face.

"Ben—Ben, he told me what was in it, Cap'n 'Lote," faltered Laban. "I—I don't know what to say to you, I don't—no, no."

Without a word the captain took the envelope from Keeler's fingers and tore it open. He read the words upon the form within.

Laban leaned forward.

"For God sakes, 'Lote Snow," he cried, in a burst of agony, "why couldn't it have been some darn good-for-nothin' like me instead—instead of him? Oh, my God A'mighty, what a world this is! *What* a world!"

Still Captain Zelotes said nothing. His eyes were fixed upon the yellow sheet of paper on the desk before him. After a long minute he spoke.

"Well," he said very slowly, "well, Labe, there goes—there goes Z. Snow & Company."

THE telegram from the War Department was brief, as all such telegrams were perforce obliged to be. The Secretary of War, through his representative, regretted to inform Captain Zelotes Snow that Sergeant Albert Speranza had been killed in action upon a certain day. It was enough, however—for the time quite enough. It was not until later that the little group in South Harniss recovered sufficiently from the stunning effect of those few words to think of seeking particulars. Albert was dead; what did it matter, then, to know how he died?

Olive bore the shock surprisingly well. Her husband's fears for her seemed quite unnecessary. The captain, knowing how she had idolized her daughter's boy, had dreaded the effect which the news might have upon her. She was broken down by it, it is true, but she was quiet and brave, astonishingly, wonderfully quiet and brave. And it was she, rather than her husband, who played the part of the comforter in those black hours.

"He's gone, Zelotes," she said. "It don't seem possible, I know, but he's gone. And he died doin' his duty, same as he would have wanted to die if he'd known 'twas comin', poor boy. So—so we must do ours, I suppose, and bear up under it the very best we can. It won't be very long Zelotes," she added. "We're both gettin' old."

Captain 'Lote made no reply. He was standing by the window of the sitting-room looking out into the wet backyard across which the wind-driven rain was beating in stormy gusts.

"We must be brave, Zelotes," whispered Olive tremulously. "He'd want us to be and we *must* be."

He put his arm about her in a sudden heat of admiration.

"I'd be ashamed not to be after seein' you, mother," he exclaimed.

He went out to the barn a few moments later and Rachel, entering the sitting-room, found Olive crumpled down in the big rocker in an agony of grief.

"OH, DON'T, Mrs. Snow, don't!" she begged, the tears streaming down her own cheeks. "You mustn't give way to it like this, you mustn't."

Olive nodded.

"I know it, I know it," she admitted, chokingly, wiping her eyes with a soaked handkerchief. "I sha'n't, Rachel, only this once, I promise you. You see I can't. I just can't on Zelotes's account. I've got to bear up for his sake."

The housekeeper was surprised and a little indignant.

"For his sake!" she repeated. "For mercy sakes, why for his sake? Is it any worse for him than 'tis for you?"

"Oh yes, yes, lots worse. He won't say much, of course, bein' Zelotes Snow, but you and I know how he's planned, especially these last years, and how he's begun to count on—on Albert. No, no, I ain't goin' to cry, Rachel, I ain't—I *won't*—but sayin' his name, you know, kind of——"

"I know, I know. Land sakes, *don't* I know! Ain't I doin' it myself?"

"Course you are, Rachel. But we mustn't when Zelotes is around. We women, we—well, times like these women *have* to keep up. What would become of the men if we didn't?"

SO SHE and Rachel "kept up" in public and when the captain was present and he, for his part, made no show of grief nor asked for pity. He was silent, talked little and to the callers who came either at the house or office was uncomplaining.

"He died like a man," he told the Rev. Mr. Kendall when the latter called. "He took his chance, knowin' what that meant——"

"He was glad to take it," interrupted the minister. "Proud and glad to take it."

"Sartin. Why not? Wouldn't you or I

Continued on page 111



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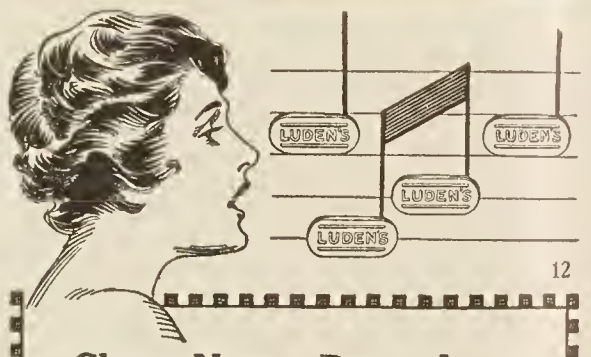
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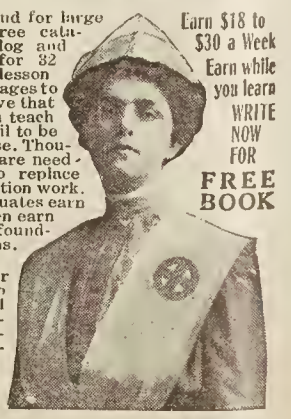
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Continued from page 110

THE PORTYGEE

have been just as glad to take ours, if we could?"

"Well, Captain Snow, I am glad to find you so resigned."

Captain Zelotes looked at him. "Resigned?" he repeated. "What do you mean by resigned? Not to sit around and whimper is one thing—any decent man or woman ought to be able to do that in these days; but if by bein' resigned you mean I'm contented to have it so—well, you're mistaken, that's all."

Only on one occasion, and then to Laban Keeler, did he open his shell sufficiently to give a glimpse of what was inside. Laban entered the inner office that morning to find his employer sitting in the desk-chair, both hands jammed in his trousers-pockets and his gaze fixed, apparently, upon the row of pigeonholes. When the bookkeeper spoke to him, he seemed to awaken from a dream, for he started and looked up.

"Cap'n 'Lote," began Keeler, "I'm sorry to bother you, but that last car-load of pine was——"

Captain Zelotes waved his hand, brushing the car-load of pine out of the conversation.

"Labe," he said slowly, "did it seem to you that I was too hard on him?"

Laban did not understand. "Hard on him?" he repeated. "I don't know's I just get——"

"Hard on Al. Did it seem to you as if I was a little too much of the bucko mate to the boy? Did I drive him too hard? Was I unreasonable?"

The answer was prompt. "No, Cap'n 'Lote," replied Keeler.

"You mean that? Um-hm. Well, sometimes seems as if I might have been. You see, Labe, when he first come I— Well, I cal'late I was consider'ble prejudiced against him. Account of his father, you understand."

"Sartin. Sure. I understand."

"IT TOOK me a good while to get reconciled to the Portygee streak in him. It chafed me consider'ble to think there was a foreign streak in our family. The Snows have been straight Yankee for a good long while. Fact is, I—I never got really reconciled to it. I kept bein' fearful all the time that that streak, his father's streak, would break out in him. It never did, except of course in his poetry and that sort of folisluess, but I was always scared 'twould, you see. And now—now that this has happened I—I kind of fret for fear that I may have let my notions get ahead of my fair play. You think I did give the boy a square deal, Labe?"

"Sure thing, cap'n."

"I'm glad of that. And—and you cal'late he wasn't—wan't too prejudiced against me? I don't mean along at first, I mean this last year or two."

Laban hesitated. He wished his answer to be not an overstatement, but the exact truth.

"I think," he said with emphasis, "that Al was comin' to understand you better every day he lived, cap'n. Yes, and to think more and more of you, too. He was gettin' older, for one thing—older, more of a man—yes."

Captain Zelotes smiled sadly. "He was more boy than man by a good deal yet," he observed. "Well, Labe, he's gone and I'm just beginnin' to realize how much of life for me has gone along with him. He'd been doin' better here in the office for the last two or three years; seemed to be catchin' on to business better. Didn't you think so, Labe?"

"Sartin. Yes, indeed. Fust-rate, fust-rate."

"No, not first-rate. He was a long ways from a business man yet, but I did think he was doin' a lot better. I could begin to see him pilotin' this craft after I was called ashore. Now he's gone and—well, I don't see much use in my fightin' to keep it afloat. I'm gettin' along in years—and what's the use?"

IT WAS the first time Laban had ever heard Captain Zelotes refer to himself as an old man. It shocked him into sharp expostulation.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed. "You ain't old enough for the scrap-heap by a big stretch. And besides, he made his fight, didn't he? He didn't quit Al didn't, and he wouldn't want us to. No sir-ee, he wouldn't! No, sir, no! I—I hope you'll excuse me, Cap'n 'Lote. I—I declare it must seem to you as if I was talkin' pretty fresh. I snum I'm sorry. I am so sorry; yes, yes, I be."

The captain was not offended. He waved the apologies aside.

"So you think it's worth while my fightin' it out, do you, Labe?" he asked reflectively.

"I—I think it's what you ought to do anyhow, whether it's worth while or not. The whole world's fightin'. Uncle Sam's fightin'. Al was fightin'. You're fightin'. I'm fightin'. It's a darn sight easier to quit, a darn sight, but—but Al didn't quit. And—and we mustn't—not if we can help it," he added, drawing a hand across his forehead.

His agitation seemed to surprise Captain Zelotes. "So all hands are fightin', are they, Labe?" he observed. "Well, I presume likely there's some truth in that. What's your particular fight, for instance?"

The little bookkeeper looked at him for an instant before replying. The captain's question was kindly asked, but there was, or so Laban imagined, the faintest trace of sarcasm in its tone. That trace decided him. He leaned across the desk.

"My particular fight?" he repeated. "You—you want to know what 'tis, Cap'n 'Lote? All right; all right. I'll tell you."

AND without waiting for further questioning and with, for him, surprisingly few repetitions, he told of his "enlistment" to fight John Barleycorn for the duration of the war. Captain Zelotes listened to the very end in silence. Laban mopped his forehead with a hand which shook much as it had done during the interview with Albert in the room above the shoe-store.

"There—there," he declared, in conclusion, "that's my fight, Cap'n 'Lote. Al and I, we—we kind of went into it together, as you might say, though his enlistin' was consider'ble more heroic than mine—yes indeed, I should s—so—yes, yes, yes. But I'm fightin, too—er—I'm fightin' too."

Captain Zelotes pulled his beard.

"How's the fight goin', Labe?" he asked quietly.

"WELL—well, it's kind of—kind of spotty, as you might say. There's spots when I get along fairly smooth and others when—well, when it's pretty rough goin'. I've had four hard spots since Al went away, but there's two that was the hardest. One was along Christmas and NewYear time; you know I 'most generally had one of my—er—spells along about then. And 'tother is just now; I mean since we got the word about—about Al. I don't suppose likely you surmised it, cap'n, but—but I'd come to think a lot of that boy—yes, I had. Seems funny to you, I don't doubt, but it's so. And since the word came, you know—I—I—well, I've had some fight, some fight. I—I don't cal'late I've slept more'n four hours in the last four nights—not more'n that, no. Walkin' helps me most, seems so. Last night I walked to West Orham."

"To West Orham! You *walked* there? Last *night?*"

"Um-hm. Long's I can keep walkin' I—I seem to part way forget—to forget the stuff, you know. When I'm alone in my room I go 'most crazy—pretty nigh loony. But there! I don't know why I got to talkin' like this to you, Cap'n 'Lote. You've got your troubles and——"

"Hold on, Labe. Does Rachel know about your fight?"

"No. No, no. Course she must notice how long I've been—been straight, but I haven't told her. I want to be sure I'm goin' to win before I tell her. She's been disappointed times enough before, poor woman. There, Cap'n 'Lote, don't let's talk about it any more. Please don't get the notion that I'm askin' for pity or anything like that. And don't think I'm comparin' what I call my fight to the real one like Al's. There's nothin' much heroic about me, eh? No, no, I guess not. Tell that to look at me, eh?"

Captain Zelotes rose and laid his big hand on his bookkeeper's shoulder.

"Don't you believe it, Labe," he said. "I'm proud of you. And, I declare, I'm ashamed of myself. Humph! Well, to-night you come home with me and have supper at the house."

"Now, now Cap'n 'Lote——"

"You do as I tell you. After supper, if there's any walking' to be done—if you take a notion to frog it to Orham or San Francisco or somewheres—maybe I'll go with you. Walkin' may be good for my fight, too; you can't tell till you try. There, don't argue, Labe. I'm skipper of this craft yet and you'll obey my orders; d'you hear?"

THE day following the receipt of the fateful telegram the captain wrote a brief note to Fletcher Fosdick. A day or two later he received a reply. Fosdick's letter was kindly and deeply sympathetic. He had been greatly shocked and grieved by the news. "Young Speranza seemed to me, in my one short interview with him, to be a fine young fellow. Madeline, poor girl, is almost frantic. She will recover by and by; recovery is easier at her age; but it will be very, very hard for you and Mrs. Snow. You and I little thought when we discussed the problem of our young people that it would be solved in this way. To you and your wife my sincerest sympathy. When you hear particulars concerning your grandson's death, please write me. Madeline is anxious to know and keeps asking for them. Mrs. Fosdick is too much concerned with her daughter's health to write just now, but she joins me in sympathetic regards."

Captain Zelotes took Mrs. Fosdick's "sympathy" with a grain of salt. When he showed this letter to his wife he, for the first time, told her of the engagement, explaining that his previous silence had been due to Albert's request that the affair be kept a secret for the present. Olive, even in the depth of her sorrow, was greatly impressed by the grandeur of the alliance.

"Just think, Zelotes," she exclaimed. "The Fosdick girl—and our Albert engaged to marry her! Why, the Fosdicks are awful rich; everybody says so. Mrs. Fosdick is head of I don't know how many societies and clubs and things in New York; her name is in the paper almost every day, so another New York woman told me at Red Cross meetin' last Summer. And Mr. Fosdick has been in politics, 'way up in politics."

"Um-hm. Well, he's reformed lately I understand, so we mustn't hold that against him."

"WHY, Zelotes, what *do* you mean? How can you talk so? Just think what it would have meant to have our Albert marry a girl like Madeline Fosdick."

The captain put his arm about her and gently patted her shoulder.

"There, there, mother," he said gently, "don't let that part of it fret you."

"But, Zelotes," tearfully, "I don't understand. It would have been such a great thing for Albert."

"Would it? Well, maybe. Anyhow, there no use worryin' about it now. It's done with—ended and done with—same as a good many other plans that's been made in the world."

"Zelotes, don't speak like that, dear, so discouraged. It makes me feel worse than ever to hear you. And—and he wouldn't want you to, I'm sure."

"Wouldn't he? No. I cal'late you're right, mother. We'll try not to."

Other letters came, including one from Helen. It was not long. Mrs. Snow was a little inclined to feel hurt at its brevity. Her husband, however, did not share this feeling.

"Have you read it carefully, mother?" he asked.

"Of course I have, Zelotes. What do you mean?"

Continued on page 112



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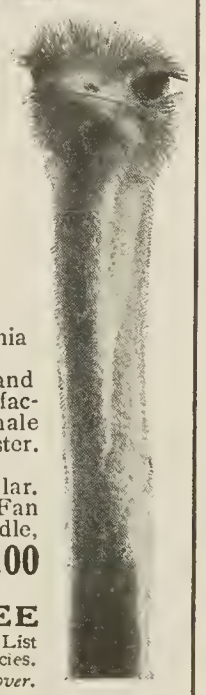
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Continued from page 111

THE PORTYGEE

"I mean— Well, I tell you, mother, I've read it three times. The first time I was like you; seemed to me as good a friend of Al and of us as Helen Kendall ought to have written more than that. The second time I read it I begun to wonder if—if——"

"If what, Zelotes?"

"Oh, nothin' mother, nothin'. She says she's comin' to see us just as soon as she can get away for a day or two. She'll come, and when she does I cal'late both you and I are goin' to be satisfied."

"But why didn't she *write* more, Zelotes? That's what I can't understand."

CAPTAIN Zelotes tugged at his beard reflectively. "When I wrote Fosdick the other day," he said, "I couldn't write more than a couple of pages. I was too upset to do it. I couldn't, that's all."

"Yes, but you are Albert's grandfather."

"I know. And— But there, mother, don't you worry about Helen Kendall. I've known her since she was born, pretty nigh, and *I* tell you, she's *all right.*"

It must be admitted that Helen was observed later in the Winter to be spending a good deal of time on the beach alone.

Fosdick, in his letter, had asked for particulars concerning Albert's death. Those particulars were slow in coming. Captain Zelotes wrote to the War Department, but received little satisfaction. The Department would inform him as soon as it obtained the information. The name of Sergeant Albert Speranza had been cabled as one of a list of fatalities, that was all.

"And to think," as Rachel Ellis put it, "that we never knew he'd been made a sergeant until after he was gone. He never had time to write it, I expect likely, poor boy."

The first bit of additional information was furnished by the press. A correspondent of one of the Boston dailies sent a brief dispatch to his paper describing the fighting at a certain point on the Allied front. A small detachment of American troops had taken part with the French in an attack on a village held by the enemy. The enthusiastic reporter declared it to be one of the smartest little actions in which our soldiers had so far taken part and was eloquent concerning the bravery and dash of his fellow countrymen. "They proved themselves," he went on, "and French officers with whom I have talked are enthusiastic. Our losses, considering the number engaged, are said to be heavy. Among those reported as killed is Sergeant Albert Speranza, a Massachusetts boy whom American readers will remember as a writer of poetry and magazine fiction. Sergeant Speranza is said to have led his company in the capture of the village and to have acted with distinguished bravery."

THE editor of the Boston paper who first read this dispatch turned to his associate at the next desk.

"Speranza? Speranza?" he said aloud. "Say, Jim, wasn't it Albert Speranza who wrote that corking poem we published after the *Lusitania* was sunk?"

Jim looked up. "Yes," he said. "He has written a lot of pretty good stuff since, too. Why?"

"He's just been killed in action over there, so Conway says in this dispatch."

"So? Humph! Any particulars?"

"Not yet. 'Distinguished bravery,' according to Conway. Couldn't we have something done in the way of a Sunday special? He was a Massachusetts fellow."

"We might. We haven't a photograph, have we? If we haven't, perhaps we can get one."

The photograph was obtained—bribery and corruption of the Orham photographer—and, accompanied by a reprint of the *Lusitania* poem, appeared in the magazine section of the Sunday newspaper. With these also appeared a short notice of the young poet's death in the service of his country.

That was the beginning. At the middle of that week Conway sent another dispatch. The editor who received it took it into the office of the Sunday editor.

"Say," he said, "here are more particulars about that young chap Speranza, the one we printed the special about last Sunday. He must have been a corker. When his lieutenant was put out of business by shrapnel, this Speranza chap rallied the men and jammed 'em through the Huns like a hot knife through butter. Killed the German officer and took three prisoners all by himself. Carried his wounded lieutenant to the rear on his shoulders, too. Then he went back into the ruins to get another wounded man and was blown to slivers by a hand-grenade. He's been cited in orders and will probably be decorated by the French—that is, his memory will be. Pretty good for a poet, I'd say. No 'lilies and languors' about that, eh?"

The Sunday editor nodded approval.

"GREAT stuff!" he exclaimed. "Let me have that dispatch, will you, when you've finished. I've just discovered that this young Speranza's father was Speranza the opera baritone. You remember him? And his mother was the daughter of a Cape Cod sea-captain. How's that? Spain, Cape Cod, opera, poetry and the *Croix de Guerre.* And have you looked at the young fellow's photograph? Combination of Adonis and 'Romeo, where art thou?' I've had no less than twenty letters about him and his poetry already. Next Sunday we'll have a special as is. Where can I get hold of a lot of his poems?"

The "special as was" occupied an entire page. A reporter had visited South Harniss and had taken photographs of the Snow place and some of its occupants. Captain Zelotes had refused to pose, but there was a view of the building and yards of "Z. Snow & Co." with the picturesque figure of Mr. Issachar Price tastefully draped against a pile of boards in the right foreground. Issy had been a find for the reporter; he supplied the latter with every fact concerning Albert which he could remember and some that he invented on the spur of the moment. According to Issy, Albert was "a fine, fust-class young feller. Him and me was like brothers, as you might say. When he got into trouble, or was undecided or anything, he'd come to me for advice and I always give it to him. Land, yes! I always give it to Albert. No matter how busy I was I always stopped work to help *him* out." The reporter added that Mr. Price stopped work even while speaking of it.

The special attracted the notice of other newspaper editors. This skirmish in which Albert had taken so gallant a part was among the first in which our soldiers had participated. So the story was copied and recopied. The tale of the death of the young poet, the "happy warrior," as some writer called him, was spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to the Gulf. And just at this psychological moment the New York publisher brought out the long-deferred volume. "The Lances of Dawn, Being the Collected Poems of Albert M. C. Speranza," such was its title.

Meanwhile, or, rather, within the week when the "Lances of Dawn" flashed upon the public, Captain Zelotes received a letter from the captain of Albert's regiment in France. It was not a long letter, for the captain was a busy man, but it was the kindly, sympathetic letter of one who was, literally, that well-advertised combination, an officer and a gentleman. It told of Albert's promotion to the rank of sergeant, "a promotion which, had the boy been spared, would I am sure have been but the forerunner of others." It told of that last fight, the struggle for the village, of Sergeant Speranza's coolness and daring and of his rush back into the maw of death to save a wounded comrade.

"THE men tell me they tried to stop him," wrote the captain. "He was himself slightly wounded; he had just brought Lieutenant Stacey back to safety, and the enemy at that moment was again advancing through the village. But he insisted upon going. The man he was trying to rescue was a private in his company and the pair were great friends. So he started back alone, although several followed him a moment later. They saw him enter the ruined cottage where his friend lay. Then a party of the enemy appeared at the corner and flung grenades. The entire side of the cottage which he had just entered was blown in and the Germans passed on over it, causing our men to fall back temporarily. We retook the place within half an hour. Private Kelly's body—it was Private Kelly whom Sergeant Speranza was attempting to rescue—was found and another, badly disfigured, which was at first supposed to be that of your grandson. But this body was subsequently identified as that of a private named Hamlin, who was killed when the enemy first charged. Sergeant Speranza's body is still missing, but is thought to be buried beneath the ruins of the cottage. These ruins were subsequently blown into further chaos by a high-explosive shell."

Then followed more expressions of regret and sympathy and confirmation of the report concerning citation and the war cross. Captain 'Lote read the letter at first alone in his private office. Then he brought it home and gave it to his wife to read. Afterward he read it aloud to Rachel Ellis and to Laban, who was making his usual call in the Snow kitchen.

When the reading was ended, Labe was the first to speak. His eyes were shining.

"Godfreys!" he exclaimed. "Godfreys, Cap'n 'Lote!"

The captain seemed to understand.

"You're right, Labe," he said. "The boy's made us proud of him. Prouder than some of us are of ourselves, I cal'late," he added, rising and moving toward the door.

"Sho, sho, cap'n, you mustn't feel that way. No, no."

"HUMPH! Labe, I presume likely if I was a pious man, one of the old-fashioned kind of pious, and believed the Almighty went out of his way to get square with any human bein' that made a mistake or didn't do the right thing—if I believed that, I might figger all this was a sort of special judgment on me for my prejudices, ch?"

Mr. Keeler was much disturbed.

"Nonsense, nonsense, Cap'n 'Lote!" he protested. "You ain't fair to yourself. You never treated Al anyhow but just honest and fair and square. If he was here now instead of layin' dead over there in France, poor feller, he'd say so, too. Yes, he would. Course he would."

The captain made no reply, but walked from the room. Laban turned to Rachel Ellis.

"The old man broods over that," he said. "I wish— Eh? What's the matter, Rachel? What are you lookin' at me like that for?"

The housekeeper was leaning forward in her chair, her cheeks flushed and her hands clenched.

"How do you know he's dead?" she asked in a mysterious whisper.

"Eh? How do I know who's dead?"

"Albert. How do you know he's dead?"

Laban stared at her.

"How do I know he's *dead!*" he repeated. "How do I know——"

"Yes, yes, yes," impatiently; "that's what I said. Don't run it over three or four times more. How do you know Albert's dead?"

"Why, Rachel, what kind of talk's that? I know he's dead because the newspapers say so, and the War Department folks say so, and this cap'n man in France that was right there at the time, *he* says so. All hands say so—yes, yes. So don't——"

"SSHH! I don't care if they all say so ten times over. How do they *know?* They ain't found him dead, have they? The report from the War Department folks was sent when they thought that other body was Albert's. Now they know that wasn't him. Where is he?"

Continued on page 113



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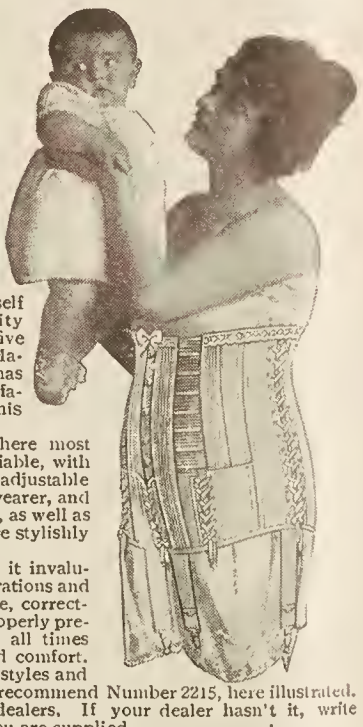
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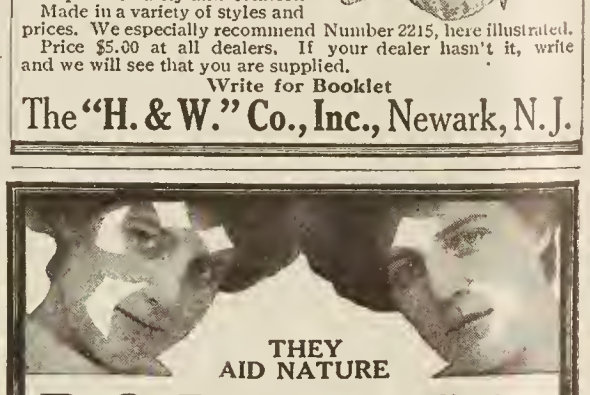
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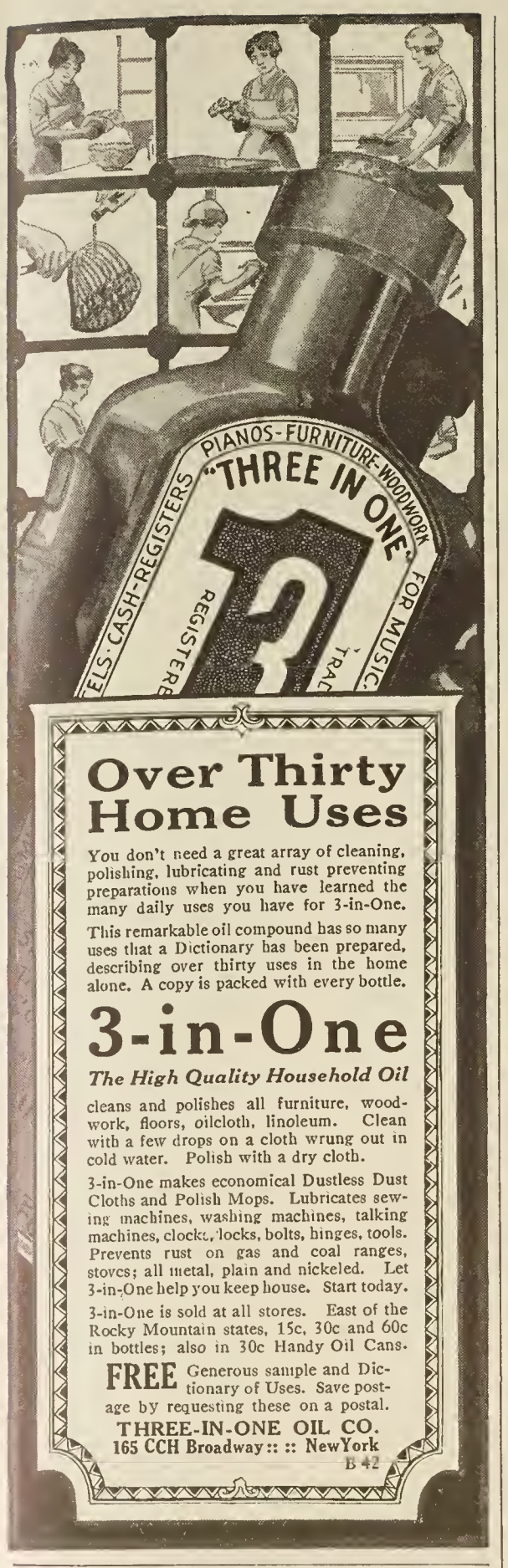
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Continued from page 112

THE PORTYGEE

"Why, under the ruins of that cottage. 'Twas all blown to pieces and most likely——"

"Um-hm. There you are! 'Most likely! Well, I ain't satisfied with most likelys. I want to *know*."

"But—but——"

"Laban Keeler, until they find his body I shan't believe Albert's dead."

"But, Rachel, you mustn't try to deceive yourself that way. Don't you see——"

"No, I don't see. What's to hinder Albert's bein' took prisoner by those Germans? They came back to that cottage place after Albert was left there; the cap'n says so in that letter Cap'n 'Lote just read. What's to hinder their carryin' Al off with 'em? Eh? What's to hinder?"

"Why—why, nothin', I suppose, in one way. But nine chances out of ten——"

"That leaves one chance, don't it? I ain't goin' to give up that chance for—for my boy. I—I— Oh, Labe, I did think *so* much of him!"

"I know, Rachel, I know. Don't cry any more than you can help. And if it helps you any to make believe—I mean to keep on hopin' he's alive somewheres—why, do it. It won't do any harm, I suppose. Only I wouldn't hint such a thing to Cap'n 'Lote or Olive."

"Of course not," indignantly. "I ain't quite a fool, I hope. And I presume likely you're right, Laban. The poor boy is dead, probably. But I—I'm goin' to hope he isn't anyhow, just to get what comfort I can from it."

FOR some time Laban found himself, against all reason, asking the very question Rachel had asked: Did they actually *know* that Albert was dead? But as the months passed and no news came he ceased to ask it. Whenever he mentioned the subject to the housekeeper, her invariable reply was, "But they haven't found his body, have they?" She would not give up that tenth chance. As she seemed to find some comfort in it, he did not attempt to convince her of its futility.

And meanwhile "The Lances of Dawn, Being the Collected Poems of Albert M. C. Speranza," was making a mild sensation. The critics were surprisingly kind to it. The story of the young author's recent and romantic death, of his gallantry, his handsome features displayed in newspapers everywhere, all these helped toward the generous welcome accorded the little volume. If the verses were not inspired—why, they were at least entertaining and pleasant. And youth, high-hearted youth, sang on every page. So the reviewers were kind and forbearing to the poems themselves, and, for the sake of the dead soldier-poet, were often enthusiastic. The book sold; for a volume of poems it sold very well indeed.

At the Snow place in South Harniss pride and tears mingled. Olive read the verses over and over again and wept as she read. Rachel Ellis learned many of them by heart, but she, too, wept as she recited them to herself or to Laban. In the little bookkeeper's room above Simonds's shoe-store "The Lances of Dawn" lay under the lamp upon the center-table as before a shrine. Captain Zelotes read the verses. Also he read all the newspaper notices which, sent to the family by Helen Kendall, were promptly held before his eyes by Olive and Rachel. He read the publisher's advertisements; he read the reviews. And the more he read the more puzzled and bewildered he became.

"I CAN'T understand it, Laban," he confided in deep distress to Mr. Keeler. "I give in I don't know anything at all about this. I'm clean off soundin's. If all this newspaper stuff is so, Albert was right all the time and I was plumb wrong. Here's this fellar," picking up a clipping from the desk, "callin' him a genius and 'a gifted youth' and the land knows what. And every day or so I get a letter from somebody I never heard of tellin' me what a comfort to 'em those poetry pieces of his are. I don't understand it, Labe. It worries me. If all this is true, then—then I was all wrong. I tried to keep him from makin' up poetry, Labe—*tried* to, I did. If what these folks say is so, somethin' ought to be done to me. I—I—by thunder, I don't know's I hadn't ought to be hung! And yet—and yet, I did what I thought was right and did it for the boy's sake. And—and even now I—I ain't sartin I was wrong. But if I wasn't wrong, then this— Oh, I don't know, I don't know!"

And not only in South Harniss were there changes of heart. In New York City and at Greenwich, where Mrs. Fosdick was more than ever busy with war work, there were changes. When the newspaper accounts of young Speranza's heroic death were first published the lady paid little attention to them. Her daughter needed all her care just then—all the care, that is, which she could spare from her duties as president of this society and corresponding secretary of that. If her feelings upon hearing the news could have been analyzed, it is probable that their larger proportion would have been a huge sense of relief. *That* problem was solved, at all events. She was sorry for poor Madeline, of course, but the dear child was *but* a child and would recover.

BUT as with more and more intensity the limelight of publicity was turned upon Albert Speranza's life and death and writing the wife of the Hon. Fletcher Fosdick could not but be impressed. As head of several so-called literary societies, societies rather neglected since the outbreak of hostilities, she had made it her business to hunt literary lions. Recently it was true that military lions—Major Vermicelli of the Roumanian light cavalry, or Private Drinkwater of the Tank Corps—were more in demand than Tagores, but, as Mrs. Fosdick read of Sergeant Speranza's perils and poems, it could not help occurring to her that here was a lion both literary and martial. Decidedly she had not approved of her daughter's engagement to that lion, but now the said lion was dead, which rendered him a perfectly harmless yet not the less fascinating animal. And then appeared "The Lances of Dawn" and Mrs. Fosdick's friends among the elect began to read and talk about it.

IT WAS then that the change came. Those friends, one by one, individuals judiciously chosen, were told in strict confidence of poor Madeline's romantic love affair and its tragic ending. These individuals, chosen judiciously as has been stated, whispered, also in strict confidence, the tale to other friends and acquaintances. Mrs. Fosdick began to receive condolences on her daughter's account and on her own. Soon she began to speak publicly of: "My poor, dear daughter's dead *fiancé*. Such a loss to American literature. Sheer genius. Have you read the article in the *Timepiece*? Madeline, poor girl, is heart-broken, naturally, but very proud, even in the midst of her grief. So are we all, I assure you."

She quoted liberally from "The Lances of Dawn." A copy of "The Lances," specially bound, lay upon her library table. Albert's photograph in uniform, obtained from the Snows by Mr. Fosdick, who wrote for it at his wife's request, stood beside it. To callers and sister war workers Mrs. Fosdick gave details of the hero's genius, his bravery, his devotion to her daughter. It was all so romantic and pleasantly self-advertising—and perfectly safe.

Summer came again, the Summer of 1918. The newspapers now were gravely personal reading to millions of Americans. Our new army was trying its mettle on the French front and with the British against the vaunted Hindenburg Line. The transports were carrying thousands on every trip to join those already "over there." In South Harniss and in Greenwich and New York, as in every town and city, the ordinary Summer vacations and playtime occupations were forgotten or neglected and war charities and war labors took their place. Other soldiers than Sergeant Speranza were the newspaper heroes now, other books than "The Lances of Dawn" talked about.

As on the previous Summer, the new Fosdick cottage was not occupied by its owners. Mrs. Fosdick was absorbed by her multitudinous war duties and her husband was at Washington giving his counsel and labor to the cause. Captain Zelotes bought to his last spare dollar of each successive issue of Liberty Bonds, and gave that dollar to the Red Cross or the Y. M. C. A. Laban and Rachel did likewise. Even Issachar Price bought Thrift Stamps and exhibited them to any one who would stop long enough to look.

"BY CRIMUS," declared Issy, "I'm makin' myself poor helpin' out the gov'ment, but let' er go and darn the kaiser, that's my motto. But they ain't all like me. I was down to the drug-store yesterday and old man Burgess had the cheek to tell me I owed him for some cigars I bought—er—last fall, seems to me 'twas. I turned right around and looked at him. 'I've got my opinion,' says I, 'of a man that thinks of cigars and such luxuries when the country needs every cent. What have you got that gov'ment poster stuck up on your wall for?' says I. 'Read it,' I says. 'It says "Save! Save! Save!" don't it? All right. That's what *I'm* doin'. *I am* savin'.' Then when he was thinkin' of somethin' to answer back I walked right out and left him. Yes, sir, by crimustee, I left him right where he stood!"

August came, September—the Hindenburg Line was broken. Each day the triumphant head-lines in the papers were big and black and also, alas! the casualty lists on the inside pages long and longer. Then October; November. The armistice was signed. It was the end. The Allied world went wild, cheered, danced, celebrated. Then it sat back, thinking, thanking God, solemnly trying to realize that the killing days, the frightful days of waiting and awful anxiety, were over.

And early in November another telegram came to the office of Z. Snow & Co. This time it came, not from the War Department direct, but from the Boston headquarters of the American Red Cross.

And this time, just as on the day when the other fateful telegram came, Laban Keeler was the first of the office regulars to learn its contents. Ben Kelley himself brought this message, just as he had brought that telling of Albert Speranza's death. And the usually stolid Ben was greatly excited. He strode straight from the door to the bookkeeper's desk.

"IS THE old man in, Labe?" he whispered jerking his head toward the private office, the door of which happened to be shut.

Laban looked at him over his spectacles. "Cap'n 'Lote, you mean?" he asked. "Yes, he's in. But he don't want to be disturbed—no, no. Goin' to write a couple of important letters, he said. Important ones. Umhm. What is it, Ben? Anything I can do for you?"

Kelley did not answer that question. Instead he took a telegram from his pocket.

"Read it, Labe," he whispered. "Read it. It's the darndest news—the—the darndest good news ever you heard in your life. It don't seem as if it could be, but, by time, I guess 'tis. Anyhow, it's from the Red Cross folks and they'd ought to know."

Laban stared at the telegram. It was not in the usual envelope; Kelley had been too anxious to bring it to its destination to bother with an envelope.

"Read it," commanded the operator again. "See if you think Cap'n 'Lote ought to have it broke easy to him or—or what? Read it, I tell you. Lord sakes, it's no secret. I hollered it right out loud when it came in over the wire and the gang at the depot heard it. They know it and it'll be all over town in ten minutes. *Read it.*"

Keeler read the telegram. His florid cheeks turned pale.

"Good Lord above!" he exclaimed under his breath.

Continued in the April DELINEATOR



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Continued from page 15

THE INNER ENEMY

daze with an undercurrent of poignant feeling. He was really much more profoundly moved than the girl; for one thing, he was in a supersensitive state and it was harder for him to adjust himself.

The touch of her secmed to linger, warm and fragrant and intoxicating, fine with the miraculous softness and delicacy of the woman's flesh, slight and yielding, contrasting marvelously with his own powerful thews. She was something he wanted to protect, somcthing that made his strength significant, his part in the bewildering war drama from which he had been recently vomited, a thing of meaning and dignity.

Until a heathenish hour that night, he sat by his window and smoked, and somehow his kaleidoscopic visions always ended in a little bungalow with vines on the porch, of eoming home to her—finding her in a checked apron he had once seen her wear—unalterably and eternally his.

WHEN Rose breakfasted the next morning, Carrie, the dusky maid of all work, confided as she brought in the matutinal toast and coffec, that she was going in to the city that day and "buy her a spoht hat."

A remembrance of Jimmy Wharton's half-uttered warning of the night before came to Rose. "Perhaps you'd better not go to-day, Carrie," she said absently; "I heard there was some sort of trouble in the city yesterday."

"Oh, Lawdy," remarked Carrie, "some of those no-'count niggahs who come to wuhk in de packin'-plants, Ah reckon. Ah don' cah foh dem. Lahk tuh see any of 'em say anything tuh me! Huh!"

"But some pretty bad things have happened in other places, Carrie," persisted Rose perfunctorily, her mind full of the stupendous event of the preceding night.

Carrie, however, with a contemptuous snort for "de niggahs in de packin'-plants," had departed.

As she fared forth for the 7:50 into the city, Rose was a markedly different figure from the fluffy-haired, frivolously attired lady-love of Jimmy Wharton, although her gray eyes were still wide with the wonder of it all.

Now she was formidably trim and business-like in her severe blue linen and plain sailor, her shining hair done with the utmost simplicity, being of the type of young business woman who is nauseatcd by flesh-colored Georgette blouses, unduly roseate complexions, and dangling earrings in office hours.

In the train, though, she was aware that something was decidedly amiss. All about her, she ovcrhcard fragments of terrifying stories, which, however, in view of the many war-time rumors and exaggerations which she had heard related in this selfsame train, she discounted somewhat.

But when she had gathered something about "race riots," from the garbled yelps of the train-boy, she bought a morning paper and found that most of the stories were true. Starting at a bathing-beach, the prcvious afternoon, whcn crowds of negroes and whites attempted to secure the right of way by throwing stones at one another—the trouble had spread like some cvil fire with its sinister blaze of violence and cruelty.

When she left the station, evidences of trouble were apparent on every side; the very streets wore an evilly deserted aspect like some one hiding after a crime. Her office was only a few blocks away in a factory building situated in a busy but rather down-at-heels section of the city, and that the shabby street leading to it had been the scene of fighting the night before was only too evident.

The squat, dingy old buildings showed many broken windows; a number of the smaller, and consequently more timid, places of business were closed. Bricks, stones, bits of clothing, battered hats, were strewn over the ruogh eobblestones, and once she shudderingly stepped aside to avoid something that looked horribly like a dried pool of blood. It was characteristic of her, however, that it did not once occur to hcr to turn and flee homeward.

ABOUT a block from her destination a tall negro, gaunt-shanked, and black with that velvety blackness one only sees in the far South, stepped out of a doorway and blocked the narrow pavement. He was the typical migratory blaek, spirited out of the South by frantic labor agents to meet war emergencies, eonfused by a new environment to which he had not become adjusted, and full of very bad liquor.

"Whah ye' goin', missy?" he asked with an evil grin.

Fear clutched at her throat, but instinct told her it would be fatal to show it.

"Get out of my way," she said quietly, her brows drawn into a straight blaek line.

He was surprised. He had spoken to two white women that morning, and both had fled squawking, which had been great fun, and had given him a dim but highly uplifting sense of avenging racial wrongs.

"Doan' be in a hurry," he ehuckled.

"Now, look here," she returned coolly, "there's been a lot of trouble here. White men will be along any minute. If you molest me, you will be shot, or more likely burn If they catch you here, they may shoot you up anyhow. Now, you beat it."

Scratching his puzzled head, the son of Africa saw this surprising white woman step briskly round him and proeeed on her untroubled way. She did not look back; it was the most difficult thing she had ever done, but she knew that one apprehensive backward glance would bring him at her heels.

At the office she found things upset and almost deserted. The two other stenographers had failed to appear, as had more than half of the masculine part of the force. One of these told her before she disappeared into the inner fastness where she held forth as secretary, that not more than a third of the workmen in the plant had reported, and in faet the sounds from the factory seemed limping and broken in contrast to the usual loud, self-absorbed hum.

Her employer frowned when he saw her.

"I was hoping you wouldn't show up. This district is no place for women to-day."

And he hurried out, his unlighted cigar tattered and frayed by the nervous grip of his teeth.

She stood thoughtfully before the grimy window for a moment, and then, struck by a sudden idea, set out in search of Willyum, as he was invariably termed, colored janitor and brother to Carrie, the joy of the Allen household. It had been, in fact, through Willyum's query to Rose as to a place for Carrie, when that damsel had come up from the South, that Mrs. Allen had rejoiced in the services of that almost extinct treasure, a maid.

She found Willyum on the ground floor, working imperturbably, but looking somewhat scared. On her telling him of Carrie's expressed intention of coming in to the city, he turned the color of badly made coffee, and with alacrity departed to carry out her suggestion of phoning her not to come.

In the absence of her employer and letters, she was clearing out her desk when Willyum appeared, now really alarmed.

"She's went," he explained. "Mah Gawd, Miss Rose, wh'am Ah goin' to do?"

With difficulty she prevented him from setting out then and there in a blind search for Carrie, pointing out that the sensible thing to do was to remain here where Carrie could easily get in touch with him by telephone.

"SHE'S really a lot safer than you are," she reminded him.

The morning wore on interminably; several times her employer appeared, but he hurried out without even opening his mail, which she had stacked neatly on his desk.

"You might run over that, Miss Allen," he suggested. "Better stick in here until evening, and then I'll get you to the train. I think you are safe enough here. But don't come in tomorrow."

At noon she telephoned her mother that she was safe, and made a hasty foray to a dingy lunchroom across the street, which she had hitherto avoided, for a sandwich and a cup of eoffee. But the street was quiet enough with an unnatural and ominous quiet.

Since noon most of the office force had disappeared, perhaps to have a look at the excitement, until in the three rooms that made up the firm's offices only old Burridge, the head bookkeeper, whom nothing had ever been known to jolt from his accustomed orbit, and herself were left.

It must have been about three o'clock when Willyum came in, a dirty gray now with terror. Carrie, it seemed, after a day fraught with alarms had reached a drug-store half a block away, and he was going to get her. It seemed an age, but in reality it was only a few moments before she heard a deep-throated shout, terrifyingly close, and then flying feet on the stairs.

As she stood tensely by her desk, Willyum and Carrie burst into the room, the girl bleeding from a eut on her check, "We's bein' chased!" gasped Willyum. "Hide 'er, Miss Rose!"

She was a quick-witted young woman, and it required but an instant to lock the door, and then a soul-destroying wait, until Central, distracted by a thousand such calls, answered.

"For God's sake, give me the nearest police-station!" cried Rose, and just as a thrice blessed rough man's voice responded, she heard heavy feet in the outer office and a noisy hammering at the door, broken with incoherent demands for admission.

But she gave the address, received a promise of speedy help, and thcn huddled the frightened negroes into a clothes-closet. Carrie was whimpering and Willyum's face was a frozen mask of despair. He was no coward; he had scen a year's hot service overseas with a colored regiment; butt his terrible aloneness, this Ishmael-like sense of being at bay against a pack, the people of his own country, was strange and awful. And in that torn and maddened city that day, many of both races were experiencing this hunted and solitary terror.

The pounding became more insistent, and the shouts without grew louder. Some one kieked the door with such force as to crack the heavy ground-glass in the upper panel. It would be only an instant until some one kicked it in.

ROSE walked to the door, opened it, and with the angry woman's age-old challenge curtly demanded, "Well?"

The knot of men, a dozen or more, fell back in surprise. And as they did, the whole seene swam for a moment before the girl, and she paled and clutched at the door-casing. For there, in the forefront, soft hat jammed down on his head, with torn clothing, flushed of face and bloodshot of eye, his mouth drawn in cruel lines, stood Jimmy Wharton.

The tieking of the clock sounded like hammer-strokes; in the corner, a fly seeking to escape bumped loudly against the window. Old Burridge eowercd behind his desk in the corner, one elbow upraised, a feeble leaf caught in this fierce eddy of human passions.

Then a burly, red-faeed, thick-featured man thrust himself forward, a type of man who seems neither young nor old, heavy-built, slightly bow-legged, with rolls of fat above his coat eollar and hanging from his jowls. Perhaps he had his place in the eosmos: he serves to remind us that we are not so far removed from the brutes as we like to think.

This partieular specimen elbowed himself to the front of the group and confronted Rose with a sort of truculent civility. She stood her ground, pale but unflinching, her determination to protect her helpless charges crystallized into a white eourage by the shock of finding—him—there.

"Lady," said the burly man, "there's a nigger in there we want and we're goin' to get 'im."

At that, Carrie whimpered brokenly, like a terrified animal, and a little ripple of movement

Continued on page 115



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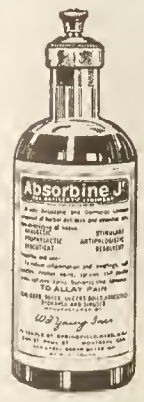
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Continued from page 114

THE INNER ENEMY

passed over the men. The spell had been broken.

"There is nobody in there but our janitor, William, and his sister, Carrie—my mother's maid. They have done nothing wrong." Her voice was quite steady.

"But, Rose," interposed Wharton, "we know the man we are after. He—he choked a white woman near here a while ago. We saw him run in here. You had better go away and let us in."

"How long ago?" she asked sharply.

"Ne' mind," interrupted tne red-faced man thickly, trying to push forward.

But Wharton answered impatiently: "About an hour."

"Well, then, he's not your man," she returned. "He was here up to ten minutes ago, when he went out to get his sister. It's ridiculous anyhow. We've had William for years. Now please go away."

"YOU must let us in," Wharton persisted. "We know he is the man."

"Can't you take my word that he is not?"

An angry mutter went up from the men, and Wharton, at first gently, tried to thrust her aside. But she was stronger than he had thought, stronger than she had dared hope, and she clung convulsively to the door-casing.

For the first time in her life a man's violent hands were laid on her, and she struggled desperately in the clutch of arms that but a few hours before had trembled with love of her.

Carrie was sobbing now in that piteous animal-like fashion, and she could hear William moaning, "Oh, mah Gawd," over and over again.

Then the tension snapped. The burly man whipped an automatic out of his pocket.

"We've had enough of this foolishness," he roared. "I'm going to fire into that room until that ——— nigger comes out!" Two reports cracked out.

At the rending sound of the shots, the crowd momentarily halted again, and when tho smoke cleared a little, even the burly man fell back aghast. Both bullets had hit the girl, who stood, still clutching the door-casing, her dress blackened by the powder, a dark stain spreading out in irregular patches over the blue frock, the blood seeping down her left arm, which hung useless, and dripping from her limp hand into a little spattered mark on the floor, her lips a straight blue line. She had staggered from tne shock, but now she stood erect."

"Done enough now?" sho asked. "Satisfied?"

Then the torrent of her anger roso. "That's it!" she cried. "You're not trying to do justice. You're on a blood-hunt. If you want to put down these riots, why don't you volunteer to help the police and round up every man—white and black—who is breaking the law?

"The law!" She laughed. "Mueh you care about the law! A negro accosted me this morning. He was drunk. Where did he get that liquor? Why weren't enough of you brave men helping to make the strect safo?"

HER blazing eycs, the only thing alive in her white face, swept them.

"Some of you aro drunk. You aro breaking the law there. Every one of you who is carrying a gun is breaking the law; every negro that is carrying a gun is breaking the law. And when a white woman or a white man is molested, do you go to the police and offer to help, as you were asked to do?

"Do you help to make the city safe for other white womon, for all decent people? Not much! You chase the first negroes you see and to show how you venerate your own women, shoot one who is trying to keep you from murder!"

She looked straight into the angry face of the burly man.

"I'm going to give you all I can for this," she told him, swaying a little. He lunged toward her, but some one behind seized his elbows.

"And that isn't the worst," she went on. "You've known there was trouble brewing for weeks. You've known there were bad blacks at the packing-plants and elsewhere—bootleggers and gunmen.

"You knew well enough what the tough white districts are like. Was any systematic attempt made to clear them out and avert this trouble! I should say not! Politics!"

She laughed again. "You know and I know that toughs of both races have even been arrested, and then let go to please some dirty boss who needed them.

"And you're not even trying to clean up now. You're just enjoying yourselves chasing every negro that you see. You're nothing but a lot of brutes betraying your country and everything it stands for!"

The burly man, his face purple with rage, pushed forward. "I didn't go to shoot you, lady, but you'll have to get out of the way. I'm going to get that nigger and it won't do any good to jaw!"

He was about to seize her, when Wharton leaped at his throat, and with shouted imprecations the burly man turned. But strong, blue-clad arms pulled them apart.

Unnoticed in the swift savagery of the scene a squad of policemen had arrived. Save for the red-faced man, the mob made no resistance; there had been little violence in them since the shooting.

"Who shot you, miss?" asked one of the officers.

The girl hung to the doorway now, chalky white, a bit uncertain.

"That—that man." She nodded toward him; he was quiescent enough now in the businesslike grasp of two defenders of the law. "Make—all—all—the charges you can. He—he—shot me twice. It might be—interesting to see how many other shots he has fired."

Then she motioned weakly to the room behind her.

"There are two negroes in there—the janitor and his—sister—our maid. Please—please get them to Allens', at Lynwood."

She hung there unsteadily, and then as she saw the two, Carrie, still sobbing in great gulps, her face streaked with blood and dust, hurried by to safety, she slipped to the floor, like a garment dropped suddenly.

AN ENDLESS, hazy state of brief oases of light, and figures dimly seen with great effort against a darkness which appeared also to weigh on one's chest and eyelids. And then consciousness and thirst, and that irritable exaltation which in some people follows ether.

Following which, weariness and much sleep, broken now and then by faces she knew—her mother, her father, the white-clad being who now gave her all the water she wanted, and infrequent and uninterested glimpses of a small light room, whose pale walls and such furniture as she could see were inconceivably tidy. And then, slowly, recollection.

She pieced it all out to herself as best she could, with the sense of unreality of those who have been very ill. They would not let her talk much; even her mother was allowed in the room for only a few moments at a time; but she gathered from the nurse and from the chubby, round-faced doctor whose hands were so unbelievably delicate and skilful when they dressed that clumsy and bandaged area of pain that was her chest and left arm, that she was doing very well indeed. And then, egg-nog and other soft messes, and more easy sleep.

Imperceptibly she grew stronger, and as recollectiou came she reassembled the story bit by bit. From the papers she learned that the riots were long since over, having lasted four red days.

She thought of Jimmy Wharton, but with a strange listlessness. She did, however, ask her mother what had become of him, wondering if he had plunged further into that scarlet maelstrom on whoso edges she had been caught.

Surprisingly, her mother evidenced some sympathy for tho boy. He had, it seemed, been like one demented by the tragic turn fato and his own wrong-headedness had served him; he had refused to eat or sleep and had wandered about like a madman until he found she was going to live. Every one had been really alarmed about him.

Now he did not even ask to seo her; simply slipped in unobtrusively every evening when he returned from his work with a city engineering firm, to inquire how she was. Lynwood did not know of his connection with the affair, Carrie in her terror not having recognized him. He had made a clean breast of the matter to the Allens, but they had seen no reason why the sorry story should go further.

"Do you think you might see him for a few moments some day, Rose?" her mother asked hesitatingly. "Perhaps you'd rather not, but I can't help pitying tho poor lad."

Rose closed her eyes; for the life of her, she could summon no vision of him save as she had last seen him, flushed and red-eyed with the killing lust, altogether beastly. But in a world where there was so much trouble, why add to it? She smiled indifferently.

"Tell him to stop in here to-morrow afternoon when he leaves the office, if he wants to."

She had rather dreaded his coming, but the sight of him, abject, held together only by a sort of desperation, left her only an impersonal pity.

The boy—he was little more than that—came and sat mechanically in the teetering rocking-chair whose kind seems to abound in hospitals. She was thin and terrifyingly pale and big-eyed; in her hospital garb of loose surgical shirt and braided hair, she looked like a little girl.

He had seen enough of suffering and death abroad, in all conscience, but this was—different. Things that hit home always are. He sat frozen in silent misery.

She held out a meager, blue-veined little hand to him, and as she did so the loose sleeve of the shirt slipped up her thin arm, and there, not quite effaced by the fortnight of her illness, were the faintly yellow shadows of what had been livid bruises.

The boy stared fascinated. "I—I—didn't shoot you, but I did—that!"

He was shuddering, his voice hoarse and choked. He would have drawn away from her, but she clung to him. Her alarm was all for him now; any resentment or disgust that might have remained, drowned in his agony.

"I just want to ask you one thing," she said quietly. "That—that was the only—trouble you were in?"

He nodded dumbly.

"You hadn't—hurt any one beforo that?"

"I only hurt you."

"I—I don't mind that, Jimmy. I—I couldn't forgive you if—if you had harmed any of those—poor people. But don't mind this—it's nothing and we'll forget it." And she patted his rigid brown hand.

With an inarticulate cry he rushed out of the room.

THEY allowed her to go home in a few days, and, petted, fussed over, acclaimed in Lynwood as a heroine, she quite enjoyed herself. It was pleasant to lie out in the big swing propped up on pillows, through the long sunlit hours of late Summer; pleasant to take her first awkward walks in the garden; unalloyed bliss, but for one thing—the problem of Jimmy Wharton. He had disappeared from Lynwood, giving as an excuse the necessity for some night work, and was boarding in the city.

She could not quite dismiss him from her mind. Had she been asked to express her feeling toward him before he had paid her that visit at the hospital, she would have said truthfully that she hoped never to see him again; but the boy's evident agony, and her intuitive knowledge of his capacity for suffering, would not let her forget him. He had erred grievously, it was true, but try as she would sho could not dismiss his face.

So at length, obtaining his address from his aunt on the pretext that she had lost it, she asked him to come to her.

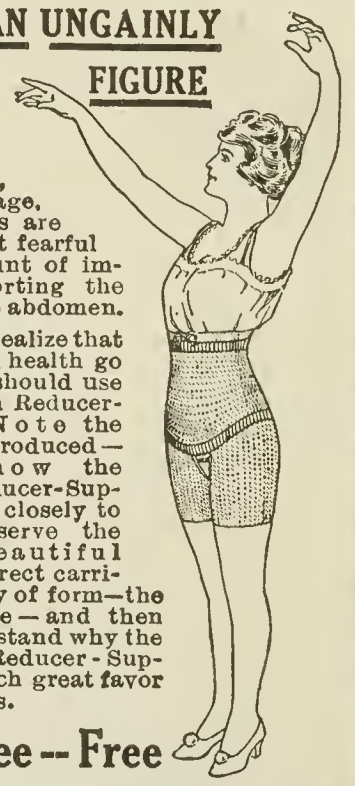
"Aren't you ever coming to see me any more, Jimmy?" she wrote. Please do, just once, anyway. Rose."

Concluded on page 116



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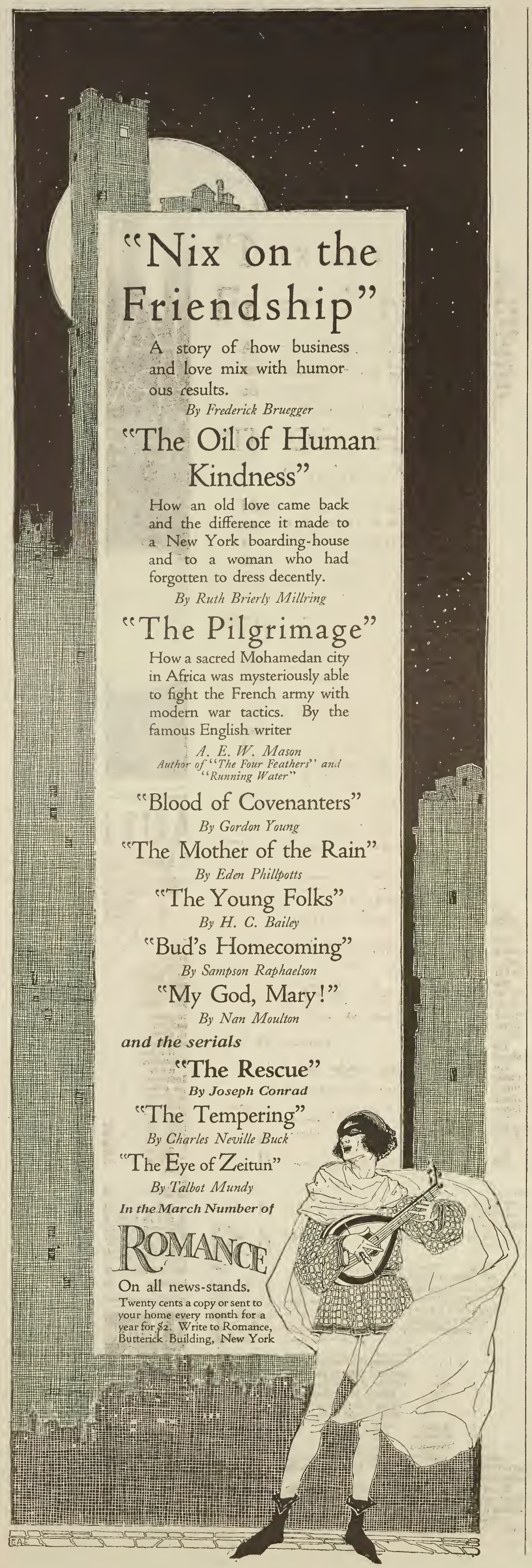
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Continued from page 23

THE LITTLE BROWN BUTTERFLY

little church that was built by men who had gone to the Crusades to fight for the Holy Sepulcher! Think of that! And we had a wedding breakfast at the Hôtel du Soleil-d'Or, and the landlord wept and kissed Arlette and kissed me."

The doctor and Arlette had gone to Paris for their honeymoon, and while there he received word of the scholarship which gave him the opportunity to receive practical experience in the Malay.

"It was hard to leave her," he said, his voice very low. "But she knew it was for the best. A professorship will be mine when I return, and she was not the woman to think of her own wishes. She tried to make me feel that a year was nothing.

"We went out to Passy and we told each other we would live there when I returned. *Oui!* We pointed out a little cottage that we might rent and we laughed like children.

"Then I took her back again to St. Seine-l'Abbaye and I came out here. It is good of you to listen. Good night."

Capt. Jeff Turley, head still uncovered, rose and shook the hand of the naturalist. He didn't speak, and the doctor loved him for his silence.

Captain Jeff had seen the spun gold of a lover's dreams, and the glimpse made him a little ashamed of his own size, of his inability to dream, of the commonplace surroundings on the *Peace of God*. Next morning the cook of the schooner found a glass of rum and water hidden behind a water-bucket, and the cook thanked the eleven whistling gods that look after the material comforts of Malay fishermen.

The *Peace of God* went away up to Bangkok, discharged a cargo; came down through the Gulf of Siam and the China Sea; went to Kuching; and then waddled up to the Cape of Lost Hope to make a call upon Dr. Henri Rimbaud.

WE MIGHT rest up there for a week or two," Captain Jeff told his first mate. "I'm a little tired after that run down."

But the captain's dream of rest was dispelled by the naturalist. The doctor was on the beach when the owner of the *Peace of God* came ashore, and he was waving a letter in a manner that startled Captain Jeff.

"I have wonderful news, *mon capitaine!*" he screamed. "Wonderful, wonderful news! Arlette is coming out to me! She is on the way. *Oui, oui!* She is coming by the Messageries Maritime boat to Singapore.

"It is unbelievable! Her aunt left her a little sum of money and she has paid her fare with it. Soon, ah, soon, *mon ami*, I will clasp her in my arms!"

The captain, practical always, digested the news, then asked a question: "How will she get down from Singapore?" he questioned.

Dr. Henri Rimbaud sprang forward and clutched the big seaman's arm.

"That is one reason why I am crazy with joy because you have come!" he cried. "I prayed for you to come. *Oui*, I did! All day long as I worked I kept asking *le bon Dieu* to send Capt. Jeff Turloy, and *le bon Dieu* answered. This morning when I saw the white sails of the schooner I said to myself:

"'*Ma petite* Arlette is safe! Captain Jeff will bring her down from Singapore as he brought me.' And Arlette will be pleased and she will not be lonely."

Capt. Jeff Turley listened to scraps of the letter which the excited Frenchman read, then he made calculations regarding the run of the boat carrying Arlette.

"We'll have to drive the *Peace of God* to reach Singapore before Mrs. Rimbaud gets there," he said. "Those doggone big boats eat up the knots like a rock-snake eating frogs."

"Then you'll go along?" inquired the naturalist.

"Of course I'll go," answered Captain Jeff. "I'll be off inside an hour."

And then, with Gung and Hutchins, the first mate of the *Peace of God*, looking on, Dr. Henri Rimbaud took a quick step forward and kissed Capt. Jeff Turley on the cheek.

AT SINGAPORE an extraordinary happening took place. That is, it was extraordinary to Capt. Jeff Turley. The *Peace of God* arrived five hours after the mail-boat had docked, and the moment the schooner was tied up, the captain, in clean white drill and pipe-clayed shoes, looking much like a huge snow-man, rushed round to the office of the Messageries Maritime to obtain news concerning of Mrs. Rimbaud.

Much concerned about her, he was hurrying across the thronged street immediately in front of the shipping-office when a fairylike little woman dressed in the softest of brown silks and wearing the smartest little toque that Singapore had ever seen, made a quick rush across the pavement and touched the elbow of Captain Jeff.

"Ah!" she cried, looking up into the face of the owner of the *Peace of God*. "Henri described you so well that I would know you anywhere! It is good to see you!

"I sit here for one hour, two, three, and I feel so alone because the place is strange; then I see a white toupée that is up above the heads of every one! 'It is he!' I say to myself because Henri in his letter said that you were bigger than the miller at St. Seine-l'Abbaye! And I knew. *Oui!* I knew!"

Capt. Jeff Turley had difficulty in restraining his tears. He thought it shameful that the little woman with the brown hair, brown eyes and soft clinging brown silk dress that made her look like a wonderful brown butterfly, should have been compelled to wait four hours for him to come. For the first time in his life he was annoyed with the *Peace of God* that had allowed the mail-boat to beat her into harbor.

He told himself that he liked her as much as he liked the naturalist. She was so awfully pleased to see him, so perfectly delighted at the masterful manner in which he roared out inquiries concerning her luggage.

She laughed wholeheartedly at the way in which the coolies hopped when the captain spoke to them, and by the time the two started back to the wharf where the *Peace of God* was tied up, they were firm friends. She knew of Gung and she was tremendously amused at the stories the captain told of Gung's efforts to make the naturalist eat.

"WHEN do we pull out, sir?" asked the mate.

"As soon as you can throw those ropes off!" snapped Captain Jeff. "Quick is the word, Mr. Hutchins!"

The *Peace of God* made a wonderful run to

Concluded on page 119

Concluded from page 115

THE INNER ENEMY

SHE awaited him expectantly that evening, but he did not appear, and, in fact, it was not until three days later that he did come.

His somber face lighted with relief when he saw her, and indeed she did not look the broken little creature of the hospital. Dressed in one of her light Summer frocks with more than the beginning of her usual fresh color, she bore little trace of her experience save for the fact that her arm was still in a sling.

But there was a quality about him that puzzled her, a decision that seemed unhappy, constrained, almost unnatural. Of a sudden, it occurred to her that what had passed might have snapped that impalpable, fine-spun bond between them—that he might wish to be free.

His first words seemed to confirm her suspicion.

"I have come to give you back your freedom, Rose," he told her gravely. "You've been an angel, but I haven't any possible claim on you now."

"I wanted to have one more talk with you before the end," he went on steadily, staring blindly ahead of him. "'But—" he faltered for the first time "—I didn't—have the nerve to come." He paused.

"Well, it's only due to you," he went on in a low voice, "that I'm not a murderer. Whatever I may be or become, I owe to you. Whatever of truth or right I may know, is through you."

"That's not so, Jimmy," she interposed gently. "Don't forget you fought a brave fight—over there."

"That makes what I did all the worse," he rejoined mercilessly. "And at first I wasn't even sorry for anything except the fact that you got hurt. I wasn't really sorry for being in that mob.

"I believe a lot of them aren't yet. That's the worst of it. But I didn't get into any more—trouble. I felt that would be betraying you.

"Then—that day I saw you at the hospital—saw how I had hurt you—I pretty nearly went crazy. I saw what I—what almost any man was capable of if he let himself slip—down into beastliness. And I began thinking over what you had said to us.

"Then I began to see what we had done, what we had tried to do. It was as you said, Rose, we had been beasts, and the fact that a lot of the blacks had been beasts, too, didn't make any difference. The law and justice are all we have, and the more chance we've had, the deeper the obligation to uphold them."

Deeply moved, she could say nothing.

"I think you know how—how I feel about what I did to you." He was momentarily silent, while the clock ticked loudly, obtrusively.

"And I'm paying, Rose, giving up the dearest thing in the world. I'll try to make you not ashamed of me some day. Good-by."

He rose and would have left her then, but with a swift movement she had come to his side and was clinging to his arm with her uninjured hand.

"There's just one person you haven't considered, Jimmy," she said softly.

"Who?" he asked dully.

"Me."

"You can't mean that. You can't help hating me."

She slid her arm round his neck, felt him tremble, but he made no response.

"Jimmy, we're none of us perfect. It's no fair-weather way I care for you. It's true I could never have forgiven you if you'd—hurt any one. Maybe I helped you this once—maybe some time you'll save me from cruelty or wrong.

"We're only human; all the best of us can do is try to be decent. I believe you'll try after this, and help me to try, Jimmy—" her voice broke—"if you were perfect, I wouldn't love you so."

With a sob, the lad turned and drew her to him, and they clung together, symbol of the young, pitiful humanity, which with pain and frailty, but with a divine quality of help and hope, stumbles so slowly and haltingly toward the light.



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Concluded from page 116

THE LITTLE BROWN BUTTERFLY

the Cape of Lost Hope. Mr. Hutchins grumbled to the boatswain when the captain refused to pull down topsails on an intimation from the wind god:

"He's got everything out but his handkerchief and the saloon table-cloth," growled the mate. "Any one would think that the bug-hunter's life depended on us breaking the record to get his wife to him."

"Well, she's a durned pretty little thing," said the boatswain. "Sort o' like a little butterfly. Chatted to me for ten minutes yesterday like as if I was an old friend."

The *Peace of God* came plunging up to the Cape of Lost Hope with pennants whipping the bulging skysails, and so anxious was Dr. Henri Rimbaud to come aboard that the schoonor nearly swamped his boat as he sprang at the sea-ladder.

"She's here?" he gasped, as Capt. Jeff Turley dragged him over the rail. "You brought her?"

"She's in the main cabin," said Captain Jeff. "I thought you'd like to see her alone, so I——"

But Dr. Henri Rimbaud didn't wait to hear what the captain thought. He dived for the companionway.

Arlette Rimbaud became the adored mistress of the bungalow at the Cape of Lost Hope. Gung was her slave from the moment she crossed tho threshold; the soft-footed Dyaks who sought specimens for the doctor, looked at her with awe and reverence. Capt. Jeff Turley brought her strange fruit which he found in out-of-the-way places where the *Peace of God* went cargo-hunting.

But it was the adoration of Gung that was particularly noticeablo. The Hindu considered the vicious archipelago no fitting abode for the dainty little Frenchwoman, and his concern for her safety was extraordinary. He seemed to possess an uncanny knowlcdge regarding possible dangers that might befall her, and the naturalist accepted his news without question.

Arlette had been a month at Cape of Lost Hope when Gung burst in upon the naturalist with the nows that *madame* was in danger.

"Where? How? Tell me!" cried Rimbaud, springing upon the breathless Gung and shaking him roughly.

"I—I don't know," stammered the Hindu. "I just feel that she is in danger! She is not in the bungalow, but—but I know she is in danger. I feel it. My face is cold. There are little devils in the air!"

THE naturalist rushed out into the pretty little arbor that he built for Arlette and in which she sat and read during the warm days, but she was not there. He called her name, but she did not answer; then, with Gung at his heels, he rushed off up the path that led to the jungle.

They found her in the shadow of the big *tapang* trees, found her in the center of the little trail, her wide-opened eyes fixed upon a slowly uncoiling serpent that barred her way!

"I could not run," she whispered when Rimbaud by the aid of Gung's *parong* had sliced the head of the horror. "My knees were too weak! And I could not cry out because my tongue would not say the words. But I heard you call, *ma chêrie*. How did you know I was in danger? Tell me?"

"It was Gung," he said softly, kissing her brown hair as he carried her back to the bungalow.

"Ah," she murmured. "It was Gung, eh?"

"He felt you were in danger," explained Rimbaud. "He rushed into my study and told me. He said there were little devils in tho air."

"I am a little afraid of Gung's knowledge, sweetheart," she breathed. "He knows so much! Sometimes—sometimes he looks at me as if he—as if he thought I might melt away into the sunshine and leave you alone."

She looked up at the naturalist with a childish smile upon her too-red lips, and Rimbaud, laughing at her fears, kissed her passionately.

Whether the queer Oriental mind of the Hindu had or had not discovered that Arlette Rimbaud had an insecure lease of life will never be known. He was very wise, and he may have foreseen the happening which took place four months after Madame Rimbaud's arrival at the Cape of Lost Hope.

The poisonous Malay fever pounced upon the fragile little lady from St. Seine-l'Abbaye. A chill took her one morning, and on the following evening she was no more.

Capt. Jeff Turley of the *Peace of God* arrived at the cape three weeks after the little lady had been laid to rest, and it was Gung, waiting upon the beach, who told the sad news to the captain.

"And *monsieur?*" gasped Captain Jeff. "Where is he? Why—why that was enough to kill him!"

"I thought the black angels would get him," said the Hindu softly. "I felt sure they would. For three days and three nights I fought with them, then—then I knew he would live. Something happened and——"

Gung paused and Capt. Jeff Turley turned a questioning eye upon him.

"What happened?" he asked.

"The *sahib* will explain to you," said Gung. "Who am I that I can tell you fully of things about which I know little? He will tell you what has happened."

Capt. Jeff Turley found Dr. Henri Rimbaud sitting in the arbor that had been built for Arlette, and the big sailorman was amazed at the change that had come upon the naturalist. He looked like some one who had come through a terrible catastrophe, some one who had seen sights that could never be effaced.

"I have been ill, but I am much better now," he said when Captain Jeff gripped his hand and held it, the captain's eyes expressing the sympathy which his tongue was unable to put into words.

THE sailor sat down and Rimbaud continued:

"For a little while I thought I would go mad, *mon ami*. The place becamo so dreadful and quiet because all the dreams I had ever dreamed fled with her.

"Do you understand? Of course you do! Did I not tell you of our marriage at St. Seine-l'Abbaye, of the wedding breakfast at the Hôtel du Soleil-d'Or and of our little trip to Paris when we picked a cottage at Passy where we would live some day? I told you all because you were my great friend.

"Do you see this arbor? It is like the arbor of the little cottage at Passy. That is why I made it.

"And she knew when she saw it! *Oui*, she knew! She would sit here and read and sew. Ah, she always looked so beautiful sitting here!"

He paused for a moment and Capt. Jeff Turley, much distressed, sat and watched him. The captain was thinking over Gung's words. What was the happening of which the Hindu had spoken, the happening that eased the heart-ache of the naturalist?

Dr. Henri Rimbaud leaned forward and spoke in a lower tone.

"If you died," he said, his soft eyes upon the captain, "you would, if you could recall anything at all, remember the *Peace of God*. Would you not? *Oui!* It is linked up with your heart. And when *ma petite* Arlette went away she thought of this—this arbor that is like the one in Passy where we thought to grow old together like the black poplars on the Promenade de l'Arquebuse at Dijon."

Capt. Jeff Turley swallowed hurriedly and fingered his cap.

"Yes," he stammered. "Yes."

"*She came here!*" cried the naturalist. "*She came here after she died!* Gung saw her first. He brought me from my study and pointed at her.

"'The *sahiba!*' he whispered; 'she has not left the arbor for a moment since it happened!'

"And I knew Gung was right! I knew! The pain was lifted from my heart and I became almost happy! Almost happy, *mon ami!*

"If Gung had not discovered her I would have died! Now I sit here and watch her and dream, and—and it is as if—as if we were at Passy together. Look, she is above your head! *Ma petite* Arlette! *Ma petite papillon!*"

Capt. Jeff Turley, a little startled, looked in the direction in which the naturalist pointed. Poised upon a golden flower was a beautiful brown butterfly whose soft wings glittered in the sunshine.

"She was always so much like a butterfly," whispered the naturalist, his voice tremulous with emotion. "Always! Ah, *le bon Dieu* is good! I would have gone mad only for this great kindness He has shown me."

AN HOUR later Capt. Jeff Turley found Gung in the kitchen of the bungalow, and his big hand fell upon the thin shoulder of the Hindu. Gung looked up at the big sailorman and read the question in his eyes.

"It is not a lie, *sahib*," he said quietly. "I knew it as a truth when I told him to come to the arbor. He was mad with grief and it saved him.

"And if it is not she, why is he so happy? I know it is the *sahiba*, she is so sweet and brown and she loves the arbor. And she makes him happy.

"You can kill me if you like. I do not care. I, too, nearly died of grief when she went away."

Capt. Jeff Turley went back to the *Peace of God* and turned the schooner over to his first mate.

"Take her down to Kuching and lay her up, Mr. Hutchins," he ordered. "I am going to remain here for a little while. I need a rest."

The *Peace of God* sailed away and Capt. Jeff Turley took up his quarters with his friend, the naturalist. Dr. Rimbaud had ceased to work, the Dyak specimen-hunters had drifted away and only the soft-footed Gung remained in the lonely bungalow.

Upon it came down the strange quiet of the Malay, that curious quiet of lush tropical lands, a quiet that seems weird and out of keeping with the throbbing growth of tree and vine that goes on without pause. To Captain Jeff, who had spent his life on the sea, the uncanny quiet with which the trees flung out new limbs, and the snaky noiselessness of the great creeper masses that throttled the big *tapangs* with their green tentacles, terrified him.

For two months Capt. Jeff Turley stayed on at the bungalow; then one morning when he was staring out at the heat-flattened China Sea, Gung called him. The sailorman followed the Hindu to the arbor and Gung pointed at the naturalist.

The captain, with a little cry of surprise, stepped forward and touched the still figure. Dr. Henri Rimbaud had passed away in his sleep, a smile upon his lips.

In the hot queer silence of the place Capt. Jeff Turley turned and looked at Gung. The Hindu was pointing up into the sparkling sunshine to where two butterflies were winging their way together up and up into the high zones where the little clouds like fleecy lambs drifted before the shepherd trade-winds.

"They are together," said the Hindu softly; then he salaamed reverently, his soft brown eyes wet with tears.

Capt. Jeff Turley didn't speak. He was aware of a peculiar thrill, a strange inability to combat any assertion Gung might make. He felt that the archipelago was old, very, very old and that he was a man from a land that is in its Springtime, and to which the queer wisdom of the East is far off.



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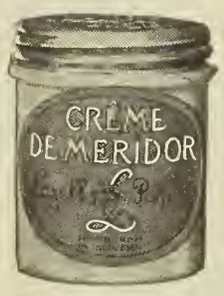


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Continued from page 22

HILLS OF HAN

Arthur Boatwright's chin sagged a little way. For a long moment he stood motionless, making no sound; then, without change of expression on his gray, thin face, he moved with a slow gliding motion backward, backward, until his knees struck the bed; and stood, bent forward, his palsied hand tipping the candle so far that the hot tallow splashed in white drops on the matting.

Slowly then the giant figure stirred, straightened up, came slowly into the room, closed the door, leaned back against it.

Then Boatwright spoke, slowly, huskily:

"It—it is you?"

"Yes." It was plainly an effort for Doane to speak.

"But—but I don't see how you could have got through."

"Men do get through now and then." Doane spoke with the quick irritability of the man whose powers of nervous resistance have been tried to the uttermost.

"YOU'RE wounded. You must be tired." Boatwright was quite incoherent. "You'd better lie down. Here—take my bed! How did you ever find me? How did you get in, in the first place?"

"I'll sit for a moment." Doane lowered himself painfully to the bed. "Betty is here?"

"Betty? Oh, yes! We're all safe."

"Where is she?"

"I—I don't know exactly."

"You don't *know!*"

"Why—Mme. Pourmont has been caring for her."

"You mean that she is ill?"

"No. Oh, no! One moment. You've been hurt. I must tell the others. You must have attention at once. Mary Cassin is right here—and my wife." The little man moved to the door. His color was returning now; he was talking rapidly, out of a confused mind. "You must have had a terrible time."

"They left me for dead at the Hung Chan gate. I crawled to the house of a convert." Doane's great eyes, staring out of shadowy hollows, burned with tragic memories. Those eyes held Boatwright fascinated; he shivered slightly. "As soon as I felt able to travel I started toward T'ainan. Several of our native people came with me, walking at night, hiding by day. On the way we learned that you had left. So I came here, I must see Betty."

"But not like this," the little man blurted out.

Doane's eyes wandered down over his muddy, tattered clothing.

"I'll call the others first," said Boatwright. He set down his candle on the washstand just inside the door and slipped out.

Doane sat erect, without moving. His eyes stared at the candle and at the grotesque wavering shadows of the wash-bowl and pitcher on the wall. At each small night sound he started nervously—the scratching of a noise, a voice in the compound, a distant sputter of shots. He was tense, alert, far beyond the possibility of resting.

Boatwright slipped back into the room.

"They're coming," he said breathlessly. "In a minute. Mary sleeps in most of her clothes anyway these days."

"WHAT is it about Betty?" Doane asked sharply.

"Oh— She's quite all right. We don't see much of her, not being in the same house. We're all pretty busy here these days. It is an ugly time. I—I was just wondering. I don't know what we can dress you in. You could hardly wear my things. One of the Australians is nearly as big as you. Perhaps in the morning——"

His voice had risen a little, nearly to the querulous, as he hurriedly drew on his outer clothing. From the way his eyes wandered about the room it appeared that his thoughts had run far afield. And he was clumsy about the buttons. Even the intensely preoccupied Doane became aware of this, and for a moment studied him with a puzzled look.

The little man's tongue ran on. "Mary'll fix you up for now. Sleep'll be the best thing. In the morning you can use my shaving things. And I'll look up that Australian—there they are!"

He hurried to the door. Dr. Cassin came in, greeted Griggsby Doane with a warm handclasp, and at once examined his shoulder. Boatwright she sent over to the dispensary for bandages.

A moment later Mrs. Boatwright appeared, her strong person wrapped in a quilted robe.

"This is a great relief," she said. "We had given you up."

Doane's eyes fastened eagerly on this woman.

"Have you sent word to Betty?" he asked quickly.

Mrs. Boatwright looked at him for a moment without replying, then moved deliberately to the window.

"Please don't move," cautioned Dr. Cassin, who was working on his shoulder.

"Have you sent word?" Doane sent the question after Mrs. Boatwright.

There was no reply.

"What is it?" cried Doane then.

"If you please!" said Dr. Cassin.

"Something is wrong! What is it?"

Mrs. Boatwright was standing squarely before the window now, looking out into the dark courtyard.

"WHAT is it? Tell me! Is she here?"

"Really, Mr. Doane," thus the physician, "I can not work if you move. Yes, she is here."

"But why do you act in this strange way?"

Dr. Cassin compressed her lips. All her working adult life had been spent under the direction of this man. Never before had she seen him in the slightest degree beaten down. She had never seen him even tired. In her steady, objective mind he stood for unshakable, enduring strength. But now, twitching nervously under her firm hands, staring out of feverish eyes after the uncompromising woman by the window, his huge frame emaciated, spent with loss of blood, with suffering and utter physical and nervous exhaustion, he had reached, she knew, at last, the limits of his great strength. He had, perhaps, even passed those limits; for there was a morbid condition evident in him; he seemed not wholly sane; as if the trials he had passed through had been too great for his iron will, or as if there was something else, some consuming fire in him, burning secretly but strongly, out of control. All this she saw and felt. His temperature was not dangerously high—slightly more than two degrees above normal. His pulse was rapid, but no weaker than was to be expected. Worry might explain it; worry for them all, but particularly for Betty. Though she found this diagnosis not wholly satisfactory. Of course it might be, after all, nothing more than exhaustion. Sleep was the first thing. After that it would be a simpler matter to study his case.

Then, starting up suddenly, wrenching himself free from her skilful hands, Doane stood over Dr. Cassin, staring past her at the woman by the window.

"Will you please go to Betty," he said, in a voice that trembled with feeling, "and tell her that I am here. Wake her. She must know at once. And try to prepare her mind—she mustn't see me first like this."

There was a breathless pause. Then Mrs. Boatwright turned and moved deliberately toward the door. Then she paused.

"You'll see her?" cried the father. "At once?"

"No," replied Mrs. Boatwright. "No. I am sorry. I would like to spare you pain at this time, Griggsby Doane. But I do not feel that I can see her. I'll tell you, though, what I will do: I'll tell Monsieur Pourmont." And she went out.

SHE was closing the door when it abruptly opened. Arthur Boatwright stood there, looking after his wife as she went along the dark hallway. He came in then.

"I brought the bandages," he said, his eyes shifting nervously from the quiet physician to Doane and back.

"You must sit down again," said the physician.

Doane, evidently bewildered, obeyed. And she began bandaging his shoulder.

He even sat quietly. He seemed to be making a determined effort to control his thoughts. When he finally spoke, he seemed almost his old self.

"Arthur, something is wrong with Betty. Whatever it is, I have a right to know."

Boatwright cleared his throat.

Dr. Cassin broke the silence that followed.

"Mr. Doane," she said, "sit still here and try to listen to what I am going to tell you. We have been disturbed about Betty. I won't attempt to conceal that. This Mr. Brachey——"

"Brachey? Is he——"

"Please! You must keep quiet!"

"But what is it? Tell me—now!"

"I'm trying to. Mr. Brachey came to the compound the morning after you left——"

"But he gave me his word!"

"You really must let me tell this in my own way. He brought the news of your death. He had it from Pao's *yamen*. He demanded that we all leave T'ainan at once with him. If he gave you his word, it is probable that he regarded your death as a release. Well—" for a moment she bent silently over her task of bandaging.

"Yes? Tell me." Doane's voice was quieter still. More and more, to Boatwright, who stood by the wash-stand fingering a towel, he looked, felt, like the old Griggsby Doane—excepting his eyes; they were fixed intently on the matting; they were wide open, staring open.

"Well—Mrs. Boatwright felt that it was not yet the time to go. She distrusted this man. So we stayed a few days longer."

"You are not telling me."

"Yes. I am coming to it. Betty—Betty felt that she couldn't let him go alone."

Slowly, in a hushed, almost a reflective voice, Doane asked:

"So she came with him?"

Dr. Cassin bowed. Arthur Boatwright bowed.

Doane glanced up briefly, and took them in, then his gaze centered again on the matting.

"And they are here now?"

"Betty is staying with Mme, Pourmont. Mr. Brachey is living in a tent."

"Where? What tent?"

ARTHUR BOATWRIGHT did not wait to hear this question answered or the rush of other palliative phrases that were pressing nervously to the tip of Dr. Cassin's not unsympathetic tongue. Never had he heard the quiet menace in Griggsby Doane's voice that was in it as he almost calmly uttered those three words: "Where? What tent?" He could not himself think clearly; his mind was a blur of fears and nervous impulses. Doane wasn't normal; that was plain. Dr. Cassin's bare announcement was a blow so severe that even as he framed that tense question he was struggling to control the blind wild forces that were ravaging that giant frame of his. Once wholly out of control, he might do anything. He might kill Brachey. Yes, easily that! It was in his eyes. And so, without a plan, all confused impulses, Arthur Boatwright slipped out, closing the door behind him. On the outer sill of the little building he paused, trying desperately to think; but, failing in this effort, hurried through the night to Brachey's tent.

He was, of course, far from understanding himself. It was a moment in which no small dogmatic mind, once touched by the illogic of merely human sympathy, could hope to understand itself. Though he and Brachey were barely speaking, he had watched the man during the capture of the Chinese gun and ammunition. And since that incident he had observed that Brachey was steadily winning the respect of all in the compound. The confusing thought was that a sinner could do that.

Continued on page 121



Miss Anna Carpenter

What would you do?

WITH nothing but her spare time and a determination to make good—without experience and without a cent investment—Miss Anna Carpenter, of New York, started a business that pays her hundreds of dollars a year.

¶ And Miss Carpenter is not the only one who earns the extra money they want. I could fill this magazine with photographs and letters from women who have written in praise of our work and what it has meant to them.

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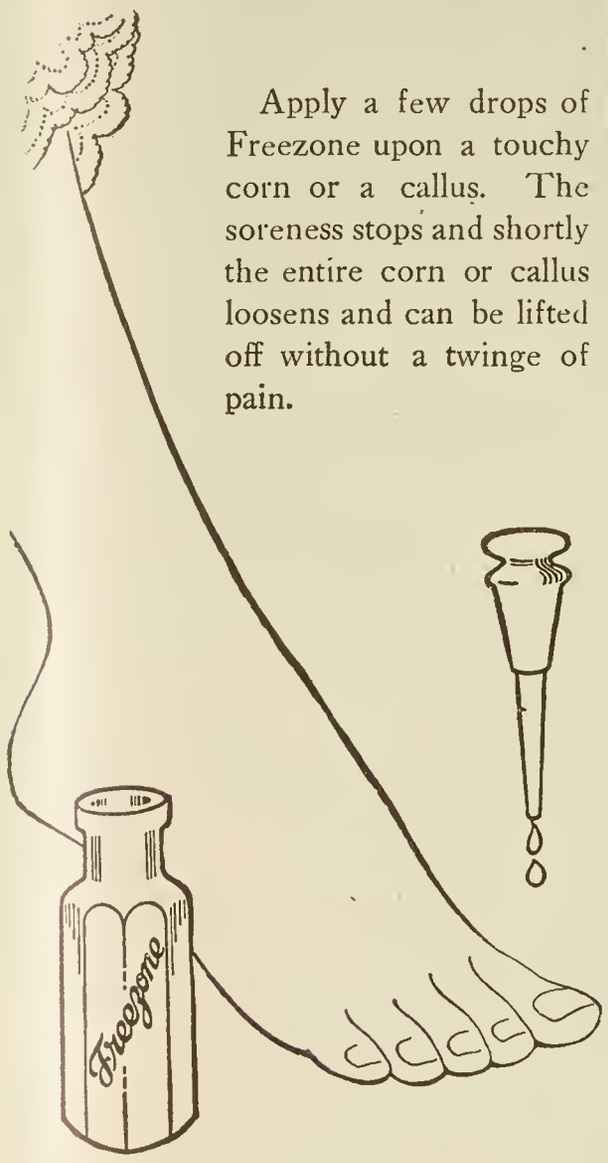
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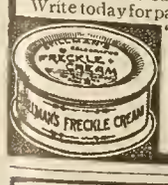
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Every Wednesday

Continued from page 120

HILLS OF HAN

For he believed, with his wife and Miss Hemphill, that Brachey and Betty had sinned. Dr. Cassin had been more guarded in her judgment, but probably she believed it, too. Sin, of course, to what may without unpleasant connotation be termed the professionally religious mind, is a definite, really a technical, fact. In the faith of the Boatwrights it could be atoned for only by an inner conviction followed by the blessing of the Holy Spirit. No mere good conduct, no merely admirable human qualities, could save the sinner. And neither Betty nor Brachey had shown the slightest sign of the regenerative process. In Mrs. Boatwright's judgment, therefore, since she was a woman of utter, humorless logic, of unconquerable faith in conscience, the two stood condemned. But her husband, in this time of tragic stress, was discovering certain merely human qualities that were bound to prove disconcerting to his professed philosophy. He wanted now to help Brachey; and yet, as he ran through courtyard after courtyard, he couldn't wholly subdue certain strong misgivings as to what his wife might think if she knew.

BEFORE the tent he hesitated. The flap was tied; he shook it with a trembling hand. He heard, then, the steady breathing of the man within. He tried knocking on the pole through the canvas, but without effect on the sleeper. Then, with a curious sensation of guilt, he reached in, untied the flap, above, then below, and passed cautiously in. The night was warm. Brachey lay uncovered, dressed, as Boatwright saw when he struck a match to make certain of his man, in all but coat, collar and shoes.

Boatwright blew out the match. For another moment he stood wondering at himself; then laid a hand on the sleeper's shoulder.

Brachey started up instantly; swung his feet to the floor; said, in a surprisingly alert, cautious voice:

"What is it?"

"It's Arthur Boatwright."

"Oh!" was Brachey's reply to this. He quietly lighted the candle that stood on a small table by the head of his cot. Then he added the single word, "Well?"

"I have come on a peculiar errand, Mr. Brachey—" Boatwright was fumbling for words.

"Yes?"

"There is little time for talk. A queer situation—let me say this—when you came to the mission and asked us to leave T'ainan with you it was under the supposition that Griggsby Doane was dead."

"Yes. You mean that now—that the news was inaccurate?"

Boatwright inclined his head.

"Ho is alive, then?"

Another bow.

"Where is he?"

"Well—it is—I must ask you to consider the situation calmly. It is difficult——"

BOATWRIGHT felt the man's eyes on him, coolly surveying him. It did seem a bit absurd to be cautioning this strange being to be calm. Had he ever been otherwise? Here he was, roused abruptly from slumber, listening and looking like a judge. He said now, with quick understanding:

"He is here?"

Boatwright's head inclined.

"How did he ever get through?"

"We haven't heard the details yet. There's so much else—I want to make it plain to you that he isn't altogether himself. He has evidently been through a terrible experience. He was wounded. He has some fever now, I believe. Let me put it this way: He has just now learned that you are here—that you——"

"That I brought his daughter here?" The remark was cool, clear, decisive.

"Well—yes. Now please understand me. He isn't himself. The news shocked him. I could see that. My suggestion is—well, that you move over to the residence for the rest of the night."

"Why?"

"You see—Mr. Doane asked where you might be found; in what tent. He has had no time to reflect over the situation. His present mood is—well, as I said, not normal. I've thought that to-morrow—after he had slept—some—we can prevail on him to consider it calmly."

"You mean that he may attack me?"

"Well—yes. It's quite possible. Pourmont would take you in now, I'm sure. In the morning you'll be back in your trenches. That will give us time to——"

His voice died out. His gaze anxiously followed Brachey's movements. The man had buttoned on his collar, and was knotting his tie before the little square mirror that hung on the rear tent-pole. Next he brushed his hair. Then he got into his coat. And then he discovered that he was in his stocking-feet. That bit of absent-mindedness was the only sign he gave of excitement.

"If I might suggest that you hurry a little," thus Boatwright. "It's possible that he's on his way here now."

"Who?" asked Brachey coolly, raising his head. "Oh—you mean Doane."

"Yes. I really think——"

BRACHEY waved him to be still. He moved to the tent-opening, peered out into the night, then turned and looked straight at his caller, slightly pursing his lips.

"Where is Mr. Doane?" he asked.

"He was in my room. But you're not—you don't mean——"

"I'm going to see him, of course."

"But that's impossible. He may kill you."

"What has that to do with it?"

This blunt question proved difficult to meet. Boatwright found himself saying, rather weakly, "I'm sure everything can be explained later."

"The time to explain is now."

With this, and with a slight added sound that might have been an indication of impatience, Brachey strode out.

FOR a moment Boatwright stood in the paralysis of fright; then, catching his breath, he ran out after this strangely resolute man; quickly caught up with him, but found himself ignored. He even talked incoherently as his short legs tried to keep pace with the swift, long stride of the other. He didn't himself know what he was saying. Nor did he stop when Brachey's arm moved as if to brush him off; though he perhaps had been clinging to that arm.

Brachey stopped, looking about.

"This is the house, isn't it?" he remarked; then turned in toward the steps.

The door burst open then, and a huge shadowy figure plunged out. A woman's voice followed. "I must ask you please to come back, Mr. Doane. Really, if you——"

At the name, "Mr. Doane," Brachey stopped short (one foot was already on the first of the three or four steps) and stiffened, his shoulders drawn back, his head high.

Doane, too, stopped, peering down.

"Mr. Doane," said the younger man, firmly, but perhaps in a slightly louder tone than was necessary, "I am Jonathan Brachey."

A hush fell on the group of them—Brachey waiting at the bottom step, Boatwright just behind him, Dr. Cassin barely visible in the shadows of the porch, silhouetted faintly against the light of a candle somewhere within, and Griggsby Doane staring down in astonishment at the man who stood looking straight up at him.

BRACHEY apparently was about to speak again. Perhaps he did begin. Boatwright found it impossible afterward to explain in precise detail just what took place. But, the one clear fact was that Doane, with an exclamation that was not a word, seemed to leap down the steps, waving his stick about his head. There was the sound of a few heavy blows; and then Brachey lay huddled in a heap on the tile walk, and Doane stood over him, breathing very hard.

Dr. Cassin hurried down the steps and knelt beside the silent figure there. To Arthur Boatwright she said briskly: "My medicine-case is in your room. Bring it at once, please. And bring water."

Boatwright vaguely recalled, afterward, that he muttered, "I beg your pardon," as he brushed past Doane and ran up the steps. And he heard the sound of some one running heavily toward them.

When he came out, the scene was curiously changed. Some of the natives were there, and one or two whites. An iron lantern with many perforations to let out the candlelight stood on the tiles. One of the Chinese held another. Dr. Cassin was seated on the ground examining a wound on Brachey's scalp; and the man himself was struggling back toward consciousness, moving his arms restlessly and muttering.

But the voice that dominated the little group that stood awkwardly about was the voice of M. Pourmont. Doane had sunk down on the steps, his head in his hands. And over him, somewhat out of breath, gesticulating emphatically with raised forefinger, the engineer was speaking as follows:

"Monsieur Doane, it give me ze great *plaisir* to know zat you do not die. To you here I offair ze welcome viz all my 'eart. But zis I mus' say. It is here *la guerre*. It is I who am here ze commandair of you all. An' I now comman' you, Monsieur Doane, zer mus' be here no more of ze mattair personal. We here fight togezzer, as one, not viz each ozzer. You have made ze attack on a gentleman zat must be spare' to us, a gentleman ver' strong, ver' brave, who fear nozzing at all. It is not pairmit' zat you make 'arm at Monsieur Brashayee. Zis man is one I need. It is on 'im zat I lean."

HERE Boatwright found himself breaking in, all eagerness, all nerves:

"If you had known how it was! Mr. Brachey insisted on coming straight to you."

"Monsieur Boatwright, if you please! I mus' have here ze quiet! Monsieur Doane, you will go at once to bed. It is so I order you. Go at once to bed!"

Doane slowly lifted his head and looked at M. Pourmont.

"Very well," he said quietly. "You are right, of course."

On these last few words his voice broke, but he at once recovered control of it. He rose, with an effort moved a few slow steps, hesitated, then got painfully down on one knee beside the limp, groaning figure on the walk. He looked directly at Dr. Cassin as he said:

"Is he badly hurt?"

"I don't think so," replied the physician simply, wholly herself. "The skull doesn't seem to be fractured. We may find some concussion, of course."

Doane's breath whistled convulsively inward. He knelt there, silent, watching the deft fingers work. Then he said under his breath, but audibly enough:

"What an awful thing to do! What a terrible thing to do!" And got up.

Boatwright hurried to help him.

"I'll go with you, Arthur," said Doane.

Continued in the April DELINEATOR

Nalbro Bartley, author of "The Gorgeous Girl" and "A Woman's Woman," has written for THE DELINEATOR a serial, "Careless Daughters," to begin publication soon.



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Irene Castle whose latest Paramount Picture is "The Amateur Wife," by Nalbro Bartley. Mrs. Castle is wearing an evening wrap of apple-green velvet embroidered in steel beads

AT THIS season, which combines the discomforts of Winter with fleeting, disturbing glimpses of Spring, one thinks in terms of silks and navy serges while swimming around in sleet and slush and rubbers. The umbrella becomes a habit, a sort of fifth articulated limb. Yet so resilient is the feminine mind that you try new coquetries with it, already projecting it into the future so that it is no longer an umbrella but a parasol of Chantilly lace and mauve ribbons matching the lace and ribbons of your many-ruffled frock.

More urgent than parasols is the immediate choice of a Spring suit. Spring jackets this year will be gay and rather flighty, the shortest of boleros, or a blouse, brought down to a more familiar length by a vestee and peplum, or little box-like coats with the new suspender vestee. Of course there are longer coats, and some of them have the slightly fitted line and long collar of a beautifully cut English tailormade.

It is to be a silk season and dresses will be very soft, with many ruffles, hip draperies, tunics and the harem hem. A great success is predicted for the very short sleeve, while the vogue of chemise dresses, long blouses and overblouses seems to gather fresh strength.



THE DELINEATOR

MARCH 1920



With its drooping shoulders and demure collar inspired by a fashion of 1830 is a blue Angora taffeta dress with a delicate tracery of embroidery worked in white on the sleeves and double tunic. By Beer.

Paris acknowledges the Spring-like appeal of fine accordion plaits in the coat and skirt of a gabardine costume made by Martial et Armand. As in so many instances this season the fulness is placed at the side.

FRENCH FABRICS SEE THE POINT OF THE EMBROIDERY NEEDLE

SKETCHES BY SOULIÉ

PARIS may think twice before committing itself on some subjects, but it is in no two minds on the matter of its Spring fabrics. An after-result of war conditions is the respectful attitude of the couturiers toward wool materials. Serge dresses are embroidered with as much care as if they were the most elegant lingerie frocks. Embroidered motifs in colors are placed at intervals on gabardine or serge, giving the familiar material the effect of a new fabric. Rodier weaves the embroidery directly into the serge, forming widely separated stripes, spots and large squares, one quadrangle being so large that it has been given the name "gigantesque."

A typical embroidered cloth of the Spring is called "cordelaine," and is made with fine lines of basting or darning stitches forming vertical stripes. Stripes of embroidery worked in dull silver, gold or copper are very smart on tricotine, gabardine, serge, etc. "Point de Croix" is a new embroidery with the design worked in cross-stitch in color on a dark serge ground.

Braid trimming, especially in soutache, will be used almost as much as embroidery. Rows of waxed ribbon, an idea borrowed from the oilcloth trimming that is being used in Paris, will be smart on marine-blue frocks.

Among the new silk materials there is a very beautiful "*taffetas angora*." Beer has used it in the dress illustrated on this page. It is heavy and uncrushable and falls softly, but with a certain bouffancy that is admirable for the new styles. Failles have the same characteristic. They are supple, but have sufficient body for the stand-out effect of hip draperies, etc. Satins are rich, heavy and with a brilliant sheen. Foulards with large designs will be used as linings, while less conspicuous patterns will be smart for Spring dresses.

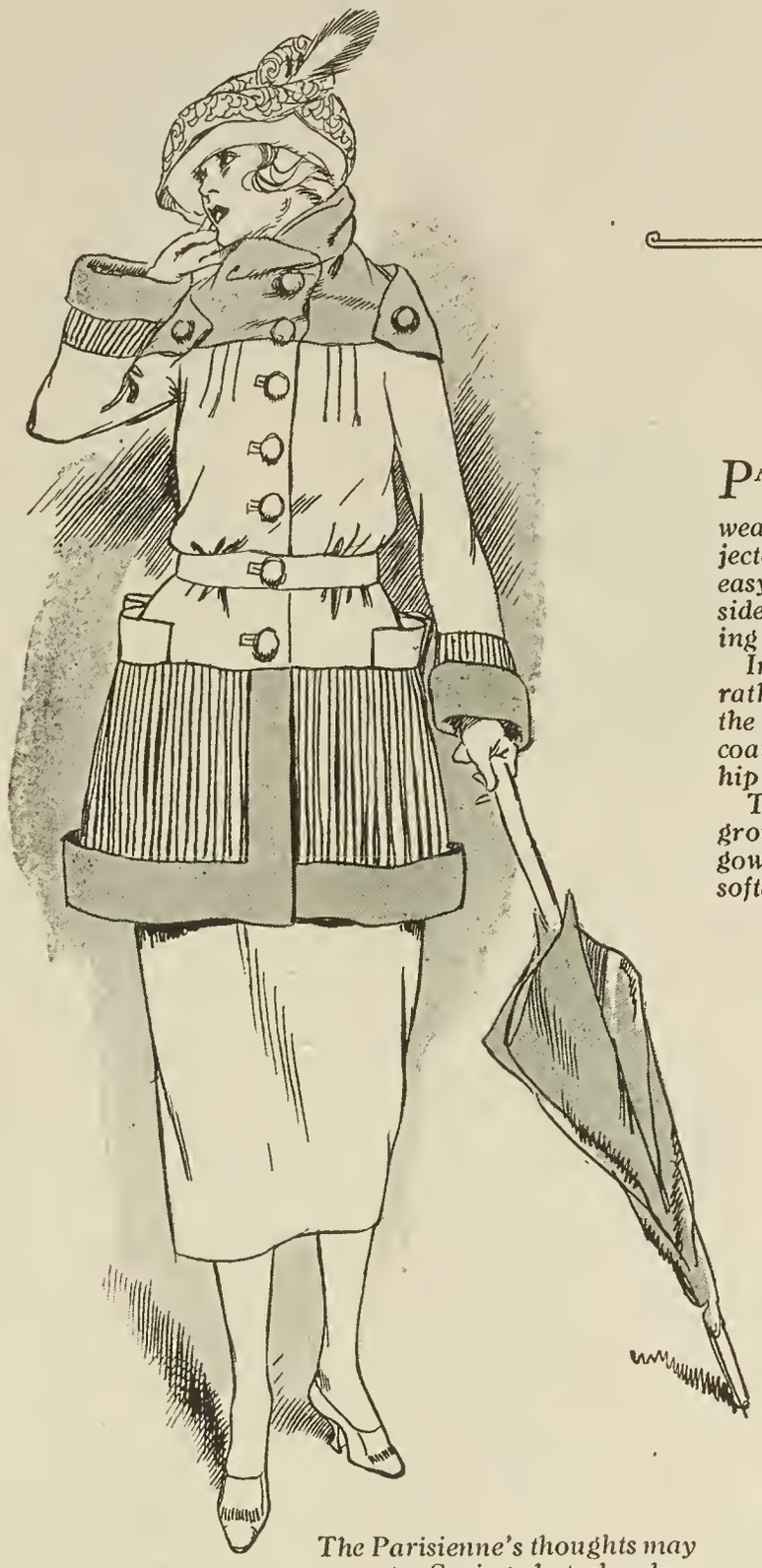
PARIS, FOLLOWING SOFTER FASHIONS FOR THE SPRING, BLOUSES ITS COAT AND BODICE AT A NEARLY NORMAL WAISTLINE

Sketches by Soulié

PARIS in Midwinter, following the openings of its couturiers, makes up its mind as to what it will wear for Spring. The silhouette will not be subjected to any violent change. It remains soft, with an easy width that is often extended by hip draperies, side trimmings, tunics and the like without sacrificing the relatively narrow hem of the skirt itself.

In suits the effect of ease is given by the line of a rather long jacket worn over a narrow skirt. Or if the jacket is short, as it often is in boleros and pony coats, the skirt takes to itself accordion plaits, tunics, hip loops, etc.

The soft blouse effect at the waistline is gaining ground and appears in everything from evening gowns to the sports jacket. It, too, has the effect of softening the silhouette.



The Parisienne's thoughts may turn to Spring, but she does not fail to button her great collar close to her throat. Her costume is of sand-colored "toile auto" trimmed with Etruscan-red shantung. By Premet



Jenny introduces a new skirt made to spread at the hem by the introduction of flared bands of navy serge. The dress itself is of gray kasha. For this type of frock the sleeve is apt to be long



In Paris black tulle embroidered in silver is a black magic that never loses its potency. The many pointed tunics over a black satin hem and the France rose on the narrow belt reveal the skilful hand of Renée



The new bloused corsage, turned-up hem and the cascades of tulle at the side are used by Madeleine et Madeleine in an evening gown of black tulle barred with gold in lines of entre-deux embroidery



In a "robe-manteau" by Jean Paton the cloak is of putty-colored frescaline trimmed with green cloth in the new shade of gray-green known as Eucalypsis. Three embroidered flowers mark the waistline, while the lower part has the umbrella-loop flare at the hip

WORTH, AGNES AND JEANNE LANVIN THROW THEIR LIGHT FROM DIFFERENT ANGLES ON THE SEASON'S MODES

Sketches by Soulié



An Agnes costume created by Madame Havet is of black cloth trimmed with "Berberino" striped cloth in brilliant blue and white on black. The upper part of the coat has a bolero effect at both the front and back



Worth, even in designing tea-gowns, moves to a stately measure of his own. An Italian princess of the magnificent de Medicis might have worn this gown of blue-and-gold brocade posed over gold guipure

All the beauty of a Fragonard portrait is recaptured by Jeanne Lanvin in a gown of marron-colored faille veiled with marron tulle and embroidered quaintly in beads



Of a silk that reproduces the soft, iridescent colors of a pigeon's breast Jeanne Lanvin fashions the simplest of dresses, garlanded with roses, for the very young girl

LA JOIE DE PARIS—JEUNE, GAIE ET ADORABLE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SÉEBURGER FRÈRES AND HENRI MANUEL



The small French citizen of the world when at Deauville in Midsummer or Egypt in Midwinter dresses not unlike his American cousins in high-waisted suits with beruffled blouses



When one wears blue reefers and white gloves you roll your hoop in the socially select circle of Rond Point



Perhaps because there are fewer children in the French family they make more of them. At any rate you see them small, sedate and perfectly dressed watching with grave interest the courses at Longchamps



Even if there is no connection between your coat and your gaiters what does it matter if your check coat matches your check bonnet?



Little French girls from the Fanbourg St. Germaine do not believe in handling any situation without gloves



The unconquerable spirit of "Paris, smiling, débonnaire" looks out of the gay eyes of this daughter of France whose first four years knew and disdained the thunder of German guns



In a cream-colored coat of polo cloth with a blanket-stitched scarf collar one is ready for a walk in the Avenue Bois du Boulogne



A knitted chemise dress that goes so far and no farther is off no doubt to a Guignol show in the old Italian gardens of the Luxembourg



An altogether adorable baby from the Avenue Champs Elysées wears an absolutely delightful coat with a new yoke and collar from the Rue de la Paix



It seems incredible but we know it to be a fact that the infant Parisienne can even skip rope without deranging her bonnet, soiling her white gloves or disturbing the perfect hang of her side-trimmed coat

COMING SUMMER THROWS ITS SHADOW BEFORE IT IN THE COSTUMES WORN ON THE STAGE AND SCREEN

SKETCHES BY DARTEY, PARIS



Fur braces and embraces the shoulders and waistline of a French evening gown



Photograph by Abbe

Quite as lovely as the moonlight and honeysuckle of her romantic comedy is Ruth Chatterton's frock, elaborate with lace and delicate-colored flowers



Paris offers a canary-colored sweater with fur-brown cuffs and collar of Angora wool





Photograph by Abbe

Julia Ballew in an evening wrap that is Spring itself in the wavering pattern of its green tissue and the delicate fringe of the ostrich feather at the throat

Many a young girl would do well to follow Wanda Hawley's charming fashion of veiling her lovely shoulders with tulle when she wears the present sleeveless décolletage



For Spring Paris will substitute loops of white satin for the ermine of one of its most successful small hats



Photograph by Abbe

Pauline Garon, who is playing in "Buddies," turns one's thoughts to Southern things with her frock of finely checked blue-and-white dimity trimmed with white organdy



A new girdle sketched in Paris and made of brocaded ribbon trimmed with fruit and flowers

REFLECTIONS IN THE GLASS OF FASHION REVEAL NEW AND SIMPLER MODES OF ARRANGING THE HAIR

Photographs from Underwood and Underwood



Liliane Grenze, whose hair is red-gold and curls adorably, arranges it in the simplest fashion, parted and drawn close to her head. Her bandeau of flowers is very charming for a young girl

IN PARIS the *grande dame* has adopted a very simple type of coiffure, repudiating exaggerated ear-puffs, loops of hair, etc. The new hair-dressing follows the shape of the head without distorting it, and the arrangement is individual, adapting itself to the face and type of the woman. When the hair is marcelled the wave is soft and natural-looking, with none of the stiff, corrugated effect of a few years ago.

For evening, the hair may be arranged without ornaments, or one may use a bandeau, jeweled pins, or the delicately carved Spanish comb.



If one is young and of the right type, hair cut short above level brows and against the white nape of a slender neck gives one the look of a beautiful Italian boy of the Quattrocento





A faint echo of Victorian stays and ways is seen in the bodice and bouffant skirt of a dancing-frock with its drooping shoulders and quaint corsage bouquet. Chez Lanvin



Paris offers a new fancy in a muff of chiffon caught together through the center with a garland of roses. Chez Madeleine



A type of hair-dressing of classical simplicity is very beautiful on a beautiful woman, but it is pitiless to a plain face or irregular features

Paris has made the discovery that arms were made before sleeves, and the Parisienne—strength to her elbow!—is following the new light. The very short sleeve that had such a vogue at the Normandy beaches has appeared in Florida this Winter and will be extremely smart this Spring and Summer



When a single feather makes a fan mounted on a stick of carved ivory



With a stately Worth gown the hair is ondulé in a soft yet formal fashion and worn with a winged head-dress

THE RIGHT FOOT IS THE ONE THAT WEARS THE FRENCH TYPE OF SHOE

It is Shorter in the Vamp, Rounder in the Toe, Vain, Frivolous and Absolutely Delightful

Photographs from Underwood and Underwood



Mlle. Liliane Greuze, exquisite and essentially Parisienne, wears the satin cothurne with ribbons laced through buttonhole loops worked on the side of the slipper



The objets de vertu of the French woman en grande toilette are her hand-bag by day and her ostrich fan by night



We only meant to show her "houpette" coiffure, but from the braces over her shoulders to the ribbons on her feet she is so utterly engaging that we could find no place to draw the line

THERE is nothing more tiresome than to offer reasons for that most adorable and unreasonable of things—a French fashion. It is a temptation, of course, to the logical mind to account for the present interest in feet and ankles—the polite phrase for anything below the knee—by the shortness of the present dresses. But how can one be sure that the aforesaid shortness is not the result of the winning ways of the new French shoes and the delicious indiscretions of the new French stockings and *not* vice versa or contrariwise?

Be that as it may, the fact remains that the new shoes are delightfully gay, frivolous and absolutely French. The vamp has been shortened and rounded, so that the foot looks appreciably smaller and daintier. American women should welcome the change, for while their feet are shapely and well made they need no enlarging upon on the part of a generously disposed bootmaker.

For walking, a high boot, an oxford or spat pump are correct for the Spring. It is in afternoon and evening shoes that one sees imagination and variety in the arrangement of the ribbon-laced satin *cothurnes*, the strap slipper in patent leather, velvet or suède, and the slipper of silver or aluminum cloth, of white or colored satin, or of bronze kid worn with a brown stocking so thin that it scarcely more than stains the skin to a new and quite lovely color. Silk stockings are very thin and the favorite with the Parisian is the plain stocking with the *à jour baguette* at the side.



With her elegant afternoon dresses the Parisienne uses strap slippers of patent leather, gray or beige suède or a black satin cothurne



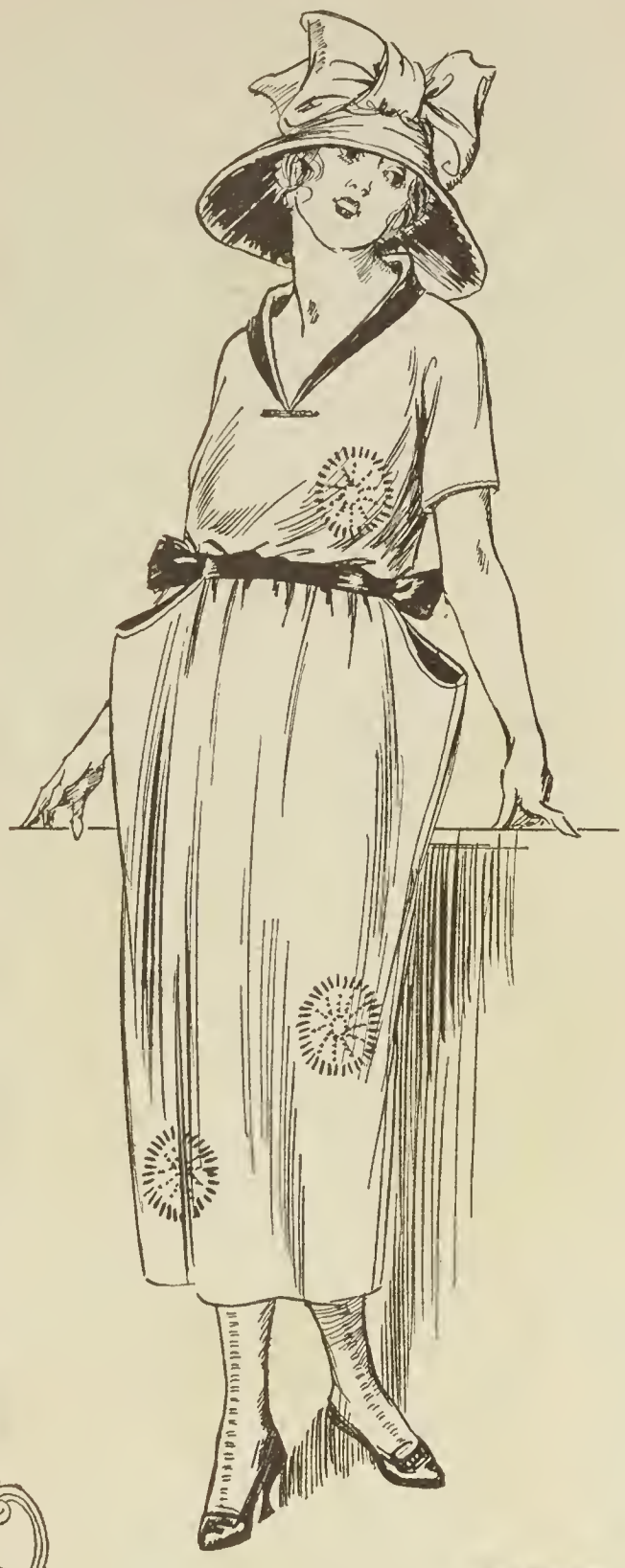
For the French Midsummer at Deauville and the American Midwinter at the Florida beaches, and for those lucky mortals who are now at Cairo and Alexandria, the daintiest of slippers and cothurnes of white kid and patent leather are worn with lingerie frocks and taffeta dresses



Any one in Paris would recognize the Cinderella of these satin slippers beneath a ball gown of silver lace. It is Mme. Georgette

ORIENTAL HEM AND BLOUSED OVERDRESS AMONG DISTINCTIVE FROCKS

Looped Drapery Extends the Hip, and Kimono Bodies are French



Dress 2178
Embroidery design 10807



Dress 2248



Dress 2140



Dress 2239
Beading design
10715



Dress 2237

2178—Out at the hip and away from the neck is the line of a bloused frock that slips over the head and is drawn in on an elastic at the waistline. The two-pieced skirt is draped. Use duvetyn, gabardine, serge, satin, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards tricotine 48 inches wide, ⅝ yard satin 36 inches wide. Bottom 1⅞ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

2248—The Oriental hem, caught to a short foundation is used in a frock of taffeta, charmeuse, figured silk, satin, made with a surplice closing and straight gathered skirt.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards foulard 40 inches wide, including a sash. 2⅛ yards material 32 inches wide for foundation skirt. Bottom when falling free 2 yards.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2140—For Spring street wear a simple frock of satin, charmeuse, crêpe meteor or crêpe de Chine has a vestee and a distinctive collar. The sleeve has one seam and the straight skirt is gathered.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards foulard 36 inches wide, ½ yard Georgette 40 inches wide. Bottom 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

2239—A draped frock with a kimono top is lovely in faille, radium or charmeuse, with lace, chiffon cloth, etc. It has a blouse lining in camisole effect and a two-piece skirt.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards taffeta 40 inches wide, 1⅛ yard silk voile 40 inches wide, for upper part. Bead design 10715 is used. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

2237—Sun-ray tucks trim the French neck of a bloused overdress, worn over a two-piece foundation. Use tricotine, gabardine or fine serge, alone or over satin.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards tricotine 54 inches wide (without nap) ⅞ yard voile 32 inches wide for upper part of slip. Bottom of slip 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 150

EXTENDED HIP AND STRAIGHT SILHOUETTE DIVIDE THE HONORS

A Long Body is Cut With a New Line and Flounces Are Fashionable



Dress 2229
Bag 10752



Dress 2167



Dress 2176
Braiding design
10808



Dress
2207

2229—A loose panel front, delightfully new sleeves and extended pockets claim attention in a long-bodied frock for Spring. Use gabardine, serge or plaids, etc., with satin or charmeuse or tricotine, serge, satin, etc., alone.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards foulard 36 inches wide for body, 1¾ yard tricotine 54 inches wide. The bag is 10752. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2167—The kimono waist echoes softly the drapery of the two-piece skirt. Use satin, taffeta, foulard, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor or serge, garbardine or tricotine. The line of the vest is new and there is a blouse body lining.

36 bust requires 4⅝ yards charmeuse 40 inches wide including girdle, ⅝ yard lace 18 inches wide. Bottom 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

2176—The Parisienne chooses for afternoon an overdress worn over a straight one-piece skirt and body lining in camisole style. Use satin, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, charmeuse, tricotine, tricolette, etc. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards Georgette 40 inches wide including sash, 2⅛ yards satin 36 wide for foundation.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

2207—Paris decides on deep flounces. They are gathered and straight and combined with a simple kimono waist that could have a blouse body lining in camisole effect. Use faille, radium, satin, charmeuse, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor or foulard. Bottom 1⅜, lower flounce 1¾ yard.

36 bust requires 4¾ yards taffeta 36 inches wide, 2¼ yards material 32 inches wide for foundation skirt.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

2241—A smartly-cut long body follows the figure in contrast to the ripple of the short-sided two-piece tunic. The straight skirt is gathered. Use satin, taffeta, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine. Bottom measures 1⅜ yards.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards faille 40 inches wide, ½ yard contrasting color faille 36 inches wide.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust.

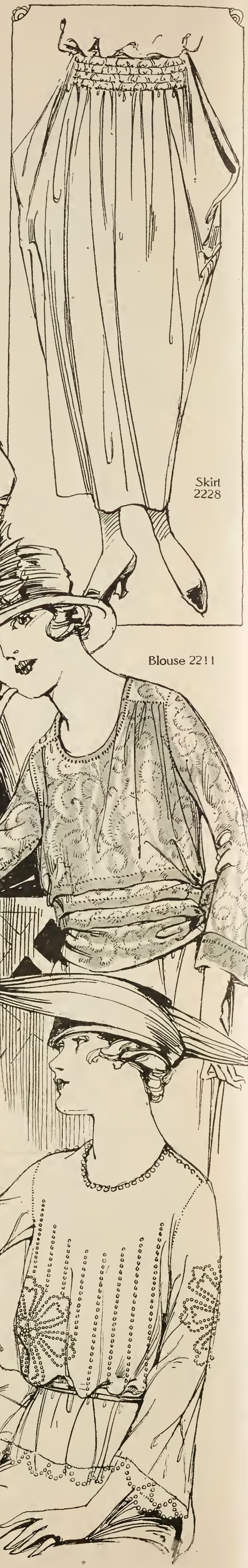


Dress
2241

Other views of these garments are shown on page 150







NEW BLOUSES AND SMART SKIRTS

2226—The simpler the blouse the greater the charm is the season's foreword. A one-piece model made in kimono fashion slips on over the head and blouses over the belt. Use Georgette crêpe, crêpe meteor, silk voile or cotton voile, batiste, dimity or handkerchief linen.

36 bust requires 1⅜ yard Georgette crêpe 40 inches wide.
This blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2209—A wide curved band is at the bottom of the success of a new overblouse made on soft, simple lines becoming to the woman and young girl alike. The closing comes on the left shoulder and under the arm. Use Georgette, silk voile, crêpe meteor, cotton voile, batiste, dimity, handkerchief linen or linen.

36 bust requires 1¼ yard crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide.
This blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

2228—Shirred across the front and back is a new skirt with looped drapery at each side carrying out the soft line but giving the fashionable widened hip. The skirt is cut in two pieces. Satin, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, foulard, serge, tricotine, gabardine and soft twills are suitable. Bottom 1¾ yard.

38 hip requires 3 yards taffeta 36 inches wide.
This skirt is for ladies 35 to 45 hip.

2203—A deep but narrow rolled collar lends charming distinction to a kimono blouse. An elastic in a casing gives the bloused-over effect. Use silk crêpe, crêpe meteor, silk voile, tricolette, cotton voile, batiste or organdy.

36 bust requires 1½ yard crêpe de Chine 32 or more inches wide, ¾ yard Georgette 27 or more inches wide.
This blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

2211—A group of tucks is used across the front of one of the new draped blouses of the kind that is worn outside of the skirt. It has the graceful bell sleeve and a blouse body lining that can be cut with a camisole top. Use silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, or cotton voile, batiste or dimity. The back closing is new.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards novelty silk voile 40 inches wide.
This blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2199—A fitting accompaniment for the fashionable overblouse is the plain skirt with an easy fulness at the back. It is cut in two pieces. Use tricotine, soft twills, gabardine, serge, velours, duvetyn, Oxford cloth, prunella, plaids, checks, and stripes, or satin, faille, silk poplin and taffeta. Bottom 2 yards.

38 hip requires 2¼ yards tricotine 54 inches wide.
This skirt is for ladies 35 to 52 hip.

2218—Large bead motifs bring out the lovely simplicity of a peplum blouse that slips over the head and closes on each shoulder. The soft bloused effect over the peplum is becoming. Silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, batiste, cotton voile, dimity, or handkerchief linen can be used.

36 bust requires 2 yards Georgette 40 inches wide.
This blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Other views of these garments are shown on page **150**

A NEW SEASON PREPARES FOR OUTDOOR LIFE

Riding Costume, Smart Eton, Short Coat and Bloused Suits, Raglan and Cape Effects



Coat 2258
Skirt 2170



Coat 2260
Skirt 1974
Embroidery design 10713



Coat 2257
Skirt 1733
Embroidery design 10726
Bag 10752



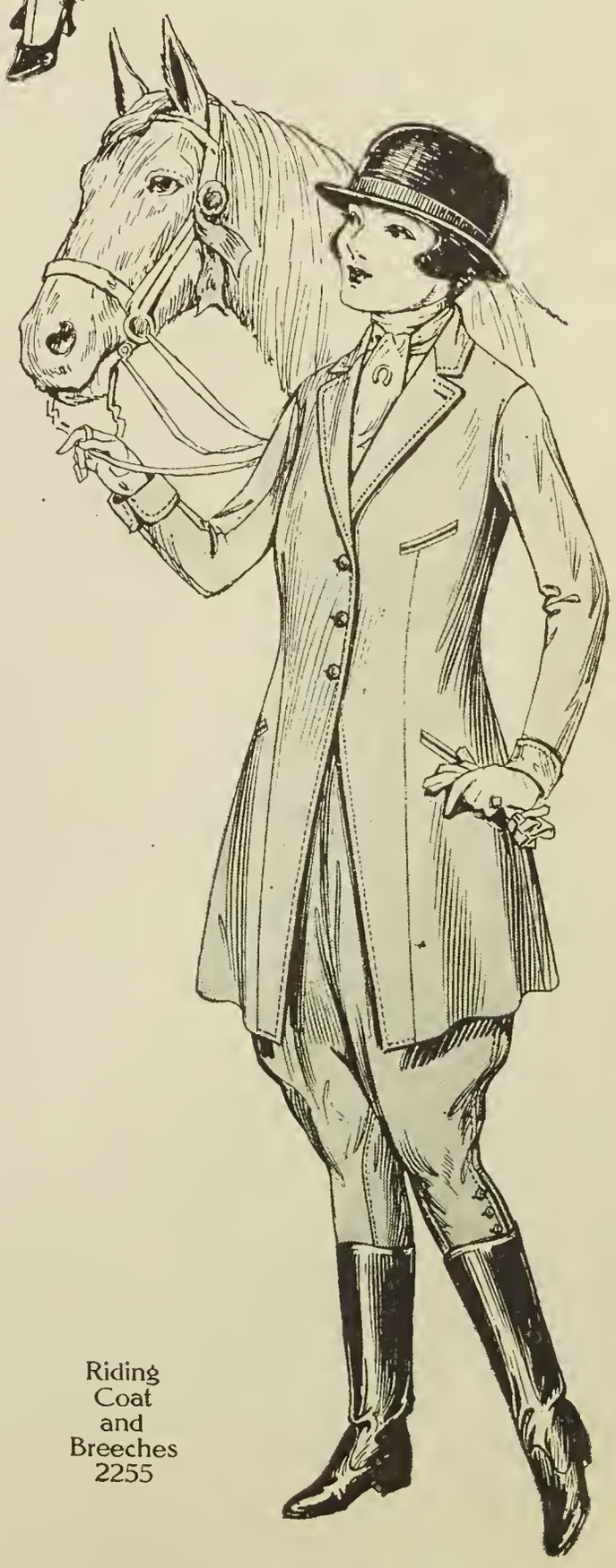
Coat 2259
Skirt 1908



Cape 2256



Coat 2251
Skirt 1805
Embroidery design 10809
Bag 10775



Riding Coat and Breeches 2255

2258—2170—French from the draped sleeveless vestee to its accordion-plaited skirt is a short coat suit made of gabardine, serge, soft twills, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3¾ yards tricotine 54 inches wide, ½ yard satin 40 inches wide, 2⅛ yards braid. Bottom 2⅞ or 2¼ yards.

Coat, 2258, is for ladies 32 to 42 bust, also misses; skirt, 2170, is for ladies 35 to 42½ hip.

2260—1974—A plaited, straight peplum is a fitting finish to a bloused-over coat with the new neck outline. The skirt is three-pieced. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge or soft twills.

36 bust and 38 hip require 4⅛ yards faille 40 inches wide, ⅝ yard contrasting faille 27 inches wide. Bottom 1¾ yard.

Coat, 2260, is for ladies 32 to 42 bust; skirt, 1974, is for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

2257—1733—An Eton suit has a suspender vestee that slips over the head and is in one with a peplum. The skirt is two-pieced. Use gabardine, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3¼ yards serge 50 inches wide, ⅜ yard satin 36 inches wide. Bottom 1½ yard.

Coat, 2257, is for ladies 32 to 42 bust, also for misses; skirt, 1733, is for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

2259—1908—The belted raglan coat worn with a contrasting four-piece skirt makes a good-looking costume. Use velours, duvetyn, gabardine, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2⅜ yards mixtures 54 inches wide, 2⅜ yards gabardine 54 inches wide. Bottom 2⅜ yards.

Coat, 2259, is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also misses; skirt, 1908, is for ladies 35 to 49½ hip.

2256—In the Spring the Parisienne's fancy turns to a youthful, smart wrap like a cape. A new model is made with the yoke in one piece with the panel effect of the front. Tricotine, light-weight velours, serge, satin, taffeta and faille are used. Bottom of longer cape 2 yards.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards gabardine 54 inches wide.

This cape is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.

2251—1805—A new Eton costume distinguishes itself by a straight peplum which is joined to a suspender vestee. The skirt is two-pieced. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge or taffeta.

36 bust and 38 hip require 5⅝ yards satin 36 inches wide, ½ yard contrasting satin 18 inches wide for front. Bottom 1¾ yard.

Coat, 2251, is for ladies 32 to 42 bust; skirt, 1805, is for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

2255—The smart cross-saddle riding costume is made with a coat and breeches. Use wool mixtures, tweeds, black-and-white wool checks cravenetted khaki, covert cloth, forestry cloth, unfinished worsteds, camel's-hair, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards oxford 54 inches wide.

This riding coat and breeches are for ladies 34 to 44 bust; misses 14 to 18 years; and girls 8 to 12 years.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 150

SIMPLE SPRING MODES VARY IN DESIGN

Pockets Widen the Hip of the One-Piece Frock and Overblouse and Kimono and Long Body Are Smart



Dress 2253
Braiding design
10795

Blouse 2230
Skirt 1362
Braiding design
10748
Bag 10775



Dress 2161



Dress 2246
Embroidery
design 10726



Dress 2225
Braiding design
10718

2253—Large envelope-like pockets distinguish a one-piece Spring frock, smart for street wear. It is a becoming style for a young girl also. There is a blouse-body lining. Use tricotine, serge, checks, light-weight duvetyn, satin, charmeuse or taffeta.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards gabardine 54 inches wide. Braid design 10795 is used. Bottom 1⅝ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust; it is also for misses.

2161—There's a suggestion of the Parisian in the effectively simple kimono body with its short sleeve and draped lines. The straight skirt is gathered and a blouse-body lining can have the camisole top. Use satin, taffeta, foulard, plaid, etc.

36-inch bust requires 3¾ yards charmeuse 40 inches wide, ⅜ yard fringe. Bottom 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

2246—Inside pockets give the outside hipline in a one-piece tricotine dress. It closes on the left shoulder and under the arm and can be made with a blouse body lining. It is good-looking for young girls. too, in gabardine, serge, soft twills, checks, duvetyn, satin or taffeta. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

36 bust requires 3 yards tricotine 54 inches wide.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.

2230—1362—A long overblouse of a new frock has stand-out pockets. A blouse-body lining is offered and the skirt is in three pieces. Use tricotine, gabardine or twills. Bottom 1½ yard.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3 yards serge 50 inches wide, 1⅝ yards satin 36 inches wide.

Blouse, 2230, is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses; skirt, 1362, is for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

2225—Contrasting fabrics emphasize the style of the long body in a one-piece dress. The lower part is straight and a blouse-body lining is offered. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, checks, etc., alone or with satin, etc. Bottom 1½ yard.

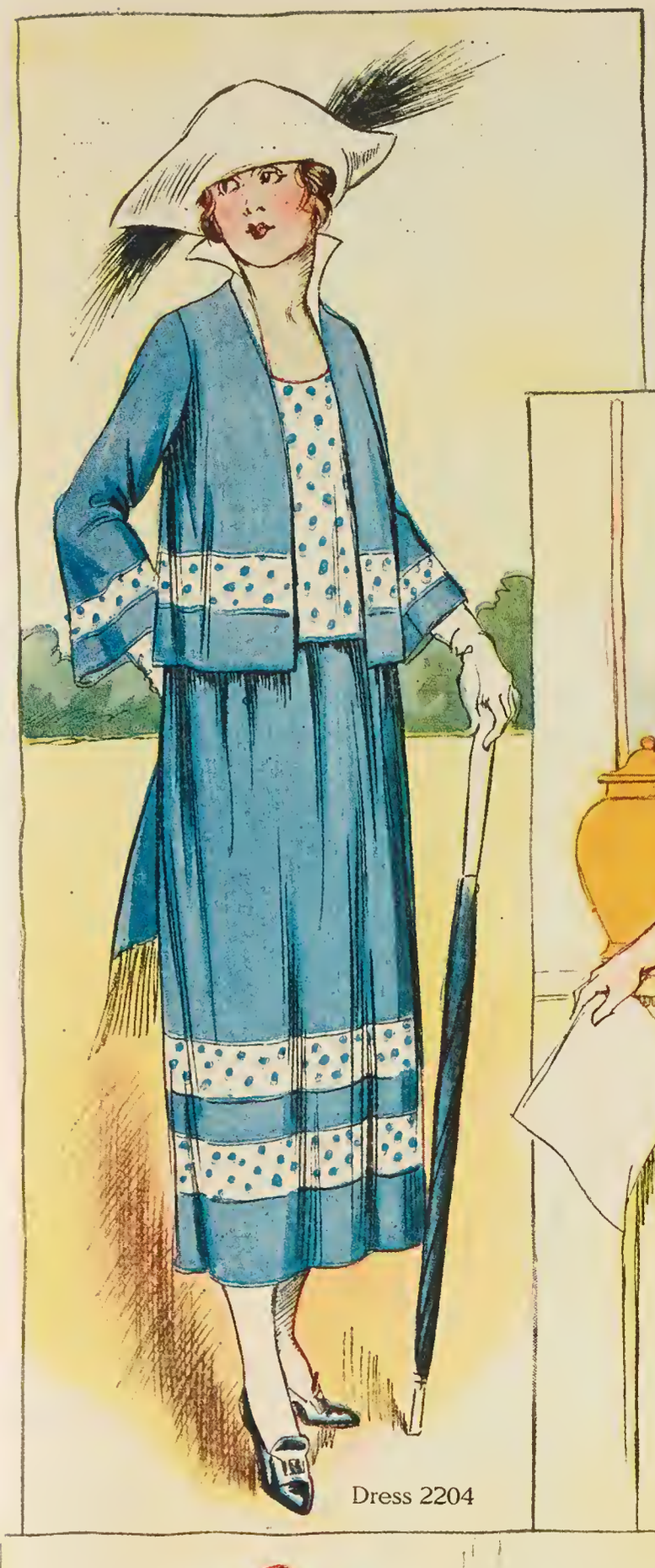
36 bust requires 1½ yard duvetyn (with nap) 54 inches wide, ⅞ yard contrasting duvetyn with nap 54 inches wide.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 150

THE SPRING FROCK

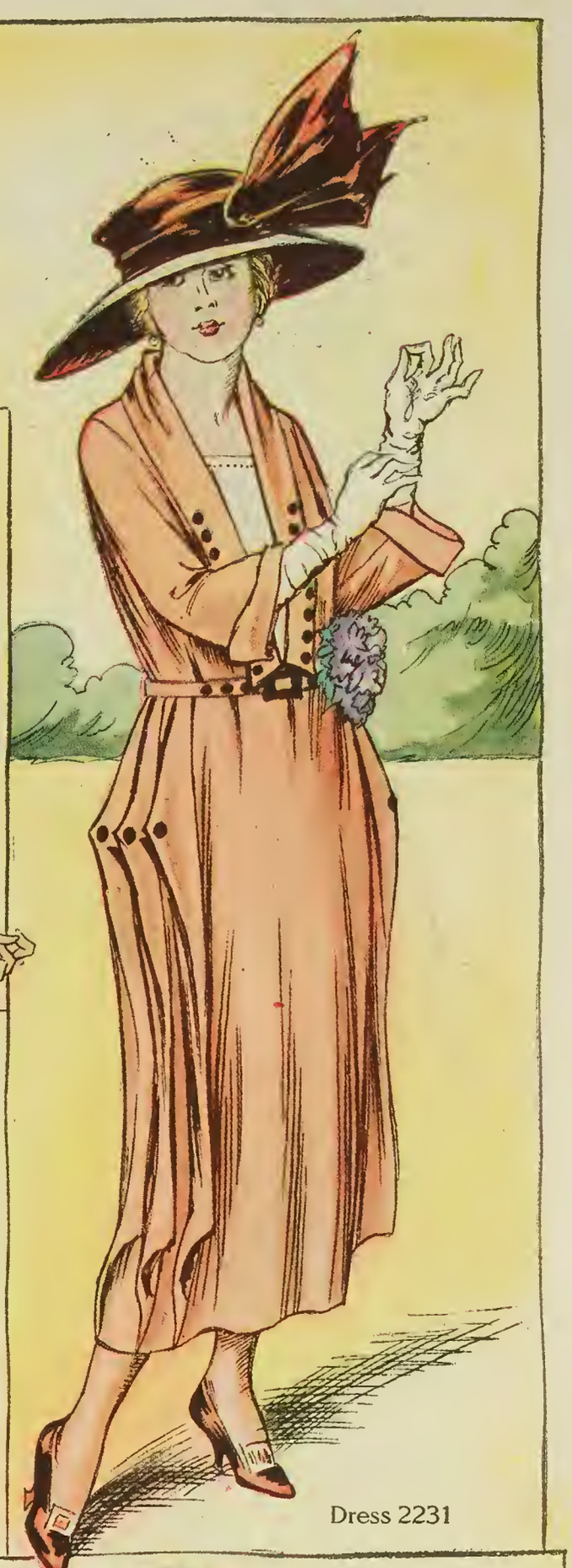
Youthful Coatee and Overblouse Accordion Plaits and Side Draperies In Tailored Effect



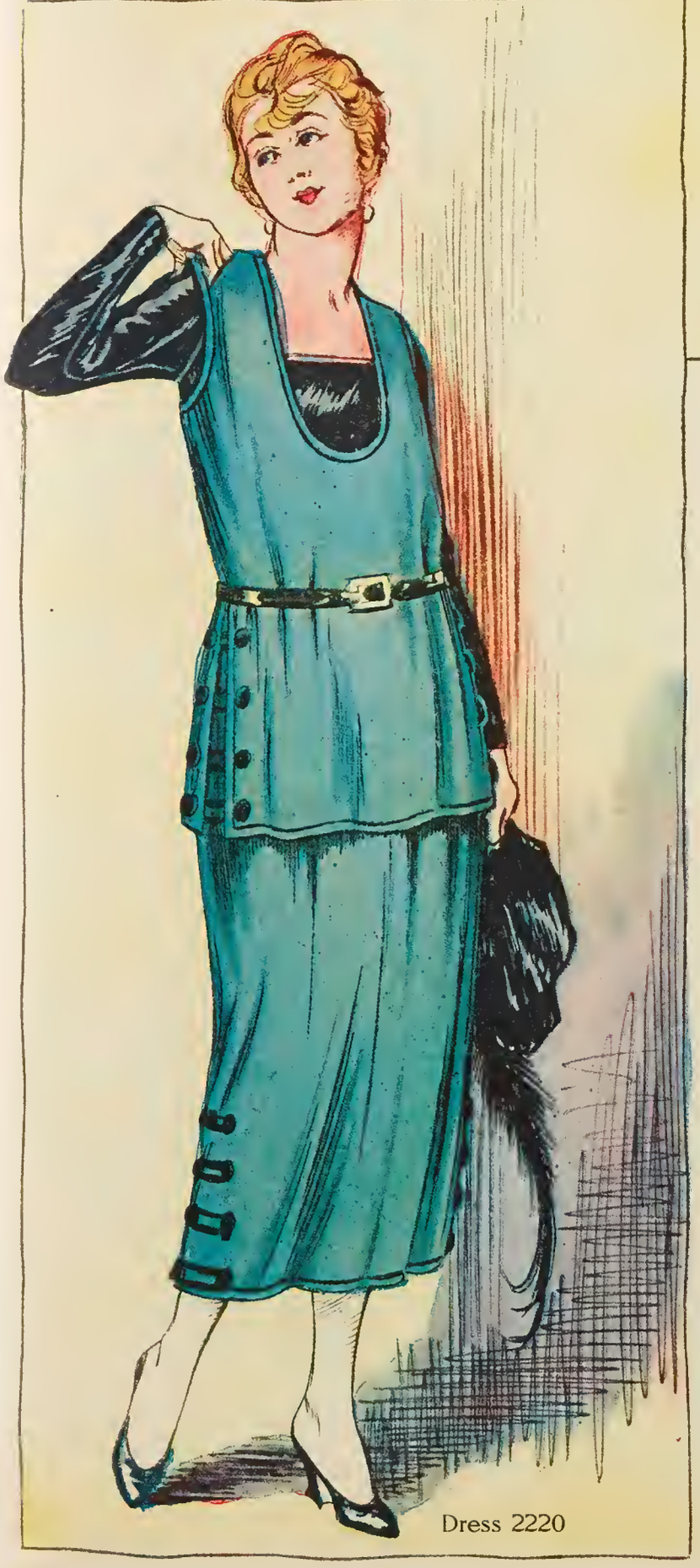
Dress 2204



Dress 2187



Dress 2231



Dress 2220

2204—The short coat is new and the coatee, as part of a dress, even newer. It is very young-looking and gives the effect of a little suit. There is a blouse body lining and the separate straight skirt is in one piece. Use tricolette, serge, gabardine, or checks, or satin, charmeuse or taffeta. Bottom 1¾ yard.

36-inch bust requires 2½ yards tricotine 54 inches wide, ¾ yard velours 54 inches wide.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

2187—To the Parisienne, who wanted the new ease of line but with the straight silhouette, came the long-bodied frock with an accordion-plaited straight skirt. Use tricotine, gabardine, plaids, checks or stripes alone or with satin or silk, or satin, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, or crêpe meteor alone. Bottom 2⅞ or 2¼ yards.

36 bust requires 1⅜ yard serge 50 inches wide for body, 2¼ yards plaid serge 54 inches wide.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

2231—Fashion buttons back her hip draperies in a one-piece street frock made of tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, duvetyn, checks, satin, charmeuse or taffeta. The draped collar is soft and becoming, and a blouse body lining is offered.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards tricotine 54 inches wide (with draperies cut single) ½ yard satin 18 or more inches wide. Bottom 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

2220—Spring brings the delightfully youthful overblouse dress made in jumper effect. The straight skirt is sewed to the underblouse. Use serge, gabardine, or tricotine, alone or with sleeves of satin, or make a jumper of tricolette or satin over Georgette crêpe.

36 bust requires 2½ yards duvetyn 54 inches wide (with nap), ⅞ yard satin 36 inches wide for sleeves, vestee and to face linings. Bottom 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2214—2170—A wide surplice closing continued in a slash at the side seam gives a new line to a blouse of tricotine worn with the new a straight accordion-plaited satin skirt.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1⅝ yard tricotine 54 inches wide, 3⅜ yards satin 36 inches wide. Bottom 2⅞ or 2¼ yards.

Overblouse, 2214, is for ladies, 32 to 44 bust; also for misses. Skirt, 2170, is for ladies 35 to 42½ hip.



Blouse 2214
Skirt 2170
Embroidery design 10807

Other views of these garments are shown on page 151

AFTERNOON MODES

Skirts Carry Off the Trimming Honors While Waists Are Becoming In Their Simplicity



Dress 2217

2201—2206—The draped lines of the waist are drawn in in smart contrast to the bouffant one-side drapery of the two-piece skirt. The side body and sleeve in kimono effect are attached to the blouse body lining. Use satin, charmeuse, crêpe meteor and foulard with silk crêpe, silk, voile or chiffon. Bottom 1¼ yard.

36 bust and 38 hip require 5¼ yards taffeta 36 inches wide, 1 yard Georgette 32 or more inches wide for side body and sleeves.

Waist 2201 is for ladies 32 to 46 bust; skirt 2206 is for ladies 35 to 42½ inches hip.

2192—If the Parisienne brings her tunic to a long point she likes to cut it short at the back. The straight collar stands away from the face. The blouse body lining can have the camisole top. The skirt is straight. Use crêpe meteor, taffeta, foulard, crêpe de Chine, stripes, checks or plaids, or serge or tricotine.

36 bust requires 4¾ yards charmeuse 40 inches wide, ⅜ yard chiffon 18 or more inches wide. Bottom 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2217—A peplum, so sure of itself, doesn't fear to tread where the fashionable tunic also walks. The straight peplum is gathered. Use silk voile or crêpe de Chine over a satin, crêpe meteor or serge drop skirt, or use Georgette, silk voile, crêpe de Chine, foulard, crêpe meteor, taffeta, radium or net alone.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards Georgette 40 inches wide for front, back, sleeves and tunic, 2⅝ yards tricolette 36 inches wide. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Waist 2201
Skirt 2206

Dress 2192
Embroidery design 10809

2215—Decidedly Springlike and fresh is a new gracefully draped foulard with becoming contrasting vestee and broad collar. The straight skirt is cut in one piece and the draped frill, which gives the fashionable wide hip, also has a straight lower edge. The blouse body lining could be cut in camisole effect. Taffeta, radium, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine or charmeuse could be used alone or with the side frills of sheer material such as Georgette, silk voile or tulle.

36 bust requires 5⅛ yards foulard silk 36 inches wide, ⅝ yard crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide. Bottom 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2154—Paris takes care to trim her skirt in contrast to the interesting simplicity of her waist. Wide ruffles are gathered to the free lower edge of bands that trim the straight gathered skirt. The draped surplice waist could be made over a blouse body lining cut like a camisole. Use tricolette, satin, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine or messaline alone or with bands of silk voile or chiffon cloth. Or use satin, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine or messaline with lace, chiffon, Georgette, silk voile or silk net ruffles. Bottom 1½ yard.

36 bust requires 5¼ yards taffeta 36 inches wide, ⅜ yard Georgette 40 inches wide for bands, ⅛ yard material 36 inches wide for pipings.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

Dress 2215

Dress 2154

Other views of these garments are shown on page 151

STYLES RANGE FROM SHORT BOLERO TO LOW BLOUSED WAISTLINE

The French Ease of Line Appears In Both Silk and Wool



Dress 2158



Dress 2250
Braiding design 10808



Dress 2150



Dress 2222



Blouse 2221
Skirt 2170

2158—The low waistline bloused over a lining makes a smart one-piece overdress for a frock of serge, gabardine, soft twills, charmeuse, satin, taffeta, etc. The skirt is straight.

36 bust requires 3½ yards tricotine 48 inches wide, 4⅛ yards braid, ⅞ yard material 32 inches wide for upper part of skirt. Bottom 1⅝ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

2250—A bolero over a draped sleeveless vestee lends itself to tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, light-weight duvetyn, satin, taffeta, or charmeuse. There is a blouse body lining and a straight skirt.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards serge 54 inches wide, ¾ yard satin 40 inches wide for vestee and collar. Braiding design 10808 trims the dress. Bottom 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

2150—Of Quakerlike demureness is a dress that slips over the head and blouses itself with an elastic or drawstring at the waistline. The skirt is straight and gives the effect of a one-piece dress. Use foulard, plaid, stripe or check silk, charmeuse, satin, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards foulard 36 inches wide, ⅝ yard satin 36 inches wide. Bottom 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

2222—A bib sash, a straight skirt, and a waist that can be made of Georgette when the rest is satin, etc., account for the success of a Spring frock. There is a blouse body lining. You can also use taffeta, charmeuse, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, tricotine, serge, etc.

36 bust requires 1⅜ yard Georgette 40 inches wide, 2¾ yards charmeuse 40 inches wide. Bottom 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2221—2170—Under a blouse of tricotine, satin, etc., most women use a blouse body lining. The accordion-plaited skirt is straight.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1½ yard serge 54 inches wide, ⅜ yard velvet 36 inches wide, ⅜ yard silk voile 18 inches wide, 2⅜ yard plaid serge 54 inches wide. Bottom 2⅞ or 2¼ yards.

Blouse 2221 for ladies 32 to 46 bust; also misses: skirt 2170 for ladies 35 to 42½ hip.

Other views of these garments are shown on page **151**



Dress 2254

Coat 2251; skirt 1772
Embroidery
design 10809

Dress 2244

2249

Dress
2204

2204

2254

Dress 2249

Dress 2252

Dress 2231

2251 1772 2244 2252 2231

YOUTH CLAIMS THE NEWEST LINES FOR HER OWN USE

2249—Spring and youth itself are in the very lines of a taffeta frock that has the draped effect at the waist in contrast to the hip emphasized with draperies. The surplice closing is becoming to young girls and small women alike, and a blouse body lining which can be cut like a camisole can be used. The skirt has the side drapery set in at the two seams. The lines of this dress are pretty in satin, charmeuse, foulard, crêpe meteor and crêpe de Chine, and if you are looking ahead to Summer you could select gingham, chambray, linen, cotton voile or cotton crêpe.

16 years requires 4 yards taffeta 36 inches wide with draperies (cut single), ⅜ yard contrasting taffeta 36 inches wide. Bottom 1½ yard.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years; also for small women.

2204—The season's new coatee style is particularly smart in a wool frock for a young girl. The new French short sleeve is introduced in this model and proves most becoming. This type of frock, with its suggestion of the Spring suit, is becoming to women also. It can be made of tricotine, serge, tricolette or checks. A blouse body lining is offered. The straight skirt is cut in one piece and made separate. It is very pretty for later months in satin, charmeuse or taffeta. A contrasting vestee and braid trimming give a distinctive note. The vestee could be embroidered effectively with one of the new all-over designs that work up so quickly.

32 bust or 15 to 16 years requires 2½ yards gabardine 48 inches wide, ¼ yard satin 27 or more inches wide for collar, ½ yard satin 18 or more inches wide for vestee, 4¾ yards braid for one row. The lower edge measures 1⅝ yard.

This dress is for misses 32 to 34 bust; also for ladies.

2254—The new bolero is worn over a still newer draped vestee and with its straight gathered skirt makes a most becoming costume for the young girl or small woman. The vestee can be made with a suspender top and worn over a blouse body lining. Use tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, checks, plaids, light-weight duvetyn, satin, etc.

17 years requires 2⅛ yards serge 54 inches wide, ⅝ yard foulard 40 inches wide for vestee. Bottom 1⅝ yard.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years; also for small women.

2251—1772—The last word in the unusual is the bolero suit that takes unto itself a suspender vestee with a straight gathered peplum joined to it. The skirt is two-pieced. Use gabardine, serge or taffeta.

32 bust or 15 to 16 years, 16 years skirt, require 3¼ yards tricotine 48 inches wide, ¾ yard satin 40 inches wide for collar, vestee and sash, ⅜ yard fringe. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

Coat, 2251, is for misses 32 to 34 bust; also for ladies; skirt, 1772, is for misses 14 to 19 years; also for small women.

2244—The body that follows the lines of the figure is particularly effective above a long pointed tunic. It is suitable for the small woman. There is a straight gathered skirt under the two-piece tunic and a blouse body lining is offered. Use satin, charmeuse, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, foulard, tricotine, serge, gabardine or soft twills.

17 years requires 4¼ yards taffeta 40 inches wide, including plaitings. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years; also for small women.

2252—The Oriental hem introduced in this frock is particularly lovely in Spring silks. A draped kimono waist has a blouse body lining in camisole effect. The straight skirt is caught to a short foundation. Use taffeta, charmeuse, foulard, crêpe meteor or crêpe de Chine.

17 years requires 3⅝ yards satin 40 inches wide, ⅝ yard contrasting satin 36 inches wide, 2⅛ yards material 27 inches wide. Bottom of skirt, when falling free 1⅞ yard.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years; also for small women.

2231—Side draperies turned back flat call attention to but do not widen the hipline. The frock is made in one piece with a draped collar that becomingly frames the face of the young girl or a woman. A blouse body lining is offered. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, duvetyn, checks, satin or charmeuse. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

34 bust or 17 to 18 years requires 2 yards serge 54 inches wide, 1 yard plaid velours 54 inches wide, ½ yard plain velours 18 or more inches wide for vestee.

This dress is for misses 32 to 34 bust; also for ladies.



EACH HOUR HAS ITS NEW FROCK

2212—The loop effect at the sides is a delightfully new way of achieving the fashionable widened hip. The waist of this little frock is draped and has a simple kimono body and short sleeve. It could be made over a blouse body lining cut with the camisole line. The draped skirt is in two pieces. Use charmeuse, satin or foulard, or tricotine or serge.

16 years requires 3½ yards taffeta 36 inches wide. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years.

2130—A dance frock for the sub-deb is very French with its kimono body and the double tunics on the straight skirt. Use taffeta, crêpe de Chine, etc.

16 years requires 2⅛ yards net 40 inches wide, 1⅜ yard lace flouncing 16 inches wide for upper tunic, 1⅜ yard flouncing 24 inches wide for under tunic, 9¼ yards narrow ribbon ruching, 1¾ yard wider ribbon for ruching. Bottom 1¼ yard.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years, also for small women.

2107—French buds are chosen to delicately emphasize the short hip drapery. The two-piece skirt is straight. Use taffeta, crêpe meteor, charmeuse, gros de Londres, radium, flowered silk or crêpe de Chine alone, or satin with frills of fine lace, etc.

17 years requires 2⅞ yards taffeta 36 inches wide, 1¼ yard tulle 40 inches wide for frill and body. Bottom 1½ yard.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years, also for small women.

2238—A straight, transparent tunic trimmed with tucks and flower-caught bows gives an exquisitely dainty effect to a very simple frock for dancing. Taffeta, messaline, satin and figured silk are combined with Georgette crêpe, silk voile, chiffon cloth and tulle.

16 years requires 2⅛ yards messaline 36 inches wide, 1⅞ yard Georgette 40 inches wide for tunic. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years, also for small women.

2214—1772—The unbuttoned slash at the side seam carries out the smart line of the wide surplice closing. Use a blouse of serge, gabardine, tricotine, charmeuse, foulard, crêpe de Chine or crêpe meteor or duvetyn with a two-piece skirt of the same material or of striped, plaid or check.

34 bust and 17 years for skirt require 4⅜ yards tricotine 36 inches wide including a sash, ¼ yard satin 27 inches wide, 2¾ yards braid for one row. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

Overblouse, 2214, is for misses 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies; skirt, 1772, is for misses 14 to 19 years, also for small women.





Blouse 2209; skirt 2173
Beading design 10623

2209—2173—An overblouse with a new ending in the unusual curve of its band is worn with the French accordion-plaited skirt. It closes under the arm and on the left shoulder. Use Georgette, silk voile, crêpe de Chine or crêpe meteor. The straight skirt is made of gabardine, tricotine, plaids, checks, stripes, satin, taffeta, charmeuse, plaid or check silk. Bottom 2⅝ yards or 2⅛ yards.

32 bust and 16 years for skirt require 1¼ yard Georgette 40 inches wide, 3⅛ yards crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide.

Blouse, 2209, is for misses 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies; skirt, 2173, for misses 14 to 19 years.





Blouse 2203; skirt 2173
Embroidery design 10797

2203—2173—A peplum kimono blouse with a becoming new collar and plaited skirt make a smart Spring costume. There is a plait at each side of the front of the straight skirt. Blouses of crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor or silk voile are worn with gabardine, tricotine, plaid, checked, striped or taffeta skirts. Bottom 1¾ yard.

34 bust and 17 years for skirt require 1½ yard Georgette 40 inches wide, ¾ yard contrast 27 or more inches wide, 2⅛ yards satin 36 inches wide (without belt or pockets).

Blouse, 2203, is for misses 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies; skirt, 2173, for misses 14 to 19 years.

2210—The coatee effect is new for Spring so the small girl uses it in her smart frock of checks combined with plain material. The straight skirt is joined to the waistline so that it looks very much like a one-piece dress. Plaids, serge, checks, gingham, chambray, linen or cotton poplin are used.

13 years requires ⅞ yard serge 44 inches wide for side front, back and sleeves, 1½ yard checks 44 inches wide, ½ yard flannel 36 inches wide for collar, vestee and belt.

This dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

2236—The French accordion-plaited lower part is a fitting finish for the smart simplicity of the long Russian closing, round neck and kimono sleeve. This dress offers an opportunity for a combination of materials such as plain material with plaids, checks or stripes, white with colored or plain with flowered. Taffeta, crêpe de Chine, plaids, etc., can be used alone.

12 years requires 1 yard plain serge 44 inches wide, 2 yards plaid serge 44 inches wide.

This dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

2143—Her frock not only has the new bolero but it is a be-frilled bolero at that with an out-of-the-ordinary outline. The smart short sleeve is made with one seam and the gathered skirt is cut straight. Batiste, lawn, cotton voile, organdy, dimity, crêpe de Chine, point d'esprit or Georgette crêpe can be used alone with the bolero in contrast or the dress could be made of taffeta, radium, figured silk or serge.

9 years requires 2⅛ yards batiste 36 inches wide. Embroidery design 10734 trims the dress.

This dress is for girls 2 to 12 years.

2219—Blowing bubbles is a wet job and one worthy of a middy blouse frock. The blouse, so becoming to little girls, slips over the head. The straight plaited skirt is very smart. Serge, checks, plaids, gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, linen and repp could be used. A plain blouse would be smart combined with a plaid.

11 years requires 1⅞ yard drill 32 inches wide, 1½ yard colored drill 32 inches wide for skirt, 2¼ yards braid for one row.

This dress is for juniors and girls 4 to 15 years.

2223—Two pointed tabs in front and at the back button over the belt of a quaint frock for a little girl. The straight skirt is gathered. The short sleeve is new and particularly becoming to children. This type of dress would be very pretty and serviceable made of gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, linen, cotton voile, serge, checks and plaids.

10 years requires 1⅞ yard English print 36 inches wide, ⅜ yard linen 36 inches wide.

This dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

2205—A box plait on each side jealously guards the little girl's fashionable smocking and contrasting batiste gives the touch of color required. The short sleeve and little collar are both becoming. Simple little frocks like these are usually made of nainsook, lawn, batiste, cotton voile, chambray, linen, crêpe de Chine and gabardine.

6 years requires 1⅞ yard nainsook 36 inches wide, ¼ yard contrasting batiste 36 inches wide. Smocking design 10798 trims the dress.

This dress is for little girls 2 to 10 years.



FROCKS FOR PLAY AND PARTY

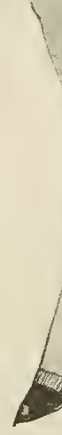
Coatee and Bolero and Ruffles Are New



2213—It looks as though the stand-out pockets of this smart gingham frock are used to catch the bubbles but she really selected them because they are so fashionable. The surplice closing with its collar in shawl effect is very becoming and the gathered skirt is cut straight and is easy to make. Chambray, cotton poplin, linen, dimity, lawn, batiste and cotton prints can be used as well as gingham. Serge, checks or plaids would also be good.

8 years requires 2⅝ yards gingham 27 inches wide, ½ yard chambray 32 inches wide.

This dress is for girls 4 to 12 years.



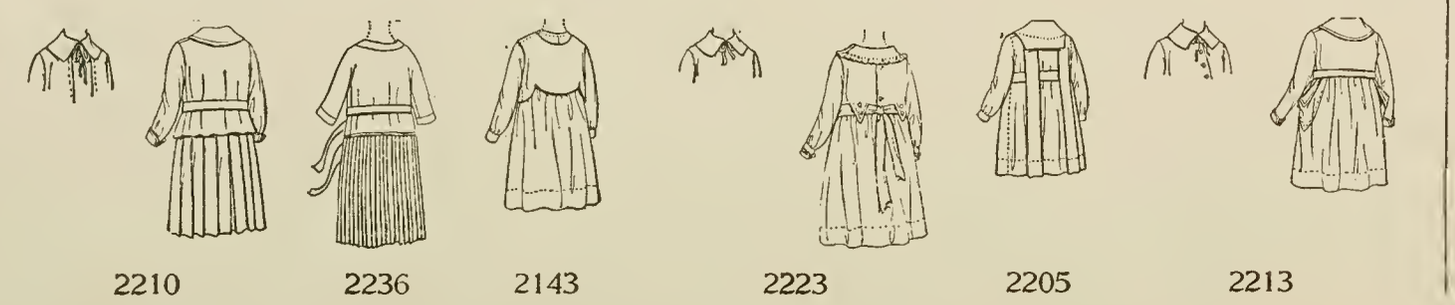
2202—As sweet and quaint as the old-fashioned nosegay is a girl's taffeta party frock with the new ruffles and ever-becoming fichu. The waist has the pretty surplice closing line and is gracefully draped. It is made with the short French kimono sleeve. The skirt is cut in four pieces and the ruffles across the side are straight. Net, Georgette, crêpe de Chine point d'esprit, batiste, cotton voile, organdy or mull would be dainty materials to choose. Taffeta could have a fichu of organdy or net.

14 years requires 4¼ yards taffeta 36 inches wide, ⅝ yard net 40 inches wide for collar and plaitings, 1⅞ yard material 27 inches wide for side of skirt.

This dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.









2225—A short French sleeve and vestee extending below the belt distinguish a youthful long-bodied frock. The lower part is straight and there is a blouse-body lining. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, duvetyn, checks, etc., alone or with satin or charmeuse.

34 bust or 17 to 18 years requires 1 yard wool velours 54 inches wide for long body sleeves, ⅞ yard shepherd check 54 inches wide, ½ yard contrasting velours 54 inches wide for collar, vestee and sash. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for misses 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies.

2232—March winds may blow, but nothing can disturb the satisfied feeling of the girl securely wrapped in a fashionable cape. A simple, good-looking model has the lower part gathered gracefully to a yoke. There is an interesting crossed-strap arrangement in front. Tricotine, broadcloth, duvetyn, light-weight velours, taffeta and faille are good style for Spring capes.

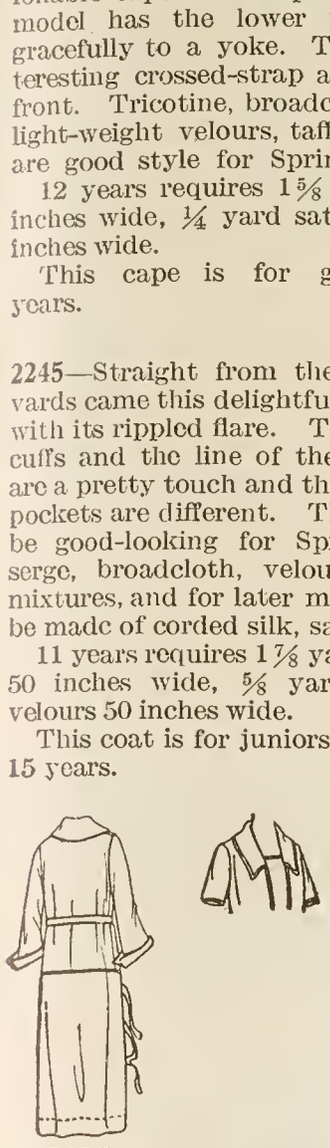
12 years requires 1⅝ yard serge 54 inches wide, ¼ yard satin 18 or more inches wide.

This cape is for girls 4 to 14 years.

2245—Straight from the Paris boulevards came this delightfully simple coat with its rippled flare. The contrasting cuffs and the line of the shawl collar are a pretty touch and the obliquely set pockets are different. This coat would be good-looking for Spring made of serge, broadcloth, velours, checks or mixtures, and for later months it could be made of corded silk, satin or pongee.

11 years requires 1⅞ yard broadcloth 50 inches wide, ⅝ yard contrasting velours 50 inches wide.

This coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.



2225



Dress 2225



Coat 2243

2243—For the young lady of eight who aspires to have that tailored air there is this new Spring coat in Empire style. Becoming shawl collar and wide cuffs have the dark satin inlaid on the lighter serge. The set-in pocket is very fashionable and the unusual joining of the lower part to the yoke can be emphasized with stitching. Children's coats for Spring are made of faille silk, broadcloth, serge or velours.

8 years requires 1⅞ yard serge 54 inches wide, ½ yard satin 36 inches wide for inlaying facing and cuffs.

This coat is for girls 2 to 12 years.

2198—1466—Angora accentuates the new full-length straight gathered collar and cuff hem of a gabardine suit. This type of coat is good for women also. The tailored skirt is cut in two pieces and can be worn by small women as well. Use duvetyn, tricotine, soft twills, serge, satin, taffeta, faille or tricolette. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

34 bust and 17 years for skirt require 3¼ yards gabardine 50 inches wide, ⅝ yard Angora 36 inches wide.

Coat, 2198, for misses 32 to 34 bust, also ladies; skirt, 1466, for misses 14 to 19 years, also for small women.

2247—You can see by the selection of the checked material and the new rippled flare of her coat that she is right in step with Spring fashions. It is a coat that is good-looking in its very simplicity, a style that is most becoming to a little tot. The yoke just at the back is a distinctive touch. It would be a pretty coat made of broadcloth, serge, Bedford cord, corduroy, velours or cashmere.

4 years requires 1⅜ yards shepherd-check cloth 50 inches wide, ¼ yard velours 44 or more inches wide.

This coat is for children 1 to 10 years.

2225



Coat 2245



Cape 2232



Coat 2247

2196





1372

Coat 2196
Skirt 1372

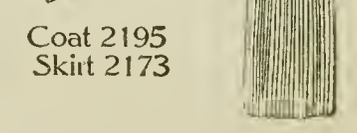
Coat 2198
Skirt 1466



2195



2173



Coat 2195
Skirt 2173

YOUTHFUL COSTUMES FOR OUTDOORS ARE BECOMING IN THEIR SIMPLICITY

2196—1372—A collar open to the belt and the new bloused-over-the-waistline effect are the claims of a new suit for favor. An elastic in a casing gives the bloused line becoming to women, too. The straight skirt is cut in one piece and is that simple style that small women like. Use duvetyn, gabardine, tricotine, soft twills, serge, velours, satin, taffeta, faille or tricolette.

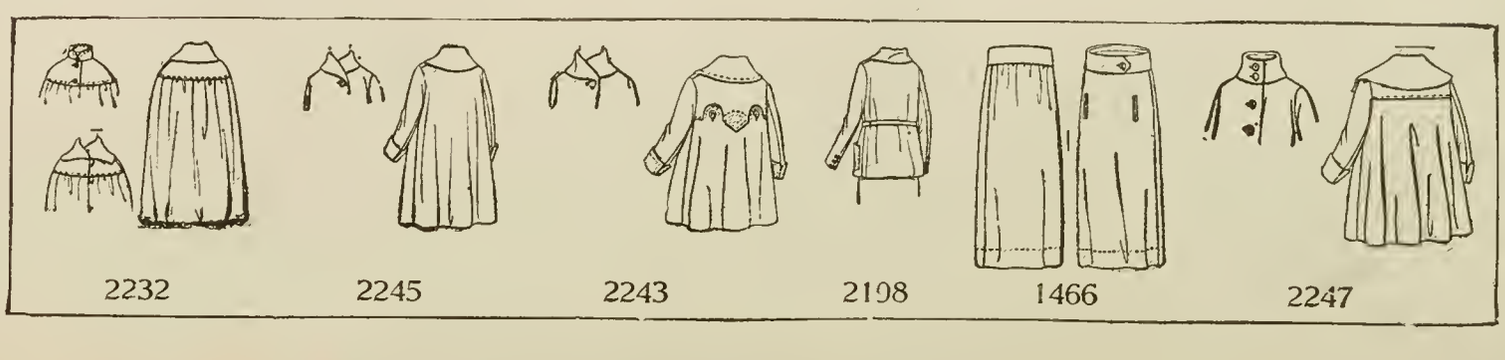
32 bust or 15 to 16 years and 16 years for skirt require 3⅛ yards tricotine 54 inches wide. Bottom 1¼ yard.

Coat, 2196, is for misses 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies; skirt, 1372, is for misses 14 to 19 years, also for small women.

2195—2173—French, so inevitably new, is the costume of short coat and accordion-plaited skirt. There is something particularly youthful and Springlike about these short coats and they are becoming to women also. The skirt is straight and the accordion plaits are having quite a vogue. Two different widths are offered. Gabardine, tricotine, satin or taffeta can be used. A velours in a plain-color coat would be very smart with a plaid, checked or striped skirt.

32 bust or 15 to 16 years and 16 years for skirt require 3½ yards serge 54 inches wide, ½ yard material 36 inches wide for girdle (cut double), 4 yards braid. Bottom 2⅝ or 2⅛ yards.

Coat, 2195, for misses 32 to 34 bust, also ladies; skirt, 2173, is for misses 14 to 19 years.



2232 2245 2243 2198 1466 2247

INSIDE INFORMATION AND PERSONAL VIEWS ON THE WARDROBE



Undergarment 2233

Combination 2111

2233—For a smart costume Fashion starts with a smooth-fitting dainty corset cover with a surplice closing. The circular drawers can be joined to it or used as separate drawers. They are made with extra length in the body and width in the leg. Use long-cloth, nainsook, batiste, crêpe de Chine or wash satin. Bottom of each leg 55 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards batiste 40 inches wide, 9½ yards lace edging.

This undergarment is for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

2111—The inside facts of the fashionable straight silhouette are very often known to be merely a simple combination of crêpe de Chine. A new model has the camisole line across the top and French open drawers that are drawn into bands at the knees to give the effect of knickers. Use nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, silk crêpe, China silk or wash silk.

36 bust requires 1⅞ yard crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide. Bottom of leg bands 20½ ins.

This combination is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2242—Domesticity is coming into its own—in Fashion's eyes at least, for she offers a new well-cut apron and good-looking cap. The deep armholes are most comfortable. This is the official uniform of the Minnesota Girls' Club of the Department of Agriculture. Percale, muslin and gingham can be used. The lower edge measures 1⅞ yard.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards chambray 32 inches wide.

This apron is for ladies 36 to 44 bust, misses, and girls 8 to 16 years.

2240—Very modern yet with a charm of quaintness in the puff sleeves and rosebud-trimmed Empire line are a pair of pajamas that could very well be used as a lounging robe. The ankle-length bloomers are the open style. Crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, wash satin, batiste, nainsook, long-cloth, cotton voile, cotton crêpe and mull make dainty garments of this type.

36 bust requires 3½ yards washable satin 36 inches wide.

These pajamas are for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

7626—2117—Satin bloomers that extend to just above the ankle are worn with an undervest cut with a camisole top. Use messaline, crêpe de Chine, batiste, long-cloth or nainsook, with an undervest of silk crêpe, wash silk or satin, or batiste, longcloth, nainsook, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1¾ yard crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide, 1⅜ yard lace banding; 2⅜ yards satin 36 inches wide.

Undervest, 7626, is for ladies 32 to 46 bust; bloomers 2117, are for ladies 35 to 49½ hip.

2057—The emphasized hipline, so much in demand, achieves its well earned rest in a delightful pair of pajamas. They are step-in pajamas, made in one piece, and would be very pretty for a lounging robe of silk, satin, etc., trimmed with ribbons and rosebuds. Wash silk or satin, printed silks and China silk are lovely, and cotton crêpe, etc., could be used.

36 bust requires 3½ yards crêpe de Chine 36 inches wide. 5 yards lace edging.

These pajamas are for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Apron and cap 2242

Pajamas or lounging robe 2240

Undervest 7626
Bloomers 2117

Pajamas or lounging robe 2057

Other views of these garments are shown on page 151



Rest or tea gown 2018



Rest or tea gown 2235

Rest or tea gown 2156
Cap 2040

Rest or tea gown 2025

FOR THE LEISURE HOUR

Soft Drapery, Contrasting Coatee and Long Body Effects are Pretty

2018—There's a suggestion of the season's hip-widened line in the simple, luxurious drapery of a new satin tea-gown. The long narrow collar and arm banding and the silken cord trim it effectively. Crêpe de Chine, Georgette crêpe or fancy silk would drape prettily, and for the Summer months, dotted swiss, cotton voile and cotton crêpe could be used. It is an unusually simple rest gown to make.

36 bust requires 5½ yards satin 36 inches wide, ⅝ yard contrasting color satin 36 inches wide. Bottom 1⅝ yard.

This rest or tea gown is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2235—Fashion's much loved accordion plaits appear in a new rest gown of crêpe de Chine under a long marabou-edged coat effect. The skirt is cut straight and joined at the Empire line to an underbody that has no sleeves. A crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe or silk voile gown could have a satin, taffeta, flowered silk or lace coat, or Georgette, chiffon cloth or messaline could be used alone. Dotted swiss, lawn, mull and cotton voile would be good for warm weather.

36 bust requires 6 yards crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide, 4⅝ yards marabou. Bottom 2⅞ yards.

This rest or tea gown is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2156—2040—For the hour one keeps for oneself there is a graceful long-bodied gown and dainty boudoir cap. The straight lower part is gathered. Use silk crêpe, silk voile or wash satin with a cap of Georgette, dotted net or wash satin. Bottom 2 yards.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yard crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide, 1⅝ yard all-over lace 40 inches wide, 2⅝ yards banding to edge neck and sleeves. The cap in ladies' size requires ⅝ yard material 27 inches wide, ⅜ yard material 27 or more inches wide for ruffles.

This rest or tea gown is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; cap, 2040, is for ladies and misses.



Rest or tea gown 2078

2078—Full lacy sleeve draperies are in charming contrast to the long panel effect of a simple tea-gown. Combine crêpe de Chine or China silk with Georgette, or use chiffon cloth alone.

36 bust requires 3 yards messaline 36 inches wide, 1¾ yard lace 40 inches wide for sleeves, 5⅝ yards banding to edge sleeves. Bottom with plaits drawn out measures 1⅞ yard.

This rest or tea gown is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2025—Delightfully dainty for rest or tea or informal dinner at home is a gown with a sleeveless coatee of lace or brocade over a slip of crêpe de Chine or Georgette crêpe.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards satin 36 inches wide for slip, 3¼ yards Georgette 40 inches wide, 5⅜ yards lace banding. The lower edge measures 1½ yard.

This rest or tea gown is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 151

KABO
Comfort Top
CORSETS



Soft pliable extension at top



Front steel ends here

This new idea in corsetry is called the Comfort-Top—designed for women who have suffered discomfort because of the front steel gouging in at the top. Wear one and you'll exclaim "What a relief!"

KABO CORSET CO.
New York-Chicago-San Francisco



"Not a bit tired after the party. My Kabo Comfort-Top is so restful"



New for March

"DOVE" Night Gown No. 616, handkerchief style, made of lustrous-finish, flesh-pink batiste, with satin top. Trimmed with a dainty design of orchid hemstitching and shirring. Matches "DOVE" Envelope Chemise No. 617 made in camisole style. We cannot fill mail orders but can tell you the nearest store that sells these and other new "DOVE" styles.

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Beautiful Well-made Lingerie

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NEW CLOTHES FOR SPRINGTIME

Frocks Hang Softly and Rompers Stand Out

2208—All out-of-doors to play in and a new gingham frock are enough to make any small girl happy. Her dress has the kimono sleeve that is so fashionable and the straight skirt is gathered. The pointed collar and short sleeves are very pretty. Chambray, cotton poplin, linen, lawn, nainsook, batiste, dimity, voile or mull, or crêpe de Chine, pongee, taffeta or China silk, or, serge or checks can be used. The dress is very easy to make.

5 years requires 1⅝ yard gingham 32 inches wide, ⅜ yard chambray 32 inches wide.

This dress is for little girls 1 to 8 years.

2200—For a very young lady there is nothing much quainter than a straight-hanging smocked frock. This one is of batiste with contrasting collar and cuffs. The line of the yoke is new and unusual and the lower edge of the skirt is straight. Nainsook, batiste, cotton voile, lawn, dimity, gabardine, linen, crêpe de Chine or chambray would be pretty. If gingham is used, the smocking should be omitted.

4 years requires 1½ yard batiste 36 inches wide, ⅜ yard colored batiste 27 or more inches wide.

This dress is for little girls 1 to 6 years.

2216—Daintiness is the first requirement of the two-year-old and fine tucked batiste embroidered with tiny flowers gives it to her. These straight-hanging dresses are becoming to little girls. The clusters of tucks make a simple trimming and an inverted plait can be used under the arm to take care of the fulness. It would be pretty made of nainsook, batiste, lawn, cotton voile, dimity or mull. The Empire waistline can be used.

2 years requires 1⅝ yard batiste 36 inches wide. Embroidery design 10569 trims the dress.

This dress is for children ½ to 5 years.

2227—The rompers are undoubtedly for play and the standout effect is for smartness. These rompers are the simplest type, yet unusual in line. The kimono body is new and very easy to make. Gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, linen, seersucker, repp, dotted swiss and cross-bar are the favorite materials for rompers. This style would be very pretty with a white body combined with color in the lower part.

3 years requires 1¾ yard chambray 32 inches wide, ⅜ yard chambray 32 inches wide in contrasting color.

These rompers are for children 1 to 5 yrs.





FASHION GOES BACK TO NATURE

New Lines for Smartness and Simplicity for Happiness

9996—The boy may follow high-flying kites, but his mother follows fashion and the newest thing in boys' suits when she chooses one of drill with a distinctive diagonal closing. The lines of this suit are different but simple and good-looking. There is a box plait at the back of the blouse and the trousers are straight. Piqué, repp, galatea, poplin, madras, gabardine, serge, linen and chambray could be used. Braid trimming is good for this type of suit.

5 years requires 3¼ yards drill 27 inches wide.

This suit is for little boys 3 to 8 years.

2234—For the very little fellow there is a quaint little suit with a new double-breasted effect and most becoming frills. It is very simple to get in and out of and can be laundered easily. Use linen, madras, galatea, chambray, cotton poplin, drill, serge, gabardine or piqué. A poplin waist could be used with serge trousers, or crêpe de Chine with shantung or silk poplin trousers.

4 years requires 1 yard linen 36 inches wide, ⅜ yard batiste 36 inches wide for frills, ⅞ yard contrasting linen 36 inches wide for trousers.

This suit is for little boys 2 to 5 years.

2224—A leader of games and in the lead with his new repp suit is the boy who has his blouse buttoned over the trousers. It is a suit with a sailor-like suggestion and is smart with dark-blue trousers and a white blouse. The blouse slips over the head and the trousers are straight. Serge, gabardine, galatea, chambray, mixture, drill, cotton poplin and linen can be used.

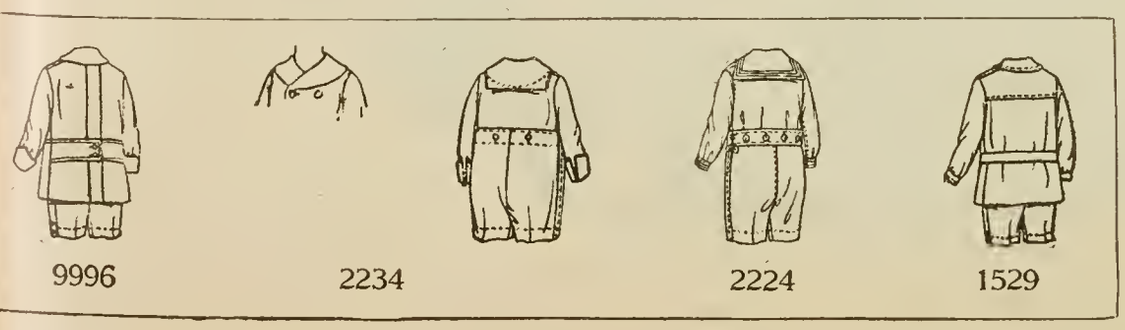
6 years requires 1½ yard repp 36 inches wide, ½ yard contrasting repp 36 wide, 1½ yard braid for one row.

This suit is for little boys 2 to 7 years.

1529—This is the type of suit, with short trousers and straight blouse, that smart Frenchwomen choose for their little sons. The blouse closes on the right shoulder and down the side, and the yoke is cut in one with the front panel. It is very good style. The use of the back yoke is a matter of choice. The trousers are straight. Galatea, repp, piqué, poplin, madras, gabardine, drill, chambray, gingham and linen are used,

6 years requires 1⅝ yard serge 44 inches wide, ¼ yard flannel 36 inches wide.

This suit is for little boys 2 to 7 years.



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HAND TRIMMING A NECESSITY FOR

Paris Stitches are Caught With Beads



THE Parisienne has gone quite mad about her own needlework and lets no part of her costume escape. She tries it on her evening bodice, she emphasizes the newest waistline with it, and calls attention to the luxurious, graceful width of her new cuffs by using it all the way around. To the hem of the short skirt it lends an air of dignity and richness, and panels worked all over form a charming contrast to the frock itself.

These new French trimmings are not embroideries, they are merely simple stitches that depend upon their color and grouping for effect. There is no complicated design to follow out. Many of the most effective results are achieved by using smocking dots for a foundation.

The first trimming illustrated makes a pretty edging. On the part of the garment to be trimmed you draw two parallel lines from one-half to one inch apart. On the top line you make six dots one-eighth inch apart, and on the line below you make one dot, placing it just beneath the third and fourth dots of the line above. This trimming can be done in medium weight wool. You take a stitch from the first dot of the top line to the dot of the second line. Then you take a stitch through each dot, in turn, always bringing it out in the one dot in the line below. When completed you have six stitches all held together at the lower edge. This forms a cluster. The cluster is repeated as many times as necessary to border the cuff or whatever other part of the garment it is used on.

The trimming in Illustration 2 is one of the simplest for an evening frock, yet it is quite delightful. It is merely ribbon with large varied colored cabochons sewed on at even intervals. The foundation could be metal braid as well as ribbon, but in either case it should be a trifle narrower than the cabochons themselves to get the most effective results.

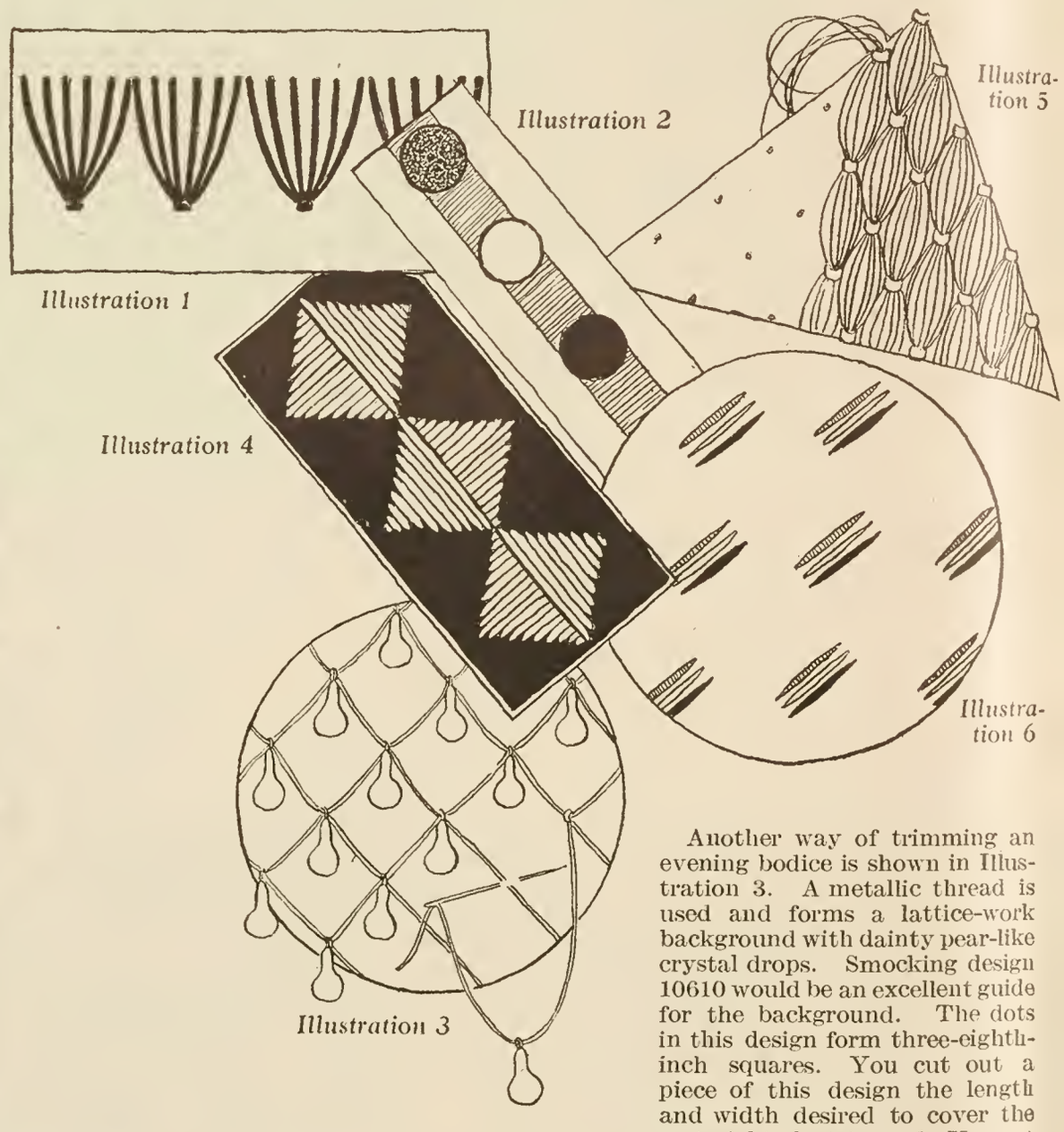


Illustration 1

Illustration 2

Illustration 3

Illustration 4

Illustration 5

Illustration 6

Another way of trimming an evening bodice is shown in Illustration 3. A metallic thread is used and forms a lattice-work background with dainty pear-like crystal drops. Smocking design 10610 would be an excellent guide for the background. The dots in this design form three-eighth-inch squares. You cut out a piece of this design the length and width desired to cover the material to be trimmed. You cut it from corner to corner, so that the squares will be pointed top and bottom. You work from dot to dot, outlining the squares in metallic thread. In each dot you take a stitch and catch a crystal drop.

Another smart trimming is shown in Illustration 4. Here smocking dots can again be used for a guide too. You run a line through the center of the dots and work the top of the first square solid,



THE PARISIENNE'S NEW COSTUME

Or Worked in Interesting Color Groups

running the stitches across. In the lower half of the same square you run the stitches up and down. In the following square you reverse the stitches. A most novel effect can be obtained by making the stitches running across of one color and the up-and-down stitches of another. The original design on the French model was worked in yellow and blue wool. It would also be good-looking done in rope silk. The smocking design best suited to this trimming is 10679. You use four of the one-fourth-inch squares to form one square. To do this you work on only the four outside corner dots of each group of four one-fourth-inch squares. This will form one large square for your design.



A trimming that is very rich in its effect can be used to entirely cover a fabric. It would be distinctive on a tunic or the wide panel of a frock. It consists of strands of silk floss held in with the beads. Smocking design 10675 will serve as a guide for these stitches. You sew a bead on each dot stamped on the fabric. Thread your needle with four strands of the silk and then double them. You run your needle through the first bead and straight up through the next bead, etc., being careful not to draw the threads too tightly.

Another trimming that shows the French art of giving just the right color touch in the most charming, simplest way is Illustration 6. They are merely short stitches in groups of three worked at intervals on a plain fabric. The threads in the original frock were pink, blue and green, and very smart in their effect.

For the squares shown in Illustration 7 smocking dots are also used. The design given in 10709 would be an excellent guide for this suggestion. Wool or rope silk can be used. The squares are covered with even stitches. In the original trimming the top row was red and the lower one blue. It would be very charming used in border effect on a costume.

Heavy rope embroidery with beads makes an effective trimming as shown in Illustration 8. Smocking dots are again used as a guide. The silk is worked out in squares. You take a stitch over each dot and catch a bead down in each dot.

For Illustration 9, cloth, ribbon or braid can be used to form the raised loops. You sew down the end of the braid and run a pencil under it and sew the braid down as close as you can to the opposite side. This will make the loops uniform.

The last trimming, Illustration 10, is the new French way of doing outline-stitch. The large circles against the background of the smaller squares are very nice done in wool or rope silk. It is good-looking used in border effect on costumes. Embroidery design 10802 is adapted to this trimming.

This can he used very effectively for all-over embroidery on a panel. It is simple to do and works up very quickly. It is also very pretty when done in ordinary outline-stich as well as in the new French way.

Many of the fabrics are so lovely these days that just such touches of hand work as these are all that is necessary to trim them. They are all very simple to do, taking no great skill with the needle but merely care in the selection of the colors used and where they are placed.



Illustration 7

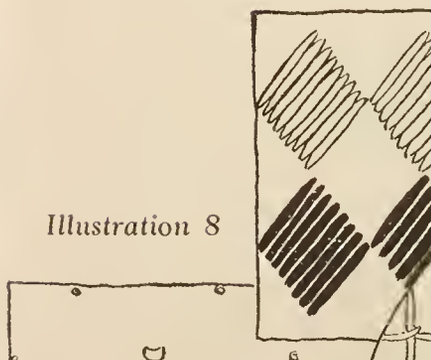


Illustration 9



Illustration 8

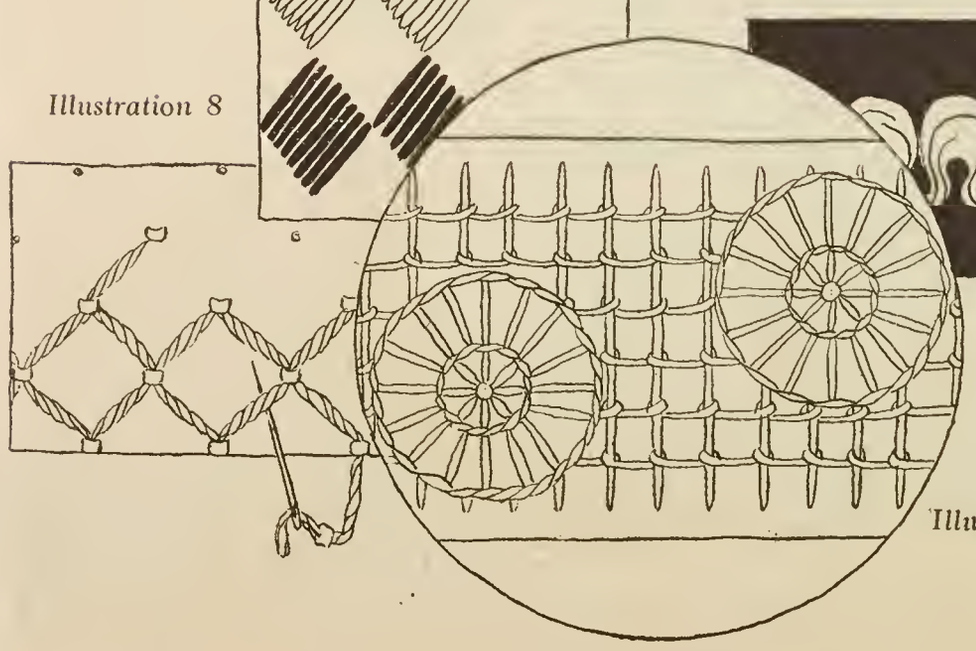


Illustration 10



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SPRING AND ITS GAMES CALL FOR SWEATERS

A Coat Effect and Tam and a Bloused Style with Raglan Sleeves

NOT so many years ago the sweater belonged to that part of the wardrobe to be heard of, but not seen. It was one of life's necessities, that was all. For the past few seasons it has had the same usefulness, not only for comfort but for smartness, particularly with sports costumes.

It is a sensible garment for children and a becoming one. It is particularly good for Spring days when they want to be warm enough but free for their outdoor life and games.

The first one illustrated can be worn in place of a coat. In fact it is a coat sweater, and covers the frock completely. The tam makes a comfortable, light but warm hat and is very becoming to a little girl. It matches the sweater in stitch and color. The original costume was made of a brown heather mixture. The buttons can be made of the wool like those in the illustration, or bone buttons are effective.

The second sweater has a very new note in knitted garments. The sleeve is in the English raglan style. As blouses are very fashionable this season the body of this sweater could be made a little longer and then bloused over the band in Russian effect when worn. Bloused sweaters are particularly smart for children. This sweater can be made in all one color or with the balls and cord in contrast. Children's sweaters offer a great choice of colors. Among the smartest of the season are antique blue, bottle green, old blue, victory blue, victory red. Worsteds in the various shades of tan and brown are also becoming and very serviceable, as they are both smart and neutral. Antique red is another color that children look good in, and other blues such as peacock blue, China blue and French blue are pretty. Maroon and scarlet are also favorites. The heather mixtures are very good-looking and smart for ordinary wear. They are practical too, because they have a great deal of life in their coloring but do not soil easily. The two sweaters for which the directions are given below are the newest things in children's sweaters and have a practical value as well as being smart. The bloused sweater is very good for wear under a coat.



CHILD'S KNIT SWEATER COAT AND TAM

THE original coat was knit of heather; any color can be used. You will need about 8 balls knitting yarn for the coat in a 4 year size, 2 balls for the tam, two No. 3 amber or bone knitting needles, 8 wooden button molds, ¾ inch in diameter.

If you knit 5 sts. to an inch, cast on 120 sts. for 4 year size. (Cast on 10 sts. more for each size larger and 10 sts. less for each size smaller.) *Knit 4 sts. purl 1 st. Repeat from * all the way across.

Second row—Slip 1 st. Knit 1 row. Repeat first and second rows for 12 inches for 4 year size. (Make it 2 inches longer for each size larger and 1 inch shorter for each size smaller.)

YOKE—*Knit 1 st., decrease. Repeat from * all the way across. Knit plain for 16 rows. (Once across forms 1 row.) (Knit 4 rows more for each size larger and 2 rows less for each size smaller.) * Decrease 1 st. at each end of next row. Knit 1 row without decreasing. Repeat from * 5 times, making 6 times in all. Knit plain until yoke is 7 inches long for 4 year size and ½ inch longer for each size larger.

NECK—Knit 25 sts. (Knit 5 sts. more for each size larger and 5 sts. less for each size smaller.) Slip these sts. off on a safety pin. Bind off 18 sts. (loosely). Knit 11 rows on remaining sts. (Knit 2 rows more for each size larger.)

FRONT OF YOKE—Cast on 13 sts. on inside end of next row. Knit 36 rows plain. (Knit 2 rows more for each size larger.) * Increase 1 st. on outside end of every other row. Repeat from * 5 times. Knit plain for 16 rows. This completes the yoke. *Knit 2 sts., increase. Repeat from * all the way across. (*Knit 4 sts., purl 1 st.) Repeat between parentheses all the way across. Knit 1 row plain. Repeat from * for 12 inches. Bind off loosely. This completes one front. Pick up stitches from safety pin and make other front in same manner.

SLEEVES—Cast on 60 sts. for 4 year size. Cast on 6 sts. less for each size smaller and 8 sts. more for each size larger. Knit 18 rows * decrease 1 st. on each end of next row. Knit 12 rows plain. Repeat from * until sleeve is 9½ inches long. Repeat for 1 inch more for each size larger and 1 inch less for each size smaller.

CUFF—*Knit 1 st. purl 2 sts. all the way across. Repeat from * for 2 inches. *Knit 1 row plain. (Knit 4 sts. purl 1 st.) Repeat between parentheses all the way around. Repeat from * for 1 inch. Knit plain for 1 inch. Bind off loosely.

COLLAR—Cast on 60 sts. for 2, 4 and 6 year sizes. Cast on 72 sts. for all sizes larger. (*Knit 5 sts., purl 1 st.) Repeat between parentheses all the way across. Knit 1 row plain. Repeat from * for 3½ inches. Knit 1 inch plain. Bind off. Overcast the cast on sts. of collar to the neck of sweater. Overcast underarm seams. Sew sleeves in armhole.

BELT—Cast on 12 sts. for 2, 4 and 6 year sizes. Cast on 2 sts. more for each size larger. Knit plain for 26 inches. Make it 1 inch larger for each size larger. Bind off. Crochet a circle and cover button-molds with it. Sew two buttons to end of belt, 4 to yoke and 2 to collar. (Just above yoke.) Work a crochet loop opposite each button.

TAM—From 4 to 10 years. *Be sure you knit 5 sts. to an inch.* If you knit more use smaller needles or knit tighter. If you knit less use larger needles or knit looser. Cast on 112 sts. for 4 and 6 year size. (This will make a tam 10 inches in diameter.) Cast on 120 sts. for 8 and 10 year sizes. (This will make an 11 inch tam.) Knit 1 st. purl 1 st. (tightly) for 1¼ inch. *Knit 2 sts. Increase. Repeat from * all the way across. (*Knit 5 sts. Purl 1 st.) Repeat between parentheses all the way across. Repeat from * for 5 inches for 4 and 6 year size and 5½ inches for 8 and 10 year size. For 4 and 6 year sizes, knit plain for 1 row. (Knit 22 sts. decrease.) Repeat between parentheses all the way across. For 8 and 10 year sizes. (Knit 26 sts. decrease.) Repeat between parentheses all the way across. *Knit 1 row plain, decrease over every decrease of previous row. Repeat from * until only 8 sts. remain. Pin a needle through these 8 sts. and gather, then overcast together.

Cover three button molds with a circle of crocheted wool. Sew one in the center of the tam, one on the seam, just above the band and one halfway between. Double the wool and make a chain 9 inches long. Join both ends under the button in the center of the tam, and pass the loop over the center button. Ch. 9 inches. Join both ends under button on brim. Pass loop over center button.

SLIP ON SWEATER WITH RAGLAN SLEEVES

THE original sweater was knit of turquoise blue. You will need about 5 balls knitting yarn for a 4 year size. Two No. 5 amber or bone knitting needles.

If you knit 6 sts. to an inch, cast on 68 sts. for front in a 4 year size. (Cast on 8 sts. more for each size larger and 6 sts. less for each size smaller.) Knit 2 sts., purl 2 sts. for 3½ inches. (Make this band ½ inch longer for 8 and 10 year sizes.) Knit plain for 6 inches. (Knit 1 inch more for each size larger.) Slip these sts. off on safety pin. Cast on 64 sts. for back and make it same length as front; slip sts. off on a safety pin.

Cast on 30 sts. for sleeve. (Cast on 4 sts. more for each size larger and 4 sts. less for each size smaller.) Knit 2 sts. purl 2 sts. for 3 inches, * add 1 st. at each end of next row. Knit 3 rows plain. Repeat from * for 10 inches. (Measuring from cast on stitches. Repeat for ½ inch more for each size larger and ½ inch less for each size smaller.)

Make another sleeve. Leave the last sleeve sts. on your needle and pick up half the sts. on the front. Join thread in center of front and knit all sts. on needle. Now pick up other half of front sts. on empty needle, (pushing the needle in from the center front) pick up sleeve sts. and back sts. Knit them all off on needle with other sts. * Turn at center front and knit back decreasing at each end of each sleeve and in center of each sleeve, Repeat from * until only 62 sts. remain on your needle. Bind off. Overcast under arms and lace front with a crocheted chain of yarn finished with two pompons.

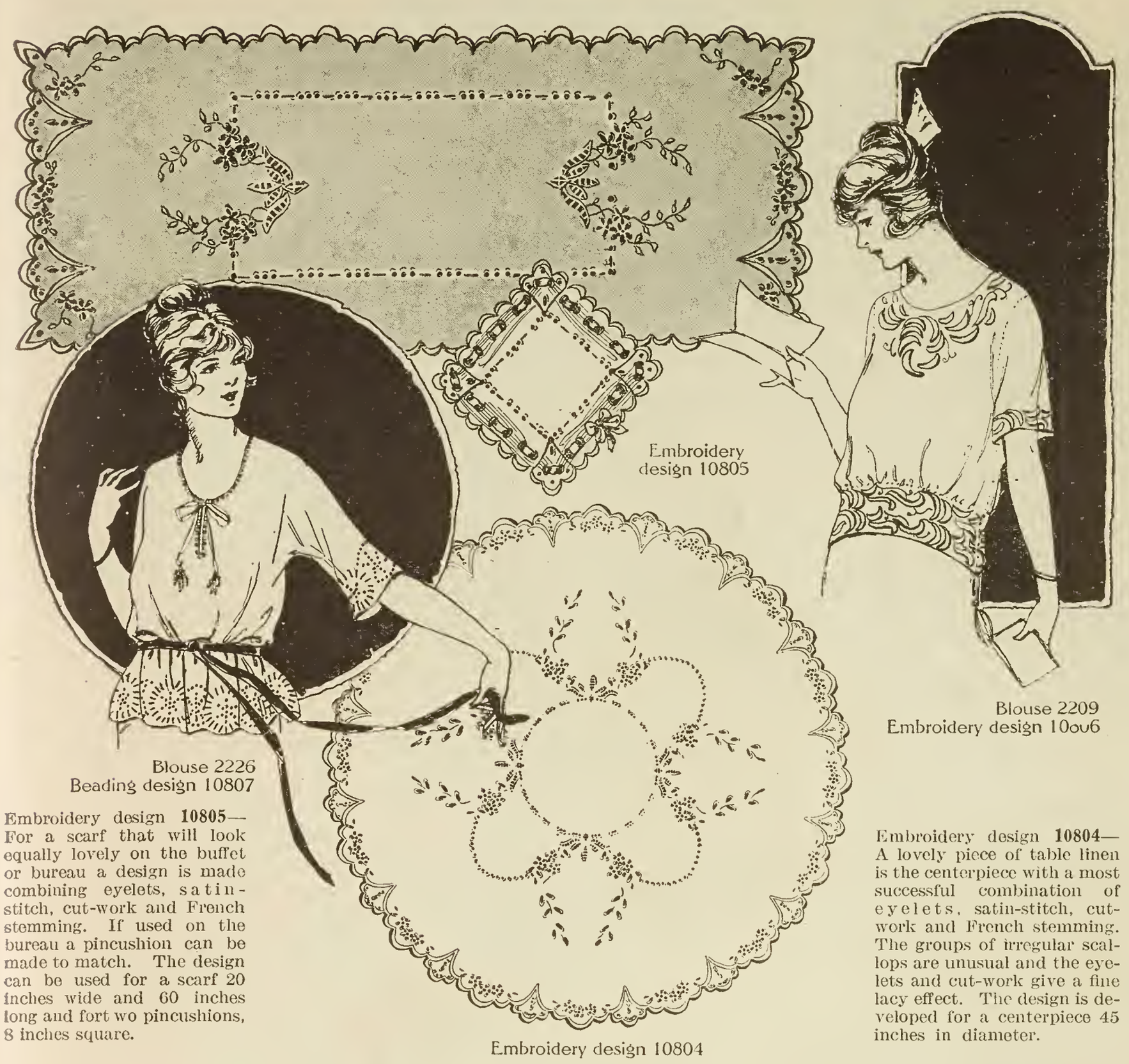
POMPONS—Cut two 2-inch circles of cardboard. Cut a small hole in the center of each circle. Hold the circles together. Cut a piece of yarn about four inches long. Place this between the two circles of cardboard so that the yarn is around the hole at the center of the cardboard with the two ends extending together at one side of the circle.

Thread the yarn in a needle and pass it up through the hole in the center of the circle, around the edge of the cardboard and up through the center about 100 times. Run a pair of scissors between the cardboard circles and cut the yarn. Pull the two extending ends of yarn and tie tightly. Pull the circles off and trim the edge of the pompon so it looks round. These pompons can be the same color as the sweater or they can be in contrast.

This slip-on sweater is a splendid type of garment to wear over a frock without a coat when the weather is warm enough, but it is also close-fitting enough to wear under a coat without being bulky in appearance.

COMBINED STITCHES FOR BLOUSE AND CUT-WORK FOR LINEN

BY MARIE ASHLEY



Blouse 2226
Beading design 10807

Embroidery design **10805**—For a scarf that will look equally lovely on the buffet or bureau a design is made combining eyelets, satin-stitch, cut-work and French stemming. If used on the bureau a pincushion can be made to match. The design can be used for a scarf 20 inches wide and 60 inches long and fort wo pincushions, 8 inches square.

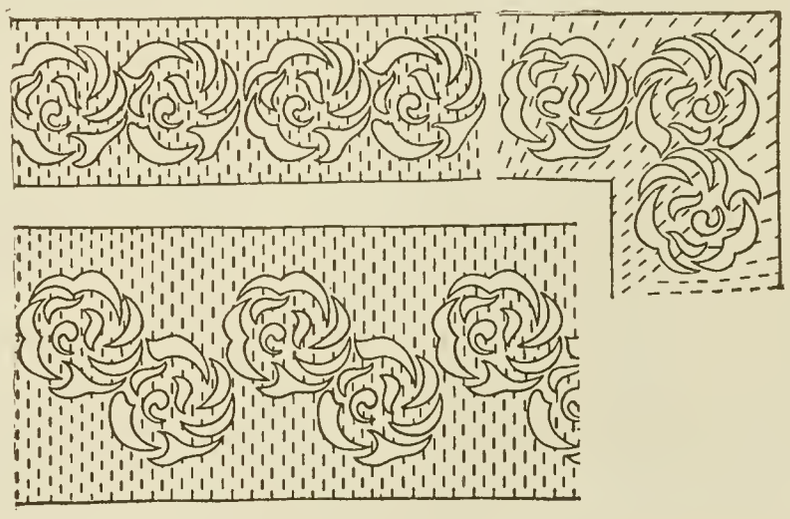
Embroidery design 10804

Blouse 2209
Embroidery design 10006

Embroidery design **10804**—A lovely piece of table linen is the centerpiece with a most successful combination of eyelets, satin-stitch, cut-work and French stemming. The groups of irregular scallops are unusual and the eyelets and cut-work give a fine lacy effect. The design is developed for a centerpiece 45 inches in diameter.



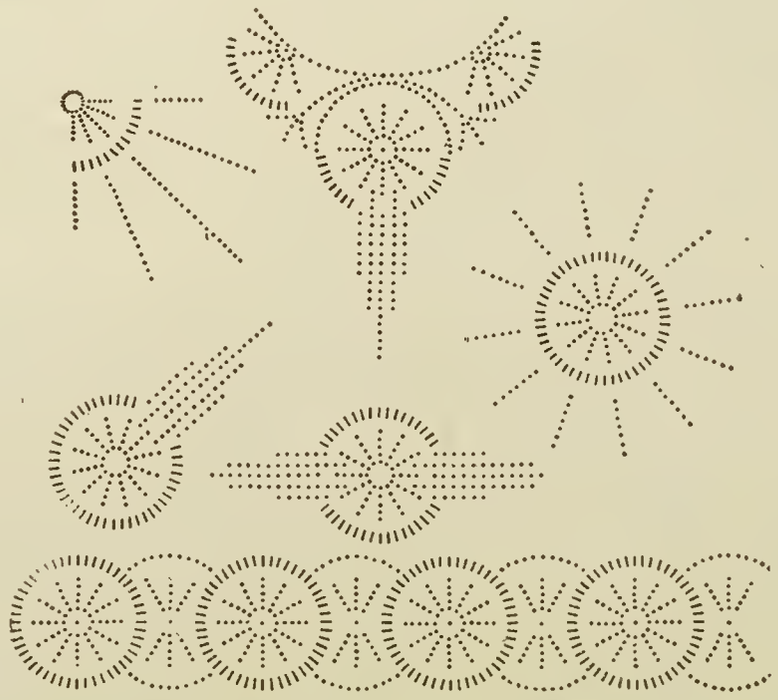
Embroidery design **10806**—The new lower line and the collarless neck of an overblouse, 2209, are smartly trimmed with a combination of satin-stitch and outline embroidery. This same design is adapted to 5⅛ yards banding 1⅝ inch wide, 6 motifs 13x4¼ inches, 8 motifs 6x4¼ inches, 4 corners 11¼x9½ inches, 8 motifs 8 inches long, and two neck outlines.



Embroidery design **10809**—Outline embroidery on a background of one-stitch gives the effect of solid work. It is very lovely on blouses, frocks, hats, etc. The design is arranged to use on 2½ yards of banding 10 inches wide, 1¾ yards banding 6 inches wide, and 3 corners 10x6 inches. It is one of the most effective designs and one of the easiest to do.

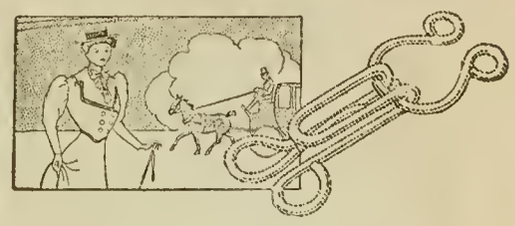


Braiding design **10808**—Braiding is a very fashionable trimming, particularly for Spring street frocks. It could also be done in couching, chain-stitch and outline embroidery. It is adapted to 5¼ yards of banding 1½ inch wide, 5 yards banding 5 inches wide, 9 motifs 7¼x3 inches, 12 corners 2x3 inches, 9 motifs 3½x3 inches, 12 motifs 3x3¾ inches and 3 neck outlines.



Beading design **10807**—The sunburst effect is very new and brilliant for use on costumes. French knots instead of beads could be used with the one-stitch embroidery. This design is adapted to 5⅞ yards of banding 4 inches wide, 6 motifs 8 inches in diameter, 6 motifs 9¾x4 inches, 3 motifs 7x5¼ inches, 6 motifs 8x4 inches and 3 neck outlines.

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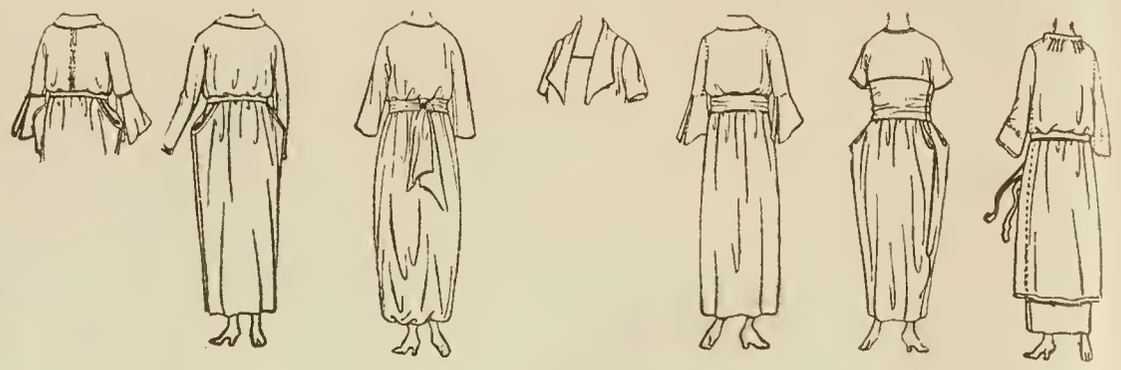
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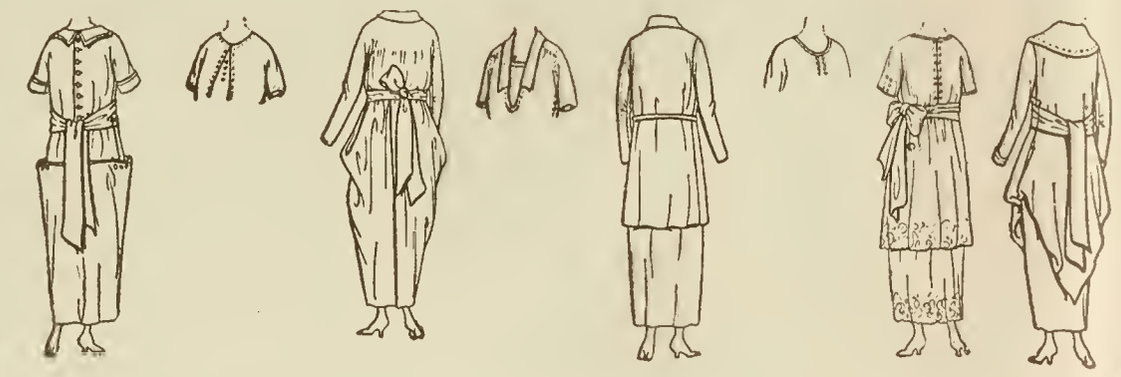
Also makers of Kleinert's Baby Pants, Rubber Sheeting, Sanitary Goods, Hose Supporters, Tourist Cases, etc.

OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES ON PAGES 130, 131, 132, 133 AND 134

Other views of these garments are shown on pages 130 *and* 131



2178 2248 2140 2239 2237



2229 2167 2176 2207 2241

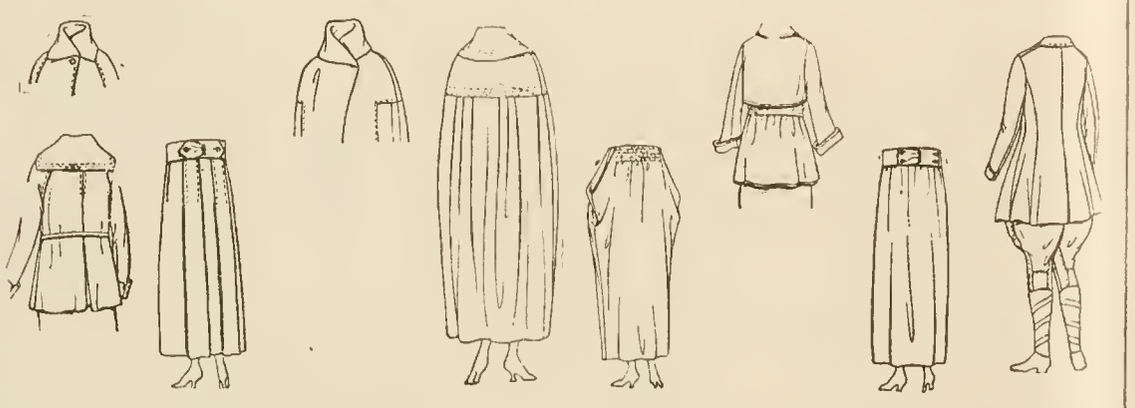
Other views of these garments are shown on pages 132 *and* 133



2226 2209 2228 2203 2211 2199 2218

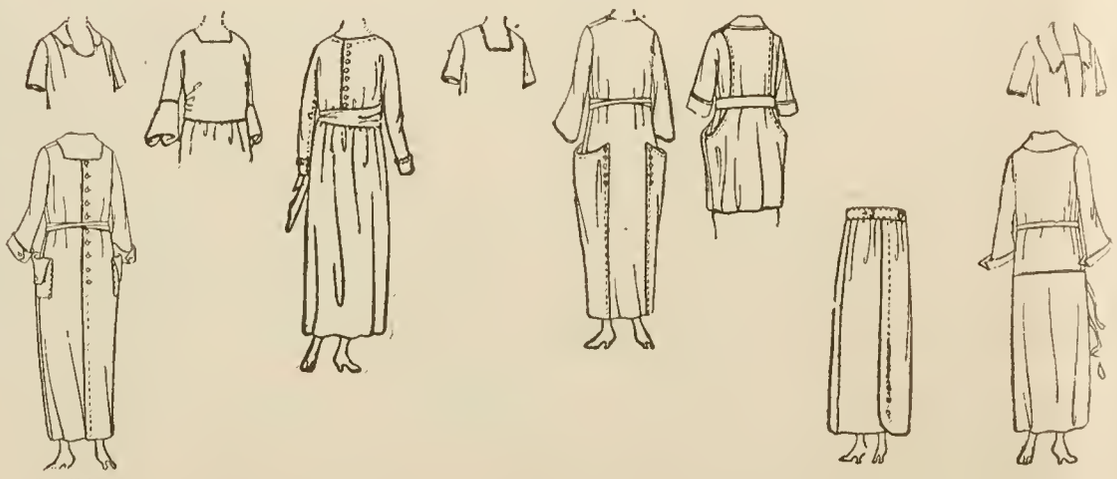


2258 2170 2260 1974 2257 1733



2259 1908 2256 2228 2251 1805 2255

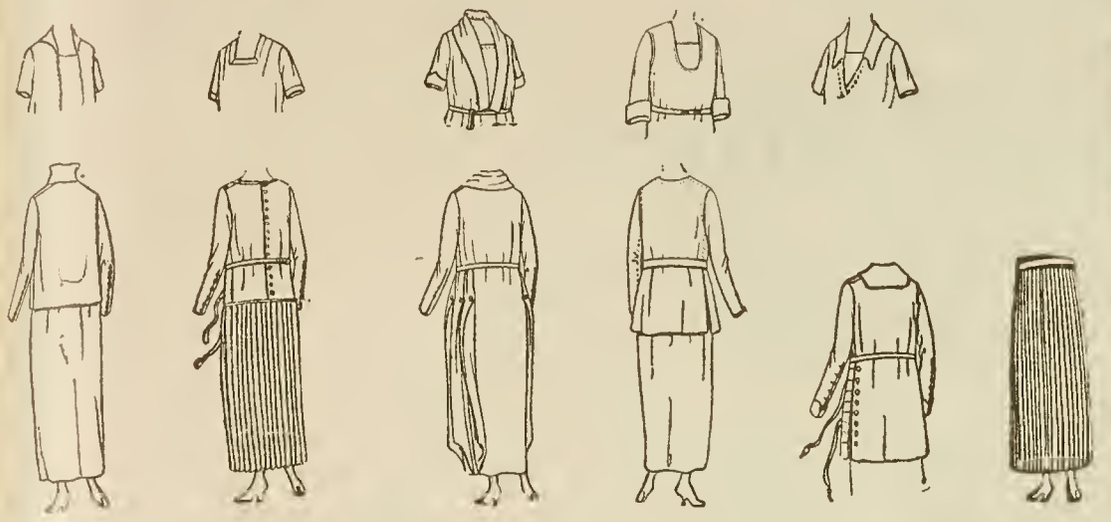
Other views of these garments are shown on page 134



2253 2161 2246 2230 1362 2225

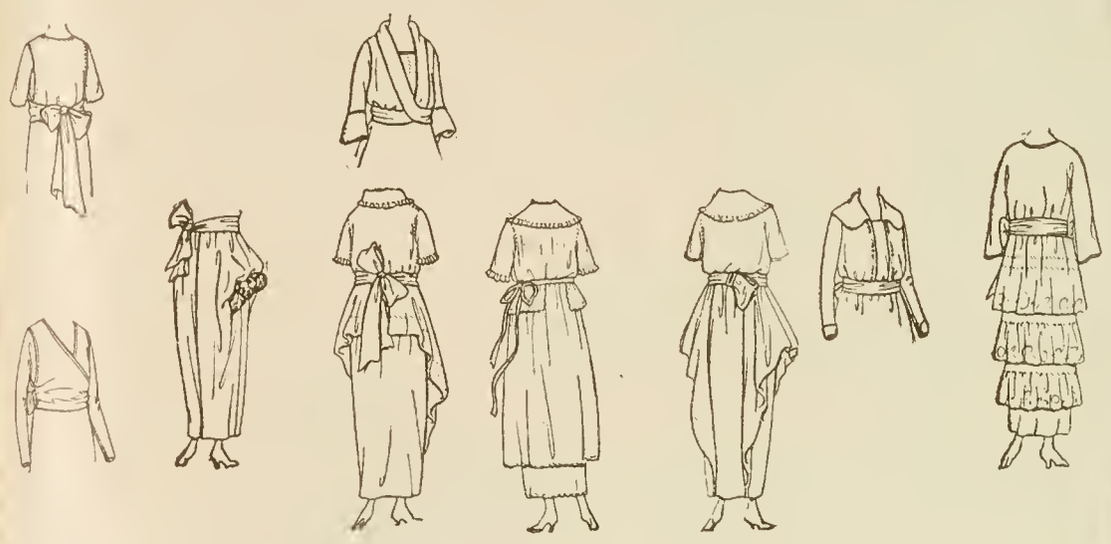
OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES ON PAGES 135, 136, 137, 142 AND 143

Other views of these garments are shown on page 135

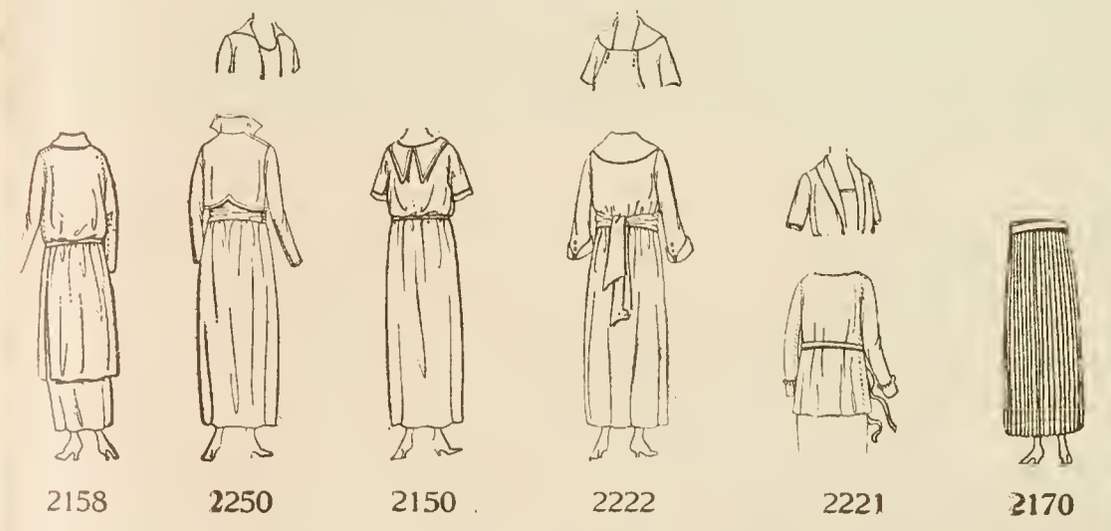


2204 2187 2231 2220 2214 2170

Other views of these garments are shown on pages 136 *and* 137

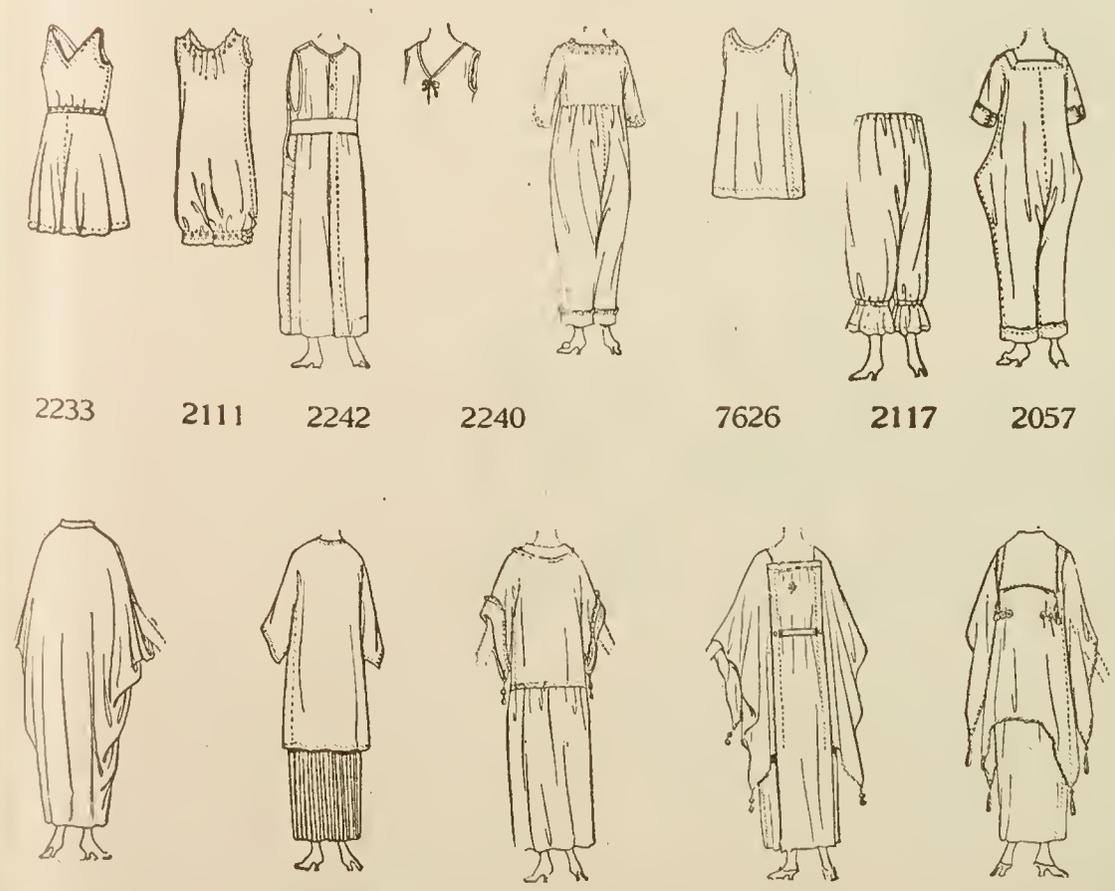


2201 2206 2192 2217 2215 2154



2158 2250 2150 2222 2221 2170

Other views of these garments are shown on pages 142 *and* 143



2233 2111 2242 2240 7626 2117 2057

2018 2235 2156 2078 2025

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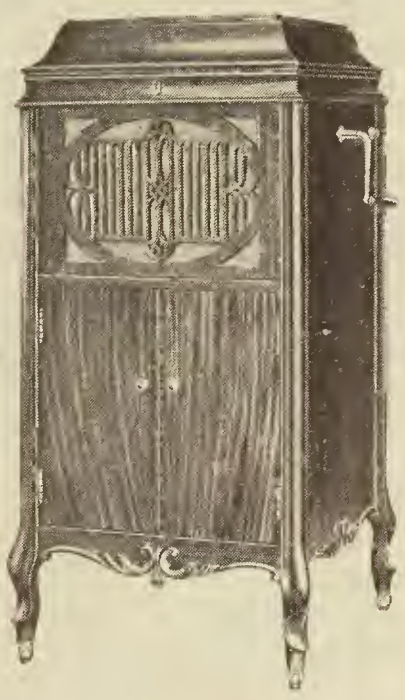
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In the Realm of Music

In Phonographs, it means a bettered method of reproduction
In Records, it means interpretations by noted directors

WHEN phonograph advances appeared to be at a stand-still, it rested with the House of Brunswick to come out with something new.

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First, The Brunswick introduced the Ultona. Of the major phonographs it was the first thereby to offer an instrument which played *all* records.



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Then came as a second advancement the Brunswick Tone Amplifier.



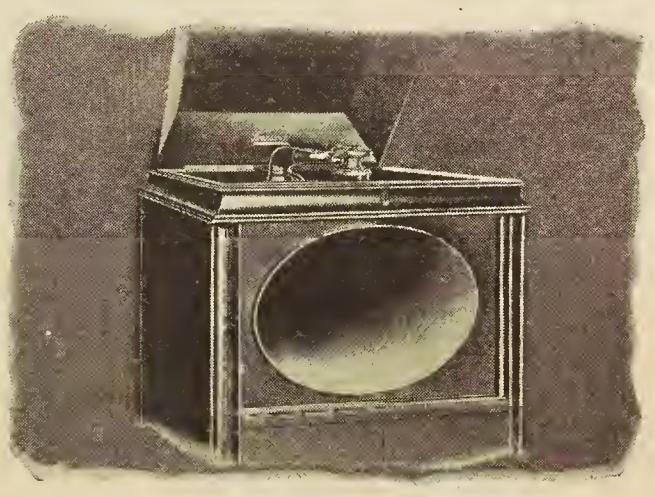
The Ultona

This overcame problems which had worried acousticians for years. We abandoned all use of metal in the throat of the Brunswick Phonograph. We moulded rare woods and thus by adopting the violin principle, tone waves could vibrate scientifically without the restrictions of a cast-metal throat.

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It brings a new guiding hand into record making, and everyone who has heard Brunswick Records notes the improvement.

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THE DELINEATOR

April 1920

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THE DELINEATOR

JAMES EATON TOWER, MANAGING EDITOR APRIL, 1920 VOLUME XCVI NUMBER FOUR

With the Editor

WHO CAN TELL?

WHEN the two Marys and other women had seen the risen Christ at the tomb and told the apostles, "their words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not."

"Wild times, wild tales!" Under the stress and strain of grief, who would soberly trust the stories of survival told by the grief-stricken and the war-robbed? Yet the stories persist. There are many, we are told, who found it easy to believe, there on the terror-stricken fields of Flanders, that Joan of Arc would come, yes, and did come, to succor the French; that in a terrible and desperate pass St. George appeared, with a shining legion to give unlooked-for victory to the English. It is told, even, that a trench full of dead soldiers, when the battle was almost lost, rose, a spiritual company, and fought beside their living comrades, and so enabled them to save the day.

These are stories that will be told by many a simple fireside for many a long day. The credulous will repeat and perpetuate them; and those who believe or greatly desire to believe will ponder and wonder; and the sober-minded will doubt; and to many these will seem idle tales, and they will set them down at last as legend and symbol.

Do the dead return in very presence to those so greatly in need of them? Have they our interests so clearly at heart? Do they await only our faith and longing for a sign to become manifest and known to us? Do they keep the faith and retain "the touch of earthly joy"?

Oh, questions as old as death and the human heart! Who shall answer you for us? Who shall speak with authority? There are those who claim to know, who say that they have seen and heard. And some of us believe, and some of us shake our heads. Did Joan appear? Did St. George lead the legions?

But, whether we doubt or believe the tales that are told, one thing is clear, a fact not to be questioned: the legion did not fail; the day was not lost; and it would be a brave and it would seem a headstrong person who would contend the dead had no part in these victories.

Always in every nation, as far back as Time can reach, there have been tales symbolic of the return of the dead, for always, down the ages, symbols have been dear to the human heart and often its only means of expression. "Perhaps these present-day stories of the return of the dead are only symbols," say the wise or the doubting. Perhaps so! Who can tell? But what does that matter if the foundational truth remain? If they are symbols we shall outgrow them in time; but the truth of spiritual forces actively, personally at work in our lives, altering them, changing them for good, leading them on in the dark and terrible hours of sorrow and loss to comfort and victory; these, God be thanked, will remain dear and potent as long as the heart loves and that love survives and beautifully triumphs over death.

MINORITY RULE

THERE was once a man, born at Château-Thierry in France, who was something of an idler and adventurer but had a pretty thorough understanding of human nature and wrote some fables which might well be inscribed on the tablets of our memories if not on the walls of our public buildings. His name was Jean de la Fontaine, and one of his fables described a strike in which sundry organs and members of the human body lay down on the job, so to speak, with consequences quite prejudicial to the health of the person.

When the proletarian legs and arms quit, the stomach begins to cry for food. If the eyes, which are the newspapers and magazines, go blind, the whole body is in darkness. When several organs refuse to function, the usual activities of life cease, and the hospital is the proper resort; if the strike is wide-spread enough, the struggling heart, the government, ceases to beat, and the undertaker closes the chapter.

In our democracy all groups and "classes"—there are no static classes in the United States, as in the Old World—have their say in the government; all members of the body politic function with more vitality and exhilaration than the world has before experienced. Nor will the American people endure the efforts and conspiracies on the part of organized minorities to get control of the government.

"UNEARNED HAPPINESS"

SHE spends all her time trying to make herself happy. She invents things perpetually that she thinks perhaps will please her august self. There is nothing in heaven or earth that she can not criticize fluently or tell all about why she likes it or not. It never occurs to her that it is anything but important—this matter of her likes or dislikes—from the opera to chocolate cake. And the result? She is never happy. She thinks that happiness is a matter of this or that—having this, going to such-and-such a place, being asked to So-and-So's house. And she will never know that happiness has to be worked for and that it comes, like the bluebird, when you are not looking for it. There is no such thing as unearned happiness. And she will never find it anywhere if she looks till she is ninety.

THE TEACHER

SHE never wrote the books she meant to write, though you couldn't talk with her five minutes without wanting to write down some of her sentences. She never traveled much, though she couldn't go through the stupidest little village without finding some new and curious historical or literary or human bit distinctly worth hearing about. She never even wrote down her own lectures—which would have saved her an enormous amount of time.

Each year she read over the books she talked about and got again a fresh impression to give to her students. She was actually and truly more interested in other people's careers than her own. She was as pleased when she was told—the very first of anybody, of course—that one of her pupils had a new position or had sold a poem as if she had published a perfect novel herself. She was never too tired to write the letter that kept some struggling young thing from knuckling under and losing her self-respect. She treated the girls that to her mind were worth bothering with at all as if their minds were exactly as good as hers and their opinions valuable.

When she died, her obituary, with its list of her publications, was not particularly impressive. It was mostly the kind of "scholarly" work necessary to holding a professorship. There are a few learned organizations that will pass resolutions, and some one else will take her classes.

But there are at least a hundred other women who honestly feel that they have a solemn and very special obligation to the world—to hand on her vivid power, to spread her ideas and ideals, to do themselves some of the things she always wanted to do and would have done if she hadn't been a born teacher and if to her mind a keen-spirited young human life hadn't been the most interesting and important thing on earth.

Because there are women like her, and because the women's colleges are the places where girls can get just this kind of inspiration for life, we firmly believe that American fathers and mothers ought to stand behind the colleges better than they ever have. When you hear the word "drive," don't go away and sulk because some one wants some money. Such women will give your daughters the springs of success in any case because they can't help being good teachers. But it isn't fair to make them worry and scrimp all their lives when they have dreams and glory and happiness to give.

REBIRTH

WE HAVE a friend who lives on a ranch in Montana. She is seventy-five miles from the nearest railway and over twenty miles from the nearest neighbor. Excepting for her husband and her four children, she is utterly alone.

She is a woman of education and refinement. For fifteen years she has never known surcease from grinding poverty. She has not had a new hat or suit in five years, her husband in ten. Two years ago, a woman who was going to take up land beyond my friend's, died at our friend's cabin, in childbirth. My friend's only good dress was used to bury the poor wanderer in.

We know many intimate details of G——'s life. We know that her last letter was written when the snow was six feet deep around the cabin and the coyotes howled outside the corrals. We know that during the World War she made some beautiful layettes for the clothesless babies of France, and that it took her and her husband nearly two years to pay up the one hundred and forty dollars the materials for the layettes cost.

We know that two of her children are adopted and that she is deeply distressed that she can not afford to take another child. We know the books she reads and the colors she likes; we know many of her joys and griefs.

Yet, we never have seen her.

To us she is as vivid a reality as though we could touch her hand this moment. We count her friendship as one of the choice jewels of life. Out of that remote mountain ranch there comes to us in the maelstrom of the city, a philosophy as clear and high as it is unconscious.

G—— has found the well-springs of the worth-while in human life.

She believes entirely that one must give more than one takes. She is troubled that she is not living in a more crowded community where she can "do more for people." G—— does not realize that it is the degree of sacrifice in the giving that counts. When she put her only decent dress on the body of the dead mother, her gift was greater than all of Carnegie's charities. When she and her husband gave two years of their toil to paying for the little layettes, their munificence excelled that of the Rockefellers. When she gave up all idea of owning a ranch for years to come, that she and her husband might see two destitute children to decent American citizenship, her heroism was worthy of more than a distinguished-conduct medal.

Goethe preached the doctrine of enlightened self-ishness, and Pan-Germanism resulted.

Mercenary selfishness is a perilously popular American spirit to-day.

The only hope America has of a rebirth that shall make her permanently great is that people like my friend G—— and her husband live and give. Their spirit, and that only, can fight America's Pan-Moneyism.

Easter! The resurrection day of the Greatest Giver the world has known: where shall His doctrine be found to-day? Surely up at that lonely ranch where there is "the silence that is of the starry skies, the sleep that is of the lonely hills."

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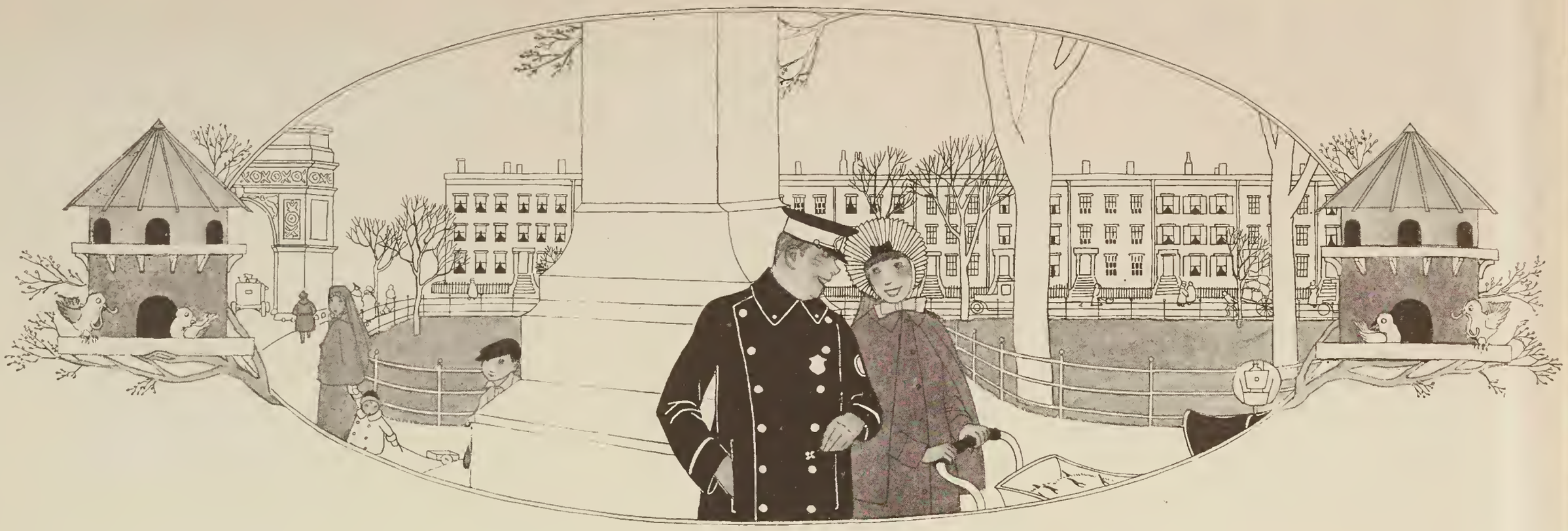
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GOSSIP

WOMAN'S INHUMANITY TO WOMAN

By Frances L. Garside

SHE had been standing at the telephone for thirty minutes and had had no response. Occasionally she would drop the receiver, to let her irritation find vent in grumbling to, and at, her family. Her anger spread, and just before every one was quarreling with every one else, she got her number.

"Oh, is that you?" in relieved tones; "I have been trying to get you two hours. I want to know if you think grass-green beads will look as pretty as dull green in the chain I am making."

Even the greatest fault-finders would not object to the women using powder if they did not universally look as if they had run against a powder-rag in the dark.

The neighbor next door was ordered to take lithia tablets, and she took so many she sent for the doctor next day to cure her of the feeling that she had swallowed a soda-fountain.

"I don't see," grumbled the wife, "what there is in him."

"My dear," responded her husband, "I don't like the way you have of speaking of folks as you would speak of a mince pie in a restaurant."

Lysander John Appleton complains that his wife is no longer a human being since she was made secretary of the Home and Fireside Department of the Married Women's Confessions Club. There is a little authority in the position and it has gone to her head. Formerly she was gracious and approachable, but now one can not see her before a week from next Wednesday, then only by appointment, and for an audience not longer than ten minutes. "My time," she says, "is very valuable since I joined the Throne-Sitters' Union."

A woman doesn't insist that her husband kiss her good-by every time he leaves the house, but she would like to have him remember to do it when her old friends are present.

Ask a woman what she thinks of the wonders of the great city she recently visited, and before she has concluded her reply she will make some reference to its wonderful ten-cent store.

If time flies too rapidly for you, invite your kin to make you a six months' visit.

Shades of our grandmothers! The woman living around the corner has so completely submerged the sacredness of the Family Tie into business that she is applying the index and filing system to family reunions.

The member of the Brown family who does all the letter-writing to relatives is known, in the bosom of the family, as "The War Correspondent."

There is one very important difference between a modern society woman and her old-fashioned grandmother. When the modern society woman serves sandwiches, they are as thin as blotting-paper, and dissolve on the tongue like bread-pills. Grandmother's were as big and as fat as feather-beds, and one would almost do for a meal for a family of seven.

The women meet in so many conventions to discuss The Child, Child Life, Child Culture, and similar subjects, it is surprising that one very important feature of The Child has so far escaped attention: It is the Child's Nose. Every few minutes a mother will rush to her child with a handkerchief and give its nose a vigorous twist; it is a miracle she doesn't twist it off. Some of these days some mother will twist it off, and then the women who hold conventions to discuss The Child will realize that they missed sounding a warning. Can't the nose of The Child be attended to without wringing it?

SLANG AT VASSAR

By Clara S. Hawkins

SLANG at Vassar, like a soft voice at a football game, is non-existent. Do not think I am trying to hoodwink a suspicious public or make us out better than we are. I conscientiously set myself the task of recording the slang that we might be using, expecting to find myself swamped with material, and lo and behold, I am forced to admit that it is something in which we are entirely lacking, something which offers a large field for the future college-woman to develop.

Of course we have our idiosyncrasies. We call the Library the "Lib" and we pursue the studies of "Ec" and "Psych" and "Chem," and we do our experiments in the "Lab." Perhaps the nearest approach to slang is in the historic Soap Palace (so called from its peculiar brown-and-white marble decorations, resembling a certain kind of soap).

There is a movement on foot now, I believe, to promote a more respectful attitude toward this Ancient of Days and call it the front vestibule of Main Hall. We have a "mail-rush," too; it is just what its name implies and it happens three times a day.

We also have "Slosh's," a corruption of the name "D'Luhosch's," which means the place where laundry is done. Then there is the Flag Shop, which a few people playfully call the "Shag Flop," and it is there that you eat the dark and delicious "devil" compounded of chocolate sirup, ice-cream and its namesake alone knows what else. Also our professors have sometimes been called by names other than their own, names which will not be found in the college catalog, such as "Aunt Mary" and "The Drunken Duchess."

The expressions which I have mentioned, though—and I have mentioned all that are current—are limited to the names of persons or things; they are all local, and they have absolutely no meaning when detached from the Vassar campus. Vassar, it seems, has been peculiarly remiss in its failure to contribute permanent or picturesque slang to the President's English. Its mildest approaches to slang are only peculiarities, and its conversation is on the whole disappointingly intelligible to the uninitiated.

EDITOR'S NOTE—*Are other colleges for women the companions of Vassar in this humiliating lack of pungency and color? How about the coeducational colleges? Somebody write and relieve our suspense, please.*

AT FORTY-FIVE

By Hattie L. Plummer

SITTIN' on the door-step
In the pleasant breeze,
Just a-watchin' Naney
While she shells the peas.

Day's work is all over
Not a thing to do.
Sittin' here a-smokin',
Happy through and through.

Gentle moon a-shinin'
On my old bald pate,
Mock-bird in the tree-top
Singin' to his mate,

Tellin' how he loves her,
Up there on that bough.
I'll just tell my Naney
How I love her now.

. . . . . .

Can't tell 'bout the women!
Nancy's hard to please—
Slapped my face and answered,
"What you love's the peas."

THE NEW YORK GIRLS AND THE PRINCE

By Junia Leagua

THEY met at the Ritz for lunch to talk it over. "It" was the ball Mrs. Whitelaw Reid had given in honor of the Prince of Wales. "They" were two of the smartest débutantes of New York's smartest youngest set.

All their world was agog. All their world had talked of nothing but the Prince for the past week and all their world had fallen in love with him.

They, too! They had danced with him the night before, and having danced, he became the Prince Charming of all the romance they had ever read or heard or dreamed.

"Strange he likes blondes, isn't it?" queried Blanche, and smoothed her own blond strands over her ears, "when he himself has such heavenly, light-gold hair! And that exquisite English skin and his blue, blue eyes! I don't wonder every girl in the U. S. A. and Canada is madly in love with him, whether she's seen him or not. But, my dear, it was quite too fatal to dance with him, wasn't it? It just tumbled one heels-over-head in love with him for life!"

"He shimmies!" whispered Eleanor. "He told me so!"

Blanche collapsed. "The future King of England! *Shimmies!*" She moaned. "Can you *believe* it? Where on earth did he learn?"

"He's learned lots since he's been here," comforted Blanche wisely. "One of his captains from the *Renown*—you know they have two captains, one for when the ship is in port and one when she is running—was dining with us the other night. He told us that the Prince was having the time of his life here enjoying everything.

"The captain was not in uniform when he dined with us and we asked him what the Prince would say if he saw him.

" 'He would probably wink at me and say: "I see you're not in uniform, old top, but neither would I be if I could help it." ' They say there were times when he was not in uniform and when he turned some lively tricks in New York—but I'm not sure!

"The captain told us, too, a funny story about one of the dances when they were in Canada. The music was played in a most extraordinary way. Sometimes it would be encored and encored and at other times it stopped almost immediately. Do you know what that fox of a Prince had done? He had fixed it up with the orchestra leader that when he had a lemon he would frown at the leader and then the orchestra would cut the music short, but if he were dancing with a peach he would wink at him and they would prolong the dance as long as possible!"

"Funny, isn't it, with all that sophistication, how in many ways he was just a youngster? Lots worse than my kid brother. Really awfully shy. At the Horse Show he was fussed to death when he entered his box and they gave him a tremendous ovation. He wriggled and turned and got red and pale and jerked at his tie. And finally after he had subsided a little, he turned to his host and said: 'I say, I'm all right now, am I not? But they did have me going, y' know, when I first came in!' "

"I like best of all the story papa tells about him," said Blanche. "It shows that while all that we know about him is true—that while he's just natural and nice, at the same time he *is* a prince and has in him the stuff that kings are made of. Real kings, I mean. The kind you used to read about. The kind about whom our English traditions center—those who are brave in battle and courageous in facing whatever comes. It's the do-or-die spirit he showed when he was up against it that I liked best.

"Papa said that at the Chamber of Commerce luncheon he was called on unexpectedly to make a speech. He got red and green and purple and said he'd have to have twenty minutes to think it over. So he and his aids retired to another room. Exactly when the twenty minutes were over he came back, stood up on the platform to make his speech—and made it! Papa sat back of him on the platform. The Prince stood with his hands clutched behind him. His hands twisted and writhed the whole time, so that papa was in a perfect agony for him, knowing what he was suffering.

"But you'd never have known it to hear him speak. He went calmly on and made a wonderful, brief address. But papa *knew* how hard it had been—and how he'd measured up to it."

"The *real stuff—king*-stuff!" murmured Eleanor. They gathered up their gloves and furs. Then Eleanor laughed. "Going to the Follies to-night? I am! *He'll* be there!"

FROM BABY LIPS

BOBBY was making his first visit to the country and could not overcome his terror of the cows.

Having occasion to pass one, he eyed her timidly and said:

"If you won't growl at me, old cow, I won't growl at you!"

N. R. M.

In the elementary physiology class the teacher asked what was the use of the nose. There was no reply until little Ellen timidly raised her hand.

"Well, Ellen?" said the teacher.

"It's to part the hair by," was the eager response.

N. R. M.

James Junior had been set to learn the Twenty-third Psalm. James was confident he knew it thoroughly and started in blithely, "The Lord is my Shepherd."

Stage-fright gripped him. "The Lord is my Shepherd—The Lord is my Shepherd," he reiterated. Then vexation and philosophy overcoming him, he summed up the entire religious sentiment of the psalm, which many of us elders would do well to take to heart:

"The Lord is my Shepherd—Aw, I should worry!"

L. G.

Music which "leads us to the edge of the infinite"

Carlyle when he used these words knew the exaltation of sacred music and our need of it.

Sacred music finds its highest expression in the home through the Victrola. For on the Victrola it is *the greatest artists in the world* who render the sacred music so familiar and dear to you, imparting to it a richer and deeper inspiration.

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Victrola



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WHAT is more invigorating than a walk or drive on a crisp, clear day in early spring, when sharp winds bring a ruddy color to one's face, and stimulate the joy of living.

But these same keen winds produce other effects. They roughen and chap tender skin,—they catch up little particles of dust and lodge them in the tiny pores of the face, and trouble results. The natural oil of the skin combines with the dust and the complexion becomes blotched, gray-looking, and rough.

Prevent these conditions—help to keep your skin clear, healthy and soft, by cleansing it with RESINOL SOAP. Let the pure, refreshing lather sink into the pores and rid them of lurking impurities. You will doubtless be delighted with the results.

But Resinol Soap is not only for those annoyed by com- plexion defects. It has been for years a favorite among women who know that its mild fragrance, its rich color, and its unusual cleansing qualities come only from the gentle and soothing Resinol properties it contains.

Sold by all druggists and at toilet goods counters. Let us send you a trial size cake. Dept. 3-G, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

RESINOL SOAP

RESINOL SHAVING STICK gives a creamy, non-drying lather which is alone sufficient to warrant its adoption by the discriminating man.



Your Home Town First

By Dr. Frank Crane

Work for your own town.

Beautify it. Improve it. Make it attractive.

The World War and the Treaty of Peace and the Protective Tariff and all such things are important subjects; but what's the good of cleaning up the world unless you sweep your own doorstep?

The city whose main street is dirty, sordid-looking, cluttered, uninviting, suffers much. Such a city wants to be cleaned, recreated, made a thing of beauty, so that people will come miles to see it.

The best advertisement of your business is the town you live in.

Towns get reputations, as well as men. Make your town talked of all over the State. It will thus draw people. And where the people come, there is prosperity.

It does not take money. It takes something that is scarcer. It takes cooperation.

Get together. Organize for civic improvement. Develop the civic nerve.

Rid your town of one eyesore after another. Clean up the vacant lots and plant them in gardens. Make a cluttered yard a disgrace. Make public opinion too hot for those who will not help.

It pays. It will promote law and order. It will help in the education of your children. It will draw factories and other business enterprises to your locality.

Shiftlessness, untidiness, dirt and selfishness, as shown in your streets and buildings, react upon your people.

Such things make your boys and girls grow up hating their home town.

Make your home town a children's paradise, something their memory will lovingly turn back to.

Look after your Amusements, your Parks, your Playgrounds, your Theaters, and all your other means of communal enjoyment.

Make your home town happy.

It pays.



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The unobtrusive fragrance of Ivory Soap is not the usual soap perfume. It is merely the pleasing, natural odor of Ivory's high-grade ingredients. Its delicacy and refinement are two of the reasons why you find Ivory Soap in so many homes where good taste and good sense prevail.

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"JUST THAT YOU FIND YOU DON'T CARE FOR ME?" "THAT'S ALL"

HAPPILY EVER AFTER

BY FANNY HEASLIP LEA

THE SECOND ACT OF A PLAY IS OFTEN THE MOST INTERESTING. THE SECOND ACT OF ROSAMOND'S WAR ROMANCE, AS TOLD BY ONE OF THE CLEVEREST STORY-WRITERS OF TO-DAY, IS A STORY PARTICULARLY WORTH READING

SHE had married him in New York, an hour before his transport sailed. She was in Honolulu, just two years later, going tranquilly about her own unimportant feminine affairs, when his wireless came. It said:

"Landed to-day. Leaving at once for San Francisco. Sailing *Manoa*."

And the *Manoa* would dock in fifteen days, as she found upon instant panic-stricken consultation of a steamer-list.

From which it will be seen that the inevitable had once more happened and that one more little sower of the wind was about to reap the whirlwind.

It isn't the conventional way in which to begin a story of a war-bride, as we used prettily to call them, not very long ago, but this story has the virtue—or the handicap, however you like to look at it—of being true.

Rosamond Miller *had* married Captain Jeffreys, in the Little Church Around the Corner—she *had* come back to Honolulu, later on, alone—she *had*, for two years, written him letters of insensibly decreasing intensity, signed Your Loving Wife—and she was now filled with a cold and unpleasant apprehension at learning that he was about to return to her.

The wireless came at ten o'clock of a lovely morning in September. Rosamond put it in the pocket of her leaf-brown skirt; pulled on her leaf-brown coat; added a brown tam-o'-shanter and a little powder on her nose and announced to her stepmother, who was commonly known as "the pretty Mrs. Miller," that she needed exercise, was going out for a walk; would likely not be back for lunch.

Wheels within wheels were obvious.

"Aren't you feeling well?" inquired the pretty Mrs. Miller anxiously. She was only six years older than Rosamond's twenty-three, and unlike the stepmothers in books, cherished an abiding affection for her husband's daughter.

"Oh, I'm all right," said Rosamond non-committally. "Don't bother, old dear—see you later!"

Saying which she went out of the house, got into her roadster which was opportunely standing before the door, and drove off without so much as a backward look or a wave of the hand.

One does not go for a walk in high-powered, khaki-colored roadsters. Mrs. Miller sighed faintly as she turned back into the pleasant, flower-fragrant living-room of the house on Nuuany Avenue.

"I wish Rosamond would be pals!" she thought wistfully.

Rosamond, if she had only known it, was at that moment in distinct need of a pal, but being overproud and perhaps a trifle stubborn about taking the consequences of her own mistakes, Rosamond was most unlikely to say so.

The khaki-colored roadster slid down the Nuuany hill, through the not-too-congested traffic of Fort Street, out King, into Kalakaua, and came to a stop at last at the very peak of the Diamond Head Road, miles away from observation, where a lady might sit and look across the glimmering Pacific to an imaginary San Francisco, all silvery fogs and flower-stands, out of whose Golden Gate an imaginary ship might at any moment be sailing—with a husband aboard.

"Oh, Lord, oh, Lord!" mourned Rosamond to herself. "Why did I do it?" She clenched her hands in her lap, crumpling the wireless badly in the process, for as soon as she stopped the car she had taken the slip of yellow paper out of her pocket hoping to find that she had misread it and if there were no tears in her eyes it was because tears to Rosamond were both difficult and rare. She suffered, none the less. Sea and sky, to her reluctant vision, gave back a steely glare.

The trade-wind had no freshness, the sun overhead no warmth. All her beloved island lay overhung with gloom.

"Free—I've been free all my life!" thought Rosamond. "And look at me now—I'll never be free again. Good business, my dear!—chucking away your right to yourself—for a man—just an ordinary every-day man—who happened to have on a uniform—and be sitting next you—when the band played 'The Star-Spangled Banner'—and you lost your head——"

It was not of course as bad as that; but Rosamond, casting relentlessly back on the trail of that hour of high romance, could in her young distress, her sudden revulsion of feeling, find no kinder words for it. She smoothed out the yellow paper, folded it and put it back in her pocket.

"I had known him exactly a week," she remembered bitterly. "I must have been crazy, that's all!"

But she forgot what a week it had been. Sitting there with her eyes on the suave Pacific whose horizon melted tenderly into a turquoise sky, she visualized the first meeting.

He had come into a canteen where she was working—oh, he was good enough to look at, in a uniform—Heaven knew what he would be in civies! Married to him—and she had never even seen him in a soft collar, that test of any man's desirability—for all she knew, he might affect unspeakable ties, brown suits, derbies, shoes with suède tops! She dragged herself away from the collection of horrors.

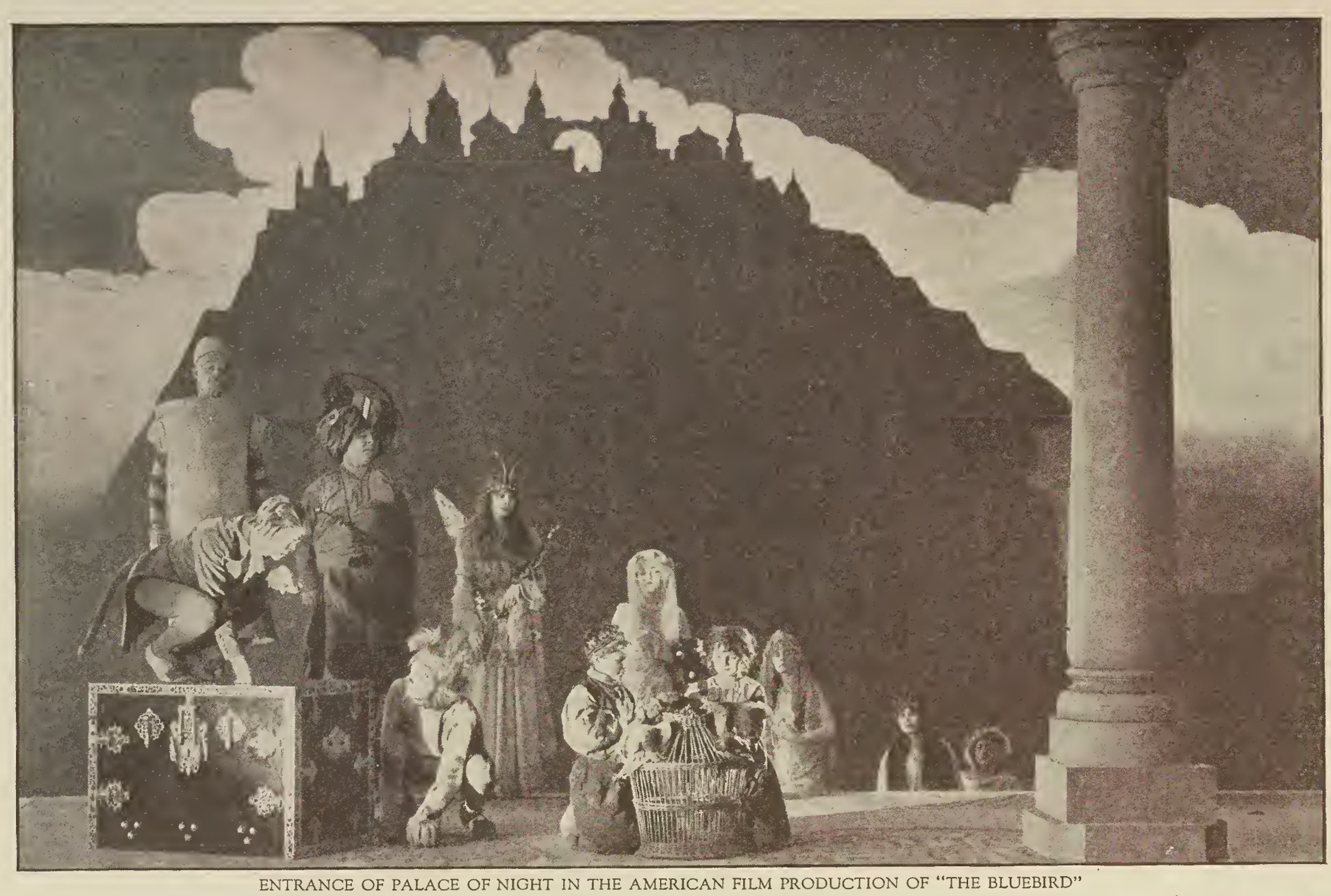
He had come into the canteen, then, and some one had presented him to her. He had nice eyes—lots of men had—and a mouth—she could not even be sure what his mouth looked like. The thought went through her with a little edge of fear—mouths were so different—if a man hadn't a clean-cut, decent mouth, a pleasantly smiling mouth, how could one—but she had kissed him good-by, and he had kissed her, even before that—it couldn't have happened if he hadn't been at least reasonably attractive. She found she could not remember what he looked like, and closed that door with something amounting to despair.

After the canteen, then, they had walked up the avenue together, she had been only just going off duty—and he had seemed to be absurdly attracted—they had tea at a nice little place on Forty-sixth Street, and he had told her that he was sailing in a little while. He had told her, too, that he knew no one in New York—that he was a Southerner, a Georgian—that he had no near relatives to be distressed by his going overseas—and that he himself had wanted to go for a long time—that he had been detained as instructor in various camps. He must have been at least interesting or she would not have stayed with him as she had done, sitting talking in that quiet little tea-room until all the other tea-drinkers had gone and lights were out along the avenue.

"Then the theater that night—and the next night—and the next—" groaned Rosamond crushed with reminiscent amazement. "How could I! And the hours we walked on Riverside—and eating dinner together every night—just because he was so dreadfully lonesome—and the taxis we rode in—down that avenue—full of flags!"

A faint echo of that mad glamourous week woke somewhere

Continued on page 98



ENTRANCE OF PALACE OF NIGHT IN THE AMERICAN FILM PRODUCTION OF "THE BLUEBIRD"

BLUEBIRD NOTES FROM MAETERLINCK

ADDRESSED TO AMERICAN WOMEN

THROUGH MONTROSE J. MOSES



SUPPER IN THE PEASANT'S COTTAGE



OUTSIDE THE PALACE OF THE FUTURE

I CAN see it as though I had been there—Maeterlinck's departure from home for America; his forsaking of the quiet joy of L'Abbaye, in Nice, where he had lived for so many years in Winter, for the turbulence of an untried ocean voyage. The high walls surrounding his property on four sides never looked more encircling than when they were about to let escape the happy victim of their confining. The troop of dogs that gathered round the touring-car never begged more temptingly for their master to stay at home where he belonged, rather than to tempt the wilds of a curious world outside. The old butler, whom rumor says has taken on some of the atmosphere of Maeterlinck, shook his head in silent disapproval: man should be tending gardens rather than courting crowds. And then the moment of departure came, the gate in the wall was opened wide—and the Bluebird of Happiness was gone.

From that moment the reordering of the life of Maurice Maeterlinck occurred. Accustomed to rise with the early freshness of the morning—to read in quiet and to think in quiet, undisturbed by curious eyes, he has written the essays which have brought joy and comfort to many and won for him the Nobel prize; he has written his plays, which have added a new strain to modern drama, and given to imaginative literature a supreme fantasy in "The Bluebird"; he has in the quiet of his own study won international reputation. Only a large necessity would have made him forsake the life to which he is used, upon which his peace of mind depends. That necessity came upon him during the war, when it was represented to him that such a man as he was essential for creating morale in the allied countries, and for counteracting false propaganda in neutral countries. I can not imagine Maeterlinck in the future setting himself the task of describing the external excitement of his travels through Italy and Spain during the war; but I have heard him describe them, and watched the dramatic alertness and delightful humor of the man as he told of the exciting days before Italy entered the war.



Photographs by courtesy Maurice Tourneur—Artcraft

IN THE LAND OF THE DEAD

The trip to America, therefore, is in a way a continuation of his propaganda obligation. He came here, first of all, to further the operatic performances of his play, "The Bluebird," the proceeds from which go for milk to the children of Belgium and America. But he also came with some of the official fervor of his King and of Cardinal Mercier, to thank the American people for their disinterested help.

It is said that Ralph Waldo Emerson, who, by the way, is one of Maeterlinck's favorite teachers, used to make the average American feel that he had a soul. But Emerson's teachings were forgotten during the period of our commercial advance, and it looked as though machinery had conquered us heart and soul, until this war. I heard Maeterlinck, in no uncertain terms, declare that never again would Europe believe America to be soulless; I heard him pay a tribute, in his beautiful French, to the American soldier. Thus, you see, the one real reason Maeterlinck came to this country is that he had a mission. Otherwise he would never have forsaken his happy routine life.

The memories of that life, nevertheless, were with him here in America. As I stood by him on the deck of *La France*, coming up the harbor from Quarantine, this massive, gray-haired man, with the ruddiness of health, and the humor of a boy, said to me, "Nice was very beautiful when I left there."

This remark was called forth by the coldness of the evening, and the report that New York had been in the grip of a snow-storm. For years, as regular as migrating birds, Maeterlinck has traveled back and forth from St. Wandrille, in Normandy, to Nice, to avoid the extremes of weather. But there is more than the weather that keeps his thoughts on home. Some one has told me of an incident that occurred at a luncheon given

Concluded on page 105



"DROP THAT GOWN!" STERNLY COMMANDED HER MOTHER. "DOWN—FROM THE SHOULDERS"

HER BIRTHRIGHT

BY ALICE DYAR RUSSELL

A BEAUTIFUL STORY BY THE AUTHOR OF "DON'T TELL DAD."—
JUST AS POIGNANT AND TRUE AND INSPIRING

AT THE first hint of dawn in the chamber—a slight graying of the shadows, a cool little wind through the windows—the trouble that sleep had lulled stirred again in Eunice Framingham. She tossed and groaned. A vague sense of illness, of things bitter and harassing, laid a weight upon her. Consciousness clearing, she gave grim welcome to that waiting shape of pain. She drew it in, she pressed it hard against her bosom, she fed and nurtured it.

But if the scene of yesterday which she now lived over with such weary, pricking thoughts were a crisis, it was but one of many. To live with Alta invited crises. Leaden, tormented dawns like this were familiar specters. Since the girl's babyhood, she told herself, she had known no peace.

Nor in that babyhood! It had coincided with the death of her husband, which removed at a stroke the chief prop of that social structure which was her house of life, and the one object upon whom she had ever lavished genuine, selfless, passionate affection. She had married Churchill Framingham because she loved him, and he had fed her pride. When he died she was expected to dry her grief in the care of an infant. And if Alta had been like Cleo—good, wholesome, cuddly; but she failed to be like Cleo; she failed to be like any nice baby! Struggles with diet, broken nights, incessant screaming—Mrs. Framingham in her bed made a movement of exasperation these eighteen years after. She had reaped no solace from the intricacies of baby-tending. Two good years had been wasted.

All at once Alta had burst into the lustiest, healthiest childhood imaginable; the wan and scrawny baby was transformed into a spirited young animal. And Cleo, the plump infant, the docile, well-regulated, older one, lagged passively behind her sister, a white flower of a child. A white flower still, her mother thought. What, then, was Alta?

Mrs. Framingham reviewed them—all the petty episodes—irritating doings of a ten-year-old, the wayward traits of thirteen—which another mother might have forgotten, or recalled only to smile. A hundred perversities had plagued mother and sister. Things of grave importance to them moved Alta to profane laughter. Whether it was hospitably introducing a swarm of vulgar little ruffians from the mill district into the elegancies of Cleo's fifteenth-birthday festivity, or parading the exclusive streets of Elkbridge dressed as a beggar child and relating to scandalized mamas a tale of poverty and abuse, or staying away from a masked ball on which she had set her heart in order to take care of a cross-grained cook who was sick, her ways were inscrutable to Eunice Framingham, her motives dark. Never peace, never requital. Always something to struggle against, to beat down in her and extinguish. It had worn her mother out; made an old woman of her.

An old woman of her. Mrs. Framingham repeated the phrase as if to an invisible judge. She was under no illusions as to her own capacity for maternal devotion, but her New England conscience affirmed that she had been a good and careful mother. She had given her youth, her peace of mind. Was it required that she should give more?

But she beheld Churchill's face—as she often did—with that wise, sweet look of his, and the glance that pierced. "Girls generally know what they want to do at eighteen," he had said. "I would like to make it easy for them to choose, and to have it come, too, as a surprise—surprises are pleasant when we're young—and a reminder of their old dad." He had been dying then, and he knew it—yet he smiled! "Give it to 'em with my love," he whispered. "Tell 'em I'd like them to be doctors or lawyers, or something big, of course, but if they don't want to, no one shall force them. Let them be *free*, Eunice."

At eighteen Cleo had been duly informed of her gift. Coming as it did, at a time when the usual machinery of the household was maintained only with the most rigid economy, it had seemed munificent to both girls. Cleo gloated and planned; talked of music, debated a library course, arts and crafts, a trip abroad; decided finally to hoard it for a time. Cleo had a thrifty bent.

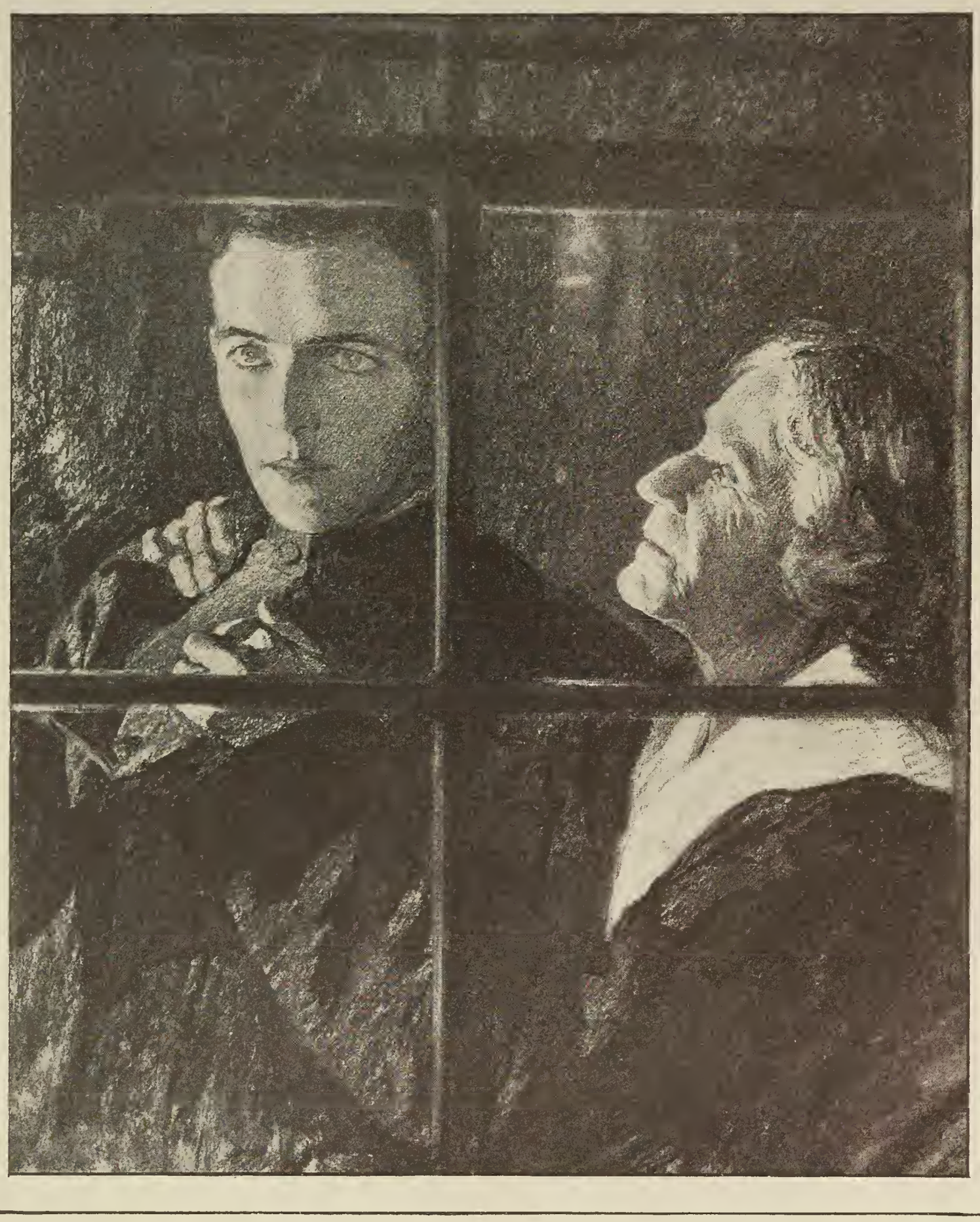
Now it would have been Alta's turn. And she was clamoring for New York and dramatic school—playing with the idea of fame, Mrs. Framingham thought distastefully, as she had played with many things. She informed her mother that her talent was for the stage. "Can do a vaudeville turn already—and wouldn't I make a swell chorus girl—look at that leg!"

In the face of such ideas, such aspirations, would Churchill still have urged that Alta be left *free*—free to smudge the Framingham name, free to follow the primrose path—sensuous, fickle, lawless Alta? Absurd, of course. Impossible. She had told Alta so yesterday; suggested a year in the Elkbridge normal school, where elocution was offered—if Alta desired dramatic training!—and maintained an impassive front before the girl's disgust and rebellion.

It had not seemed necessary to tell Alta—then—that there was no sum like Cleo's to be given her for New York or anything else. But she told Churchill now. *He* must understand! He had trusted her——

She had done it for him—so she pleaded in that soundless colloquy in the dawn—made her gifts, dispensed hospitality, rendered service to his city and to his people,

Continued on page 106



IT WAS LATE WHEN ALBERT BADE HIS GRANDPARENTS GOOD NIGHT

THE PORTYGEE

BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Author of "Shavings," "Cap'n Eri," etc.

THE PEOPLE

CAPTAIN ZELOTES SNOW: Of South Harniss, Mass., ex-sea-captain, dealer in hardware and lumber. He is the hard-headed, shrewd, humorous Yankee type, and carefully conceals from the common view the great disappointment of his life—the runaway marriage of his daughter, Jane, with an opera-singer named Speranza. That the man was famous meant nothing to him. He was a "Portygee." Captain Snow never saw his daughter again, and she died within a few years. When Speranza died, there was nothing for his seventeen-year-old son, Alberto, to do but to go to his grandfather Snow.

MRS. OLIVE SNOW: Captain 'Lote's wife, a perfect grandmother.

LABAN KEELER: Bookkeeper for Captain 'Lote, a delightful person except for his periodic sprees.

RACHEL ELLIS: Housekeeper for the Snows. She is in love with Laban, but will not marry him while he drinks. They have been betrothed for eighteen years.

ISSACHAR PRICE: Helper at the lumber-yard.

MADELINE FOSDICK: Daughter of a wealthy "Summer resident."

HELEN KENDALL: The minister's daughter, sweet, charming; and oh, so clear-headed.

ALBERTO MIGUEL CARLOS SPERANZA, THE "PORTYGEE": Captain 'Lote's grandson, finds it hard, after the life of a fashionable boarding-school and New York, to settle down with a family of "rubes" and go to work in the hardware shop. He and his grandfather do not understand each other at all.

THE STORY SO FAR

Albert tries his best to reconcile the Latin temperament with a New England environment. The only mitigations of his hard lot are the sympathy of Helen Kendall in his literary ambitions, the occasional sale of a poem, and delight in the humors of Issy Price and Laban. He finally decides that he can not stand any longer his grandfather's criticism of his somewhat sketchy bookkeeping, and admits to Rachel Ellis that he is planning to run away. She persuades him to change his mind, and he and his grandfather make a bargain—no poetry in office hours and a decision as to his career to be made at the end of three years. In the meantime Albert's friendship with Helen Kendall lapses a bit when she goes to Boston; and Albert wins the heart of Madeline Fosdick, daughter of a wealthy New York man. When the Fosdicks find out about the Summer romance, there is a great disturbance, settled finally by Captain 'Lote's common-sense suggestion that they be allowed to write each other, Mrs. Fosdick to see all letters. Before the romance comes to any conclusion, the Lusitania *is sunk, and Albert decides to volunteer. While he is in France a book of collected poems by Albert has a great vogue. The Snows and Fosdicks both have every reason to be proud of Albert, when the news of his death in battle comes. Only Rachel refuses to believe that the news is true. After months of grief the news comes that Albert is alive.*

"EH? I bet you! Shall I take it to the cap'n? Eh? What do you think?"

"Wait. Wait. I—I— My soul! My soul! Why— It's— it's true. And Rachel always said. Why, she was right——"

From without came the sound of running feet and a series of yells.

"Labe! Labe!" shrieked Issy. "Oh, my crimus! Labe!"

He burst into the office, his eyes and mouth wide open and his hands waving wildly.

"Labe! Labe!" he shouted again. "Have you heard it? Have you? It's true—too. He's alive! He's alive!"

Laban sprang from his stool. "Shut up, Iss," he commanded. "Shut up! Hold on. Don't——"

"But he's alive, I tell you! He ain't dead! He ain't never been dead! Oh, my crimus! Hey, Cap'n 'Lote! *He's alive!*"

Captain Zelotes was standing in the doorway of the private office. The noise had aroused him from his letter-writing.

"Who's alive? What's the matter with you this time, Iss?" he demanded.

"Shut up, Issy," ordered Laban, seizing the frantic Mr. Price by the collar. "Be still! Wait a minute."

"Be still? What do I want to be still for? I cal'late Cap'n 'Lote'll holler some, too, when he hears. He's alive, Cap'n 'Lote, I tell ye. Let go of me, Labe Keeler! He's alive!"

"Who's alive? What is it? Labe, *you* answer me. Who's alive?"

Issachar could hold in no longer.

"It's Al Speranza, that's who 'tis," he shouted. "He ain't killed, Cap'n 'Lote. He's alive and he's been alive all the time."

Keley stepped forward.

"Looks as if 'twas so, Cap'n Snow," he said. "Here's the telegram from the Red Cross."

There was nothing miraculous about it. That is to say, it was no more of a miracle than hundreds of similar cases in the world war. The papers of those years were constantly printing stories of men over whose supposed graves funeral sermons had been preached, to whose heirs insurance payments had been made, in whose memory grateful communities had made speeches and delivered eulogiums—the papers were telling of instance after instance of those men being discovered alive and in the flesh, as casuals in some French hospital or as inmates of German prison-camps.

Rachel Ellis had asked what was to hinder Albert's having been taken prisoner by the Germans and carried off by them. As a matter of fact, nothing had hindered and that was exactly what had happened. Sergeant Speranza, wounded by machine-gun fire and again by the explosion of the grenade, was found in the ruins of the cottage when the detachment of the enemy captured it. He was conscious and able to speak, so instead of being bayoneted was carried to the rear where he might be questioned concerning the American forces. The questioning was most unsatisfactory to the Prussian officers who conducted it. Albert fainted, recovered consciousness and fainted again. So at last the Yankee swine was left to die or get well and his Prussian interrogators went about other business, the business of escaping capture themselves. But when they retreated, the few prisoners, mostly wounded men, were taken with them.

Albert's recollections of the next few days were hazy and very doubtful. Pain, pain and more pain. Hours and hours—they seemed like years—of jolting over rough roads; pawing over by a fat, bearded surgeon, who may not have been intentionally brutal, but quite as likely may; a great desire to die, punctuated by occasional feeble spurts of wishing to live; then more surgical manhandling, more jolting—in freight-cars this time—a slow, miserable recovery, nurses who hated their patient and treated him as if they did; then a prison-camp, a German prison-camp; then horrors and starvation and brutality lasting many months, then fever.

He was wandering in that misty land between this world and the next when, the armistice having been signed, an American Red Cross representative found him. In the interval between fits of delirium he told this man his name and regiment and, later, the name of his grandparents. When it seemed sure that he was to recover, the Red Cross representative cabled the facts to this country. And, still later, those facts, or the all-important fact that Sergeant Albert M. C. Speranza was not dead, but alive, was telegraphed to Captain Zelotes Snow of South Harniss. And, two months after that, Captain Zelotes himself, standing on the wharf in Boston and peering up at a crowded deck above him, saw the face of his grandson, that face which he had never expected to see again, looking eagerly down upon him.

A few more weeks and it was over. The brief interval of camp life and the mustering-out were things of the past. Captain 'Lote and Albert, seated in the train, were on their way down the Cape, bound home. Home! The word had a significance now which it never had before. Home!

Albert drew a long breath. "By George!" he exclaimed. "By George, grandfather, this looks good to me!"

It might not have looked as good to another person. It was raining, the long stretches of salt marsh were windswept and brown and bleak. In the distance Cape Cod Bay showed gray and white against a leaden sky. The drops ran down the dingy car-windows.

Captain Zelotes understood, however. He nodded.

"It used to look good to me when I was bound home after a v'yage," he observed. "Well, son, I cal'late your grandma and Rachel are up to the depot by this time waitin' for you. We ain't due for pretty nigh an hour yet, but I'd be willin' to bet they're there."

Albert smiled. "My, I do want to see them," he said.

"Shouldn't wonder a mite if they wanted to see you, boy. Well, I'm kind of glad I shooed that reception committee out of the way. I presumed likely you'd rather have your first day home to yourself—and us."

"I should say so! Newspaper reporters are a lot of mighty good fellows, but I hope I never see another one. That's rather ungrateful, I know," he added, with a smile, "but I mean it—just now."

He had some excuse for meaning it. The death of Albert Speranza, poet and warrior, had made a newspaper sensation. His resurrection and return furnished material for another. Captain Zelotes was not the only person to meet the transport at the pier; a delegation of reporters were there also. Photographs of Sergeant Speranza

appeared once more in print. This time, however, they were snap-shots showing him in his uniform, likenesses of a still handsome but less boyish young man, thinner, a scar upon his right cheek, and the look in his eyes more serious and infinitely older, the look of one who had borne much and seen more. The reporters found it difficult to get a story from the returned hero. He seemed to shun the limelight and to be almost unduly modest and retiring, which was of itself, had they but known it, a transformation sufficiently marvelous to have warranted a special "Sunday special."

"Will not talk about himself," so one writer headed his article. Gertie Kendrick, with a brand-new ring upon her engagement finger, sniffed as she read that head-line to Sam Thacher, who had purchased the ring. "Al Speranza won't talk about himself!" exclaimed Gertie. "Well, it's the first time, then. No wonder they put it in the paper."

But Albert would not talk, claiming that he had done nothing worth talking about, except to get himself taken prisoner in almost his first engagement. "Go and ask some of the other fellows aboard here," he urged. "They have been all through it." As he would not talk, the newspaper men were obliged to talk for him, which they did by describing his appearance and his manner and by rehashing the story of the fight in the French village; also, of course, they republished some of his verses. "The Lances of Dawn" appeared in a special edition in honor of its author's reappearance on this earth.

"Yes, sir," continued Captain Zelotes, "the reception committee was consider'ble disappointed. They'd have met you with the Orham band if they'd had their way. I told 'em you'd heard all the band music you wanted in camp, I guessed likely, and you'd rather come home quiet. There was goin' to be some speeches, too, but I had them put off."

"Thanks, grandfather."

"Um-h'm. I had a notion you wouldn't hanker for speeches. If you do, Issy'll make one for you 'most any time. Ever since you got into the papers Issy's been swellin' up like a hot popover with pride because you and he was what he calls chummies. All last Summer Issachar spent his evenin's hangin' around the hotel waitin' for the next boarder to mention your name. Sure as one did Iss was ready for him. 'Know him?' he'd sing out. 'Did I know Al Speranza? *Me?* Well, now say!—' And so on, long as the feller would listen. I asked him once if he ever told any of 'em how you ducked him with the bucket of water. He didn't think I knew about that and it kind of surprised him, I judged."

Albert smiled. "Laban told you about it, I suppose," he said. "What a kid trick that was, wasn't it?"

The captain turned his head and regarded him for an instant. The old twinkle was in his eye when he spoke.

"Wouldn't do a thing like that now, Al, I presume likely?" he said. "Feel a good deal older now, eh?"

Albert's answer was seriously given.

"Sometimes I feel at least a hundred and fifty," he replied.

"Humph! Well, I wouldn't feel like that. If you're a hundred and fifty, I must be a little older than Methuselah was in his last years. I'm *feelin'* younger today, younger than I have for quite a spell. Yes, for quite a spell."

His grandson put a hand on his knee. "Good for you, grandfather!" he said. "Now tell me more about Labe. Do you know I think the old chap's sticking by his pledge is the bulliest thing I've heard since I've been home."

So they talked of Laban and of Rachel and of South Harniss happenings until the train drew up at the platform of that station. And upon that platform stepped Albert to feel his grandmother's arms about him and her voice, tremulous with happiness, at his ear. And behind her loomed Mrs. Ellis, her ample face a combination of smiles and tears, "all sunshine and fair weather down below, but rainin' steady up aloft," as Captain 'Lote described it afterward. And behind her, like a foothill in the shadow of a mountain, was Laban. And behind Laban—no, that is a mistake—in front of Laban and beside Laban and in front of and beside every one else when opportunity presented was Issachar. And Issachar's expression and bearing were wonderful to see. A stranger, and there were several strangers amid the group at the station, might have gained the impression that Mr. Price, with of course a very little help from the Almighty, was responsible for everything.

"Why, Issy!" exclaimed Albert, when they shook hands. "You're here, too, eh?"

Mr. Price's already protuberant chest swelled still further. His reply had the calmness of finality.

"Yes sir," said Issy, "I'm here. 'Who's goin' to look out for Z. Snow & Co. if all hands walks out and leaves 'em?' Labe says. 'I don't know,' says I, 'and I don't care. I'm goin' to that depot to meet Al Speranzy and if Z. Snow & Co. goes to pot while I'm gone I can't help it. I have sacrificed,' I says, 'and I stand ready to sacrifice pretty nigh everything for my business, but there's limits and this is one of 'em. I'm goin' across to that depot to meet him,' says I, 'and don't you try to stop me, Labe Keeler.' "

"Great stuff, Iss!" said Albert with a laugh. "What did Labe say to that?"

"What was there for him to say? He could see I meant it. Course he hove out some of his cheap talk, but it didn't amount to nothin'. Asked if I wasn't goin' to put up a sign sayin' when I'd be back, so's to ease the customers' minds. 'I don't know when I'll be back,' I says. 'All right,' says he; 'put that on the sign. That'll ease 'em still more.' Just cheap talk 'twas. He thinks he's funny; but I don't pay no attention to him."

Others came to shake hands and voice a welcome. The formal reception, that with the band, had been called off at Captain Zelotes's request, but the informal one was, in spite of the rain, which was now much less heavy, quite a sizable gathering.

The Reverend Mr. Kendall held his hand for a long time and talked much. It seemed to Albert that he had aged greatly since they last met. He wandered a bit in his remarks and repeated himself several times.

"The poor old gentleman's failin' a good deal, Albert," said Mrs. Snow, as they drove home together, he and his grandparents, three on the seat of the buggy behind Jessamine. "His sermons are pretty tiresome nowadays, but we put up with 'em because he's been with us so long. Ain't you squeezed 'most to death, Albert? You two big men and me all mashed together on this narrow seat. It's lucky I'm small. Zelotes ought to get a two-seated carriage, but he won't."

"Next thing I get, mother," observed the captain, "will be an automobile. I'll stick to the old mare here as long as she's able to navigate, but when she has to be hauled out of commission I'm goin' to buy a car. I believe I'm pretty nigh the last man in this county to drive a horse, as 'tis. Makes me feel like what Sol Dadgett calls a cracked teapot—a 'genuine antique.' One of these city women will be collectin' me some of these days. Better look out, mother."

Olive sighed happily. "It does me good to hear you joke again, Zelotes," she said. "He didn't joke much while—when we thought you—you——"

Albert interrupted in time to prevent the threatened shower.

"So Mr. Kendall is not well," he said. "I'm very sorry to hear it."

"Of course you would be. You and he used to be so friendly when Helen was home. Oh, speakin' of Helen, she *is* comin' home in a fortni't or three weeks, so I hear. She's goin' to give up her teachin' and come back to be company for her father. I suppose she realizes he needs her, but it must be a big sacrifice for her, givin' up the good position she's got now. She's such a smart girl and such a nice one. Why, she came to see us after the news came—the bad news—and she was so— Ow! Why, Zelotes, you stepped right on my toe. What's your foot doin' 'way over here?"

Her husband did not answer. Instead he said: "Well, there's home, Al. Rachel's there ahead of us and dinner's on the way, judgin' by the smoke from the kitchen chimney. How does the old place look to you, boy?"

Albert merely shook his head and drew a long breath, but his grandparents seemed to be quite satisfied.

There were letters and telegrams awaiting him on the table in the sitting-room. Two of the letters were postmarked from a town on the Florida coast. The telegram also was from that same town.

"*I* had one of those things," observed Captain Zelotes, alluding to the telegram. "Fosdick sent me one of those long ones; night letters I believe they call 'em. He wants me to tell you that Mrs. Fosdick is better and that they cal'late to be in New York before very long and shall expect you there. Of course you knew that, Al, but I presume likely the main idea of the telegram was to help say, 'Welcome home' to you, that's all."

Albert nodded. Madeline and her mother had been in Florida all Winter. Mrs. Fosdick's health was not good. She declared that her nerves had given way under her frightful responsibilities during the war. There was, although it seems almost sacrilege to make such a statement, a certain similarity between Mrs. Fletcher Fosdick and Issachar Price as far as war work was concerned.

The telegram was, as his grandfather surmised, an expression of welcome and of regret that the senders could not be there to share in the reception. The two letters which accompanied it he put in his pocket to read later on when alone. Somehow he felt that the first hours in the old house belonged exclusively to his grandparents. Everything else, even Madeline's letters, must take second place for that period.

Dinner was, to say the least, an ample meal. Rachel and Olive had, as Captain 'Lote said, "laid themselves out" on that dinner. It began well and continued well and ended best of all, for the dessert was one of which Albert was especially fond. They kept pressing him to eat until Laban, who was an invited guest, was moved to comment.

"Humph!" observed Mr. Keeler. "I know 'twas the reg'lar program to kill the fatted calf when the prodigal got home, but I see now it's the proper caper to fat up the prodigal to take the critter's place. No, no, Rachel. I'd like fust-rate to eat another bushel or so to please you, but somethin'—that still, small voice we're always readin' about, or something—seems to tell me 'twouldn't be good jedgment. Um-h'm. 'Twouldn't be good jedgment. Cal'late it's right, too. Yes, yes, yes. Now, Cap'n 'Lote," he added, as they rose from the table, "you stay right to home here for the rest of the day. I'll hustle back to the office and see if Issy's importance has bust his b'iler for him. So long, Al. See you pretty soon. Got some things to talk about, you and I have. Yes, yes."

Later, when Rachel was in the kitchen with the dishes, Olive left the sitting-room and reappeared with triumph written large upon her face. In one hand she held a mysterious envelope and in the other a book. Albert recognized that book. It was his own—"The Lances of Dawn." It was no novelty to him. When first the outside world and he had reopened communication, copies of that book had been sent him. His publisher had sent them, Madeline had sent them, his grandparents had sent them, comrades had sent them, nurses and doctors and newspaper men had brought them. No, "The Lances of Dawn" was not a novelty to its author. But he wondered what was in the envelope.

Mrs. Snow enlightened him. "You sit right down now, Albert," she said. "Sit right down and listen, because I've got somethin' to tell you. Yes, and somethin' to show you, too. Here! Stop now, Zelotes! You can't run away. You've got to sit down and look on and listen, too, to what I've got here."



"I THINK WHAT YOU SAID TO MRS. BACON AND MARIAN WAS VERY RUDE"

Captain Zelotes smiled resignedly. There was, or so it seemed to his grandson, an odd expression on his face. He looked pleased, but not altogether pleased. However, he obeyed his wife's orders and sat.

"Stop, look and listen," he observed. "Mother, you sound like a railroad crossin'. All right, here I am. Al, the society of 'What Did I Tell You' is goin' to have a meetin'."

His wife nodded. "Well," she said triumphantly, "what *did* I tell you? Wasn't I right?"

The captain pulled his beard and nodded.

"Right as right could be, mother," he admitted. "Your figgers was a few hundred thousand out of the way, maybe, but barrin' that you was perfectly right."

"Well, I'm glad to hear you say so for once in your life. Albert," holding up the envelope. "Do you know what this is?"

Albert, much puzzled, admitted that he did not. His grandmother put down the book, opened the envelope and took from it a slip of paper.

"And can you guess what *this* is?" she asked. Albert could not guess.

"It's a check, that's what it is. It's the first six months' royalties, that's what they call 'em, on that beautiful book of yours. And how much do you suppose 'tis?"

Albert shook his head. "Twenty-five dollars?" he suggested jokingly.

"Twenty-five dollars! It's over twenty-five *hundred* dollars. It's twenty-eight hundred and forty-three dollars and sixty-five cents, that's what it is. Think of it! Almost three thousand dollars! And Zelotes prophesied that 'twouldn't be more than——"

Her husband held up his hand. "Sshh! Sshh, mother," he said. "Don't get started on what I prophesied or we won't be through till doomsday. I'll give in right off that I'm the worst prophet since the feller that h'isted the 'Fair and Dry' signal the day afore Noah's flood begun. You see," he explained, turning to Albert, "your grandma figgered out that you'd probably clear about half a million on that book of poetry, Al. I cal'lated 'twa'n't likely to be much more'n a couple of hundred thousand, so——"

"Why, Zelotes Snow! You said——"

"Yes, yes. So I did, mother, so I did. You was right and I was wrong. Twenty-eight hundred ain't exactly a million, Al, but it's a darn sight more than I ever cal'lated you'd make from that book. Or 'most anybody else ever made from any book, fur's that goes," he added, with a shake of the head. "I declare, I—I don't understand it yet. And a poetry book, too. Who in time *buys* 'em all? Eh?"

Albert was looking at the check and the royalty statement.

"So this is why I couldn't get any satisfaction from the publisher," he observed. "I wrote him two or three times about my royalties and he put me off each time. I began to think there weren't any."

Captain Zelotes smiled. "That's your grandma's doin's," he observed. "The check came to us a good while ago, when we thought you was—was—well, when we thought——"

"Yes. Surely, I understand," put in Albert, to help him out.

"Yes. That's when 'twas. And mother, she was so proud of it, because you'd earned it, Al, that she kept it and kept it, showin' it to all hands and—and so on. And then when we found out you wasn't—that you'd be home some time or other—why, then she wouldn't let me put it in the bank for you because she wanted to give it to you herself. That's what she said was the reason. I presume likely the real one was that she wanted to flap it in my face every time she crowed over my bad prophesyin', which was about three times a day and four on Sundays."

"Zelotes Snow, the idea!"

"All right, mother, all right. Anyhow, she got me to write your publisher man and ask him not to give you any satisfaction about those royalties, so's she could be the fust one to paralyze you with 'em. And," with a frank outburst, "if you ain't paralyzed, Al, I own up that I am. Three thousand poetry profits beats me. *I* don't understand it."

His wife sniffed. "Of course you don't," she declared. "But Albert does. And so do I, only I think it ought to have been ever and ever so much more. Don't you, yourself, Albert?"

The author of "The Lances of Dawn" was still looking at the statement of its earnings.

"Approximately eighteen thousand sold at fifteen cents royalty," he observed. "Humph! Well, I'll be hanged!"

"But you said it would be twenty-five cents, not fifteen," protested Olive. "In your letter when the book was first talked about you said so."

Albert smiled. "Did I?" he observed. "Well, I said a good many things in those days, I'm afraid. Fifteen cents for a first book, especially a book of verse, is fair enough, I guess. But eighteen thousand *sold!* That is what gets me."

"You mean you think it ought to be a lot more? So do I, Albert, and so does Rachel. Why, we like it a lot better than we do 'David Harum.' That was a nice book, but it wasn't lovely poetry like yours. And 'David Harum' sold a million. Why shouldn't yours sell as many? Only eighteen thousand— Why are you lookin' at me so funny?"

Her grandson rose to his feet. "Let's let well enough alone, grandmother," he said. "Eighteen thousand will do, thank you. I'm like grandfather; I'm wondering who on earth bought them."

Mrs. Snow was surprised and a little troubled.

"Why, Albert," she said, "you act kind of—kind of queer, seems to me. You talk as if your poetry wasn't beautiful. You know it is. You used to say it was yourself. You know you did."

He interrupted her. "Did I, grandmother?" he said. "All right, then. Probably I did. Let's walk about the old place a little. I want to see it all. By George, I've been dreaming about it long enough!"

There were callers that afternoon, friends among the townsfolk, and more still after supper. It was late—late for South Harniss, that is—when Albert, standing in the bedroom neither he nor they had ever expected he would occupy again, bade his grandparents good night. Olive kissed him again and again and, speech failing her, hastened away down the hall. Captain Zelotes shook his hand, opened his mouth to speak, shut it again, repeated both operations and at last with a brief, "Well, good night, Al," hurried after his wife. Albert closed the door, put his lamp upon the bureau, and sat down in the big rocker. He wanted to think.

In a way the night was similar to that upon which he had first entered that room. It had ceased raining, but the wind, as on that first night, was howling and whining about the eaves; the shutters rattled and the old house creaked and groaned rheumatically. It was not as cold as on that occasion, though by no means warm. He remembered how bare and comfortless he had thought the room. Now it looked almost luxurious. And he had been homesick, or fancied himself in that condition. Compared to the homesickness he had known during the past eighteen months that youthful seizure seemed contemptible and quite without excuse. He looked about the room again, looked long and lovingly. Then, with a sigh of content, he drew from his pocket the two letters which had lain upon the sitting-room table when he arrived, opened them and began to read.

Madeline wrote, as always, vivaciously and at length. The maternal censorship having been removed, she wrote exactly as she felt. She could scarcely believe he was really going to be at home when he received this, at home in dear, quaint, queer old South Harniss. Just think, she had not seen the place for ever and ever so long, not for over two years. How were all the funny, odd people who lived there all the time? Did he remember how he and she used to go to church every Sunday and sit through those dreadful, *dreadful* sermons by that prosy old minister just as an excuse for meeting each other afterward? She was *so* sorry she could not have been there to welcome her hero when he stepped from the train. If it hadn't been for mother's poor nerves, she surely would have been. He knew it, didn't he? Of course he did. But she should see him soon "because mother is planning already to come back to New York in a few weeks and then you are to run over immediately and make us a *long* visit. And I shall be so *proud* of you. There are lots of army fellows down here now, officers for the most part. So we dance and are very gay—that is, the other girls are. I, being an engaged young lady, am very circumspect and demure, of course. Mother carries 'The Lances' about with her wherever she goes and reads aloud from it often. Captain Blanchard—he is one of the family's officer friends—is crazy about your poetry, dear. He thinks it *wonderful.* You know what *I* think of it, don't you, and when I think that *I* actually helped you, or played at helping you, write some of it!

"And I am *wild* to see your war cross. Some of the officers here have them—the crosses, I mean—but not many. Captain Blanchard has the military medal, and he is almost as modest about it as you are about your decoration. I don't see how you *can* be so modest. If I had a *Croix de Guerre* I should want *every one* to know about it. At the *thé dansant* the other afternoon there was a British major who——"

And so on. The second letter was really a continuation of the first. Albert read them both and, after the reading was finished, sat for some time in the rocking-chair, quite regardless of the time and the cold, thinking. He took from his pocketbook a photograph, one which Madeline had sent him months before, which had reached him while he lay in the French hospital after his removal from the German camp. He looked at the pretty face in the photograph. She looked just as he remembered her, almost exactly as she had looked more than two years before, smiling, charming, care-free. She had not, apparently, grown older; those age-long months had not changed her. He rose and regarded his own reflection in the mirror of the bureau. He was surprised, as he was constantly being surprised, to see that he, too, had not changed greatly in personal appearance.

He walked about the room. Going to the window, he peered out into the darkness. What he actually saw was little except vague shapes of tossing trees and the black bulks of the barn and outbuildings, but he was not conscious that he saw even those. What he did see out there in the dark were faces, feminine faces, forms of young American or British nurses bending over shattered, bandaged forms, faces of young Frenchwomen framed in black, faces of Belgian girls. Perhaps those faces, too, looked much as they used to look before the war. Many of them were still pretty, charming, attractive. But the change—the change was within. They had seen—they had known.

His grandmother had told him that his room was just as he had left it. "I wouldn't change it, Albert," she said, "even when we thought you—you wasn't comin' back. I couldn't touch it, somehow. I kept thinkin'; 'Some day I will. Pretty soon I *must.*' But I never did, and now I'm so glad."

He wandered back to the bureau and pulled open the upper drawers. In these drawers were so many things, things which he had kept there, either deliberately or because he was too indolent to destroy them. Old dance-cards, invitations, and a bundle of photographs, snap-shots. He removed the rubber band from the bundle and stood looking them over—photographs of schoolfellows, of picnic groups, of girls, Sam Thacher, Gertie Kendrick and Helen Kendall. There were at least a dozen of Helen.

One in particular was very good. From that photograph the face of Helen, as he had known it four years before, looked straight up into his, clear-eyed, honest, a hint of humor and understanding and common sense in the gaze and at the corners of the lips. He looked at the photograph and the photograph looked up at him. He had not seen her for so long a time. He wondered if the war had changed her as it had changed him. Somehow he hoped it had not. Change did not seem necessary in her case.

There had been no correspondence between them since her letter written when she heard of his enlistment. He had not replied to that because he knew Madeline would not wish him to do so. He wondered if she ever thought of him now, if she remembered their adventure at High Point Light. He had thought of her often enough. In those days and nights of horror in the prison-camp and hospital he had found a little relief, a little solace in lying with closed eyes and summoning back from memory the things of home and the faces of home. And her face had been one of these. Her face and those of his grandparents and Rachel and Laban, and visions of the old house and the rooms—they were the substantial things to cling to and he had clung to them. They *were* home. Madeline—ah, yes, he had longed for her and dreamed of her, God knew, but Madeline, of course, was different.

He snapped the rubber band once more about the bundle

Continued on page 111



HIS HEALING WINDS

Those symbols of the glowing Easter-tide,
Pale lilies, tall and frail with glowing hearts,
And music in the churches swelling high
With triumph, all the altars gay with blooms,
Bright eyes and smiling lips and violets
On round young breasts, all these are beautiful . . .

Yet not mid churchly pomp and pageantry
Shall I discover that bright thread of gold
Which links man's weary soul to shining hope,
But rather in the April woods, still bare,
With delicate slim buds and branches etched
Against a whimsical alluring sky . . .
No hothouse perfumes here, few colors gay,
Just dreaming silences, shy fleeting breaths
Of sudden lurking fragrances; here and there
A purple violet or yellow bloom
Like sunlight flowering, while lightly blows
The aromatic, idle April wind,
A little sharp and chill and vaguely sad,
Yet always fresh and real as lad's first love!

And then a song!—some wild up-soaring bird
Pours forth his version of an Easter hymn . . .

Ah, take your city Easter, colorful
With glad gay music to the risen God,
But give to me his changing skies, now blue
And now obscured by silver fog and mist
Or gust of sudden rain that beats and drives
And then is gone . . . Those madcap April moods
Reflect our life, they dream and laugh and weep . . .

So send me April airs against my cheek,
And April's wildness, April's flying kiss,
Her chills and flushes, her despairs and hopes,
Her hints of loss, of mortal tragedy,
And glinting gold of sun-bright memory;
She hurts, she caresses, lifts you in one breath
Through all the maze of living, birth to death!

So show me God in April woods and skies,
His healing winds to kiss my burning eyes.

—*Elizabeth Newport Hepburn*



HE LAY FOR AN HOUR WHILE A SQUAD OF LOOKERS BUILT A FIRE AND BREWED TEA

HILLS OF HAN

BY SAMUEL MERWIN

Author of "The Passionate Pilgrim," "Temperamental Henry," etc.

THE PEOPLE

BETTY DOANE: Nineteen, charming, a thoroughly niee and very pretty girl. She has returned to China from Ameriea to live with her father, who is a missionary in T'ainan-fu.

GRIGGSBY DOANE: Betty's father, a man strong in every way. His religious convictions are ehanging into doubts just as strong. He feels hc is in the wrong work and he no longer is sure of his own beliefs.

JONATHAN BRACHEY: A curiously rude but sensitive young journalist who was on the linor whcn Betty erosscd the Pacific. He fights it—but he falls deeply in love with her and she with him. He is married, most unhappily. He tells Bctty the facts, and that he does not mean to see her again. Thcy part miserably at Shanghai.

MR. AND MRS. BOATWRIGHT: Missionaries at T"ainan-fu.

THE STORY

Life in the missionary compound up in the Hills of Han is dull enough for the little American girl, in spite of the tenderness and sympathy of her father. Doane hears of trouble at another mission station and starts off afoot to see what he can do. He finds thc mission destroyed and thc battered body of a white engincer. In the Chinese inn where he spends the night, is a woman from the seaport who had eome up with the murdered engineer. Griggsby Doane's doubts and troubles come to a culmination in his yielding to her cheap charms. In the morning he sends a letter to the hcads of his church at Shanghai, telling them the whole affair and asking to be relieved from his post.

While Doane is away, Brachey turns up, in spite of all his promises to himself, in T"ainan-fu. Boatwright has to help him out of passport difficulties. Betty and Brachey have a short and poignant meeting.

Mrs. Boatwright takes it upon herself to safeguard Betty's reputation and goes about it in the worst possible way—by attacking Betty's own motives and truthfulness.

Doane, returning to the mission after Brachey's departure, finds a telegram summoning him to a mission college whieh is in sore danger from the "Lookers" or rioters. He immediately sets off afoot again toward Hung Chang.

The Boatwrights have told him about Brachey's appearance. Doane goes to Brachey at the inn, and makes him promise not to see Betty again. The next morning, as Braehey starts out with his caravan, a letter from Mr. Po, a young Chinese who had visited Brachey when he was imprisoned, brings Brachey word that the Lookers are growing more and more troublesome and that they have killed Doane. Brachey goes to the mission and offers his eseort for escape. None of the missionaries will leave, but Betty starts off alone with Brachey for the compound of M. Pourmont, of the French Ho Shan Company, a journcy of several days.

Thcy find M. Pourmont preparing his compound for a siege, and Brachey is of the greatest help in the fighting that follows. In a few days the T'ainan-fu missionaries arrive, with their eonverts. Mrs. Boatwright will have nothing to do with Betty. Then Doane erawls up past the besiegers, after having been left for dead by the Lookcrs. When he hears of Betty's trip down with Brachey, he demands to see him, and in an almost insane frenzy, strikes him down with his stick.

WHEN Griggsby Doane moved, pain shot through his lame muscles. A vaguely heavy anxiety clouded his brain, engaged as it still was with the specters of confusedly ugly dreams.

The speckled area overhead was gradually coming clear; it appeared to be a plastered ceiling, very small; a little cell of a place—Oh, yes; Arthur Boatwright's room!

Faintly through the open window at the foot of the bed came the sound of a distant shot; another; a rattle of them. And other, nearer shots. Then a slow whistling shriek and a crash. Then the rattle of a machine gun, quite near. Then a lull.

He sensed a presence; felt rather than heard low breathing; with an effort that was as much of the will as of the body turned his head.

Betty was sitting there, close by the bed, gently smiling. Almost painfully his slow eyes took her in. She bent over and kissed him, then her little hand nestled in his big one. They talked a little. He in a natural enough manner, if very grave, spoke of his joy in finding her safe. But as he spoke, his mind, not yet wholly awake, took on a morbid activity. Did she know what he had done in the night? Had they told her? Anxiously, as she answered him, he searched her delicately pretty face. How young she was! Dwelling amid tragedy, in a degree sobered by it, the buoyancy of youth glowed in her brown eyes, in the texture of her skin, in the waving masses of fine hair, in the soft vividness of her voice; the touch of tragedy would, after all, rest lightly on her slim shoulders. To her the world was young; of the bitter *impasse* of middle age she knew no hint. Men loved her, of course. Men had died for less than she. He pondered, swiftly, gloomily, the problem her very existence presented. And he looked on her and spoke with a finer tenderness than any he had before felt toward any living creature, even toward the wife who had left her soul on earth in the breast of this girl.

He decided that they hadn't told her. After all, they wouldn't. They were, when all was said, adult folk. He couldn't himself tell her. But this predicament was pitiful. He knew now, from the honest love in her eyes, that not the least black of his sins had been the doubting of her. Never again could he do that. But this realization brought him to the verge of an attitude toward Jonathan Brachey that it was impossible for him to entertain; the mere thought of that man roused emotions that he could not control. But emotions, all sorts, must be controlled, of course; on no other understanding can life be lived. If direct effort of will is insufficient, then counter activity must be set up.

Betty protested when he told her he meant to get up at once. But it was afternoon. He assured her that his wound was not serious; Doctor Cassin had admitted that; and he had slept deeply. His muscles were lame, but that was an added reason for exercise.

They had brought in some of the clothing of the large Australian. As he pieced out a costume, he shaped a policy. He couldn't, at once, fit into the life of the compound. He couldn't face Brachey. Not yet. The only hope of getting through these days of his passion lay in keeping himself desperately active. He weighed a number of plans, finally discarding all but one. Then he rang for a servant; and sent, while he ate a solitary breakfast, a *chit* to M. Pourmont.

THE engineer received him at three. Neither spoke of the incident that had brought them together in the night. To Doane, indeed, it was now, in broad daylight and during most of the time, but a nightmare, unreal and impossible. During the moments when it did come real, he could only set his strong face and wait out the turbulence and bewilderment it stirred in him.

M. Pourmont found him very nearly himself; which was good. He seemed, despite the bandaged shoulder

"Hills of Han," copyright, 1920, by Samuel Merwin



DID SHE KNOW WHAT HE HAD DONE IN THE NIGHT? HAD THEY TOLD HER?

and the thinner face, the Griggsby Doane of old. But his proposal—he was grimly bent on it—was nothing less than to make the effort, that night, to get through to the telegraph station at Shau T'ing.

M. Pourmont took the position that the thing couldn't be done. After losing two natives in the attempt, he had decided to conserve his meager man-power and fall back on the certain fact that the legations knew of the siege and were doubtless moving toward action of some sort. Besides, he added, Doane with his courage and his extensive knowledge of the local situation was the man above all others he could least well spare.

Doane, however, pressed his point. "Getting through the lines will be difficult, but not impossible," he said. "Remember I did get through last night. I believe I can do it again to-night. Even if I should be captured they may hesitate to kill me. I would ask nothing better than to be taken before Kang. He would have to listen to me, I think. And if I do succeed in establishing communication with Peking I may be able to stir them to action. The Imperial Government can hardly admit that they are backing Kang. It may even be possible to force them, through diplomatic pressure alone, to repudiate him and use their own troops to overthrow him. But first Peking must have the facts."

Mr. Pourmont smiled.

"If you vill step wiz me," he said, and led the way down a corridor to his spacious dining-room. There on the table stood a large basket heaped with apples and pears. "Vat you t'ink, Monsieur Doane! But yesterday comes *un drapeau blanc* to ze gate viz a lettair from zis ol' Kang. He regret vair' much zat ve suffair *ici* ze *dérangement*, an' he hope zat vair' soon ve are again *confortable*. In heaven, perhaps he mean! *Chose étonnante!* An' he sen' *des fruits* viz ze *compliments* of *son Excellence* Kang Hsu to Monsieur Pourmont. *Et je vous demande, qu'est-ce que cela fait?*"

Doane considered this puzzle; finally shook his head over it. It was very Chinese. Kang doubtless believed that through it he was deluding the stupid foreigners and escaping responsibility for his savage course.

Finally Doane won M. Pourmont's approval for his forlorn sally. He was, in a wild way, glad.

During the few hours left to him he must work rapidly, think hard. That, too, was good. He decided to write a will. If he had little money to leave Betty, at least there were many things of his and her mother's. Arthur Boatwright would help him. And he must tell Betty he was going. It was curiously hard to face her, hard to meet the eye of his own daughter. He winced at the thought.

She had returned to the residence before him. He asked for her now.

M. Pourmont, giving a moment more to considering this man, whom he had long regarded with a respect he did not feel toward all the missionaries, wondered, as he sent word to the young lady, what might underlie that strange quarrel of the early morning. The only explanation that occurred to him he promptly dismissed, for it involved little *mademoiselle's* name in a manner which he could not permit to be considered. M. Pourmont was a shrewd man; and he knew that the *mademoiselle* was ashamed of nothing. There was nothing wrong there. Like his wife, he had already learned to love the busy, earnest little *mademoiselle*. And then, leaving M. Doane in the reception-room awaiting her, he returned to his study and dismissed the whole matter from his mind. For the siege was cruel business. One by one, some one every day, men and women and children, were dying. The living had to subsist on diminishing rations, for he had never foreseen housing and feeding so large a number. There were problems—of discipline and morale, of tactics, of sanitation, of burying the dead, that must be met and solved from hour to hour.

On the whole, as he settled again into his endless, urgent task, M. Pourmont was not sorry that M. Doane had won his consent to this last desperate effort to reach those inhumanly deliberate white folk up at Peking; men whose minds dwelt with precedents and policies, while their fellows, down here at Ping Yang, on a hillside, held off with diminishing strength the destruction that seemed, at moments, certain to fall.

DOANE, watching Betty as she entered the room attired in a long white apron over her simple dress, knew that he must again beg the question that lay between them. He could no more listen to the burden of her heart than to the agony of his own. Sooner or later, if he lived, he would have to work it out, decide about his life. If he lived— It was not cowardice now that held him so far from her, but a deep consciousness that he was passing somehow, from moment to moment, through the unendurable.

"My dear," he said, quickly for him, holding her hand more tightly than he knew, "I have some news which I know you will take bravely."

He could feel her steady eyes on him. He hurried on: "I am going out again to-night. There seems a good chance that I may get through to Shau T'ing, with messages. I'm going to try."

His desire was to speak rapidly on, and then go. But he had to pause at this. He heard her exclaim softly: "Oh, dad!" And then, after a silence: "I'm not going to make it hard for you. Of course I understand. Any of us may come to the end, of course, any moment. We've just got to take it as it comes. But—I—it does seem as if—after all you've been through, dad—as if——"

He felt himself shaking his head.

"No," he said. "No. It's my job, dear."

"Very well, dad. Then you must do it. I know. But I do wish you could have a day or two more to rest. If you could"— this wistfully—"perhaps they'd let me off part of the time to take care of you. You know, I'm nursing. I'd be stern. You'd have to sleep a lot, and eat just what I gave you." She patted his arm as she spoke; then added this: "Of course it's not the time to think of personal things. But there's one thing I've got to tell you pretty soon, dad. A strange experience has come to me. It's puzzling. I can't see the way very clearly. But it's very wonderful. I believe it's right—really right. It's a man."

She rushed on with it. "I wanted you to meet him to-night. He's—out in the trenches all day, up the hill. We're expecting word—a cablegram—when they get through to us. And when that comes, I'd have to tell you all about it. He'll come to you then. But I—Well, I had to tell you this much. It's been a pretty big experience, and I don't like to think of going through it like this without your even knowing about it from me, and knowing, too, no matter what they may say"—her voice wavered— "that it's—it's—all right." Her hands reached suddenly up toward his shoulders; she clung to him like the child she still, in his heart, seemed.

He could trust himself only to speak the little words of comfort he would have used with a child. He felt that he was not helping her, merely standing there, helpless in the grip of a fate that seemed bent on racking his soul to the final limit of his spiritual endurance.

"This won't do," she said, a little later. "I have no right to give way. They need me in the hospital. I shall think of you every minute, dad. I'm very proud of you."

She kissed him and rushed away. He walked back to Arthur Boatwright's room fighting off a sense of unreality that had grown so strong as to be alarming. It was all a nightmare now—the manly, dogged faces in the compound, the wailing sounds from the native quarter, the intermittent shots, the smells, the very sun that blazed whitely, warmly down on the tiling. Nothing seemed really to matter. He knew well enough, in a corner of his mind, that this mood was the most dangerous of all. It lay but a step from apathy; and apathy, to such a nature as his, would mean the end.

So he busied himself desperately. The simple will he left for Boatwright, with instructions that it was to be given to Betty in the event of his death. It seemed that the little man was one of a machine-gun crew and could not be reached until well on in the evening; he had turned fighter, like the others.

He sewed up his tattered knapsack and filled it with a sort of iron ration. He wrote letters, including a long one to Henry Withery, addressed in care of Dr. Hidderleigh's office at Shanghai. He framed with care the messages that were to go over the wires to Peking. He ate alone, and sparingly. And early, as soon as darkness settled over the scene of petty but bitter warfare, he slipped out of the compound and disappeared, carrying no weapon but his walking-stick.

DOANE walked, carelessly erect, to a knoll something less than a hundred yards northeast of the compound and off to the left of the rifle-pits. Here he stood for a brief time, listening. He knew every inch of the ground. He purposed going out through the lines as he had come in through them, by crawling, hiding, feeling his way foot by foot. The line was thinnest in

Continued on page 116

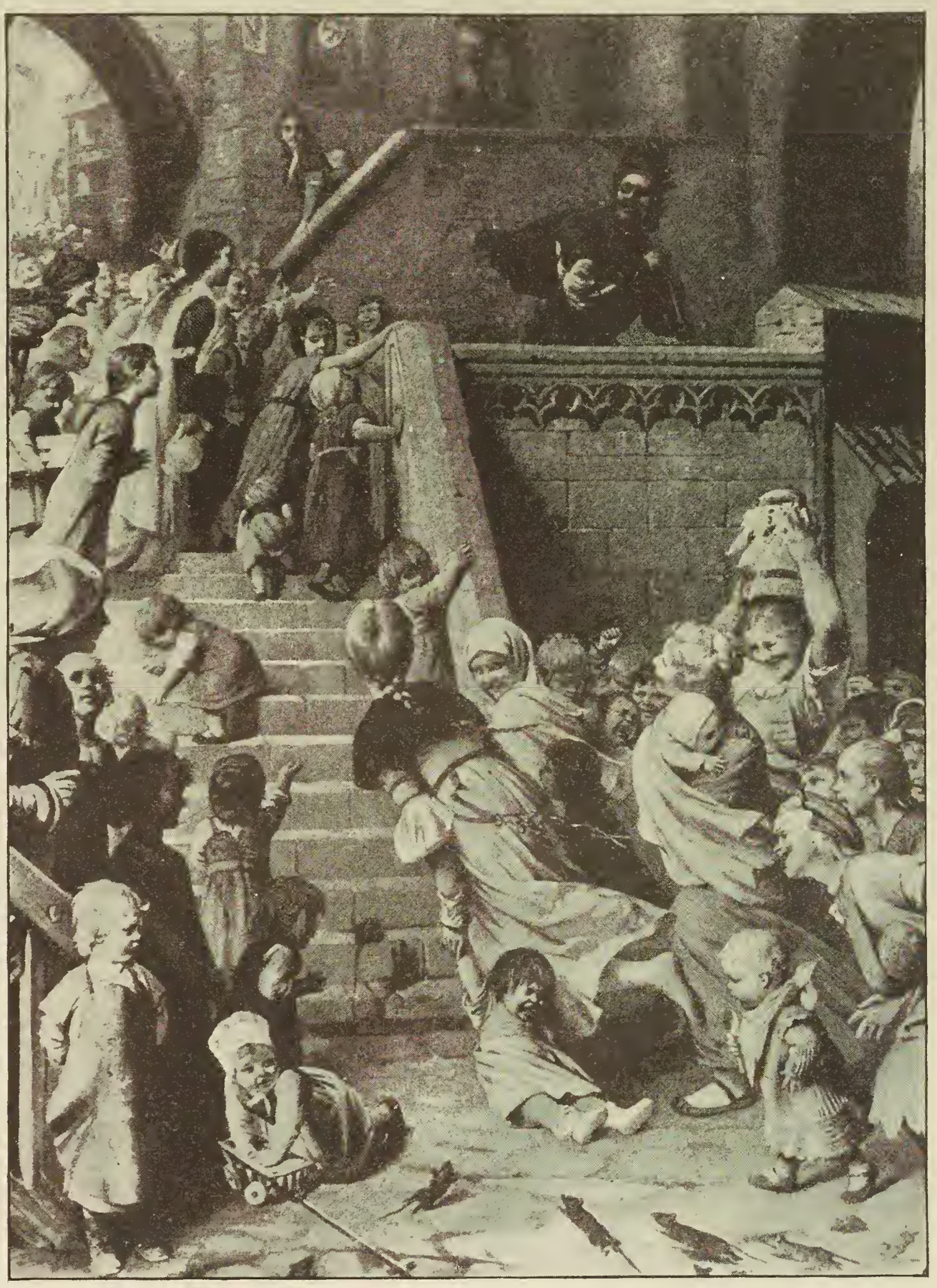
"GETTING THINGS DONE"

Be Sure You're Right *Before* You Go Ahead!

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

SO, HERE we are, all of us, as we saw last month, standing in the tiny clearing made by civilization in the great gloomy forest of savagery, so much blacker and more perilous and more unmapped than we dreamed before the war. And here are our children to be made ready, not merely to earn an honest and sufficient living for themselves (which we used to think quite enough) but needed, every one of them, to help solve the critical problem of how mankind may live together peaceably on the globe. For now we know—as we did not know before the war—that if this problem is not solved, there will be no honest and sufficient livings to be earned by anybody anywhere, and nothing to be done but to hasten to a cave, snatch up a stone club and prepare to defend ourselves against all the rest of the race.

We parents are not scientists, dealing with inert materials, but some scientific habits of mind can perhaps suggest a plan of action to us, notably the scientist's habit of observing the material to be handled before he decides on the best course of action. Give him a certain plot of ground, and ask him to put it into the best possible shape to grow clover. He experiments with it, observes how it acts under different circumstances, and finds out that to grow clover that particular soil needs lime mixed with it. Now what needs to be mixed with human nature to make it able to grow to its highest possibilities? History has done the experimenting with the human race and is still doing it all around us. We have plenty of material for observation. And as parents, within the family, we see in detail how the same principle works out individually. What is needed with any individual child is first to know his general tendencies and then to correct a too strong native characteristic lest it end by tyrannizing over its possessor and unbalancing the sum total of the character. The foolishly overbold child needs to be taught a little common-sense caution; but it is an unwise mother who preaches caution to a timid child. The belligerent, quarrelsome child needs to be led into ways of peaceable compromise and concession; but the shrinking, too sensitive child needs to be stimulated into independence of thought and action, lest he fall under the domination of the bullies who are always lying in wait for weakness.



THE OLD STORY OF THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN PERFECTLY TYPIFIES THE TRAIT OF HUMAN NATURE BROUGHT OUT IN MISS CANFIELD'S ARTICLE—THE READINESS OF CHILDREN, AND THEIR ELDERS, TOO, TO FOLLOW A SIREN VOICE

Now let us back off from humanity as a whole, as we try once in a while to back off from our own children. *What kind of a child is humanity?* What qualities does it need to have strengthened to enable it to walk straight along the path which leads to its best development? Which is a too strong natural tendency likely to tyrannize over the others? Looking back on history and examining the life around us, let us tackle one of the biggest, most fundamental questions about humanity. Are people as a whole and in the long run too much inclined to arrange their own lives to suit just themselves, simply or elaborately according to their own tastes, without due, decent regard for the opinion of others? Are they, for instance, so much given to dressing as becomes them or suits their own desires and convenience that they shock observers? Do they, even on such a purely personal matter as amusements, decide what they like best without deferring to the ideas of others? Do we therefore need to train our children to consult the opinions and convictions of others lest they grow eccentrically odd? Of course the answer is, "No." Whatever else they are, people are as a rule overwhelmingly prone in almost all circumstances to do as others do, rather than to decide for themselves. People who loved ping-pong gave it up when other people no longer played it; those who had liked to bicycle did so no more when it went out of fashion; others who preferred bridge to dancing capered docilely to music because the majority did. Although a man might have a deep inward conviction that he would look better and feel better in blue-velvet knee-breeches and long silk stockings, it does not take a policeman to prevent him from wearing that costume to business. He is as effectually forced to put on long, sad-colored trousers every morning of his life as if a regiment of knout-armed Cossacks drove him to it.

No, oh, no! We do not need at all to train our children to conformity, to acting as others do, because the whole terrific pressure of their race-instinct forces them in that direction. Nor do we need to fear that if we do not train them to mass action they will refuse to join in mass action when it is desirable and wise, for the tendency that way is more than strong enough always to carry the immense majority along. The Germans had been carefully and systematically trained in mass action, and when the war came they rose as one man out of sheer obedience. But when the time came, Americans, too, who had never been so trained, rose as one man; in fact it can be said of every nation involved in the war (and that is saying a great deal) that there was no difficulty in securing mass action. Nothing was more pronounced during the war than the well-nigh universal submission to discipline.

IN THIS, THE SECOND IN A SERIES OF VERY NOTABLE ARTICLES BY THIS AUTHOR, IS SET FORTH A FUNDAMENTAL NEED IN THE TRAINING OF OUR CHILDREN FOR THE GREAT BURDEN OF WORK AND RESPONSIBILITY BEFORE THEM

In Europe, where every man had undergone more or less thorough military training, this may not have been unnatural, though even there the mobilization and maneuvering of vast armies progressed with fewer complications than the military leaders dared to hope for. But in our own highly individualistic American society, who could have foreseen that millions of young men in the most egotistical period of their development, without the least training or tradition of effort-in-common would submit to the selective draft, to months of intensive training, and would arrive on the battle-field with hardly a case of insubordination, a coordinated whole, every individual will subordinated to the orders of the commander-in-chief? And, still more remarkable, who could have hoped that millions of women and older men, without even the initiation of the training-camps, would have dropped their own settled, long-established personal interests and placed themselves and their possessions absolutely at the disposition of the Government? Even as late as the Spring of 1917 such a prediction would have seemed incredible—and yet that was exactly what happened as our gasless Sundays, our voluntary rationing, the nation-wide relief work under the Red Cross, give evidence. Yes, all the evidence should relieve us of serious apprehension about any inherent difficulty in making human beings act in concert. Evidently that is the natural way for them to act, *for both good and evil.*

Now that this general human trait has been brought to our attention, we parents must try to make up our minds what it has to do with our children and what attitude we ought to have toward it. I do not mean whether we ought to approve or disapprove it, because our insignificant opinions will have no effect on anything so fundamentally ingrained in human nature. We may like it (many do) or we may dislike it (many fret about it), but there it is, eternally a part of the life of our race. What we can do, and must do, as parents, is to try with all our might to train our children so that this deep trait in our nature may be a tool for their intelligence and right-mindedness to use, rather than a lash over their backs to drive them forward stupidly in any direction taken by the herd. We need not hope to do a very great deal along this line, for the herd instinct has always been tyrannical and doubtless always will be in all societies; but some societies have shown more capacity than others to counteract it by a developed tendency among the liveliest minds to do a part of their thinking for themselves. I don't in the least doubt that a great deal of mental squad-maneuvering went on in Athens, Florence and Paris during their great periods; but it is safe to say that it was more tempered with real thought than in Sparta, Rome, Potsdam, at the same periods.

Being a parent myself, confronted directly, now, to-day, with the baffling, mysterious, terrifying entities which we call children, I think I know what is rising to the mind of every parent who reads these pages. He is saying, "All these abstract, philosophic reasonings are very well, but how in the world can I apply them to training my Bob just storming in from baseball practise, or to my Lucy struggling with fractions?"

Well, of course, in the first place we can apply nothing to the training of children if we haven't it quite straight and clear in our own minds, and that is one reason for abstract philosophic reasonings about human nature. And next, the reasonings are not so abstract and philosophic as all that! I lay you a wager that you could put the whole question of mass action, deeply involving the very foundations of society though it does, into a variety of forms which any child of eight could understand. Here is one which chances to come into my mind because the town authorities are building a bridge on the road which my children take to go to school. Let me imagine a conversation with one of the school children about it.

"Walter, when the men wanted to build a bridge across this river, how did they go about it? Did everybody start in to build as he thought best, bring his own materials and go ahead on his own hook?"

"Gracious, no, Mrs. Fisher, that would have been foolish. They'd never have got anything done that way." (This child does not need to be warned formally that anarchy in action is foolish and wasteful. Ordinary sense tells any human being that.) He goes on, "No; they had a town meeting first, and talked it over and voted on it."

I ask, "Well, then what?"

"Well, then they decided who was to boss the job, and everybody agreed to do as he said, of course."

"Whom did they choose? That pleasant-spoken Mr. Elliott?"

"Oh, Mrs. Fisher, what an idea! He's all right and very nice, but he doesn't know anything about building bridges! No; they took that cross old Mr. Parsons, because he has built such a lot already he knows just how to go to work right." (This child does not need to be *informed* about the underlying principles of leadership; he needs only to have his innate sense of them developed and strengthened.)

"So then everybody on the job ought to do just as old Mr. Parsons says if the bridge is to get done?"

"Yes, of course," says Walter.

"But suppose old Mr. Parsons told them to go and cut down the shade-trees in front of the Purdy house because he has had a quarrel with Mr. Purdy; ought they to do that because it is their duty to do what he says?"

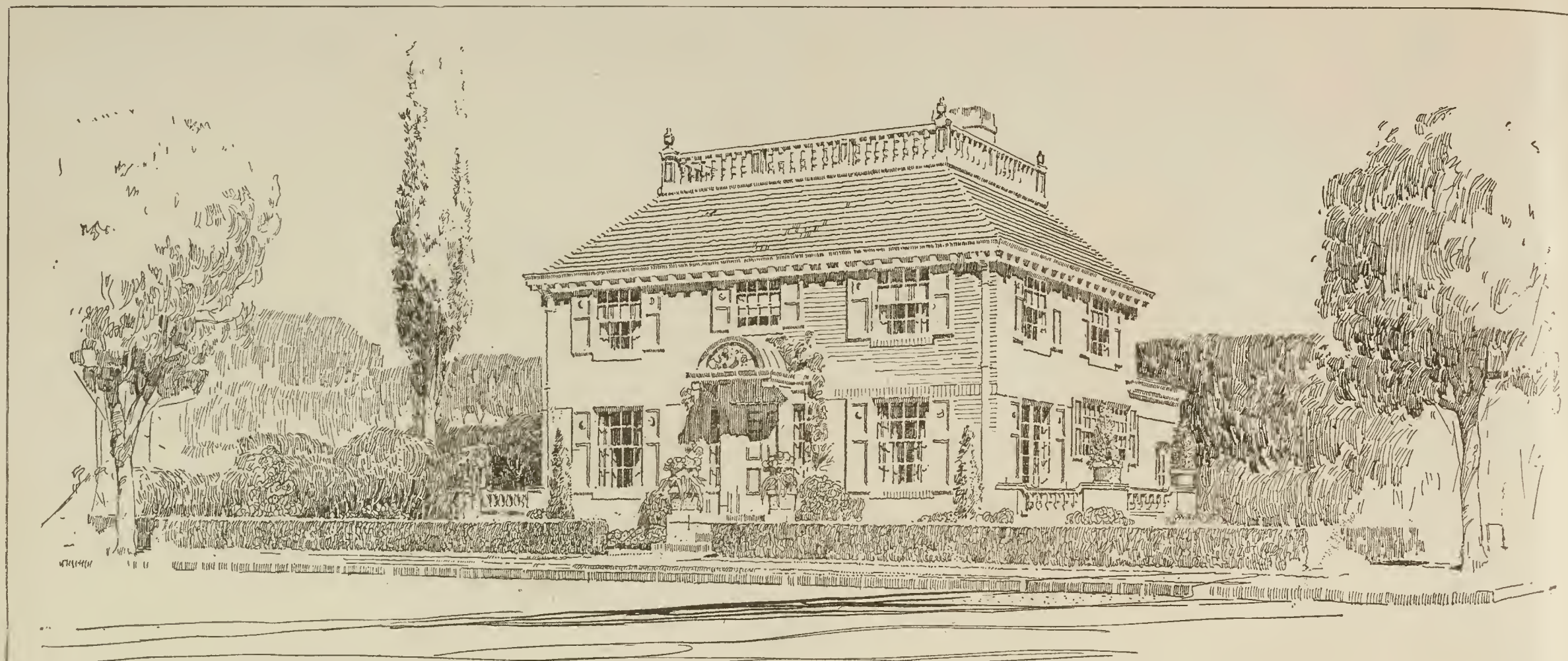
Now I am not acquainted with any Prussian children trained in the old Prussian school system, but our idea of such a child is that he would answer, "Yes, they ought." Whereas I can be reasonably sure that any ordinary American child would answer: "No, they oughtn't. It wouldn't be right to do that, when there are plenty of other trees in the woods."

"But oughtn't they to take old Mr. Parsons's word about what is right?"

"Oh, no, they only have to take his word about what is best in bridge-building. They must decide for themselves what is right."

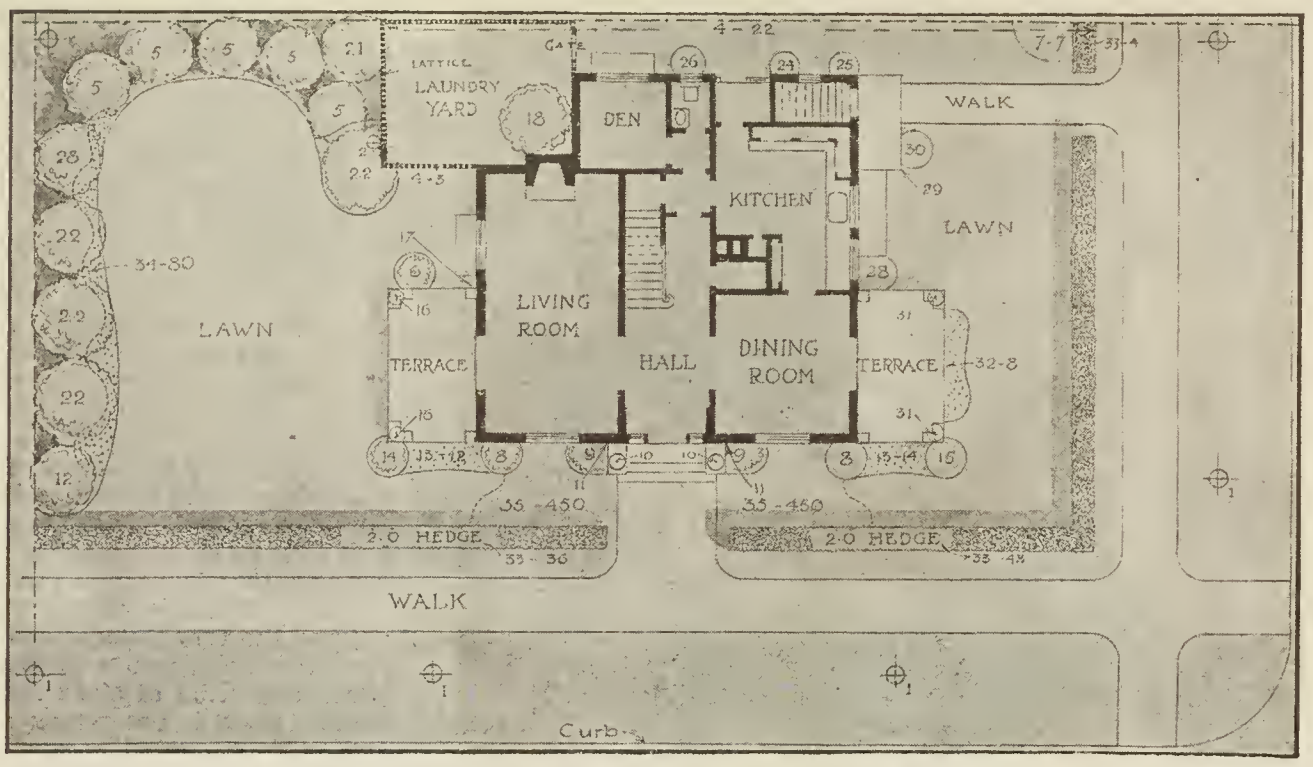
Can't you imagine this conversation being held with any ordinarily intelligent American child of ten? And doesn't that give you a hint as to how "abstract philosophic reasonings" are after all a simple part of every-day affairs? This dialog, in the plainest, homeliest way, touches on the heart-searching question known in the jargon of the political specialists as "individual sovereignty as opposed to ultimate obedience to the State."

Continued on page 123



A SMALL BRICK HOUSE

FOR THE NORTHWEST. THE THIRD IN OUR SERIES OF HOME-TOWN HOUSES



AN IDEAL ARRANGEMENT OF THE GROUNDS FOR A LOT 50 X 100 FEET



THE FRONT DOOR SEEMS TO EXTEND A NEW ENGLAND WELCOME. OLD NANTUCKET SPEAKS IN THE RAILED ROOF



Ellis F. Lawrence, Architect
E. T. Mische, Landscape Architect
Portland, Oregon

A SIDE AND REAR VIEW OF THE SMALL BRICK HOUSE. FLOOR-PLANS AND INTERPRETATIONS OF THEM BY THE ARCHITECT AND OUR HOME-ECONOMICS AUTHORITY WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 82

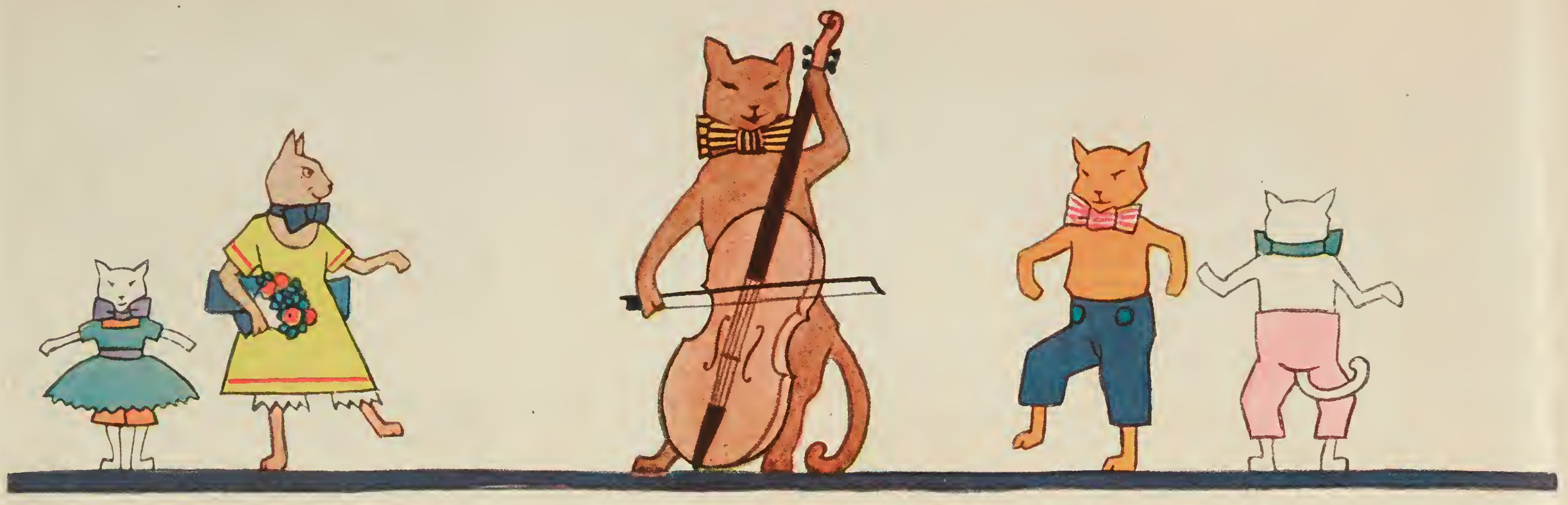


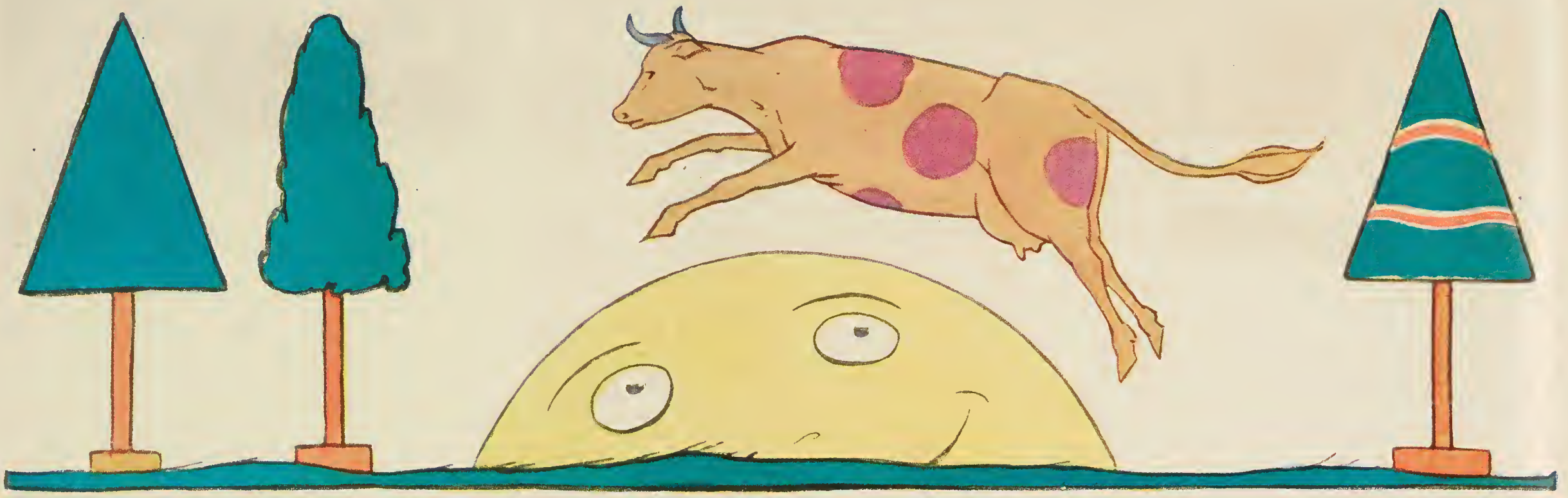
FOR AN AIR OF COMFORT, SPACIOUSNESS AND BEAUTY IN THE SMALL BRICK HOUSE SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE, ALBERT HENCKE SUGGESTS THE DECORATIONS AND FURNISHINGS PICTURED HEREWITH

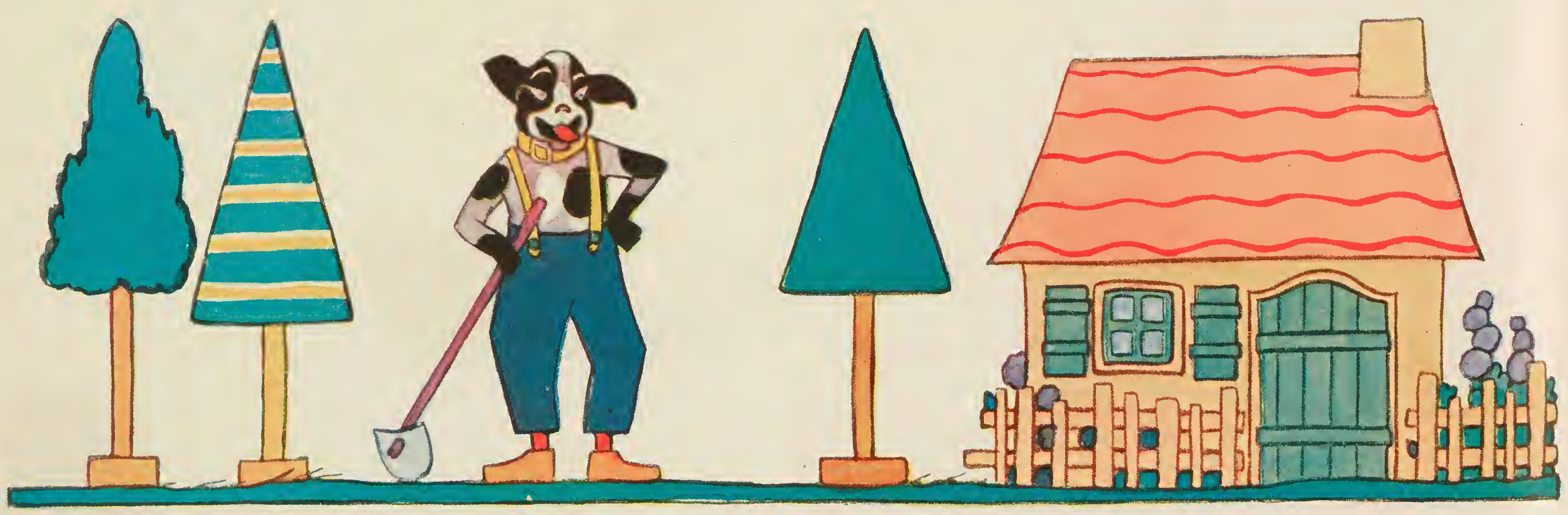


MR. HENCKE'S SCHEME IN DETAIL IS DESCRIBED ON ANOTHER PAGE OF THIS ISSUE, TOGETHER WITH THE FLOOR PLANS AND THE ARCHITECT'S INTERPRETATION. THESE DESIGNS ARE RICH IN SUGGESTIONS FOR EVERYBODY









HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE

BY ROBERT McQUINN

Directions how to enlarge these pictures to any desired size will be found on page 124 of this issue. They are admirably adapted for the decoration of furniture for nursery friezes.

THE TREE OF JOY—X

AT THE VILLA DE LA GAIETÉ

"IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE"

BY MABEL POTTER DAGGETT



THIS LOOKS LIKE A RUIN, BUT IT'S A CASTLE OF DREAMS IN A DEVASTATED VILLAGE



LITTLE LOUIS BLANGEOIS'S LAYETTE CAME FROM FAR-AWAY WYOMING



THIS IS LOUIS BLANGEOIS'S VILLA DE LA GAIETÉ IN THE SCRAP HEAP OF THE WORLD

THEY live, it seems to me, at the top of the world. It's up, up, up a steep high hillside. And all the way up you are passing holes in the ground where men had to burrow for four years like animals in terror of death. At last you come to the highest ridge, where the shelters the soldiers made against shells, hang like eyebrows on a hill where civilization has been shot to pieces.

A corrugated-iron roof juts out from the ground to cover an extension of the room which is dug back beneath the hill. In one of these dugouts live Louis Blangeois and Marie, his wife, and the baby Maurice, that is two and a half years old, and the new baby, the little Louis, that has last arrived.

There is only a bed and a cradle and a trench stove and a table. And all of these were salvaged from the wreckage round about that war has left. This is all there is for a home. Nevertheless, Marie Blangeois's return to it on a day in August was like a triumphal procession. She brought her baby with her, back to her devastated village, in the manner of a mother saying to all her neighbors, "See, see, unto me the son that has been born!"

Louis and Marie Blangeois had loved and married and set up housekeeping in a little stone cottage in the peaceful little village of Louilly-sous-Coucy. And their dream of happiness had only begun when it was shattered in a night. In the first German invasion that swept swiftly over this part of France, they and their townspeople were captured and made civilian prisoners of the enemy.

There followed four years of wandering and intimate acquaintance with cold and hunger and privations, as the Germans moved these their captives about from one bombarded village to the next beyond. Maurice, the war-baby, was born in a cellar. There was absolutely nothing to wrap him in until the good Madame Brasier, the only woman who had such a garment left, passed over her petticoat.

When in 1919, the repatriés and the refugees had huddled back to what was left of their smashed houses in Louilly on the hillside, there really seemed no better facilities there for getting the next baby born. It was from a dugout that Marie Blangeois went to what seemed to her a *maternité de luxe.*

In the town of Blérancourt you go down the street that has three or four of the old yellow garden walls yet standing. The trumpet-vines in heavy August bloom are over the top and hanging low over the narrow stone-paved walk where you pass.

You turn down the first lane. At the end of it is a fragment of a high-walled enclosure, with an entrance through a splendid archway, still intact, and so medieval in its architecture that it might have been a monastery that we enter here. But it isn't. It was once a farm, tightly shut in and walled about, as are always the great farms of France.

But every vestige of the farm structures that were there has been as completely swept away by war as if a Nebraska cyclone had torn through the landscape. And where ancient stone buildings stood have been set rows of long low wooden barracks which a sign over the great medieval arched entrance tells you are the "*American Women's Hôpitals Cooperant avec le Comité Américain pour les Régions Dévastées de la France.*"

The long low maternity ward of one of these barracks, sweet-smelling with whitewash and new lumber, is such a calm, peaceful, orderly place to have a baby in. I wish you might see it, Alice Cutting Phelps, from 'way across the world there in your own ranch farmhouse at Burntfork, Wyoming.

If first I could take you by the hand and lead you through the wrecked scrap-heap of what is left of human habitations in the Department of the Aisne, France, then you would know what a haven of refuge this is behind the medieval archway. It is the little clearing in the surrounding débris which the Lady with the Saucepan and her helpers have made for the American women physicians who came over to France for relief work.

So in the midst of death they arranged that life might go on. Baby Louis Blangeois is one of the results. Of course he might have been one of those babies so strongly bent on breaking through into this world of sorrow and trouble that he'd have got here anyhow. It's surprising how many of them do, quite regardless of no preparation at all being made for their coming.

But out in the shadows where she met him, it's been made much easier this way for his mother. It was a girl doctor from Texas who helped her back and laid the baby in her arms.

He slept rosily in a basket at the foot of her cot the day I brought to her the lovely layette that you asked me to take overseas to some young mother in France. Marie Blangeois has the coloring of the peasant woman who has lived in the sun and the out-of-doors. Her tawny hair is burned outside a deeper shade above the underlying softer browns, and her rounded cheeks are darkly red beneath their tan.

The brown eyes widened slowly, gravely that day I spread out on the gray blanket of her bed all the little shirts of soft wool, and the bands and the blankets and the crocheted socks, and the little featherstitched skirts and little lace-trimmed slips and dresses of fine nainsook, all so daintily hand-made.

I told her you did them as you could between the intervals of all the rest there was to do on a ranch at Burntfork, Wyoming. And I said you probably finally finished them in the evenings when your own little Charles and Hazel and Ledlie were tucked in bed for the night.

The doctor from Texas at last made her understand that you had done all this for her. And then her full red lips parted over her white teeth in a flashing smile. She couldn't say much that day. They told me that she just sat and held for hours your letter that came with the baby clothes. Do you remember what you said?

> DEAR FARAWAY FRIEND:
>
> I wish I might bring these little garments to you myself and help you to forget your sorrow and realize the great joy you will have in the love and care of your coming baby. Very much love and sympathy is sewed into each little thing. And please think all the time "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world," and all will be right down here, I know, very soon. I should like to have you write to me, and who knows but that you and the baby might come to our beloved America and that we might see each other? I have three children; one baby who is twenty months old and he's a darling. You should see him laugh.
>
> From your friend,
>
> ALICE CUTLING PHELPS.

All this was carefully translated into French for Marie Blangeois, and she kept the copy along with the original among the baby clothes. I'd come in and find her fingering softly a little nainsook dress, or trying on the little Louis the pink and the blue socks to determine which she liked the best.

And every day she used to count the things over. There were twenty-six little garments in all, you remember.

"There'll be quite enough for the next baby," was what she wrote her husband in her enthusiasm.

In their distant village of Louilly he was working for the government at filling in trenches, which has to be done before the gashed and cut-up fields can be cultivated. He was earning twelve francs a day. You can see how beyond their wildest dream of achievement was the comfort and care that had come to the mother of his child.

The automobile of the American Committee had brought her from the dugout in the hillside two weeks ahead of her *accouchement* to the rest and nourishing food and attention and care which the American Women's Hospital affords. And even after all the war privations which she had suffered, she responded quickly to the treatment of a little luxury and enough to eat.

When she was strong enough, she asked that she might have the christening. Because there wouldn't be any *curé* in her own village, where the church was all in ruins. It was right there in the hospital ward that the *curé* of Blérancourt came with his prayer-book to read the *actes de baptême.*

And in a devastated district he looked very magnificent with his purple stole, gold-embroidered, that a society in Paris had sent. We dressed the baby in the little gown with the hand-made lace yoke and his mother finally decided on the pink socks. She stood by with her brown hands folded reverently over the front of her clean gingham apron.

Pretty Doctor Couvre from San Antonio as the *marraine,* the godmother, held Louis in her arms. The priest put a pinch of salt on the baby's tongue, which the peasants in the Aisne will tell you "keeps the devil away." A little holy water was poured from a glass vial on the baby's head, and he cried. And that was a good sign, too.

Marie Blangeois had Louis dressed an hour ahead of time the next day, when we took them back to their village. But he had gone to sleep again and he was as good as—What is it you say? as good as gold all the way.

Louis Blangeois had been watching for hours, every now and then raising his hand and scanning as far as he could see the wide plateau across which we would come. When he glimpsed the American Committee's camion in the far distance, he walked three miles out of the village to meet us. To him the wonderful bundle was first unfolded. Across her gingham-aproned lap where it lay, he leaned to kiss the mother of his son twice on her full red lips.

She would not wait for more. Her fluttering brown hands were frantically undoing the prize package which she presented. "My son, is he not big? Is he not beautiful? And baptized, too! And oh, Louis, see the lace!"

I climbed into the back of the camion along with the doctor. So there was room on the front seat beside the American girl chauffeur for Louis Blangeois along with his wife. She drew her little black crocheted shawl closer about her shoulders and made ready for her triumphal entry as we approached the village. There were some two hundred of the population returned there. None of them missed the exhibit.

"*Voilà!* My son," Marie Blangeois called out at the first inhabited house. She was holding the baby high up for Louilly-sous-Coucy to see. Her brown eyes were sparkling. Beside her Louis Blangeois was flushed with pride in the reflected glory of his fatherhood. The chauffeur threw her gear into low. But that wasn't going to be enough. Before each little broken house or dugout we had to come to a full stop.

"*Voilà!* My son," each time Marie Blangeois would call. And her neighbors came out to look at the marvelous baby, pink-socked, lace-bonneted, soft-petticoated, featherstitched and exquisitely embroidered.

"And baptized too," always added his excited, happy mother. The baby was looking now in round-eyed wonder at all the folks who came out to see and to feel of his finery. Very, very soon he was going to cry.

Finally we got through the village street. And upon the hillside we arrived in time at the last little dugout. There is, as I have told you, only a bed and a cradle and a trench stove and a table. But Marie Blangeois would rather be there now than to stay any longer even in the lap of American luxury.

You'd have known it by the tone of her voice. She sat on the little low bench outside her door to nurse her new baby and the other baby stood at her knee. We left her there, crooning softly over them in French, "My little chickens, my little cabbages."

This, you see, was home. And Louis Blangeois had done what he could to make it ready for her. The cradle he had hung with a white canopy made from an old sheet, so that in the gloom of the dark underground room it shone like a little white shrine. Over the crude door that swings at the dugout entrance, he had painted a little sign of welcome. Wreathed round with ivy green, we read it there that this was the "Villa de la Gaieté."

Concluded on page 130







THE BAD BOY

BY RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

GOOD AND BAD, BLACK AND WHITE—ARE THERE ANY SUCH THINGS? ASK AN ARTIST ABOUT "ABSOLUTE BLACK," OR A MOTHER ABOUT "TOTAL DEPRAVITY." AND ASK ANY ONE WHO HAS READ THIS STORY WHAT SHE THINKS ABOUT THE COLOR OF THE SOUL OF THE BAD BOY.

HE HAD been a bad boy ever since he could remember. His stepmother—the genuine, hall-marked article of the fairy-tales—had been the first to call him one. She started in when he was three and by the time he was five she was quite right. She had steadily and correctly prophesied the fate which had overtaken him. She had gloomily foretold and triumphantly greeted his expulsion from Sunday-school and primary school and grammar school; she had Cassandraed the reform school for a year before it actually seized upon him; she set unerringly the date for his return after his first sentence had expired.

In fact, he had been a bad boy for so long that he was about to cease being one and become a bad man. It was a Sunday afternoon in early May when he walked through the silent streets of the city's oldest and handsomest residence section; and in June he would be twenty-one. Unless he hurried, he could hardly get himself committed to the reform school again; next time it would be the penitentiary.

Yet, amazingly, he did not look bad. His brow was broad and candid, his gaze was clear, his mouth was almost kind. To be sure, he was but two days out of hospital after a three weeks' battle with influenza, and he was very weak, and very clean, and very gentle. His mood seemed really to match the Sabbath calm of the pretty avenues and boulevards of the serene young city. However, as the afternoon wore on, and he came again and again down trim alleyways after a curt refusal at kitchen doors, his pallor increased and a frown darkened his forehead, and his mouth took on an ugly line. He was faint with hunger. He had eaten nothing since the night before, when he had bought a sandwich and a cup of coffee with his last fifteen cents, and he had slept on a sequestered bench in a park.

"I'll ask just once more," he told himself grimly; yet he felt a curious reluctance to abandon this method and return to his regular one. For one thing, he was not yet physically fit; there was a plaguing weakness in his legs and sometimes his head was not entirely clear; besides, there was a persistent memory of the good little student nurse who had taken care of him—a brisk, pink, light-stepping creature who had gone out of her burdened way to be kind: She had come down to see him off when she should have been sleeping, and she had timidly produced a rubbed and shabby purse and offered him money. He had refused it, gruffly, and she had put her thin, pink hand on his sleeve and said, "Well, then, good-by, and be a good boy!"

HE HAD, he reflected indignantly, been a good boy for two days; he had given it a work-out, and there was nothing in it. "I'll *ask* at one more house," he told himself again, "and then——"

Meanwhile, in the handsomest and still most livable and lived-in-looking dwelling in the neighborhood another boy, three years younger, was likewise assailed by hunger.

"Say," he complained, "I'm *starving!* Come on out and get a cooky or something!"

"*Buddie,*" scolded his sister, adoringly, "after the dinner you ate—and supper in an hour!"

"I'll be cold and stiff if I don't have nourishment before then," he grinned. "Cut the Famine Scene, Sis! Don't you realize it's only the little I eat that keeps me alive?"

He was a big and very beautiful boy, firm-fleshed, hard-muscled; his eyes shone and so did his skin, and his sleekly brushed hair was like pale-brown satin. He gave out an impression of tremendous strength and bottomless vitality, though to-day there was a blue-and-green football bruise on his brow and he limped a little. A bandage showed whitely through the sheer silk sock on his left ankle, and his feet were incased in gaily beaded Indian moccasins.

"Piggy-wig!" said his sister, severely. "Come along, then!" She was rather more than a year his senior; a faint, feminine echo of her brother; her eyes and hair and skin shone, too, but in place of his pulsing health she had a look of frail and tender uncertainty. People invariably spoke gently to her. As they passed through the dining-room she halted to regard the long table which was already set for supper. "Let's see—six on a side and one at each end—that's fourteen, isn't it?"

"Usually," said the boy, grinning. He was nearly always grinning. Life appeared to him the merriest of comedies; often a roaring farce. He looked approvingly at the lavishly set table. "Gee, they certainly do love to come here for Sunday-night suppers!" He went on into the pantry and came back with a handful of cookies just as the telephone rang. The girl went to answer it, and he heard her say; "Oh, how nice! I'm *so* glad! Oh, about seven, Janey!—Fine! Good-by!" She came back smiling. "Janey Loring's coming, with her new suitor—you know, that Eastern fellow."

"Good work!" said the boy gladly. "Where'll we put 'em?"

The girl was sure that one extra place could be set at each end of the table, and she began gathering knives and forks and spoons from the sideboard. The three maids had Sunday evenings free, and they served supper themselves. As she worked her eyes traveled often to her brother, leaning against the door-casing, munching his cookies, and in them was a startling depth of almost maternal devotion and pride. When she had finished she came close to him and looked anxiously at the bruise on his forehead. "Are you perfectly sure, Buddie, that it doesn't hurt?"

"Cross my heart!" said the boy promptly. His eyes warmed at a memory. "*Some* game, huh, Sis?"

"Oh, Buddie, it was wonderful! Your run—" She clutched her hands together on her breast and her eyes widened as they had done the afternoon before. "Only when that wretch tackled you—I thought I'd *die*, Buddie, till I saw you move."

"Winded," he grinned.

"IT WAS *horrible,*" Suddenly she had her arms about him, holding him fiercely, with all her frail strength. "Oh, Buddie, of course I know you have to play, but—there's just the two of us— If anything——"

He patted her soothingly and got himself neatly out of her clasp. "Couldn't make a dent in me." He swaggered a little, reassuringly.

"We—we aren't just like other brothers and sisters," she insisted, her breath quickening. "Not having any father or mother—it—it makes us *nearer*, doesn't it, Buddie?"

"You bet!" he agreed briefly, edging off toward the living-room. He was an inarticulate creature, restive under sentiment.

A moment later she followed him. "Sh!" she whispered. "Buddie, some one—a man—just went creeping past the dining-room window!"

He laughed. "That's the ice-cream, you little boob!"

"No! He didn't make a sound. And he was sort of crouched down, *sneaking.*"

The boy did not speak again. He went swiftly and silently on his moccasin-shod feet through the dining-room and pantry and kitchen, the girl close at his heels, and flung open the door on to the porch.

Before the open ice-chest, a platter of roast beef in his hands, stood the bad boy.

"Oh," breathed the girl, her face very white.

"What do you want?" demanded her brother, aggressively, his color mounting redly.

The youth shoved the platter back on the shelf of the ice-chest and made off across the porch.

"What do you want?" said the boy again.

He halted at the outer door of the screened porch, the knob in his hand, and faced them furiously. "I'm starving, if you want to know!"

The boy grinned. "Well, then—" he nodded toward the kitchen table—"come on in and eat!"

The other hesitated, but the girl, faintly pink again, took up the platter of roast beef and went inside. "Bring the milk, Buddie," she said.

"Come *on!*" he said. The bad boy followed him cautiously. The girl had already set a chair at the table, covered with shining white oilcloth, and she was slicing the meat. He seated himself at her gesture and sat watching her, his ears crimson, licking his lips. Her brother went into the dining-room and came back with knife and fork and spoon and set a place for him.

"Napkin, Buddie," said his sister, placing meat and bread and a pitcher of milk before their guest, and passing into the dining-room. "*Not* the very best, goose!" she admonished him in a whisper, taking from him a folded square of shining damask. "I'll bring one."

The brother returned to the kitchen. The bad boy, bent low over his plate, was eating like a wolf. Slice after slice of meat and bread, glass after glass of milk. The girl returned with a blue-and-white napkin of Japanese crape. "Here," she said, diffidently, putting it down at his elbow. It seemed as if he nodded, but it might easily have been that he merely bent closer over his food.

SHE began to slice more meat and bread. "I'm going to make you some sandwiches to take with you," she said. She carried the materials to a side table and made half a dozen huge sandwiches with quick, sure movements, and wrapped them in oiled paper. Then she added three thick pieces of cake and two oranges and made the whole into a compact package. "Get some cookies, Buddie," she said.

"You bet!" said her brother quickly. He had been watching the newcomer fascinatedly. He brought the cooky-jar and set it on the table. "Go to it," he urged.

The sister placed the bundle of food beside the youth and beckoned to her brother, who followed her out, reluctantly.

"Buddie, let's not watch him, poor thing. Maybe he'll be less embarrassed and eat more if——"

"He couldn't! Gee—I thought I could eat, but that bird has me faded! The way he stokes!"

"It's pitiful," said the girl soberly. "I want him to have all he can hold. He's awfully young, and I think he's been sick."

The bad boy lifted his eyes from his plate and looked after them. The keen edge of his hunger was wearing off and he was eating more slowly and with keenest satisfaction. He furtively cut off another thick slice of the rare beef and hacked off a chunk of bread, and drained another glass of milk. A delicious glow of well-being went over him. His splendid young body responded warmly. He relaxed a little in his chair and began on the cookies. He felt the weight of observation and saw the brother standing in the doorway, but he was watching him delightedly.

"Go to it," he told him cordially. Then he turned back into the dining-room and looked at the table set now for sixteen, with a shadow of puzzled doubt in his eyes. "Gee—it—it kind of seems as if things weren't—weren't quite on the square, Sis—us with this mob coming to feed, and that bird out there—" His innate distrust of rhetoric took him by the throat and he looked warily at her to see if she had discovered him to be moved; but the girl understood.

"I *know* it, Buddie. It isn't *fair!*"

The bad boy, meanwhile, was rapidly arriving at the state where he could eat no more. It was a very long time since he had been in that condition and he did not recognize it at first, but he presently found himself with half a cooky in his hand and no inclination to finish it. He looked three years younger now than he did an hour earlier, when he had decided to ask for food at just one more house. He looked now as he had looked when the good little student nurse had shortened her sleep to say good-by to him.

He laid down the half-eaten cooky and took up the solid parcel of food, and shuffled his feet. He wanted to say to his hosts that he was much obliged to them. It was a very unusual thing for him to feel so nearly at peace with the world as he did at that moment. He was telling himself that those kids were white. They had caught him red-handed, but they had fed him, just the same, and put him up a lunch. They were white, all right. He would certainly tell them he was much obliged.

He rose, pushing back his chair noisily, so that they would know he had finished, and would come. But, as he rose,

Continued on page 135



"FOR THE LAND'S SAKE, WHAT IS THAT?" "A CALF," REPLIED SARA PROMPTLY

"POOR LITTLE SARA"

BY HELEN SHERMAN GRIFFITH

HELEN SHERMAN GRIFFITH, THE AUTHOR OF MANY POPULAR GIRLS' BOOKS, IS WRITING DELIGHTFUL SHORT STORIES FOR THE DELINEATOR GIRLS' PAGE. THIS ONE IS A REAL SPRING STORY

POOR little Sara ran down to the bars to see Deacon Brown's cows go by. She loved to watch their slow, dignified walk, the wrinkling, silky brown skins, and to catch a glimpse of a pansy-colored eye. Whenever she exchanged glances with a cow, she fancied the beast understood and returned her message of tenderness. For Sara's heart was overflowing with love that had, so to speak, no basin to catch it.

Of course Mrs. Adams scolded her when she hurried back to the house, for Sara had left the hot-cake batter half-mixed, and every little girl who has to do work in a kitchen knows that it is very bad for the hot cakes. But Sara was used to Mrs. Adams's scoldings, there were so many of them. She had even given up trying to decide whether she was careless and slow and lazy and all the other things Mrs. Adams accused her of being, or whether Mrs. Adams was just a faultfinding sort of person with whom one had to be patient. That was what Miss Althea Hedges, down the road, said she was, but Sara's conscience whispered that she herself was sometimes to blame. There were so many wonderful things to think about that she could not always remember it was time to set the table or the bread.

Later in the morning Sara took a small basket from its hook and started for the mail. It was the one duty she loved and never forgot. At the post-office she saw people and heard them talk. Often they talked to her.

On this particular morning the mail was late, but Sara did not mind in the least. There were all sorts of wonderful things to see. To begin with, it was a perfect day, cool and sparkling and glowing; it made Sara feel achey in the bones for something to happen! Then there were many more people to watch, as the Summer cottages were beginning to be opened.

There was not a large Summer colony at Elmfield, but the few who were in the habit of spending the hot months in the out-of-the-way New England village were so entirely different from the country folk that it was an education even to see them.

But it was not the Summer visitors who won Sara's attention that morning. A wagon had drawn up at the roadside, and as Sara sat on the post-office steps she could see right into it. Penned up by roughly nailed bars stood a small black-and-white calf, unbelievably forlorn.

Sara stared, spellbound. Poor little beastie! How it longed for the wide green fields and for its mother's protection! So intent was she upon her survey that Sara was completely unconscious that she in turn was the object of inspection. A small smart motor had stopped near by and the driver, a slender young woman in a crisp gingham dress, was watching Sara with tender amusement. In her faded and patched print dress, too short in the sleeves, Sara was a pathetic little object.

"Only one could never feel really sorry for any one with such shining eyes. Her thoughts must keep her happy," reflected Miss Sophie Pembroke, watching.

Presently Sara got down off the steps and crossing to the wagon, put her head close to the bars and began to talk in an undertone to the calf:

"You poor, scared little thing, where are they taking you? Oh, you *sweet!*" She thrust a thin, brown hand between the bars and stroked the silky hide.

A boy came out of the village store and stood leaning against the wagon, reading a paper.

"Where you taking the calf, Bob?" Sara asked him.

"Butcher," replied Bob, intent upon his story-paper.

"What!" cried Sara. "Sell that precious to the butcher? Oh, Bob!"

"She ain't very precious to us," answered Bob contemptuously. "Pa says she's marked wrong."

Tears welled up in Sara's eyes. To think of anything so soft and pitiful being butchered—because it was wrongly marked!

"I wish—I wish I could buy her," she said softly, so softly that the driver of the motor-car, who had alighted and drawn nearer, could not hear.

"I'll sell her for ten dollars," grinned Bob, knowing what an impossible sum that was to Sara.

"Ten dollars! I—perhaps I could earn that much through the Summer, picking berries, Bob."

"Wouldn't do. The butcher's payin' cash."

"Oh, Bob, how can you let it go!"

"Can't help it. Pa's orders."

Miss Sophie Pembroke stepped forward.

"Do I understand that the calf is for sale?"

Bob looked up, confused.

"Yes'm, but Pa's promised it to the butcher."

"And it is a heifer calf?"

"Yes'm, but the markin's wrong."

"We think it very pretty marking, don't we, dear?" Miss Pembroke replied, turning to Sara, who, in her amazement at being spoken to, and in such a delightfully intimate fashion, forgot to answer. "Did you say the price was ten dollars?" she questioned Bob.

"I guess so, but I'd have to ask pa. He's in the post-office. Shall I fetch him?" And as she nodded, Bob ran off.

"What is your name?" asked Sara's new friend as they patted the calf.

"Sara West."

"And mine is Sophie Pembroke. You seem very fond of animals. Do you live on a farm?"

"No'm. Mrs. Adams doesn't keep anything but three hens and a cat. I don't care much for the hens. They don't seem to need me."

"And who is Mrs. Adams?"

"I live with her. And—oh, dear, I wonder if the mail is open! I mustn't be late."

"I don't think it is ready yet. No one is coming out of the post-office," said Miss Pembroke. "Tell me, Sara, if you should buy the calf, would Mrs. Adams have a place to keep her?"

Sara looked up with shining eyes.

"I'd manage to keep her somehow. You don't think Mrs. Adams would mind, do you? It would only eat a little grass that she doesn't need. And I'd try not to neglect my work." Then the light went out of her eyes. "But I can't buy her. I haven't any money."

"I suppose you—you wouldn't accept the calf as a present?"

"There isn't anybody who'd give *me* a present," answered Sara in a matter-of-fact voice.

"Well, then—if you earned the money, as you said, picking berries."

"They wouldn't keep the calf so long."

"I was going to offer to lend you the money, and you can pay me back when—when you have it."

Sara stared, overcome. She simply could not take in the stupendous meaning of it all.

"Is it a bargain, Sara?"

"Oh, I just can't believe it!"

Miss Pembroke smiled.

"We'll take it in slowly. Will you come with me and point out Bob's father?"

Poor little Sara, starry-eyed and breathless, took the hand stretched out to her and, with a backward glance at the forlorn, penned-up calf, mounted the post-office steps.

The business was speedily transacted. Bob's father, Ben Evans, was glad to be saved a trip to the butcher's at the Center, and with a few strokes of the storekeeper's hammer, freed the black-and-white calf.

"There she be, rope and all, little Sarey; but I misdoubt Mis' Adams'll let you keep her."

A look of rebellion crossed Sara's face.

"She'll have to," she said boldly. "She's never let me keep anything yet that I could love. I won't let it bother her."

It was a strenuous walk. The calf felt very frisky after its long confinement and galloped along at a breath-

Concluded on page 137

CONCERNING COSMOPOLITAN COOKERY

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

Professor of Dramatic Literature, Columbia University

I

NOT long ago I chanced to see in a New York newspaper a doleful letter from a British subject temporarily marooned on Manhattan Island in which he deplored and denounced American cookery. He went so far as to deny us any skill whatever in the art without which men may not live. As I read this perfervid epistle, due, it may be, to the indigestion provoked by the fried beefsteak in a one-night-town hotel, I smiled at the memory of other and equally unrestrained outcries which I had heard from Americans in Paris, protesting that they couldn't get anything fit to eat in the City of Light. These wandering countrymen of mine felt themselves defrauded at being unable to order corn-bread and beaten biscuit, codfish-balls and buckwheat-cakes, when they sat themselves down in the breakfast-room of their hotel on the Street of Rivoli or the Avenue of the Elysian Fields.

Recalling these Yankee ululations, I understood the Cockney wails, and I wondered what British dainty it was that the straying Londoner had failed to find in New York. Was it veal-and-ham pie, that substantial solid, or jugged hare, that ineffable delicacy? And there came to mind also a recollection of a bitter protest I had once heard from the lips of a Parisian who was spending a miserable fortnight in London and who was vociferous (beyond the habit of his courteous countrymen) in his denunciation of those twin delights of the English dinner-table, the mint sauce with which the British desecrate their otherwise excellent roast lamb and the bread sauce with which they contaminate their otherwise excellent partridge. This exacerbated Frenchman declared that these two aids to indigestion were unspeakable outrages on the gustatory organs and on the alimentary canal. He did not hesitate to declare that these prandial customs of the Britishers were proof that they dwelt beyond the pale of civilization.

It is difficult not to sympathize more or less with any fellow human being let loose in a foreign land, deprived of the dishes to which he is accustomed and offended by culinary offerings from which his stomach revolts. Yet it is difficult also not to confess that the woful complaint of the wandering stranger, be he Briton in the United States, American in France, or Frenchman in the British Isles, is really unreasonable. There is no cosmopolitan standard of right and wrong in gastronomic esthetics. If jugged hare and veal-and-ham pie, sauce made of mint or sauce mashed out of bread, happens to please the palates of the British, who shall deny them the privilege of compounding these delectable dishes? *Caveat emptor*—let the foreigner beware. It is for him to guard himself against insidious results to his digestive habits. Every country has the dishes it desires; and the wanderer will do well to experiment cautiously and to be guided thereafter by this experience. None but the brave deserve the fare that will satisfy their appetites. The one wise plan is to pick out of the local dietary the few (or the many) articles which may please (or at least not offend) our own likings, resolutely rejecting all alien dishes offensive to our taste, no matter how volubly these outlandish offerings may be vaunted by their vendors. There is no more obligation upon a Frenchman in Scotland to partake of haggis than there is upon a Scot in Paris to make a meal on frogs' legs.

It is wise also to recognize the fact that the cooking of every country has merits of its own, if only we are open-minded enough to perceive them. It is well for the untraveled American in Paris to forego the hope and expectation of chicken fried in cream, Maryland style; and to risk himself in the exploration of *poulet sauté à la Marengo;* probably he will not regret this gastronomic substitution. It is well also for the English voyager surveying the United States from a car-window to overcome his first impression and to taste terrapin, for he may find it "not half so nasty as it looks"—as the Reverend Mr. Haweis once assured his wife. And even the Gaul, ill at ease in Great Britain, will profit by the willingness to live and learn and by the courage which sustains faith; he may come in time to a keen appreciation of the chump-chop, an article of food which is truly insular, since in shape it looks very like a map of England. For the hardy traveler in foreign parts, risking himself in strange restaurants with unknown names on the bill of fare, there is no better motto than "nothing venture, nothing have."

"A difference of taste in jests is a great strain on the affections," said George Eliot; and so is a difference in taste in dishes. Tell me what a man laughs at and I will tell you what he is; tell me also what he eats, and I can at least make a guess as to what manner of man he is. Perhaps there is here a suggestion for the League of Nations; and one clause of the covenant might assert the right of every country to exercise self-determination in all matters of cookery. The signers of this treaty of peace must remember that as French is still the language of diplomacy, so also is the cookery of France still the standard by which that of other countries is measured; and the friendly foreigners invading Paris will do well to try modestly to discover the reason why the culinary artists of France are justly entitled *chefs*—that is "chiefs."



"TELL ME WHAT A MAN EATS AND I CAN AT LEAST MAKE A GUESS AS TO WHAT MANNER OF MAN HE IS"



"WE HAVE AN AMERICAN TO MAKE PUMPKIN PIES"



"THE FRENCH COOK IS WISE IN HIS GENERATION"

II

IN HIS most suggestive discussion of "Food and Feeding," the late Sir Henry Thompson—the distinguished surgeon of London, celebrated also for his "octaves," as he called his little dinner of eight—pointed out clearly the essential difference between the racial cookery of the French and that of the English. The British Isles have a damp climate, with frequent rain, resulting in luxuriant grass, which provides an ideal provender for cattle. So it is that in England beef and mutton are likely to be the best of their kind; and therefore the British cook's sole duty is to present these meats unadorned so that the full flavor of the flesh may be preserved. This is to say that the proper effort of the British artist in the kitchen is directed toward the stark simplicity, which gives us plain roast beef and plain roast lamb, the naked beefsteak and the unclothed mutton chop, the bare pheasant and the bare haunch of venison, each of them sufficient unto itself and not needing any auxiliary sauce. British cookery at its best is beauty unadorned.

France is less rainy and the breeding of cattle has not been so careful as it has been in England, with the result that beef and mutton are likely to be somewhat inferior; and therefore it is the prime duty of the French artist in the kitchen to stimulate the appetite and help it to be satisfied with meats which may be a little tough and even stringy. What is true of beef and mutton is true also of fish. Paris is three or four hours from the sea and fish does not always arrive there in the most perfect condition; and therefore the Chief or the Blue String—if I may translate into English the Gallic *Chef* and *Cordon Bleu*—is tempted to disguise a possible lack of freshness by the piquancy of a heterogeny of sauces. London, on the other hand, is, in fact, what the American schoolgirl declared it to be in her geography examination: London is "the capital of a small island off the coast of France." Because it is the capital of a small island, "set in the silver sea," London gets its fish in the best possible condition; and therefore it is the duty of the English cook to present fish with the same stark simplicity with which she presents beef and mutton. Wo betide her if she venture upon any alien sauce! That way madness lies!

It is the old antithesis between art and nature. The British cook is excellent when she lets well enough alone, and the French cook is wise in his generation when he makes the best of the material at his disposition. "There are nine-and-sixty ways of writing tribal lays; and every single one of them is right." The best-trained palate will find it difficult to declare which is the more truly satisfactory, the simple fried sole which one can count upon anywhere and everywhere in England and the more complicated *sole Marguéry* or *sole Mornay*, final rewards of a visit to Paris. So it is impossible to accord precedence either to the roast beef of old England or to the *filet Châteaubriand* of France, when this latter dish is truly what it pretends to be—that is to say, when a thick tenderloin has been broiled between two slices of inferior beef, thus retaining all its own juice and even absorbing that of its twin coverings.

In France, cookery (like millinery) is one of the fine arts; and art is long. Complaint is made in Paris that the culinary art is falling from the high estate to which it had attained in the nineteenth century. For this decadence—if decadence there be—we are supplied with two reasons. First, because the cooks themselves are in a hurry to reap the reward of the artist and are not now willing to serve the long and arduous apprenticeship which is the only road to a complete mastery of the mysteries of the craft. And, second, because the public is also in a hurry, indisposed to order in advance and so to allow the full time necessary for the preparation of a gastronomic masterpiece. Of course the foreigners who flock to Paris to get their fill of esthetic sensations are the worst offenders; but even the Parisians themselves are unreasonable in speeding up the artist and in thus compelling him to improvise, as it were, to risk a hit-or-miss effect, instead of achieving the flawless execution of a premeditated and perfectly combined bill of fare.

French cookery also suffers in another way from the invasion of the barbarians. It is in Paris that the culinary art has attained to its culmination and achieved the apex of its glory; it is only in Paris that the student of high aspiration and of ample inspiration can acquire its ultimate secrets. But we all know that there are now abroad in the world a host of "French cooks," falsely so called, who have never studied in the French capital and who are not even French—being therefore devoid of the innate gift of the Gaul.

These out-landers, if we may so term them, these intruders into the temple, are likely to lack both the native endowment and the solid instruction without which there is only vanity and vexation of spirit. They may on occasion cling to

Concluded on page 138

AMERICAN ROMANCES—III

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE



Little Minnie Maddern, as Marie Augusta Davey was professionally known, had already played many parts when, at eight, she ventured on Eva *in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"*



Seventeen, and a New York star at last, having appeared in "Fogg's Ferry" at Abbey's Park Theater. Serenely conscious that she is quite à la mode *in her newly conquered territory*



"A new Lotta, *young, slender, sprightly, quite pretty, arch of manner, rash in the manner of her stockings, as* Lotta *always was, and possessed of undeniable red hair."*
—The New York Sun, *May 16, 1882*



Fifteen-year-old Minnie Maddern in "Wild Fire," when, in her rough-and-ready tours, she would play a child one night and an old woman the next



The hoydenish sixteen-year-old actress who played soubrettes in wild melodramas out West in the days when Eugene Field of the Denver Post *was her favorite dramatic critic*



In 1894 she emerged as Mrs. Harrison Grey Fiske, daring to bid for a second fame under a new name, and in her now dignified repertoire she included her first Ibsen play—"A Doll's House"



Many playgoers remember fondly her singing "In the Gloaming" in "Caprice," shortly before her marriage and retirement from the stage. A romantic study of her face



An old poster of her season in "Juanita." How the high-school boys and the older fellows flocked to her performances in those days!



It was as the tragic heroine of the fateful Hardy play, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," in 1897, that she was first recognized by the whole nation as a great actress



As Becky Sharp *in the stage version of "Vanity Fair" she proved in 1899 that she could swing from heart-breaking tragedy to the most glittering comedy*



In 1908, when she had come to be widely regarded as America's foremost actress, she stirred the country as Salvation Nell *in Sheldon's first play, a drama of the slums*

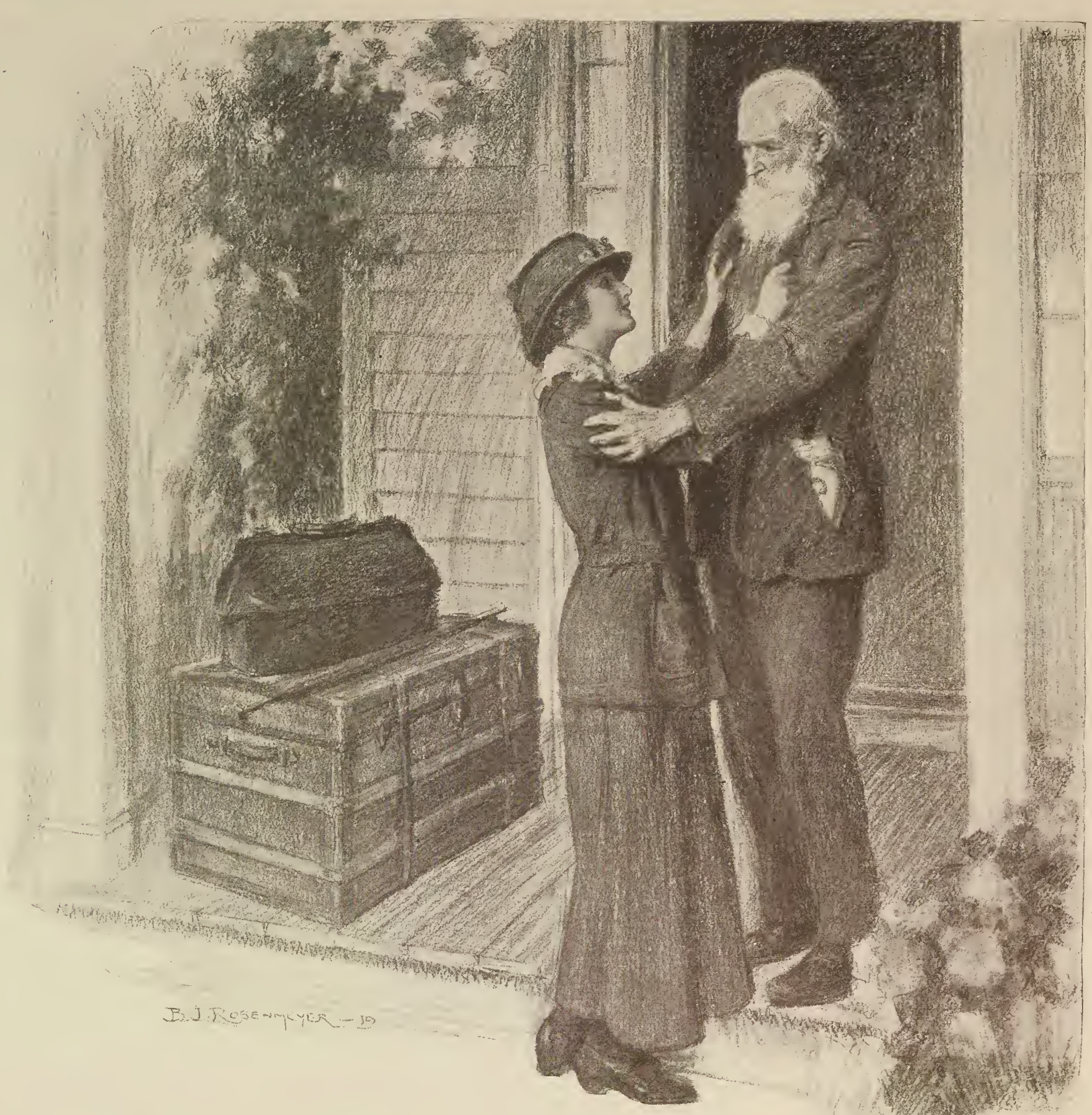
Photograph by Byron

Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild

Mrs. Fiske in her present play, "Miss Nelly of N'Orleans," one of the feather-weight comedies with which she has indulged herself in recent seasons

Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild

Mrs. Fiske in street costume, from a photograph made in 1919. The kindly sympathetic yet extremely forceful personality



"BUT, GRAMPA, MAYBE YOU'D RUTHER I DIDN'T?"

GRAMPA

BY AGNES MARY BROWNELL

IT WAS Gramma who washed and ironed and sewed the little print frocks, and later, in Baby Claire's mature high-chair days, tied the careful bib, and crumbled bread into the yellow bowl, and who sometimes, out of her careful devotion, used disciplinary measures. And it was Grampa who rendered these measures of no avail, hovering distractedly in the offing, between a wholesome fear of Gramma and an utterly unreasonable and unreasoning loyalty to his "Lady."

"Spile her then!" would flare Gramma.

"She'll be good with Grampa. Won't you be good with Grampa, Lady?" Grampa would wheedle.

"Won't!" Claire would maintain flatly, and snuggle and nuzzle delightedly in Grampa's scrubby beard. Whereupon Grampa would shuffle away apologetically, returning after a decent interval for weather observations. Generally they found it fair. But Gramma had been known to remain obdurate, and to forget the special dainty for tea. Grampa would swallow the penitential bread and milk meekly; but Claire had a way with her.

"Tiss a Dramma!" And, the somewhat moist and milky salute bestowed, negotiations followed:

"Tookie?"

Gramma relenting, the bread-plate would be replenished, a jam-pot discovered, the cream-jug reenforce the milk supply, and cookies, crumbling richly, adorn Grampa's scraggy beard and Claire's inveigling dimples like flecks of goldstone.

"Ni'," Claire would approve. "'Ow ni'!"

"How nice!" Grampa would agree jubilantly and cast a conciliatory glance in Gramma's direction. By now Gramma would be reduced to a teary, beaming state. "Pore motherless child!" Gramma would croon. But Claire never suspected it. Gramma and Grampa intended she never should.

Grampa's Lady became a big girl and started to school. Gramma kept her hair short after the manner of her own youth. It was fine, dark hair, parted in the middle, brushed away in a little scallop on either side of her rounded forehead; beneath were the dark eyes and the lashes inking the fine pallor of the cheeks—a heritage from that mother whom Claire must never miss. Claire had an odd, gravely smiling little mouth and a pointed chin with a dimple, At school she went by Gramma's and Grampa's name—Claire Hubbard.

"IT AIN'T NOTHING THEY DO—FOR THEY DON'T DO NOTHING. I GUESS THAT'S IT—IT'S WHAT THEY DON'T DO." CLAIRE'S SISTER-IN-LAW STUMBLED ON A TRUTH WHEN SHE WAS TALKING ABOUT "THEM LITTLE STILL KIND." EVERY ONE KNOWS THEM AND THEIR BLAND, SWEET, UTTER SELFISHNESS. "GRAMPA" IS A POIGNANT LITTLE STORY, HARD TO FORGET

Gramma sewed little plaid dresses and little white aprons with fluted ruffles. Grampa polished an apple mornings and noons for recess consumption. Gramma and Grampa let their breakfast cool, anxiously intent on Claire's mug and oatmeal-bowl. On Sundays Claire sat between Gramma and Grampa at church. Sometimes she went to sleep against Gramma; sometimes against Grampa. When the minister said: "What a fine big girl our Claire is getting to be!" Gramma tried to look properly contrite, but Grampa rang a clarion peal into his squared and polished handkerchief. (Gramma always had his white one done up for Sunday.) Claire's odd, gravely smiling little mouth would widen to the extent of one dimple about the size of a raindrop. Then some one would be sure to say: "She looks just like her mother looked at her age!" Then would Gramma and Grampa, taking each a hand of their Claire, bustle hastily away. Suppose, after all their care, Claire should begin to miss her mother!

On Sunday afternoons Gramma wrote letters to the relations back in Indianny, and Grampa and Claire went walking. Sometimes (but after they had already gone a long way) Claire would say, "But, Grampa, maybe you'd ruther not come this way?" Grampa always answered stoutly: "I'd ruther."

When Claire was twelve, very slim, with reed-like wrists and ankles, and a tiny rose of color impressed upon the oval of her cheek, her father summoned her home. Jason Gardner had not married again, although he had fully intended to do so. He had even considered the girl—a strong, good-looking, bovine creature, who, he knew, would not be unwilling, in spite of his two little girls at home. He was a jealous man. He held jealously to the old memories of his wife. She was still his. Her garments still hung in her closet. At first when he unclosed the door, it was as if they had been whispering—the decorous Sunday silk, the white one with a deep ruffle that had endured from her girlhood, the print frocks flattened against the wall, still with some faint hint of her in their delicate, spare outlines. His mother kept house for him; the two girls were soon old enough to help. They went barefoot in summer, and burned and tanned in the sun. Their roughened hair was burned russet at the ends. On Saturdays they all went into town with the weekly produce, and took dinner with Gramma and Grampa and Claire. Claire sometimes went out with them over Sunday. Her Grandmother Gardner did not approve of her upbringing; she thought her too much coddled. And she had never liked her name. Her sisters had been named Celia and Delia, for their aunts. Grandma Gardner's own name was Amelia. Celia, Delia and Amelia seemed to her almost to have been foreordained. She would like to have set Claire at the other girls' tasks—the Monday wash, the midweek ironing, the milking and water-fetching. (Celia and Delia were Gardners through and through—thick-waisted, thick-ankled, swelling into hardy good looks like coarse-stalked dahlias.)

But when Jason sent for her to take a hand at home, Gramma countered. "She was give to me," said Gramma.

Continued on page 128

"I am a Campbell's farmer boy
Wherever I appear
I sow the seeds of health and joy
With Campbell's wholesome cheer."





You sow good health when you eat good soup

You begin at the very beginning.

Good soup supplies valuable nourishment which you cannot obtain so readily in any other form.

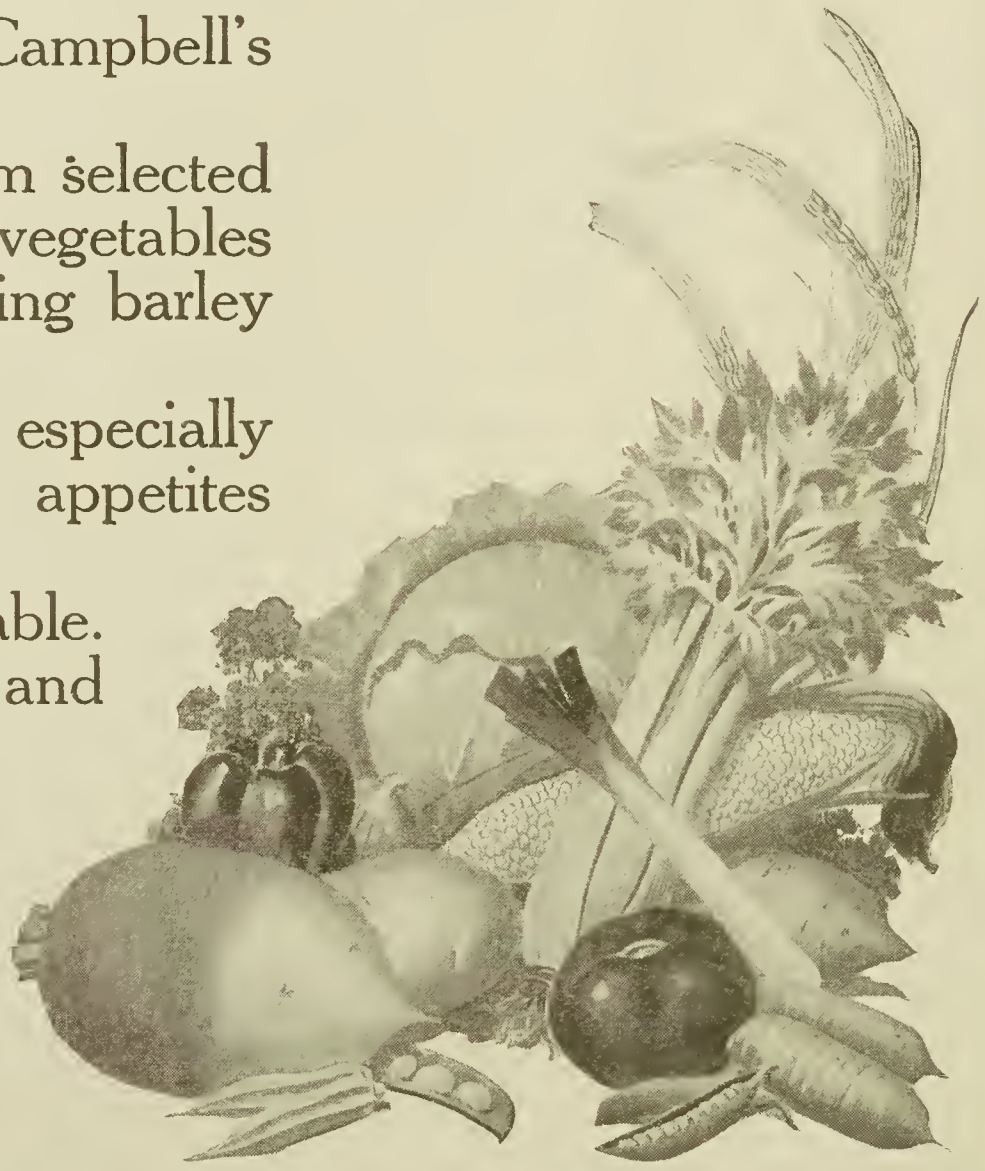
It also tones the appetite and strengthens digestion so that you obtain increased nourishment from all other food.

There's wonderful health value in Campbell's tempting Vegetable Soup.

The strong invigorating stock made from selected beef is combined with plenty of delicious vegetables —fifteen in all—beside fine herbs, nourishing barley and dainty macaroni alphabets.

A feast in itself—this appetizing soup, especially so for the youngsters, and for all whose appetites need coaxing.

Sow the seeds of health at the home table. Enjoy this strength-giving soup regularly and often.



21 kinds **15c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



THERE WAS TOO MUCH YEAST IN THAT BREAD, SURE ENOUGH! AND EXTRAVAGANCE WORKS JUST LIKE YEAST; THE MORE YOU PUT INTO YOUR BUYING, THE HIGHER PRICES GO

WHAT EXTRAVAGANCE DOES

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT

Author of "A King in Rags," "Money Talks," etc.

THESE are strange times that we are living in—half the world bankrupt and despairing, millions in Europe and Asia (innumerable children) perishing for lack of food and warmth, while America holds high carnival in reckless extravagance. A reign of luxury side by side with a reign of horror!

"Never has there been so much spending, such a demand for expensive articles and such disregard of prices," says a recent report of the Federal Reserve Board.

The conditions indicated in this article prevail from Maine to Texas, from the Mississippi to the Hudson, up and down the Pacific coast, in our towns and villages as well as in our cities—everywhere the idea is to spend, not to save, with sundry evil results, prominent among them to the steady rise in the prices of things.

Not only the rich and the well-to-do, but the poor; not only fashionable women but shop-girls, factory girls (men also) seem bent on squandering their substance on show and pleasure. Every one is dancing and feasting. Palatial hotels are overflowing. On a recent trip from New York to cities beyond the Mississippi I found myself paying ten dollars a day for a room and bath—without food!

Never were our shops so brilliant and our women so expensively clad. Pleasure cars throng our highways—everybody has one. I know of an Italian furnace man who has two. I know a colored waiter who has two. My stenographer has just got one.

The stage is a mirror of the times, and never was there such gorgeousness as prevails on the American stage today. Hangings, furnishings, entire productions simply exude money.

Eleven dollars a seat (box-office prices) at the opening performance of "Aphrodite," while speculators demanded and received as much as fifty dollars for a single ticket to this lavish spectacle!

Surely there was nothing in the wildest frenzies of ancient Rome to surpass the mad spending of America in this year of grace 1920.

What will the harvest be?

I asked a prosperous dealer the other day what is the newest thing in automobile fittings. He told me of a novelty just delivered to a queen of the movies.

"It's a folding dressing-table built into one of her luxurious closed cars," he said. "You touch a spring and the table appears by magic, with drawers holding the various jars, boxes and sticks necessary for the lady's make-up, each in a little gold case. When she's in a hurry she makes up on her way to the studio."

"How much did this arrangement cost?"

The man shook his head. "She wouldn't tell me; she was ashamed, it was such a frightful price. The gold vase with Tiffany glass is always filled with orchids or lilies-of-the-valley. The little gold clock is set with jewels. She has separate lap-robes for each motor; the last one cost eight hundred dollars—seal-lined with soft gray fur. Oh, she's some spender!"

Speaking of furs, it appears that sable coats are selling for thirty-five thousand dollars. I myself saw a chinchilla coat displayed in a special glass case and marked fourteen thousand dollars!

It was observed during the telephone strike in Boston some months ago that a great many of the girls in the parade wore raccoon coats.

Here is food for thought.

As you stroll along the brilliant avenues of our American cities, patriotic citizens, glance into the smart dressmaking establishments and consider the finery blazing there. Gossamer robes woven by fairies. Fascinating pinks, delicate orchids, sparkling greens—a hundred shimmering hues, things of fragile beauty that the saleslady calls evening dresses. Three hundred dollars each! Five hundred dollars each! Eight hundred dollars each! *Where does the money come from?*

I strolled into a shop where a Fifth Avenue dealer sells rare Chinese porcelains to the artistic élite.

"What a marvelous vase!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he nodded, "there isn't another like it. Did you ever see such glazing? Such exquisite lines and color! It is well worth its price—eighty-five thousand dollars." He turned it tenderly to the sunlight, and the soft tones blazed as if with hidden fires.

Then he showed me other fragile and beautiful pieces, some from Persia, that cost fabulous sums.

"And you sell these things at these prices?" I asked.

He looked at me reproachfully.

"Of course we sell them. Rich collectors do not mind what they pay. Think of the work that is represented here—years of work."

Indeed I was thinking of this work, and of the ill-paid workers in distant lands who blended these colors so patiently and lovingly.

I asked a pale-faced sewing-woman the other evening, as she finished her long day, how much rent she pays every month.

"We did pay fifteen dollars, sir, for two rooms in a tenement," she answered with a bright smile. "My grandmother and my little sister are with me, but the landlord raised us to thirty dollars, so we had to take in two girls. It's a little crowded, but we manage, sir."

In contrast to which, consider the following:

"How are you living in these high-cost days?" I asked a man about town, a lavish spender.

"Oh," he laughed, "I am economizing like the rest of the world."

Economizing! He has given up a wonderful duplex apartment with eight bathrooms because the rent was raised from thirty thousand to thirty-four thousand dollars. His present apartment costs him only twenty-seven thousand dollars, and has only nineteen rooms!

Speaking of bathrooms, he described Mrs. R's newly decorated marble swimming-pool, its green-tinted walls adorned with dark-eyed nymphs resting against coral reefs.

He considers it cheap at ten thousand dollars!

While whole nations lie prostrate in agony!

While one-third of the children in New York, according to the Health Commissioner, are suffering from undernourishment!

What is the explanation of this mad extravagance? Why do most of us live beyond our means? Why do we run up bills every month for unnecessary things, for foolish luxuries, bills we groan under when the time of payment comes?

Is it false pride? Or a legitimate desire to be successful?

Take the fashionable balls and entertainments that are given every night in our large cities, expensive dinner-parties, theater parties, opera parties, coming-out parties that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars each. *Five thousand dollars for floral decoration at a single ball!* Can those who provide these lavish pleasures really afford them? Does the result justify the effort and the outlay? Is a sweet young American girl either happier or better because her loving parents spend large sums that they have no right to spend in order to make her seem richer and smarter than she honestly is? And how about the thousands of other sweet girls who, by reason of this extravagance, are forced to pay exorbitant prices for things they actually need?

Why should American girls wear silk stockings and silk underwear as a matter of course when their fathers and brothers wear cotton? Two dollars, three dollars, *fifty dollars* (with lace insertion—this is fact!) for a pair of stockings!

"Mother, there is no use in your buying me cotton stockings. I won't wear them. I *can not* wear them. It simply isn't done!" declares a Chicago schoolgirl to an indulgent parent who wears cotton stockings herself because she is trying to economize.

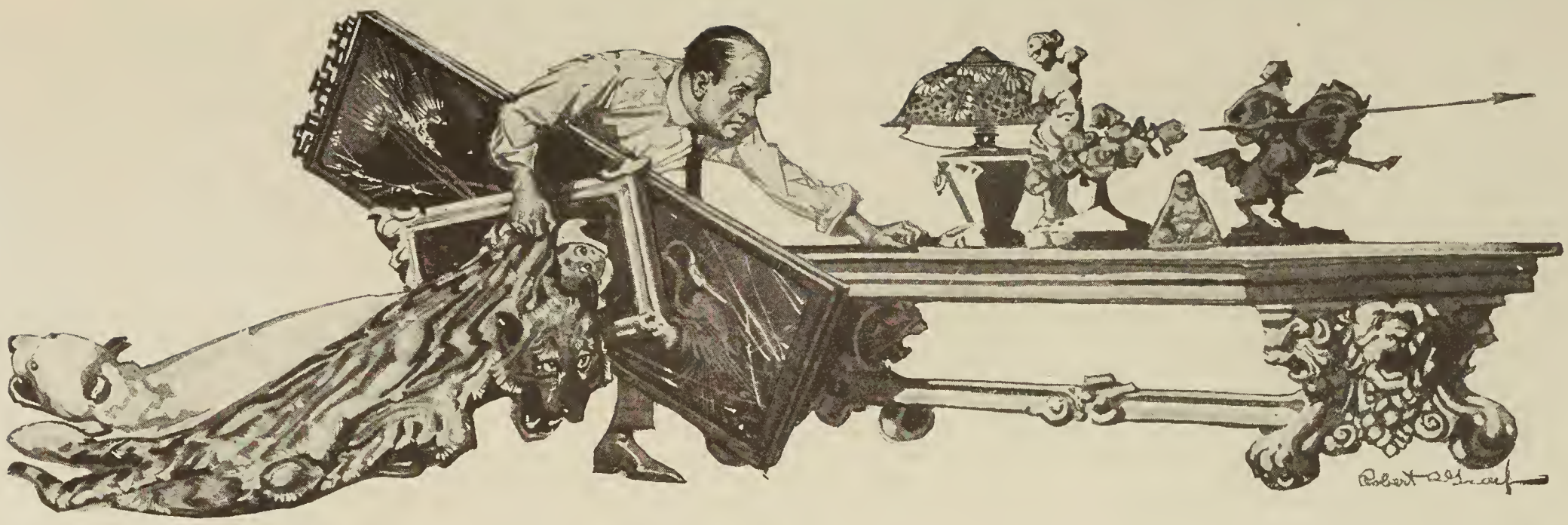
If I might venture a word of advice to such mothers, I would say that they are failing in their duty by encouraging in their children luxurious habits that only make for inefficiency and discontent.

Take women's hats!

Heaven defend us here! Have women no sense of humor? No sense of justice?

A man wears *one* derby hat (five dollars) all Winter and *one* straw hat (three dollars) all Summer, but a fashionable or would-be fashionable woman must have five hats, ten hats, barbarous combinations of feathers, fruits and

Concluded on page 139



IMITATION CHINCHILLA

BY HARRIETTE UNDERHILL

IMITATION chinchilla and a plaster-of-Paris Venus de Milo ean effectually spoil any day for us if they are mixed in just the right proportions and administered via the sereen.

The first picture we ever saw eontained samples of what has since become our *bête noire* and we disliked them on sight. And in the course of three years devoted more or less to sitting through feature pietures we have become so sensitive



NEW YORK, NEW YEAR'S EVE AND A PALM BEACH SUIT

that, when the heroine is about to be projected into our midst and we read on the screen, "Alice, the spoiled daughter of a millionaire," we involuntarily close our eyes and then open them a little at a time, hoping and praying that Alice will not be clad in a coat with an imitation chinchilla collar. Imitation white fox is also good as a day-spoiler, and a pair of tango slippers worn with a sports suit has been known to send our temperature up three points.

A plaster Venus placed in the center of a library-table has almost the same effect. Three years ago we went into this thing trustingly with all of our ideals intact, but, alas, how soon was our faith blasted! In those early days we felt so keenly on the subject that we went around among our friends bemoaning the fact that bad taste in dress and house-furnishings was rampant in the silent drama. They paid us scant attention!

"How did you like 'A House Divided'?" they would ask; and we would murmur, "It was furnished in such atrocious taste!" Or, "Was 'The Other Woman' good?" "She must have been," we would answer, "or she never would have dared to wear sueh dreadful clothes."

Few of our listeners had any sympathy with us. "What do you care what kind of furs she wore if she successfully defended herself against the onslaughts of the villain and married the hero?" was their attitude, and, "Does it matter how the library was furnished when you could never guess until the last reel who shot the millionaire as he sat reading under his night-lamp?" And then one day the editor of this magazine asked: "What do you think the motion-pietures are most in need of?" And without an instant's hesitation we replied:

"A final censor to see that everybody in the cast is suitably garbed, and that the interior decorations are not going to offend any one who knows better."

And without waiting for her to reply we went on: "Perhaps it wouldn't be possible to find any one who knows all about things sartorial who also knows all about house-furnishings and their uses and abuses. But in that case they could have two censors. If they can afford to pay the star two thousand dollars, they surely can afford to pay a censor two hundred dollars.

"For, just because a star happens to photograph well and have a triek of pantomime doesn't argue that she knows what to buy and when to wear it; and just because a man can direet a picture and knows all about eontinuity it doesn't mean that he will know how to collect furniture that will make you think you are really in the library of 'a home on Fifth Avenue.'"

The editor nodded and seemed about to speak, but we gave her no chanee.

"That was one nice thing about Madame Petrova's pictures: she used her own sets, and they looked like rooms that people lived in. But you know the words 'Library in the home of Senator Walton' in a seenario are usually the signal for the property man to get out one massive mahogany table with lions carved on the legs, one lamp with a globe made out of irregular pieees of glass like a kaleidoscope, one plaster image of the Venus de Milo, one bronze horse with an Arab on his baek carrying a spear rampant, one ormolu cloek, one silver vase with natural or paper roses in it, one Chinese-image paper-weight, one ivory paper-knife, one Japanese screen, one bear rug, one tiger rug, one Wilton rug, and one portrait of somebody's ancestor.

"Reeently we saw 'Aliee, the spoiled daughter of a millionaire,' eombing her hair in front of a dressing-table over which hung one of those pietures labeled 'Her Gift,' and a drawing-room that eontained an upright piano with a cretonne searf on it trimmed with ball fringe. And the stairs leading into the reception-room were painted to look like white marble! Now what do you think of that?" We paused for breath.

"I think it is quite appalling and quite interesting, particularly as I have been told that the poorer people who recently have made a great deal more money than they ever had before, are spending it for interior decorations, and that they have eopied as nearly as possible what they see on the screen, both in house-furnishings and in clothes."

"Heaven forbid!" we murmured; "put not your trust in movies." For we eouldn't think unmoved of those poor creatures working for a paltry ten or twelve dollars a day and then spending it on Louis chairs and bronze gladiators.

"That is why we insist that they need censors; not for the pictures—they are doing very



"ONLY DAUGHTER OF A MULTIMILLIONAIRE" WEARING NEAR-FURS



THE HATS BEGAN TO APPEAR EVERYWHERE

well—but for the material before it goes into the pictures."

"And how do you account for this indifference on the part of the director?"

"It isn't indifference. He is probably doing his 'darnedest.' It's ignorance, for you know there are a lot of motion-pieture direetors who can direct but who can not do anything else. Being a motion-picture director is often a matter of environment or aceident. In the United States there must be at least a thousand direetors, and they can't all be raised in millionaires' homes. Some directors know how to direct a picture, and they also know all about acting, dressing, writing titles, and furnishing homes. But they are the ones who have to be engaged a year ahead if you want them to direct a picture for you, and they eommand salaries equaled only by the movie stars or the President of these United States."

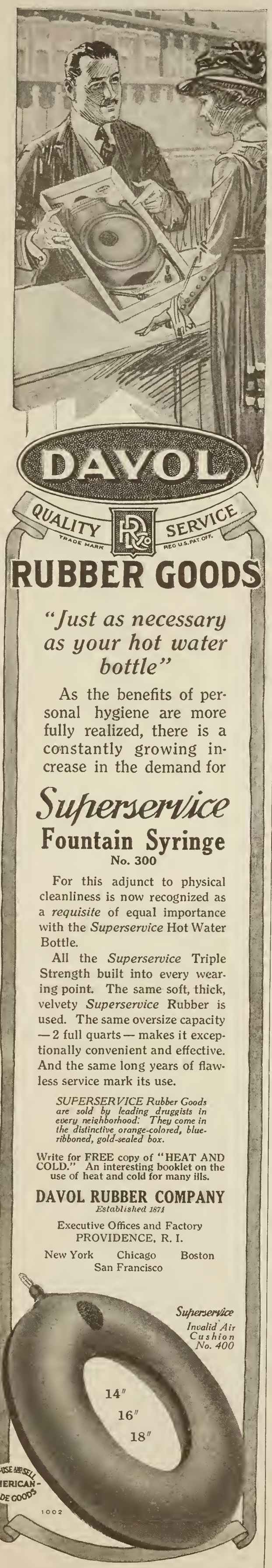
"But why this melancholy lack?" asked our editor.

"Well, I'll tell you a secret: Many of the motion-picture directors have been something else until quite recently; they have popped in, so to speak, and haven't learned the game thoroughly. For instance, one director we know was the property boy in a musical comedy in which we played not so long ago. Another one used to play the violin very well. We shall never forget him, because he borrowed his fare to Detroit from us and forgot to send it back. Two others we know of played small parts in stock companies; another was an eleetrician. So you see how it is. There are directors and there are interior decorators, but few directors are also interior decorators.

"The saving grace is that some of the large companies now have art directors, but too often their interiors are 'faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null.' One art director, we remember, furnished the heroine's bedroom with a black-velvet bed and nothing else, and in her reeeption-room he stood one chaste marble bench. Such sets never look as though any one used them save to act in. And, really, the easiest way to make a copy of a millionaire's home is to live in one.

"Not long ago we were in the studio of a star who was recently voted the most popular actress. She is married to a millionaire, so she really lives in a millionaire's home, which proves one point. The scene was laid in a bungalow in Manila, which sounded simple enough until the director read that it was to be occupied by 'an ambassador and his party.' These magic words spelled 'Pomp and Circumstance,' and all the early Pullman furniture in the studio was moved into that set.

Concluded on page 107



TO BE WELL THOUGH TEETHING IN A WORLD SAFE FOR BABIES

BY CAROLYN CONANT VAN BLARCOM

IT IS always an exciting occasion, that birthday of the baby's first tooth.

It has been anticipated for several days, talked about eagerly, and the little mouth frequently inspected for the first sign. And then the miracle occurs and a hard, pearly morsel pushes its way through the soft red cushions of the gums.

The mother and father take on an air of thinly disguised importance and pride. The grandparents fairly radiate thrills as they examine the little white phenomenon through their spectacles, while friends and neighbors show a wholly satisfactory appreciation.

All of this concern is quite as it should be, for the baby's first tooth ushers in a part of his physical equipment that is of priceless value to him. These teeth exert such an important influence for weal or wo throughout his entire life that they command very respectful attention.

Interest in the baby's teeth should not be delayed until that late day when the first tooth appears, but should be felt during many months before the baby comes. From the beginning of pregnancy the expectant mother should eat the kind of food and live the kind of a simple, regular life that will help to build in her baby good bones and muscles and also sound teeth.

And from the time the baby is born he must be given the food that will continue to build strong, enduring teeth.

After your baby's first tooth has been achieved, you will find it almost impossible to resist the temptation to day-dream a little and to picture to yourself the next tooth and the next until your mind's eye sees the whole gleaming array.

You see them regular and white and beautiful, making that gay little smile still gayer and utterly irresistible. And since it is easy to cover great stretches in dreams you find that you are leaping over the intervening years and picturing the teething baby in your arms as a grown-up with a well-formed mouth and fine teeth.

YOU smile contentedly as you realize that those two rows of straight, sound teeth that you are dreaming about are guardsmen standing at the body's chief portal of entry, and that they will do much toward protecting the entire body from invading disease.

Then the warm little bundle in your arms begins to squirm and you come back from imposing rows of ivory guardsmen to a gummy, slobbering little mouth with only one tiny tooth.

But the coming back is not disappointing, for you happen to know that that is one dream that you can make come true, as the beauty and durability of your baby's teeth will be made or marred by you.

"All that is required of me," you are saying, "is that I give proper food and observe cleanliness in its completest sense."

If the baby is properly fed and his digestion is going on satisfactorily, he is almost sure to cut good teeth at the normal time and to cut them with little or no trouble.

On the other hand, if he is not properly fed, both before and after the teeth come, it is more than probable that the teeth will be of poor quality and even the second teeth will cause trouble later in life. And the improperly fed baby will almost certainly be sick and generally upset at the time of teething.

Remember, therefore, that if you properly feed and care for your baby from the beginning you may reasonably expect him to cut his first tooth some time between the fifth and ninth months and to do it almost with smiling unconcern.

If you are watching his mouth (as of course you are with great expectancy), you will notice that before he has any teeth his gums are pink and thin. When he is about five or six months old, the gums begin to look a little swollen and red where the two lower front teeth are due to come through. The baby will have an increased amount of saliva, commonly described as drooling, and he will try to bite hard on objects that he takes into his mouth.

Although more than half of the babies who are well have no further trouble while teething, it sometimes happens that a hitherto irreproachable infant becomes restless and irritable and has a little fever. He may lose his appetite or even have vomiting attacks and the stools may contain undigested food. This is very likely to occur if several teeth are cut in a short time during hot weather. Such an upset lasts only three or four days, as a rule, but the baby may not gain in weight for perhaps two or three weeks.

THESE symptoms are much more severe in delicate children, and occasionally a frail baby will have convulsions each time a tooth comes through; and if the baby has been having digestive troubles, these difficulties will be greatly increased while teething.

It is important at all times to adjust the baby's food to his digestive powers. If he is ever so little upset, therefore, by the teething process, you should reduce his food and increase his drinking-water, until the tooth comes through and the troublesome symptoms subside.

As we have said, but can not repeat too often, teething is a normal function, and ordinarily a healthy, properly fed baby has very little trouble at this time. If the upset is more than trivial and does not promptly subside, you must send for your doctor, as there may be something serious amiss.



THE FIRST TOOTH

One of the most dangerous, death-dealing beliefs afloat is that a teething baby is as a matter of course a sick baby. We have no way of estimating the number of babies who die needlessly each year of digestive trouble, pneumonia and bronchitis because their mothers believe that they are "only teething" and consequently take no alarm. But we do know that the number is distressingly large.

It is a serious mistake to believe that diarrhea during teething is good for the baby; and equally so to believe that teething may cause eczema or any other kind of skin trouble. Should any of these conditions appear, you may rest assured that something is wrong besides teething and that the baby needs a doctor's care.

Sometimes the baby's first tooth literally steals upon you unawares and the first hint you have is when you discover it while bathing the baby some bright morning. Other times the tooth has difficulty in pushing its way through a thick resistant gum and the baby has a good deal of pain as a result. Some doctors advise the mother to give the tooth a little help under such circumstances by wrapping a clean piece of cloth over the finger and rubbing briskly over the edge of the tooth that can be felt through the gum. This is easier and quicker than lancing.

The first tooth, whose birthday we have been celebrating, is usually one of the two lower central teeth, and with its companion which soon follows, is cut some time between the fifth and ninth months; next come the four central teeth in the upper jaw, which appear ordinarily between the eighth and twelfth months. The other two central teeth in the lower jaw are cut next, and these are followed from the twelfth to the eighteenth month by the double teeth, one on each side in each jaw, making four in all. The canine teeth are next in order, the two upper ones being known as the "eye teeth" and the lower ones as the "stomach teeth." They come between the eighteenth and twenty-fourth months. Some time between the twenty-fourth and thirtieth months the four double teeth come through, making twenty teeth in all.

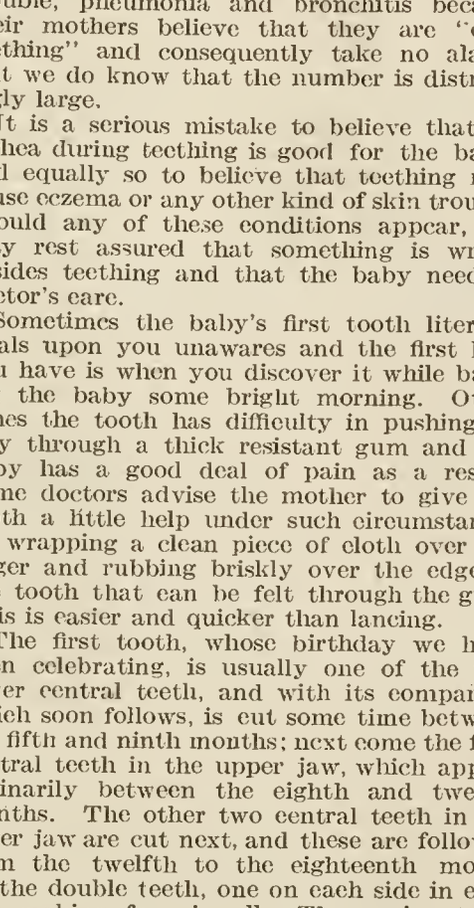


DIAGRAM OF BABY'S FIRST TEETH AND THE APPROXIMATE AGES AT WHICH THEY APPEAR

To sum it all up: The average baby begins to cut his teeth at about six months and has six teeth when a year old; twelve at one and a half years; sixteen at two years, and twenty teeth when two and a half years old.

Although it sometimes happens that a perfectly normal baby does not cut his first tooth until after the ninth month, such a delayed teething is usually the result of undernourishment or even rickets. I feel sure that you have been feeding your baby so carefully that he will acquit himself creditably during this period. But should the first tooth not come through by the ninth or tenth month, you had better talk it over with your doctor.

These first or so-called "milk" or "baby" teeth are only temporary and are gradually replaced by the second or permanent teeth, which begin to appear at about the sixth year. Although the first teeth are only temporary, their quality and the care that is given to them will affect the second teeth and even your baby's health after he has ceased to be a baby and has become a man.

The first teeth act as a kind of mold or brace to hold the soft little jaws in proper shape for the second and larger set of teeth when they come. That is one reason why it is so important to preserve the first teeth until the fifth or sixth year. If one of the baby teeth crumbles away because the baby has not been properly fed or because it is decayed, a space is left in the jaw.

The teeth on either side are pressed over toward this space, leaving less than the necessary amount of room for the second tooth when it comes through. Not having enough room in which to grow straight, the crowded tooth turns a little to the side or comes in a little in front or behind its normal position.

When one tooth is out of place, the position of the others in that jaw is affected and a crooked row is the result, not the beautiful, even row that you saw in your day-dream.

The biggest factor in keeping these tiny first teeth where they belong is cleanliness, for that prevents decay. You have heard the saying that "a clean tooth never decays."

Begin to care for your baby's permanent teeth, therefore, by keeping that first tooth clean. Wipe it front and back with a piece of gauze or cotton wrapped round your finger morning and evening and after each feeding. Boracic acid or water containing a little cooking soda or ordinary table salt makes a good mouth-wash. It is fermentation or acid that starts decay and any one of these solutions will counteract the acidity.

When the baby has six or eight teeth, you must get a soft little brush and use either such a mouth-wash as I suggest or any one of the good tooth-pastes on the market. Brush the little teeth very gently both front and back using a circular motion; or better still, brush from the gums toward the edge of the teeth, so as to remove all material that may be lodged between them. This scrupulous care of the teeth must not be omitted a single day nor a single time, for your baby's future health may be depending upon it.

ANOTHER important factor in the care of your baby's teeth is exercise of the teeth and jaws. You are wondering, I know, how you can exercise them, but you can by giving the little fellow something hard to chew upon as soon as he has teeth to chew with—a crust of toast, zwieback or a hard cracker.

As the baby's dietary increases, take pains to give him something hard to chew upon each day and teach him to masticate thoroughly. The exercise provided by chewing is important because it increases the flow of blood to the teeth and jaws and thus carries to them the materials that are needed in building them firm and strong. Thorough chewing of hard food also polishes the teeth and helps to keep them clean.

Such foods as whole-wheat bread, coarse cereals, green vegetables and ripe fruits are good to chew upon and they are also valuable to the teeth in providing the building materials we have been talking about. Raw apples are particularly valuable in helping to make the teeth strong and keeping them clean.

Watch the little teeth carefully, in spite of this care, for tiny black spots or possible decay, for should any appear you should consult a dentist at once.

It is a serious mistake to think that since the baby teeth are only temporary it is not worth while to have them filled when decayed. So important is this that every child should be taken to the dentist at least by the third year and every six months afterward in order that the first tiny spot may be detected and treated. You are caring for these first teeth, remember, in preparation for the second.

We will talk of these second teeth another time, but until we do, bear in mind that proper food builds good teeth and persistent care keeps them sound.

Many, many grown people to-day are suffering from rheumatism, heart trouble, indigestion and nervous prostration as a result of neglected, decayed teeth in childhood.

Good health is practically impossible unless the mouth is clean and the teeth are sound. And so once more we get right back to our old watchwords, "proper food and absolute cleanliness."

THE TIRED ONES

BY CELIA CAROLINE COLE

Beauty is more than skin-deep. It goes in—and in—and in—Celia Caroline Cole will tell you how far in. She knows. Read—and obey—you will be happier as well as more beautiful. Send, too, for the Beauty Editor's leaflets listed on page 86 of this issue

EVERY now and then we try all our hats on our baby's nurse. And she's adorable in every one of them. Then we wheedle the cook's hats from her and try them on the nurse. And she's perfectly fascinating in them. And then if we have a guest or two sitting around, we gently extract their hats from them and clap them down on our nurse's head. And we breathe deep with delight at the effect.

After which we withdraw to our secret room where we tell ourself out loud all the things we have learned, and we wag our head and whisper, "The face *is* the thing! If you're pretty enough, you can wear *anything*. And do anything, probably, and say anything. If you're just pretty enough."

If you have dark red hair and long, sweet brown eyes, and a creamy skin and a nice larky, gentle, beautiful soul you can buy a hat for five dollars and a suit for twenty and you look like three million dollars on the first day of Spring.

But of course there are lots of people not at all like our nurse. We see them, as we, like Satan, go to and fro upon the earth. We're always peering at faces: as we sit in the mad, blind subway, or on the Fifth Avenue bus, or on the surface cars, or lolled back in a rich friend's limousine, we look at and think about faces.

And yesterday, when we went to a party where there were world-famous writers and grand-opera stars, and multimillionaires and their wives, and two immortal actresses and several matinée-idols, we looked at and thought about faces. Among them was a world-renowned woman in flame-colored velvet—frock and hat—and when she came into the long, soft drawing-room, I almost stood up and clapped my hands and jumped up and down shouting:

"Oh, the party's begun! The party's begun!"

She brought such a lovely thing into that room. At first I thought it was just the wonderful color of her clothes, for I hadn't seen her face. And then she turned around and I saw her face. And it was the loveliest face I had ever looked at. Great, starry, eager eyes, a red, glad, tender mouth, a skin as clear and soft as a baby's, and not one hard line in it.

AND yet I knew she had spent no end of energy and brain-power or she would never hold the position in the world that she does.

How do they do it? They use their brains.

They make their heads save their bodies.

They're frightfully busy but not too busy to remember the importance of looking their best. Beauty is power, always You meet people who have it and don't seem to count for anything, but that's because they are not intelligent about it; they don't use their beauty. They waste it.

Many women are not beautiful because they overdo. They almost never feel really rested and joyous and zestful for life

Other women are not beautiful because they don't do enough. They're fat and lazy, physically, mentally, spiritually, liverishly.

And still other women are not beautiful because they do the wrong things. They're ignorant of the way to take care of themselves—their eyes, their skins, their hair, ignorant as to the way they ought to dress, and as to what makes for charm in a woman.

How many of you wash your faces correctly?

You busy ones, does it take any longer to cleanse your face with moist cotton and astringent and cream than it does to scrub it, and, then later have to put on cream or lotion of some sort because your skin is rough and your pores coarse? Does it take any longer to put cleansing tonic on your hair once a week—if that is as often as you can possibly do it—than it does to get it shampooed once every two weeks and then later have to go to a hair-shop to find out why your hair is so dry, or so oily, or so bent on leaving you altogether?

We've been so tired ourself that we felt if we moved we'd disintegrate. So we know what it feels like to work beyond one's strength day after day. But we know, too, how, when we're like that, we waste energy thinking about how tired we are and how beastly unfair it is and how we simply can't keep it up, but how are we going to get out of it.

We don't do that any more, in our driven times. We just flop. And we consciously relax every muscle until we are like a guitar with every string loosened until it sags. If we were so tired we couldn't cleanse our face and neck with the moist cotton before we flopped, we flop with the cold-cream jar beside us, with two Japanese tissues sitting beside it in patient waiting.

AND we don't even glance at them; we just relax and pretend very lazily that we hear our favorite kind of music played on reed instruments or violins, quite far off so that they won't excite us or exact anything from us; or, through our shut eyes, we see the loveliest colors we've ever dreamed about floating and mingling and separating, and they aren't silk and they're not chiffon, they're some heavenly kind of tissue, soft and deep as velvet and vaporous as smoke.

We pretend these things so that our relaxed muscles won't fall into self-pitying, discouraged lines. That queer, wonderful thing that lives in us that nobody ever sees



MARJORIE HAST, A YOUNG ACTRESS APPEARING IN "SCANDAL," IS AN "UNTIRED" ONE, WITH THE BEAUTY, GRACE AND CHARM OF YOUTH

going in or coming out, that power-and-personality we call our mind, gives us that sound and those colors as a first aid.

And then when we've rested a little, so that we can bear to move, we lazily and softly rub the cleansing cream into our face and neck, and flop again. And just as we feel ourself slipping into sleep we fumble for the tissues and wipe the cream off. And if all this happens in bed—we've been unable to flop until we were actually in bed—we have the jar of skin-food beside us, too, and we rub that in sleepily and the party's all over. Sleep.

If you're working as hard as that you need eight or nine hours' sleep. If there is some driving condition that keeps you from getting that much, stand up and refuse to be bullied by that condition. If, perhaps, you are supporting the family and you are the mother, teach the children to relieve you at home, to wait on you and to *like* it. You can. And it's much better for them to have a little less fun now and a mother, than to have more fun now and, after a bit, no mother.

Oh, Busy-And-Tired-Ones, don't just let yourselves go! You'll get more and more discouraged if you look horrid; you'll be beaten!

Let people go, if you have to, and live with books They give you much and don't take anything from you. And we have such wonderful books these days—real people in them, people like you and people like the kind you'd like to be.

Conserve wherever you can. Don't waste a scrap of you by worry and self-pity. They're the enemy!

Years don't bring wrinkles. What you think about brings wrinkles. Neglect brings wrinkles. Ignorance brings wrinkles.

WORRY, discontent, hate, discouragement—all fathers and mothers of wrinkles. Uncleanliness, wrong way of washing, injurious face-powders or rouges or creams—wrinkles. Weather, unless you protect yourself against it, makes wrinkles. Before going out in cold weather or in any kind of weather, if you're going to motor or play golf in the wind, put an oilless cream on as a foundation for your powder, and then powder lightly; don't scrub it in. Put it on with a feathery puff, or gently with a pad-puff. Don't use a chamois. Rub the oilless cream in gently until you can see it. Then powder. That doesn't take very long and it saves the texture of your skin.

If you're worn out most of the time, your skin will be yellow. Sleep with your windows wide open, you need oxygen. Sleep and rest every minute you can. Let the world go by until you get out of this drive. Eat bacon for breakfast and drink a glass of hot milk just before you go to bed. Then take a tablespoonful—or two, if you can—of pure olive-oil twice a day in the juice of an orange, not close to meal-time but at nine-thirty, say, and again at five. Drink as much water as you can. Brush your teeth the instant you are up and then drink one or two glasses of cold water, not iced, but cold out of the faucet. Then dress. Drink the water if you can a half-hour before breakfast. Then if you ever have time to pat, pat. The yellow will go as the circulation comes up.

LET go! I know you think you can't, but you can. You'll accomplish much more if you can get the "let-go" feeling Last Summer I saw one of the most highly-strung men in captivity, a man who barks instead of talks when he gets hurried and worried; I saw him under almost unendurable stress for five weeks. Every one expected him to break at any moment. Instead he learned to let go.

He used to send for one of the other officials who was even more driven and nervous than he, and when he got him in his private office, presumably for some momentous conference, he would press him down into a chair very gently and say in the smoothest voice:

"NOW, Frank, let go—relax. Forget it. We're up at 'Sconset" (the place where they both Summered) "in front of a log fire. And we've got our pipes. And we can see the golf course through the window and we can go out and play on it if we want to and we don't have to if we don't want to. We don't have to do a durn thing but just sit. Come on, now, let's see it."

And they'd sit there in silence for a few minutes, and then take up their work calmly with a sense of space and time. And it went twice as fast because it went smoothly. Those two men came out of that terrible drive, triumphant; they made history. They came out, worn and lined, to be sure, but they wouldn't have come out at all if they hadn't found release while they were in it. That was mental power, topping a terrible grind. *And there never is a moment in the world when the mind can't control any situation if one knows how to use it.*

Lines of worry are the ugly lines, lines of discouragement, of discontent. Lines of character are beautiful.

We didn't start out to talk about any of these things in this article. We were going to say that if you are pretty, you can wear anything, so that shopping and clothes and so on are not much of a bother, but that if you aren't pretty, you have to be careful, and you must get pretty as fast as you can. Instead we've talked about tired people. But there are so many of them, so we're going to let this stand just as it is and put another title at the top.

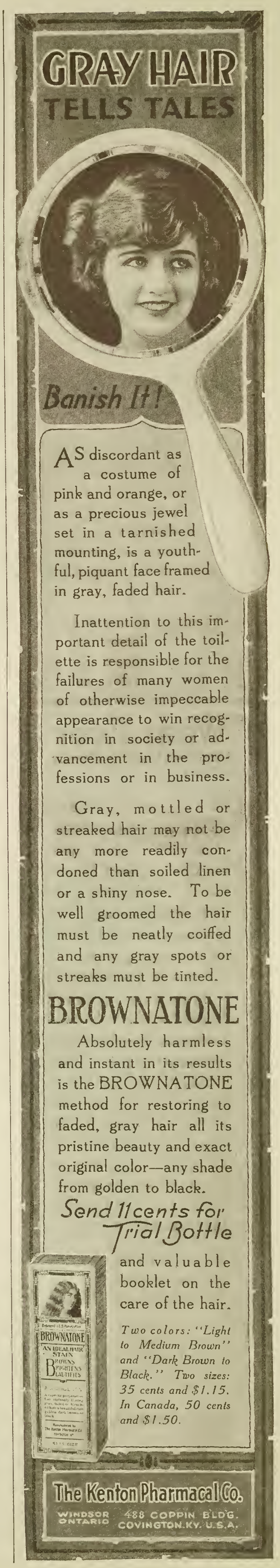
We'd like to take away from the minds of women that doing "beauty stunts" is an awful task. It isn't. There is always a right way and a wrong way. All we want is that you busy ones do what you have to do anyway, *intelligently*. Wash your face correctly; never put water on it. Don't put injurious things on your nails in your home-manicure. Don't abuse your hair by washing all its life and silk and color out of it. Don't neglect having a perfectly clean body inside and out. Don't let exhausted nerves dictate to you what kind of a person you are, what kind of a life you have to lead.

TAKE possession of yourself. You have a mind. Make it step right up to the firing-line and protect and liberate you from your enemies.

We know just how easy it is to think all these strong things in private and how hard it is to live up to them when you get out in the midst of things. "It is easy to live after the world's opinion," says Emerson; "it is easy in solitude to live after one's own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

We go him one better. We claim that every man has it in him to be a great soul (that means every woman, too) and that every man and woman have it in them to be beautiful, to be attractive externally, and within them to have something so beautiful that it shines right through and you never think of externals at all.

That's what we believe—we C. C. C.





NEW FOODS YOU'LL ENJOY

BY FLORA G. ORR

Home-Economics Editor

THE world is so full of a number of new things to eat that the chief difficulty in writing about them is to make a reasonable and worthy selection.

If all the cooks do not become ladies of leisure it will not be the fault of those canners and manufacturers who are giving us more and more foods which are "ready for serving when you are ready." One list, for example, reads as follows:

Canned Goods: Chicken à la King, Boned Chicken, Deviled Chicken, Welsh Rarebit, Lobster Newburg, Chop Suey.

IF THIS is not offering a path of least resistance to the harried hostess, what is?

There are canned soups without number—very good too. Some of them require additions of water or milk. Besides the rather well-known tomato there are clear green turtle, chicken, Julienne, mock turtle, chicken gumbo, vegetable, ox-tail, consommé, bouillon, chicken broth, beef broth and clam chowder.

An interesting use for concentrated tomato soup is for the making of tomato rabbit. All it requires is the addition of the grated cheese. As soon as the cheese melts the rabbit is ready to serve on toast or with toast points.

Spaghetti with tomato sauce or spaghetti au gratin is available in cans and is ready to serve with a mere heating. Creamed finnan haddie, corned-beef hash, Philadelphia scrapple, chilli con carne, roast beef, country sausage, Hamburg steak, veal loaf, roast mutton, deviled meats and tripe in milk are more of the "emergency shelf" variety of foods. In addition there are such things as fried pork chops with mashed potatoes, beefsteak and mashed potatoes, cooked brains, sauerkraut, Southern home-made style hash, Hamburg steak and onions and even plum puddings for your Winter dinner. All these are in cans ready to serve with a little heating.

There are several commercial brands of mayonnaise salad-dressing which are comparatively inexpensive and just as good as any home-made variety.

SPEAKING OF DRINKS

THE world apparently has not stopped drinking. The fruit-juices are having their innings. Has the propaganda for loganberry-juice yet spread fully over the land? To know it seems to be to like it. (Loganberry-jam too, by the way, seems to gain in favor.) Loganberry-juice is used at some of the New York bars in combination with lime-juice to make drinks such as loganberry fizz, loganberry punch and loganberry rickey. A recipe for "cider cup" too contains the following:

1 quart cider
1 pint soda
1 split loganberry-juice
Fruit and mint on top

PERHAPS not every one knows that white grape-juice as well as the purple can be purchased from your grocer.

AT THE Roosevelt coffee-houses in New York City you can get a cup of coffee and a slice of cake for twenty cents. The coffee is made in Brazilian style, the managers contending that this is the only way to make real coffee—boiling water poured over coffee ground as fine as corn-meal. It is the tea idea, done over for coffee, that's all.

Another South-American drink soon to be presented to the public at the Brazilian Coffee House is maté (pronounced matay). Maté leaves are as large as the leaves of the elm and the drink is made by putting the leaves in a teapot, then putting about a tablespoon of sugar on top of them. Two or three live embers are dropped on the sugar and the teapot is closed tight. Soon the coals die, having burned some but not all of the sugar. Then boiling water is poured in, and from this point on the whole process is like tea.

When we are all for saving time, instantaneous coffee steps into favor. Such coffees need only the addition of boiling water.

Nor is the instantaneous idea applied merely to coffee. There are powdered chocolates which already contain milk and sugar so that your part is limited to supplying the proper amount of hot water, and a dash of whipped cream if you prefer. Moreover I have discovered that powdered milk quickly mixed with cocoa and sugar in the right proportions makes cocoa almost instantly when boiling water is added to the mixture.

MILK IN CANS AND IN POWDER FORM

ALL this brings us to milk. The variety of milks obtainable to-day would bewilder an honest cow. There is evaporated milk for cooking, for your coffee and for general use. One of its most delightful characteristics is its ability to turn into whipped cream.

To do the trick heat the can of evaporated milk in hot water before it has been opened, until the boiling-point is reached. Remove at once and thoroughly chill by placing the can on ice. When cool, open the can and pour what you wish to whip, into a chilled bowl surrounded by cracked ice. Be sure the milk is thoroughly chilled before the whipping begins. This whipped milk may be used in any way that whipped cream is used.

Of course condensed milk is sweetened, which is a point not to be forgotten when sugar is scarce.

The dried milks are very interesting. You may buy whole milk or skim milk in powder form. To make it into "regular milk" just add water in the proportions directed and see that the powder thoroughly dissolves. When you are cooking with the dried milks it is very convenient just to mix up the powder with the dry ingredients, then add water as the liquid.

Just as a passing note of interest have you ever wondered how large establishments manage to have on hand at all times all the whipped cream that they need? The answer, though it may seem hard to believe, is an emulsifier—a machine which churns a mixture of dried skim milk, water and butter—back to cream. All large places make use of this retroactive process.

INSTEAD OF WHIPPED CREAM

IN THE humble home where whipped cream can not be always on tap, a product known as marshmallow whip or marshmallow cream is the joyous servant in the house. Thin the product with water until it is the consistency of molasses. Then beat it with a cream or egg-beater until it is stiff as the stiffest whipped cream.

This may be used in many delightful ways—on fruit salads, ice-creams, gelatin desserts, for making cake frostings (requires addition of powdered sugar) and fruit mousses. The original mixture thinned with fruit-juices or flavored in various ways makes sweet sauces of every description for use on puddings and ice-cream.

MUCH FOOD IN LITTLE SPACE

CONDENSED foods of every description await our pleasure. There are standardized dehydrated foods such as apples, corn, beets and other vegetables. Of course, I have known dried peaches, apricots and prunes all my life, but just the other day some one introduced me to dried pears. They don't sound so good perhaps, but I think the reality will quite astonish you if you will allow yourself to be convinced as I did.

A dried vegetable soup, of which a sample was sent me the other day, is an intriguing affair. It smells of herbs and all things that go to make a good-flavored soup. I have tried it and the soup is good.

Bouillon cubes are not strictly new. Almost every one has a bowing acquaintance with them and with beef extract. They dissolve in boiling water, thereby saving some one an immense amount of labor, for home-made bouillon is quite a bother.

SEA FOODS FOR KANSAS AND IOWA

FISH and shell fish are available to the inlander as well as to the coast dweller. There are companies which make a specialty of selling direct to individual families if you like that method of dealing. Everything from lobster to abalone is on the list of canned sea foods. A California person tells me that New York dealers look at her askance when she asks for abalone, but when damson plums become known in the Middle-West perhaps New York will have heard of abalone.

DELICATESSEN TEMPTERS

DELICATESSEN shops are showing a most alluring variety of appetizers, many of which are sea foods. Caviar can be bought in small quantities and is not as expensive as is popularly supposed. Real Russian caviar is made from the roe of the sturgeon, but there are many imitations often known as "red caviar." Perhaps the most common way of serving caviar is on toast as a canapé. A small tin of pâté de fois gras with truffles may be bought for fifty cents. This may be spread on small slices of toast like the caviar and served as a canapé.

Guava jelly, quince and barberry preserves, roselle-berry jelly, and many other delicacies really originating only in certain sections of the country may now be obtained anywhere. If you have not tried spiced or preserved figs (I think the fresh figs must be used) served with cream as a simple yet luxurious dessert, let me urge you not to let many days pass before you belong to the class of "those who know."

There are plenty of fruit confections to tempt you—stuffed dates in round, wooden boxes or glass jars, figs stuffed with candied cherries, stuffed prunes and then a palatable fruit laxative consisting of a blend of figs, dates, raisins, prunes, herbs and bran.

FLAVORING extracts are not new but the new line of them contains: ginger, onion, anise, cinnamon, pistachio, orange, coffee, nutmeg, almond, cherry, mace, allspice, celery, cloves, tutti-frutti. The last named forms an ideal basis for a fruit punch and is especially good as a flavor for cakes and puddings.

DO WE all realize that macaroni is only *one* kind of Italian paste? Eva Mariotti tells us in the *Journal of Home Economics* for August, 1919: "There are many varieties, each taking its name from a resemblance to something in common use. For instance: spaghetti from spago (string), literally translated the dear little strings; fettucini, narrow tape; capellini, fine hairs; vermicelli, dear little worms; cannolicci, little tubes; rigatoni, heavy lines; penne, pens; lumachine, snails; grandini, hail, and cappellette di Bologna, hats, the crowns stuffed with chicken, ham and spices and eaten at Christmas in chicken broth. Macaroni is made in our own American factories under strictly sanitary conditions.

There is a new squash on our markets called the Japanese squash. It is something like an ordinary summer squash but not watery. Then there is the chyote, a kind of squash which combines well with cheese or tomato sauces.

There are many varieties of coconut. One of the newest kinds is unsweetened but packed in a can in coconut milk.

Scotch shortbread is available to every one in the form of ready-made cookies. Try them when you give your next bridge party or afternoon tea.

A NEW SUGAR SUBSTITUTE

WHEN this magazine appears the sugar shortage may not be so acute. Nevertheless it is interesting to know that there is a new sugar substitute which although it has so far acted merely as a "pinch hitter" in an emergency, may soon take a very real place in the batting order of sweets. It is malt-sugar sirup made from the same grains as beer used to require in the ante-prohibition days. Breweries need change their apparatus only a little to become manufacturing plants of this new product. As for the sirup itself, it is said to look like maple sirup and to have a delicious flavor "all its own."

When you can get sugar at all you may be interested to know that there is a colored sugar in the form of large crystals put up in attractive boxes made especially for the afternoon tea you are giving next week. There may be other colors but I happen to have seen only the pink variety.

USING VEGETABLE OILS

PERHAPS peanut oil, sesame oil and soy-bean oil are the newest vegetable oils on the market, for we have been acquainted with olive oil, cottonseed oil and corn oil for some time. Dr. Katherine Blunt, of the University of Chicago, has experimented with vegetable oils and reports that they can be well used for shortening in pies as well as for deep-fat frying.

She says of the pies made with vegetable oils: "The crust was friable rather than flaky as with the solid fats, but was still tender. The oil itself 'moistened' the flour so that the water had to be cut down, and then a satisfactory degree of richness was secured with one-third less of oil than solid shortening."

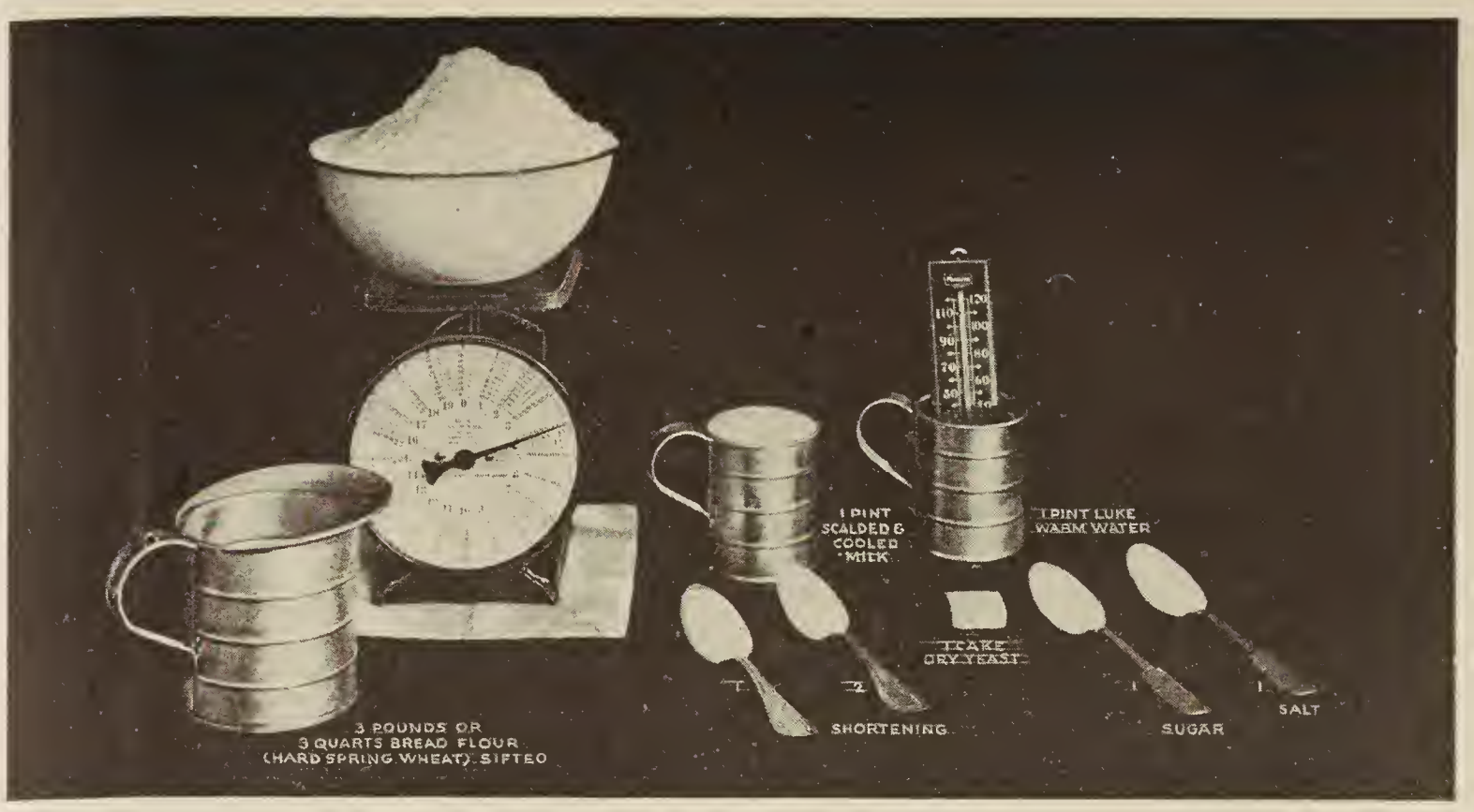
PASTRY FLOUR AND SELF-RAISING FLOUR

SURELY every one is familiar with the two kinds of wheat and their uses! But apparently everybody is not. My grocer insisted not long ago that there is no such thing as a flour designed specially for pastry. I carefully explained to him that hard Spring wheat is one thing, while soft Winter wheat is another, but he is still unconvinced.

The soft Winter wheat is what we should use for pies, puddings and cakes if we can get it. It is starchier than the other kind of wheat and has less gluten. When pastry flour is to be used in a recipe where bread flour has been planned there is a difference of two level tablespoons to the cup. The starchier flour has greater thickening qualities.

If you want the effect of pastry flour, but have only bread flour on hand you can simulate pastry flour by removing from each cupful of flour to be used two level tablespoons of flour, replacing them with corn-starch.

Self-raising flours which are ready to use merely by adding a liquid which may be water, are attracting a great deal of attention. One thing is sure, they put pancakes within the reach of the busy person who must prepare breakfast in fifteen minutes. These flours can also be used for waffles and muffins.



HERE IS EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO MAKE FOUR LOAVES OF BREAD

MAKE YOUR OWN BREAD

'TIS BETTER AND SO EASY

BY FLORA G. ORR

Home-Economics Editor

MANY of our homes have almost lost the art of home bread-making. The corner bakery or the grocery-store that carries the baker's bread is so near and convenient that it seems like a waste of time to bother with this process in the home kitchen.

But there are other homes, too, in which the weekly baking-day is still an institution. And there are any number of brides who step into this latter sort of a home each with an apprehensive thought of her lack of experience along the line of bread-dough and its manipulation.

The directions on these pages are given in the simplest possible way so that bread-making will not seem formidable. They are meant not only for brides, but also for those who are not accustomed to make bread, yet who feel that it is an accomplishment worth having.



"SET A SPONGE," USING ALL THE INGREDIENTS EXCEPT HALF OF THE FLOUR. COVER AND PUT IN A WARM PLACE OVERNIGHT



A BREAD-MIXER MAY BE USED AND SAVES MUCH TIME. IT IS A LABOR-SAVER AS WELL AS A TIME-SAVER

IF YOU USE DRY YEAST

THINK of bread-making as something fairly easy, providing it is carefully done.

1. Collect your materials for making four loaves of bread. (See the first photograph on this page.) These will be:

1 pint lukewarm water
1 dry yeast-cake
1 pint scalded milk, cooled to lukewarm
2 level tablespoons shortening
1 level tablespoon salt
1 level tablespoon sugar
3 pounds or 3 quarts bread-flour (hard Spring wheat) sifted after weighing or measuring.

The weight of the bowl registers in the photograph on this page. To get the correct weight of the flour, first weigh the empty bowl; then allow for its weight when weighing the flour; in other words, the bowl of flour should weigh three pounds plus the weight of the empty bowl.

The following method is known as the long-sponge process:

2. Turn the pint of lukewarm water into a large bowl (or bread-mixer) and add to it the cake of yeast. Let stand until the yeast-cake is thoroughly softened and broken, at least twenty minutes and preferably one hour.

3. "Set a sponge" (a combination of yeast, lukewarm liquid and a little flour) by adding to the yeast mixture the milk (unless the weather is warm enough to sour it, in which case use all water instead of half water and half milk), the melted shortening, the salt, the sugar, and half of the flour. Leave this sponge covered overnight in a temperature of about seventy degrees Fahrenheit. (This sponge may be set in the bread-mixer if preferred.)

4. In the morning add the rest of the flour, remove dough from the bowl, place on a slightly floured board and knead thoroughly, using the palms of the hands, not the fingers. Grease the hands a little so that the dough will not stick to them to any extent.

Knead until the dough acquires elasticity and no longer sticks to either the board or to the hands. It may be necessary to add a little more flour, but beware using too much so that the dough gets too stiff. Flours will be found to vary somewhat, but it is better in first making up the dough, to use a little less than the recipe calls for, adding the rest later if necessary, rather than to use too much.



IN THE MORNING ADD THE REST OF THE FLOUR. REMOVE FROM THE BOWL. KNEAD THOROUGHLY. IF THE BREAD-MIXER IS USED, DO NOT REMOVE FROM THE MIXER—THE KNEADING IS DONE BY THE KNIFE

The process of kneading is very important. One way of manipulating the dough is to knead it out with the palms of the hands until the dough is a flat cake, then fold once and repeat the process until the dough has acquired the right consistency.

As many as twenty-five years ago some very good bread-makers were advocating the use of the potato-masher in kneading, thinking that it saved a great deal of strength. Others used a combination of chopping-knife with hand-kneading.

More or less, of course, this is the same process involved when the bread-mixer is used. In this case do not remove the dough from the mixer. Here the kneading is done by the knife.

Another practise is known as tossing or throwing the dough instead of kneading it. The whole mass of dough is raised very high and dashed with considerable force upon the mixing-board. This is kept up for fifteen or twenty minutes.

5. Grease or oil the bowl well, put the dough in it, cover and put in a warm place (between eighty and eighty-eight degrees Fahrenheit) until it has doubled its bulk, or is twice as large as when you put it in. (This amount of rising can easily be detected in the bread-mixer.)

6. At this point remove the dough from the bowl (or mixer), knead well, shape into loaves of equal weight, place in well-oiled pans and set to rise in a warm place. The pans should be about half full.

7. As soon as the loaves rise to the top of the pan, they are ready to be baked in a moderate oven from forty-five minutes to an hour.

By a moderate oven is meant a heat of about four hundred and twenty-five degrees Fahrenheit at first. Later this heat should be decreased until it is about three hundred and seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit at the last.

In case you do not own an oven thermometer, the flour test may be used. Place a little flour in the oven. If it becomes golden-brown within five minutes, the heat of the oven is right for baking bread.

The baking of bread is an interesting process. During the first ten or fifteen minutes of baking, the dough in the pans should rise to the height of the finished loaves.

In the next ten or fifteen minute period the loaves should turn a delicate brown, the next a darker brown, and during the last part of the process they should finish baking so that the tests may be applied.

WHEN IS THE LOAF DONE?

THE tests for ascertaining when a loaf of bread is done are:

First, it shrinks away from the sides of the pan.

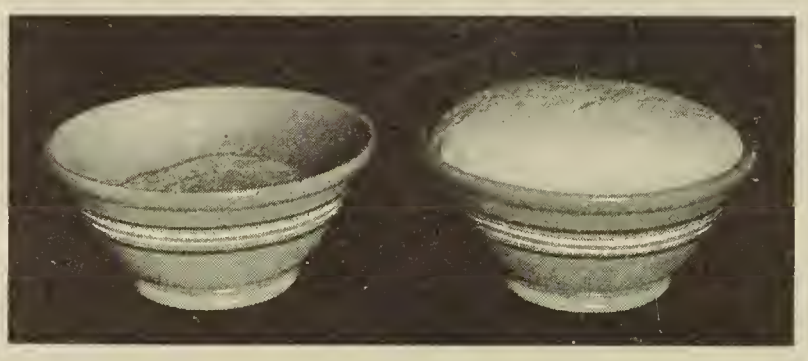
Second, it gives forth a hollow sound when tapped.

Third, when tipped from the pan it gives forth no steam to burn the hand.

8. Brush the finished loaves with lard, butter, butter substitute or with one of the vegetable oils and allow to cool without covering.

9. When cool, put away in a clean bread-box or an earthenware crock.

Concluded on page 77



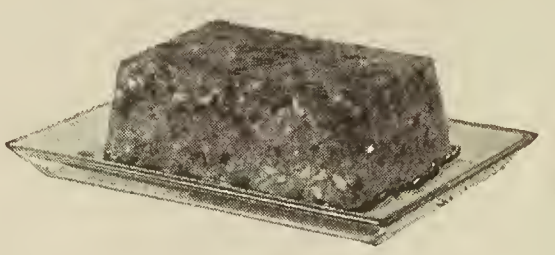
PUT BACK IN BOWL, COVER, AND PUT IN A WARM PLACE UNTIL DOUBLE IN BULK. THE RISING OF THE DOUGH IN THE BREAD-MIXER IS JUST AS EASILY ACCOMPLISHED

Mrs. Knox's Corner

Dishes That Men Like

WE ARE always looking for dishes that will please the masculine taste—dishes which once eaten often reappear "by special request." In these Perfection Salad and Snow Pudding recipes you will find such dishes, for they have won universal favor with the men wherever they have been served—and I know they have been favorites in my own home for years.

Not only will the masculine members of your family appreciate these dishes but you will like them too, because they are easy to make and may be made with syrup in place of sugar, when that precious article soars in price or is impossible to get.



PERFECTION SALAD

1 envelope KNOX Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water
½ cup mild vinegar
2 cups boiling water
2 cups celery, cut small
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
½ cup sugar or ½ cupful of syrup
1 teaspoonful salt
1 cup cabbage, finely shredded
¼ can sweet red peppers or fresh peppers finely cut

Soak the gelatine in cold water five minutes; add vinegar, lemon juice, boiling water, sugar and salt; stir until dissolved. Strain and when beginning to set add remaining ingredients. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing, or cut in dice and serve in cases made of red or green peppers; or the mixture may be shaped in molds lined with pimentoes.

In my recipes no special molds are required;—any vegetable, china or glass dish will mold them nicely.

NOTE: *Use fruits instead of vegetables in the above recipe and you have a delicious fruit salad.*

SNOW PUDDING

½ envelope KNOX Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 cup boiling water
¾ cup sugar or ¾ cup of syrup
¼ cup lemon juice
Whites of 2 eggs

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve in boiling water and add sugar, lemon juice and grated rind of one lemon; strain and set aside; occasionally stir mixture, and when quite thick beat with wire spoon or whisk until frothy; add whites of eggs beaten stiff, and continue beating until stiff enough to hold its shape. Pile by spoonfuls on glass dish or put in mold. Chill and serve with boiled custard.

NOTE: *When syrup is used in these recipes in place of sugar omit ¼ cupful of boiling water from the quantity given in the recipe.*

What "4 to 1" Means

My gelatine is preferred by home-makers because of its economy. One package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine will serve a family of six with four different salads or desserts for four luncheons or dinners, while the ready-prepared packages will do for only one meal. That is why experts have been calling Knox the "4 to 1" Gelatine—it lasts four times as long, goes four times as far, and serves four times as many people as the ready-prepared packages.

Special Home Service

There are many other ideas and "dishes that men like" and women, too, in my recipe books "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy." Send for them. They are free if you mention your grocer's name.

MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX

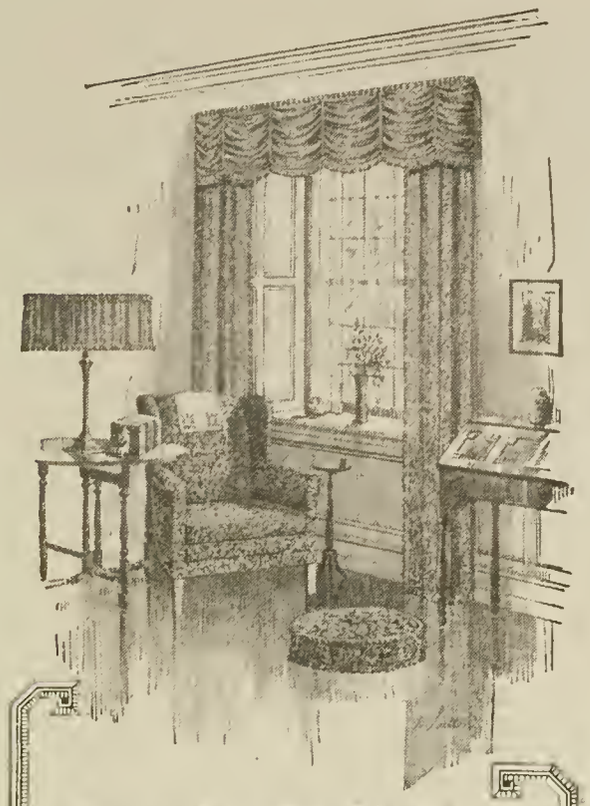
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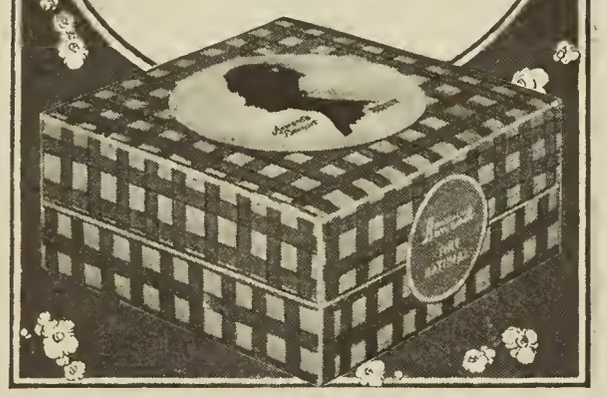
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You will find Armand at all the better shops in several delightful fragrances. The Bouquet is a fairly dense powder which comes in the square box, at 50c and Armand Cold Cream Powder is wonderfully dense and clinging and comes in a miniature hat box, at $1. If you'd rather, send us 15c and your dealer's name, for three samples. Address

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In From 4 to 8 Days

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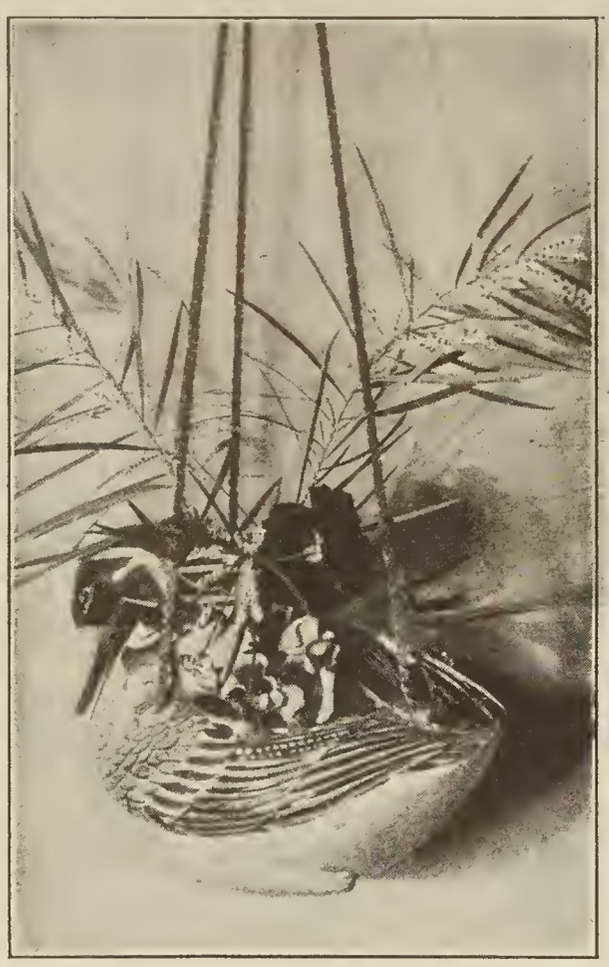
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BLOSSOMS IN CAPTIVITY

'TIS TIME TO FILL OUR HOMES WITH LOVELINESS

Selected by E. J. Worsham. Arranged by Charlotte Fairchild



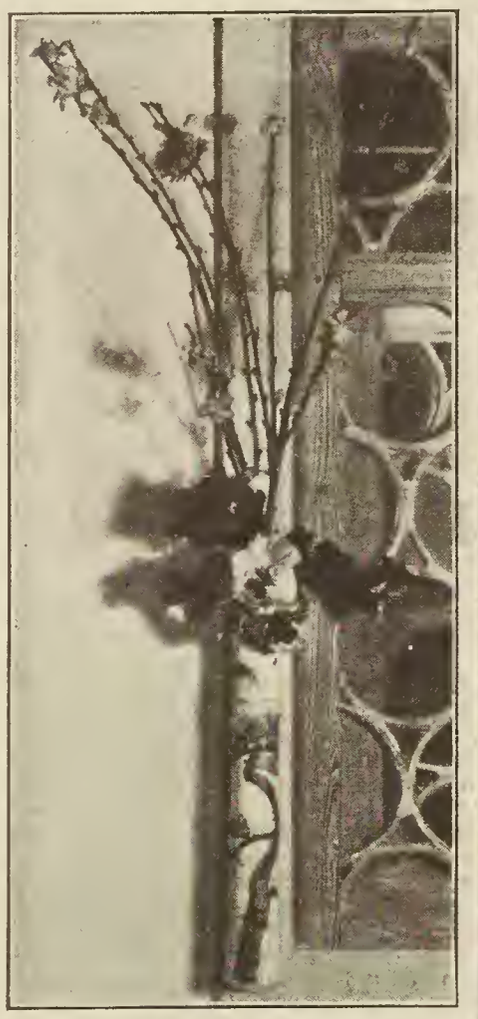
A gaily colored duck hangs by three yellow silken cords. Out of his back peep purple and black pansies tucked under willowy mimosa wisps



In a small glazed vase of jettest black are twigs of pinkest peach-blossoms over the very purplest iris. The vase and its fairy contents stand on a carved pedestal of black teak-wood



A Springtime flower fountain was created when purple Roman hyacinths and pale primroses were piled into an odd-shaped vase of deep-red glass



This cunning thing hanging on the wall came from Japan, the land of blossoms. It is filled with tall, blooming twigs of cherry. Or, it may hold a spray of pink-and-white apple-blooms or pink peach-blossoms



Against a golden-colored curtain stands this symphony in black and white; a "symphony," because the vase has stripes of black and white and contains flowers used with only their own graceful foliage



Just an amber bowl on a teak-wood stand, supporting an attractive arrangement of mimosa and purple iris. Let this be the only decoration against one wall of a formal room. The effect? Judge for yourself!



In childhood days there was always a crock for cookies. This vase looks mightily like it, save for its blue trimmings and handles. With narcissus and jonquils or sprays of snowy dogwood in it, let any one find a crock more artistic



On a long, low bookcase is this single decoration. The exquisitely shaped vase is of richest yellow, with candlesticks to match. Marigolds seemed the only thing to fill this "pot o' gold." Candles of the exact same shade flank each side of the vase



Who thinks of Spring without thinking of robins? These tiny vases, joined together by a bar on which two wee robins perch, make a particularly Springtime spot. Over this is a bower of Springtime flowers, for robins love a bower

HERE IN NEW YORK

AS ONE SEES IT DAY BY DAY

BY MARTA VAN CORLEAR

A YOUNG man drifted in the other day from Madagascar, where he had been engaged for several years in business. He was a former New Yorker, and what do you suppose he was curious to know about "first off?" About Greenwich Village!

He had been reading away off there on that South African island about the Village. I broke to him as gently as possible the news that our precious Latin Quarter is far from being what it was; police raids, real-estate changes, the war, the invasion of Philistines, general desuetude, and the Villagers themselves, have done much to dim its luster.

There are still cases of bobbed hair and sandals, but the most of these have been cured. Saccarappa, Maine, Oskaloosa, Iowa, and other orthodox communities, I believe, continue to supply many of the recruits to the Village.

THE Village has swarmed for years with vers librists, synchronists and what not; now it harbors a man who advertises himself as an "eternalist." He'll find the eternal feminine in the Village worth his study. He is Monsieur Clivette, who says he has painted one million pictures and written forty-five books.

BEING a "red" is one of the Winter sports that Greenwich Village girls and parlor Bolshevist ladies have hugely enjoyed. It doesn't cost anything, and surrounds one with a certain glamour of daring which sets the lambs bleating. There's a shivery joy in being a heroine and a possible martyr—without any real risk.

"HOW to economize in New York?" said a woman friend of mine. "I'll tell you. In your home city you were held up about three hundred and sixty-five days in the year for church and charity contributions of one kind and another, a continual drain. In the vast aggregation of villages known as New York, you're lost; they don't catch you, and you are time and money in."

Ah, but are you? If your name is in the telephone book, your mail is flooded with charity-organization requests. Solicitors come to your apartment door anyhow, telephone book or no telephone book. And if you have sittings in a church—well, city church workers have little to learn from their country cousins.

No; in a big burg one can not live to one's self if one wants to. The loophole of escape from social and humanitarian appeals in New York is to be found only in a cold-blooded evasion of them.

OLD enemies can usually get together, give 'em time enough. Two old New Yorkers, Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton, have just done it. The financial institutions which they respectively founded stood side by side in Wall Street for one hundred and fifteen years until the other day, when they merged. The Manhattan Company was founded by Burr and the Merchants' National Bank by Hamilton.

I RAN over to Philadelphia the other afternoon and called upon a worm. Yes, a worm—w-o-r-m. Not a worthless worm, such as the Puritan hymnists styled themselves, but the one distinguished and valuable bookworm on this continent. Her name is Georgiana and she is just about the length of her name on the printed page.

Georgiana lives in a tiny pasteboard box, jewelry size, in which, when the lid is removed, she races around and around. She is slender, as becomes the poetic creature that she is, and of a dark complexion, for her ancestry traces back to the days of Tasso, of Dante and Petrarch; she is of Italy.

She was born and grew up, or perhaps longitudinally, in an ancient volume of Etrurian lore. A bookseller in Philadelphia bestowed Georgiana as a gift upon a young poet, Christopher Morley, whose cherished pet she is. She subsists upon the choicest of fare, the rarest and most expensive of linen-paper stock and with an occasional banquet of vellum. Wood-pulp paper or clay-filled stocks she won't touch. Her taste in books is severely classical.

WHAT an art critic will see when he strays afield is illustrated by my friend Bowdoin, haunter of galleries and salons, who went up into Putnam County and discovered a cow which gave purple milk. This cow resides in Dover Plains, being a pet of Mr. Glenn Newell, who paints cattle (on canvas). She broke into a blackberry patch and for a time her milk ran a lovely purple, recalling Gelet Burgess's purple cow.

I'm told that experiments were made at the State College at Ithaca a few years ago, in which hens fed with certain dyes laid Easter eggs of various tints. I personally know of a swarm of bees in Massachusetts that visited a candy factory and went home and "laid" pink honey. But I know also that few will believe me, though it is a fact.

NEVER in the world was this convivial settlement of ours so full of spirits as it has been since last July. Not animal spirits, but the diaphanous, mysterious, creepy kind. They have almost driven out bridge whist, and in some quarters the dance mania has languished on account of them. We have become a spiritual-minded community, or at least a spirit-minded one.

Every woman—more or less—can "write." Just a sheet of paper and a pencil, or a ouija board, and away she goes, recording the inmost secrets of the universe in language that would make the sheeted and quoted dead crawl with dismay. Missing wills, Wall Street "hunches," even the weather, are within the scope of these sibyls.

Sir Oliver Lodge came over, and Patience Worth was here and wrote balcs of archaic verse, and psychical books still sell like hot-cross buns.

Meanwhile, Dr. Hyslop and the psychical-research people generally sit back and wonder by all that's good and holy where the wave they set in motion is going to wind up.

AN "ENTER-THE-FRONT-DOOR" movement for housemaids has been inaugurated over in Chicago by the Woman's Club. In this democratic, apartment-ridden city of ours there aren't any back doors worth mentioning, and the few housemaids still remaining in service enter by the front door, anywhere from 11:30 P.M. to 2:30 A.M., as the family have reason to know.

IN REPLY to Ermintrude and Alicia and a hundred others: Yes, the short-story mill is grinding away, at full speed; the demand for fiction seems to be as keen as before the war, if not keener. Prices paid for manuscripts are rather better than formerly. But few there be that can write good stories. The fiction classes at New York University and Columbia are carrying many young people and some of the middle-aged forward in the direction of the magazine cashiers.

A MORSEL of gossip: When the young Prince was here, "the" Prince of course, a certain yellow journalist whose pet athletic sport is twisting the British lion's tail set a detective upon the young man's trail in order to catch him in some youthful peccadillo. But there was nothing that the evil-minded sleuth could "get" upon the character of the Prince.

No other young man, so far as I know, ever took the daughters and granddaughters of old Diedrich Knickerbocker so completely into camp as did young Edward David, et cetera, et cetera. They are still sighing tender sighs over his portrait.

"DERE is room, dere is room enough, dere is room enough for us all," the old darky song runs. But the place referred to is heaven and not little old New York. This island is getting to be seriously overcrowded. It's all one's life is worth to get a room in a hotel.

Would-be guests can be fed all right, but they are sometimes shipped out to Newark or Bronxville or Garden City to be "slept." Therefore don't fail to write ahead for hotel accommodations.

New hotels of vast size are to be built as soon as labor and material conditions will permit. Some of the smaller hotels are excellent and will not disappoint the visitor from a distance who has his "roll" made up for a generous outlay of cash.

But we who live here actually experience, day by day, the discomfort of overcrowding. Transit facilities are away behind the needs. The counters where ten-thousand-dollar pearl necklaces and other bargains are offered are so jammed with friends from Texas and Missouri and everywhere else that we residents have a struggle to satisfy our daily wants.

NEW YORK has lapsed—or has it risen?—to the state of a tranquil village, a "peaceful valley," a sweet Auburn of the plain. I didn't know it until the other day when I met a clergyman friend, the rector of a celebrated church, who was just back from Detroit.

"Man, we're living in a nice, sweet, peaceful village. Did you know it? Why, Detroit is a whirl beside Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street and Times Square! Everybody tearing about like mad, in his or her own motor-car lickety-bang, whoop-la! Crowds swarming, everybody going at twice the speed of New York. I was glad to get back to the comparative solitude of my old Hylanville."

Here's a new distinction for New York—if she wants it! I think the reverend gentleman was merely used to his own particular kind of hubbub, for the vibrations about the walls of his Broadway rectory would rival those of a boiler factory. So now, when Aunt Maria tells you that Squantum society is more lively than any big town, tell her this tale.

"WHY go to Smith's and be swindled? Come to Johnson's Emporium," a historic advertisement read. I may add: why go to Paris to be charged fifteen or twenty dollars per meal? Come to our little old New York, which has blossomed with French restaurants like a bedspread with pink roses, and pay as much as you please for a quantity of actual nutriment which the Automat would supply for a trifle.

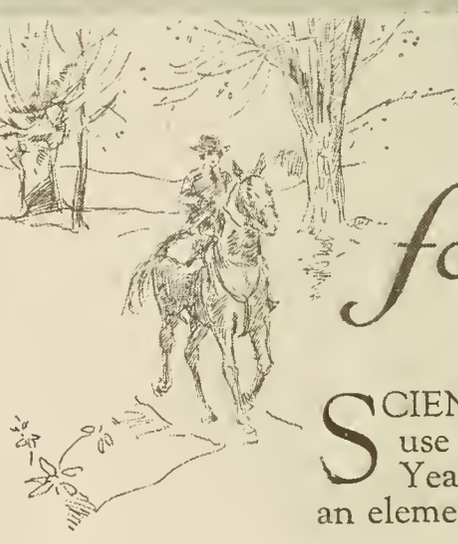
There's Voisin's on the fashionable East Side; one can be comfortably filled up there for four or five dollars. The Elysee, near Fifth Avenue, will do the job for about the same amount, or perhaps five or six dollars.

I heard a dispute over Pierre's. One couple said one could not get a decent luncheon there for five dollars per head (or mouth), while the other couple said they had lunched very nicely for ten dollars. There's the L'Avignon, with leather wall-cushions and mirrors, Paris style, and breath-taking prices.

The historic French restaurants—the Lafayette, Mouquin's *et al.*—are still going strong.

As for "French" pastry-shops, every other corner, figuratively speaking, has one, to balance the German delicatessen shop which has flourished for generations.





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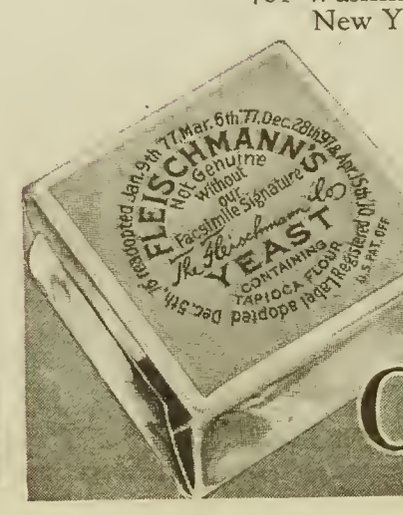
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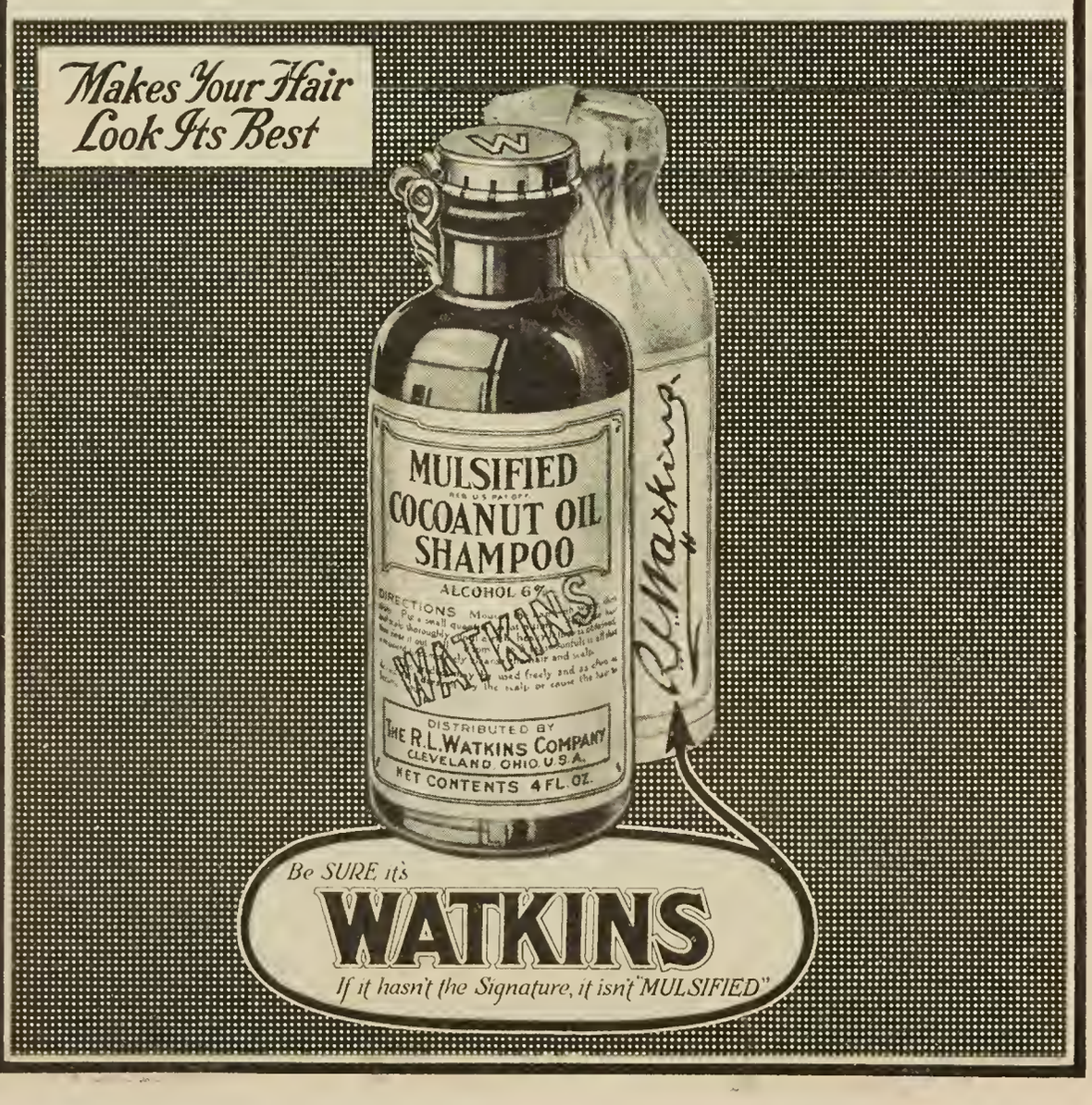
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ROMANCE IN THE RECORDS

BY WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

WE APPRECIATE perpetually certain things in music. There are melodies for which, on a first hearing, we seem always to have been waiting. Once they are with us, they are with us to stay. If we but knew the story of their inspiration fully, we should know the justness of our own impressions. Every melody or poem set to the melody that lives eternally has its foundation in genuine romance, a romance that carries it straight from its maker's heart into our own.

The old familiar songs hold a double romance, their own and ours, for with most of us those melodies are linked so closely with memories of happenings in our lives that we can not listen to the one without recalling tenderly the other.

THERE is no loved old song without a romance attendant on its making. "Annie Laurie," who inspired William Douglas to write an immortal song and give it her name, was a very real personage indeed. A daughter of Sir Robert Laurie, she dwelt in a rambling, Scottish country-house, over whose doorways were linked her grandparents' coats of arms; along the walls were set at intervals medallions carved with their entwined initials, all telling of a romance older than her own.

In the quaint garden there William Douglas met and wooed her and in those golden days he wrote the poem destined to live freshly through two hundred years, and destined to live for centuries still. That the pair drifted apart, each marrying another, does not disturb the triumph of romance, for day and night, somewhere in the world, William Douglas goes on singing of his love for Annie Laurie.

The history of melodies put to these old songs is strangely similar; oftentimes they were composed centuries before the true words came to give perennial life. The story of the one that Moore put to his poem "The Last Rose of Summer" is a case in point. Ascribed to Dermid, the great Irish minstrel, its plaintive beauty was sung to various verses, until, at last, Moore found it wedded to a doggerel travesty. Quick of ear, supremely musical, as the words of his songs prove him, Moore entwined the lovely melody that he had rescued with his ever-blooming rose.

Fault has been found with Moore that he altered every old-time melody he used. But this truth remains, in most cases the chosen melody was molded by him so completely with the fancy of his words that the two fused as one.

The greatest singers have found their completest triumphs in that same "Last Rose." The very simplicity and genuineness of the lines, the perfect accord of the plaintive, haunting melody, taxed the supremest effort of their art. In the instance of to-day's records Moore's songs prove invincible attraction to the great ones, who find no reward completer than those melodies set to his words, melodies that he picked as unfading flowers, no matter where he found them.

Some of the songs that time has long made familiar to us, and that the records sing us daily, have their own little romances of quite another kind, grave or gay, associated with their making. To the latter class belongs Denza's world-famous "Funiculi, Funicula." He wrote an opera; he wrote hundreds of songs, many of them successes, yet this one song, composed in a single night at Naples in 1880, will be the one to keep his name alive through all the years to come.

Denza had arrived in Naples on the eve of an annual fête which took the form of a popular song tournament, at whose close came the crowning of the victorious composer. He had not thought of entering as contestant until friends urged him. Then, at high pressure, he wrote the whole night through. The song he submitted was "Funiculi," and it won by unanimous acclaim. That night all Naples sang it; very soon it winged its way around the world.

In an atmosphere of carnival gaiety Denza had evolved his song, pouring into it the very essence of the mood about him. And to that mood of festal gaiety it appeals as freshly in New York to-day as it did in Naples thirty years ago. The surroundings had inspired him with success. Just as Puccini, the composer of "Tosca" and "Madame Butterfly," said once to me regarding some of his own work, "The harmonies seemed in the air. I simply took them."

Samuel Lover was by profession a painter, and incidentally a good one. Only by slight accident did he fall short of being appointed miniature painter to Queen Victoria. A most fortunate accident it proved, for the outcome of "Rory O'More" far outbalanced in value a whole gallery of "official" miniatures.

LOVER, like many another Irishman, had both the musical and literary gift. Possibly he failed to realize this fully, until the evolution of O'More had been completed. First came the song with its mixture of fun and feeling, as he rightly decided a true Irish song should be. People sang it, bands played it everywhere, for it toured, and still tours, the world. As if that were not enough, Lover followed the song with "Rory O'More," a novel; the novel was in turn followed by the book's dramatization as a play, which in its first London season achieved one hundred and eight performances. As a monument of success, built with sturdy determination to place his people before the world rightly in song, story and play, it has likely few if any counterparts.

The romance of Victor Herbert's own life, a romance as we hear it in his compositions on the records, began when he was a very little boy. On the death of his father, Mrs. Herbert left Dublin with her children for the Continent. There they rested in one quaint town, then journeyed to another, the boy peopling in fancy ruined castles and picturesque old palaces with enchanting characters he found in local legends.

Sometimes, in Summer, he was allowed to visit his grandfather, Samuel Lover, at Seven Oaks, near London. That grandfather's sight had failed to an extent that made his painting no longer much more than pretense. So the pair talked and dreamed together under the trees in a shady garden. One can picture the joy it must have been to both. One can fancy, too, the still greater joy a gift of prophecy would have brought the older man, and he could have foreseen that they were to live on together in their music.

JUST as Denza found inspiration in gaiety and Lover in patriotic courage, Sir Arthur Sullivan achieved the writing of his greatest song success, "The Lost Chord," in a crisis that brought harrowing grief. His only brother, Frederick, an actor of note, lay fatally ill. For weeks Sir Arthur had watched beside him. One night, toward the end, the composer, picking up a book of poems by Adelaide Procter, strayed through its pages seeking escape from his own thoughts.

Presently his eye fell on the verses entitled "The Lost Chord." Several times he read them through, a message symbolic of his own approaching grief. A hush had fallen on London in the blackest hour before the dawn. In that hush there grew in his mind a melody embodying emotions "The Lost Chord" had aroused. For two hours he wrote feverishly, pausing only to find that his brother still slept on. At dawn the song was done.

Some critics have pronounced "The Lost Chord" mediocre. The great public pronounced it one of those loved songs for which it had long been waiting. And the great public was the true judge. Without knowing the circumstances of the song's writing, the power of appeal made by a soul in bitter grief, a soul bared of every thought that was not genuine, sincere and human, had spoken, and spoken with a power that touched hearts poignantly.

It is useless to apply the narrow rules of criticism or to attempt to measure human emotion that is supremely genuine in its expression. In some aspects many other things that a composer has done may be far greater than his popular successes, but in an aspect more potent still, the aspect of universal appeal of heart to heart, nothing can approach those songs of theirs that a whole people make their own.

Decidedly the gem of all song romances of the records is that of "Robin Adair." The wonder is that none has given a musical setting to its charming story for the stage. Crouch's song "Kathleen Mavourneen" was dramatized. Madame Patti loved to sing and act in it in her private theater at Craig-y-nos Castle. And to attend its presentation invited guests made happily the five hours' journey down from London. Yet "Kathleen Mavourneen," beautiful as it is, can claim no such romantic story of its inspiration.

A LOVE-STORY, like those costumes in which old masters painted lovely ladies in their portraits, seems always fresh, always of to-day. Yet this love-story reached its happy climax in the marriage of Robin Adair, its Irish hero, to the Lady Caroline Keppel, daughter of the Earl of Albemarle, in 1758. And still their love sings on as freshly as any lark of this year's Summer-time, for a love-story set to music never fades.

In that long ago Robin Adair, who came from County Antrim, and had been studying medicine in Dublin, forsook the town for London to build up his fortunes, which at that moment had fallen to their lowest ebb. Starting out afoot for the Channel crossing at Holyhead, stage-coach traveling being just then beyond his means, he met with an adventure. Being an Irishman, it proved a lucky one, and put him on the way to London town in state.

At an evening party presently he met Lady Caroline, second daughter of the Earl of Albemarle. At first sight love filled their hearts, and consternation the hearts of all the lady's relatives. In those days, of all others, love knew no democracy in its bestowal. One can well fancy the family tirades of which handsome, gifted Robin was the subject, and the object the distraught, but determined, Lady Caroline. Trying at last that ancient but ineffectual remedy, stern separation, the young girl was sent a-journeying, far from disturbing, youthful Irishmen.

In one of these enforced separations Lady Caroline wrote the poem of "Robin Adair," which was to make their love immortal. And truer, more absorbing love never breathed in any poem. It was the sincere, frank outpouring of a devoted girlish heart, grieving for the man from whom Fate had torn her. That she was faithful to him through it all is fully proved by the fact that the poem "Robin Adair" was written by Lady Caroline Keppel in 1753 or 1754 and her marriage with him did not take place until February, 1758. Only then was consent wrung from her parents when the girl lingered near death from grief.

The melody that Lady Caroline put to her song, and that Robin himself had taught her, was "Eileen Aroon." There are two versions of it, one Irish, the other Scotch. Its original composer was Carrol O'Daly, who gave it to Ireland in 1385 or 1386, to be primly exact.

THEIR romance, and Lady Caroline's song, had widely endeared them. Loving and beloved, life went forward happily, "Robin Adair" rising through his own merit steadily in his profession; one chronicler mentions his appointment by the king as surgeon-general. Death itself failed to weaken Robin's sentiment, for after Lady Caroline went to her long rest he never took off mourning for her except when his presence was required at court. In 1790, one hundred and thirty years ago, Robin Adair was laid at peace beside the Lady Caroline. Yet in her poem, linked with a melody centuries older, their love sings freshly on.

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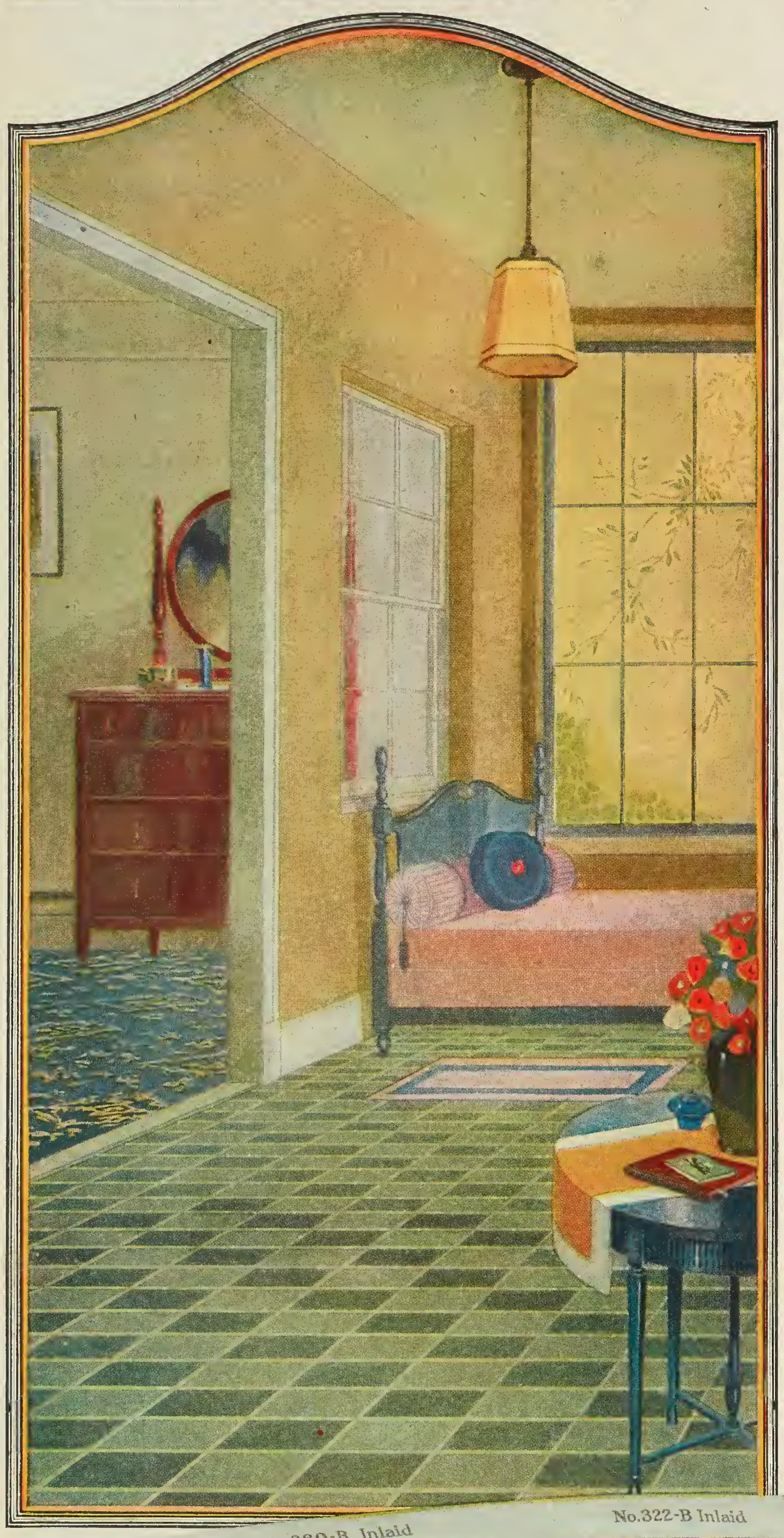
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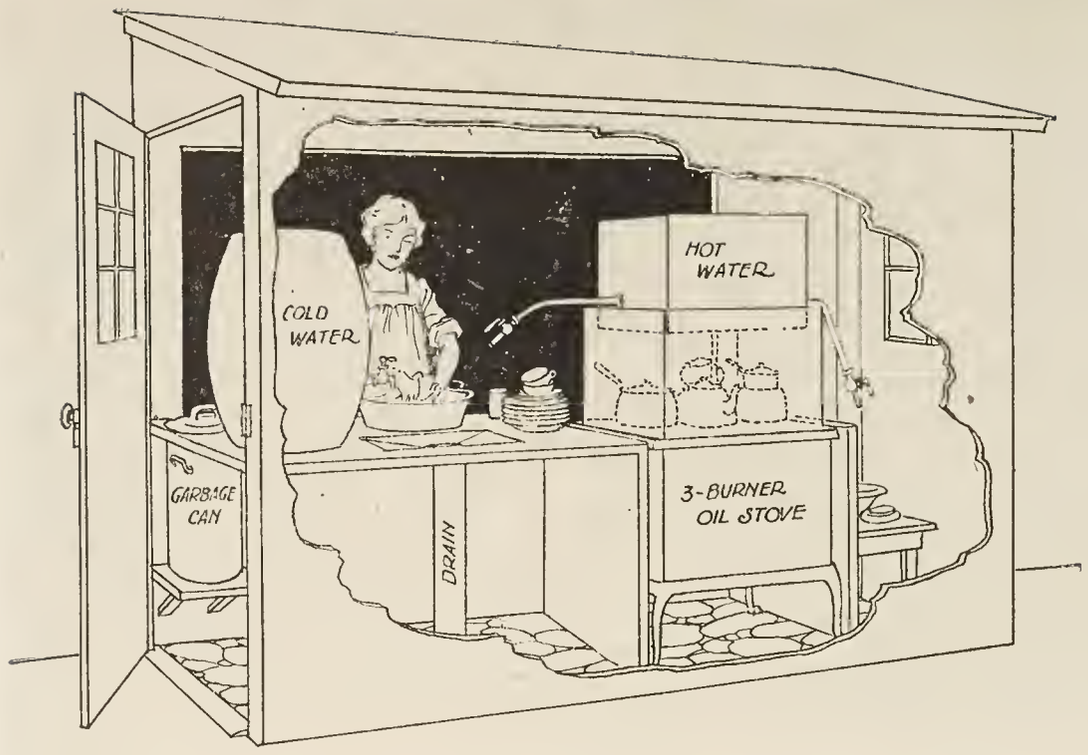
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IDEAL KITCHEN ARRANGEMENT

BY GEORGIE BOYNTON CHILD

WHAT are the simplest changes that can be brought into any kitchen to make it right as a work-room? This is a question that concerns millions of women, whether they live in city apartments or in country homes or on a farm.

It is a question that vitally concerns us all, now that the eight-hour day is becoming a universal demand among workers.

As I explained in an article in the July number of this magazine, I am now employing a "household assistant" six hours a day, six days a week. She covers the range of duties usually performed in an average day's work. This includes the daily care and cleaning of the four down-stairs rooms, one-half the ironing, the preparation and serving of the midday meal, and the keeping of the larder filled with delicious home-made bread, cake and other supplies.

This assistant's work does not include getting breakfast and supper. The preparation of these meals and the Sunday dinner is, however, reduced to a minimum by having much of the food prepared in advance. It would be impossible for her or for any one to achieve these results day after day without any sense of strain or hurry, unless the work were well planned and the working conditions arranged to make every moment tell. The cooking alone, for a family of seven, is no light task.

Fortunately, it is often not a difficult nor an expensive matter to overcome the defects that most seriously hamper the worker. In this article I shall include suggestions for making such necessary alterations.

The first step concerns the kitchen floor. The ideal floor-covering for the room is the best grade of linoleum. The first cost is high, but with proper care the material will last many years.

It is worth at least ten or twelve dollars a year to be spared the heavy cleaning of an uncovered kitchen floor. If linoleum is looked upon as a necessary part of the kitchen equipment, the demand will ultimately be met by the landlord.

If the kitchen is large, the center only of the floor need be covered, leaving a margin two feet wide round the edge. The margin may be oiled or treated with shellac followed by a coat of deck paint.

PROVIDE AMPLE TABLE SURFACE

THE old notion that one kitchen-table, placed at random in the room, will provide enough working surface for all needs is responsible for much loss of time in cooking operations and contributes to a sense of strain on the part of the kitchen worker.

Unless one is very skilful and experienced one can not "keep the deck clear for action" when trying to work rapidly and accomplish a good deal. Everything which the worker will use she will pile on this one table. She will be running back and forth to different parts of the room to get the supplies and equipment that should be assembled on her table surface before she begins any cooking operation.

There really ought to be four working surfaces, even in the simplest kitchen; namely, a right- and left-hand drain-board; a table or counter near the stove where one can perform the processes connected with "dishing up the dinner," and then an ample table or kitchen-cabinet surface for mixing and preparing food.

The average kitchen provides only two of the necessary four working surfaces, usually one drain-board and a kitchen-table of some kind. In a small kitchen one can supplement this lack both at the sink and stove by purchasing a wheel-cart. This can be placed near the stove when one is "dishing up" the meals; and there can be placed on it the hot platters or vegetable dishes into which the food is to be transferred. The work of seasoning, straining, and so forth, can all be done on this surface. After meals the wheel-cart carries its load of soiled dishes to the kitchen and is used at the sink to supplement either the right or the left drain-board.

In a large kitchen it is better to have a zinc-covered table placed permanently near the stove. This will save many steps between the stove and working surface, as, for instance, in such operations as frying eggs.

THREE WORKING CENTERS

A KITCHEN should be regarded as made up of so many working centers, each center being a place where tasks of a certain kind are performed. Its own storage facilities for the equipment, and its own supplies, are required by each center. There must be also a table or counter surface of a convenient height for work.

In most rented kitchens we must accept the arrangement of sink and stove as we find it. We may or may not have any choice in locating the center for the third important kitchen process—the mixing-center.

Should there be a choice of locations, the kitchen-table or cabinet should be placed where there is the best light and where it will be easiest to arrange storage space for the large assortment of supplies and equipment used for the many mixing and baking processes. The refrigerator is one of these storage places, and should be placed as conveniently near as possible. If it is well designed and well insulated, it may be established in the kitchen.

If the kitchen is large, compactness may be attained by locating the mixing-center in the middle of the room. This brings all the working operations of the kitchen close together and prevents waste of steps. In this way a large kitchen will gain many of the advantages of the small one.

If it is clearly understood that the kitchen is made up of three working centers—stove, sink and mixing-center—each completely equipped to handle the three principal groups of kitchen processes, it will be much easier to carry out the details. The proper grouping can be worked out by any housekeeper.

Everything used at the sink should be stored near the sink; everything used in preparing food, including supplies and equipment, should be stored near the work-table or cabinet; and finally, equipment and supplies employed in dishing up a dinner or in seasoning food while cooking must be grouped near the stove.

A COZY CORNER NEAR THE KITCHEN

THE small, modernly equipped kitchen does not provide any pleasant place where the worker may eat her meals or sit comfortably while doing light tasks, such as shelling peas, picking over berries and so forth. If resident help is employed or if one must do one's own housework, this is a very important need to consider.

Even non-resident workers, who are expected to put in their full eight hours in active service, need a rest-time between the shifts and a pleasant place to eat their lunch. There is always some way to meet this need; all the equipment needed is a drop-leaf or folding-table and a comfortable rocking-chair. These may be placed near the window in a roomy country kitchen or in an adjoining room.

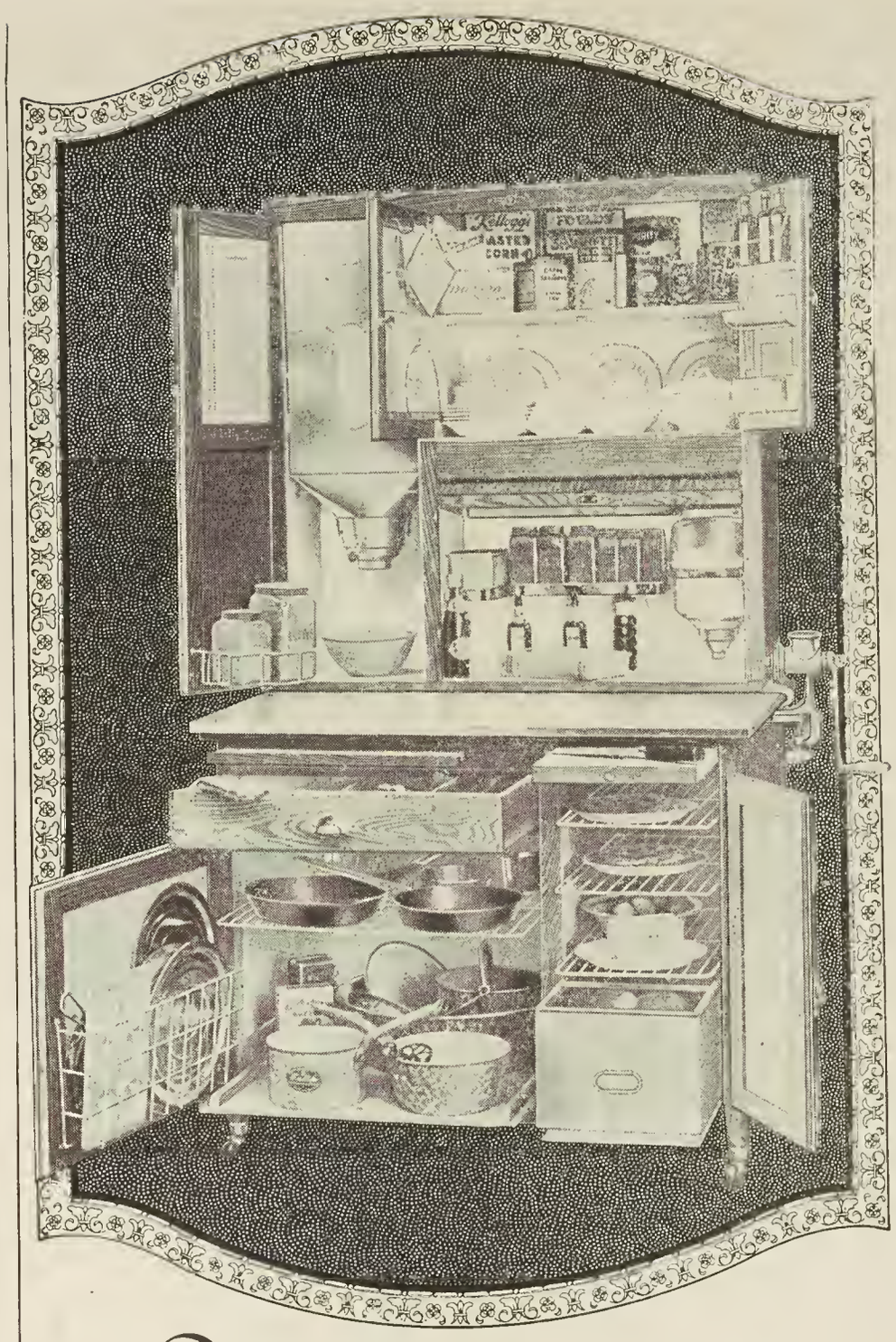
STORAGE A REAL PROBLEM

THE next step will be to make every detail of storage as complete as possible. In some cases this will include finding new storage places for many of the supplies and part of the equipment. The built-in closets and cupboards, commonly provided, are often inconveniently located. The choice of proper places for the supplies and equipment to be used at the mixing-center can be simplified greatly by purchasing a well-equipped kitchen cabinet, which at once becomes the mixing-center as well as a compact holder of supplies and equipment.

If one can not afford a kitchen cabinet, the need can be met by a pastry-table. This is superior to the ordinary kitchen-table because it provides, underneath, bins for flour and sugar, and has drawers for cutlery, and so forth.

Two or three six-inch shelves fastened to the wall above the pastry-table provide ample space to store supplies and small equipment. If the pastry-table is to stand in the middle of the room, these six-inch shelves can be fastened to the table itself. A good deal more shelf space must be provided if one is obliged to use the ordinary kitchen-table instead of the kitchen cabinet or pastry-table. Wide shelves must be provided for sugar, flour and the larger material and narrow ones for the small package supplies and devices. By the addition of

Concluded on page 136



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A Personal Possession

INTIMATE association through happy, flying moments has taught the *Napanee Dutch Kitchenet* owner this: it is complete as to features of convenience; it is faultlessly made of flawless materials; it is handsome. She would have no other. Ask her!

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Friends who get along with cheaper equipment have remarked wherein her *Napanee Dutch Kitchenet* excels. Her own observation in other kitchens has shown her how much longer lived is her cabinet than are others less carefully made.

To know you own the best that can be made is a great satisfaction. But there is one greater—to realize how far yours is superior to all others. Because she realizes its greater worth, every woman speaks of hers as "my *Napanee Dutch Kitchenet*"—a personal possession that reflects credit on her judgment as a purchaser and her management of the home.



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It really beats and sweeps and cleans! Built to be better by Hamilton Beach, Racine, Wis., world's largest makers of household motors. That's why the motor is guaranteed.

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Hamilton Beach



THE OPEN WINDOW

BY MARGUERITE WILKINSON

This is the first of a series of glimpses out into the world of affairs. Readers are cordially invited to ask questions—provided they enclose a stamped, addressed envelope

THE newly arrived immigrants were assembled in a schoolroom, waiting for the American teacher who would give them a lesson in English, when one of their friends, a very pretty young girl, came in—out of breath and in tears. The men stood asido in dumb wonder. The women crowded around her, asking questions and offering sympathy.

At this moment the American teacher joined the class and askcd one of the members, who spoke English better than the others, to tell him what was the matter. This interpreter explained that the young girl was unhappy because a man whom she did not liko had secured a paper from the American Government which said that she had to marry him. She did not want to marry him.

The teacher asked her to show him the paper. He looked at it and smiled reassuringly. It was a marriage license. Slowly and deliberately he tore it in two. The class gasped with astonishment.

Then he explained, through the interpreter, that the American Government does not give away young girls in marriage without their consent and that a marriage license is of no value unless the woman, as well as the man, is willing to enter the state of matrimony which it permits. The pretty girl was saved from thc clever rascal and the whole class learned a valuablc lesson in Americanism.

For the momcnt all these new citizens had been angry with our government because they had been deceived with regard to it. By the teacher's cxplanation their faith was restored and enlarged.

Many similar stories might be told to show the importance of the work of Americanization which patriots have taken up since the war. Before the war most of us did less for our immigrant neighbors than did the Statue of Liberty, which is not made of flesh and blood, but sometimes works miracles. We were willing to let the Statue of Liberty do the work. We were content to let people come to our country from all ovcr the world, to let them stay, provided they did not bother us, and—to let them alonc. To-day Americanization is a watchword for thousands.

OLD citizens and new will know more about what an American home ought to be if they will read "Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children," editcd by Joseph Bucklin Bishop. It is a fine, warm-hearted, humorous book that thc whole family can enjoy, but is especially recommcnded to fathers who want to learn how to play "tickley." Whatever our politics may have been, we can not help liking Roosevelt as a father. Here is part of a letter to Kermit:

"Last night I listcned to mother reading 'The Lances of Linwood' to the two little boys and then hearing them say their prayers. Then I went into Archie's room, where they both showed all their china animals; I read them Laura E. Richards's poems, including 'How does the Presidcnt take his tea?' They christened thcmselves Punkey Doodle and Jollapin from the chorus of this, and immediately afterward I played with them on Archie's bed. First I would toss Punkey Doodle (Quentin) on Jollapin (Archie) and tickle Jollapin while Punkey Doodle squalled and wiggled on top of him, and then reverse them and keep Punkey Doodle down by heaving Jollapin on him, while they both kicked and struggled until my shirt front looked very much the worse for wear. You doubtless remember yourself how bad it was for me, when I was dressed for dinner, to play with all you scamps when you were little.

"The other day a reporter asked Quentin something about me; to which that affable and canny young gentleman responded, 'Yes, I see him sometimes; but I know nothing of his family life.' "

ANOTHER exceedingly interesting book about this great American is, "Theodore Roosevelt: An Intimate Biography," by William Roscoe Thayer. It begins with the story of the Roosevelt family, who came to this country as thrifty, practical, but quite undistinguished Dutch immigrants in 1644, and grew and prospered materially and intellectually with the growth of the nation.

Then Mr. Thayer tells the story of the frail, asthmatic little Theodore making his long fight for health, of his life at Harvard, as police commissioner, as Rough Rider, and finally as President. Many policies of Roosevelt's administration that were not fully understood at the timo are explained in this book

A chapter on "Roosevelt at Home" will interest women.

Mr. Thayer takes from "The Boy's Life of Theodore Roosevelt," by Hermann Hagedorn, the following passage originally written down in little Theodore's dairy when his father took him to Europe. He was only ten years old and he was bored.

"November 22—In the evening Mama showed me the portrait of Eidieth Carow and her face stirred up in me homesickness and longings for the past which will come again never aback, never."

Edith Carow was a playmate of his sister and years later became the second Mrs. Roosevelt.

IF WE can judge by appearances, the English are beginning to be interested in American themes and personalities. John Drinkwater, an English poet, has spent a number of months in this country assisting in the presentation of his play, "Abraham Lincoln," which was first put on in England in the Birmingham Repertory Theater, of which he is the director, and later in London, where it took all audiences by storm.

It has been very successful in New York. Mr. Drinkwater says that what interested him in Lincoln's character, the theme on which he built his play, was Lincoln's poise in the danger, difficulty and loneliness of the work of administration, his power to be the "lord of his event."

One of the most interesting speeches is that in which Mrs. Lincoln tells how she contributed to her husband's achievement. When he is about to receive the nomination, she says:

"You said this was a great evening for me. It is, and I'll say morc than I mostly do because it is. I'm likely to go into history now with a great man. For I know better than any how great he is. I'm plain-looking and I've a sharp tongue, and I've a mind that doesn't always go in his easy, high way. And that's what history will see, and it will laugh a little and say, 'Poor Abraham Lincoln!' And that's all right, but it's not all. I've always known when he should go forward, and when he should hold back. I've watched and watched, and what I've learned America will profit by. There are women like that, lots of them. But I'm lucky. My work's going farther than Illinois—it is going farther than any of us can tell. I made things easy for him to think and think when we were poor, and now his thinking has brought him to this."

"Abraham Lincoln" should be presented by students in schools and colleges, for although it is written by an Englishman, it defines the life and character of the greatest and dearest of Americans. It is a good play.

TALKING of schools and colleges, have there been enough teachers in your town during the past year? Are most of your teachers coming back next year? It is estimated that in the country at large there have been thirty-nine thousand vacancies and sixty-five thousand positions filled by teachers below the standard requirements. Worse than that, the attendance at normal schools has fallen off about twenty per cent.

Why are teachers leaving the profession?

Partly because salaries are much too small. No other class of persons is paid so little in proportion to the value of the service rendered. Many a professor envies the janitor his living wage. Many an eighth-grade boy can say truthfully to his teacher, "Pooh, why do I want an education? I can make more money after school-hours than you make all day!"

This is a grave economic problem. Since 1913, when teachers' salaries were low enough, thc cost of living has doubled. How many teachers have received a hundred per cent. increase? If they would strike, we should know more about thcir difficulties, but they seldom do. They simply resign and leave the children to be taught by less competent persons who can do nothing else.

THIS year Arbor Day will mean morc than usual because of the campaign for planting "Roads of Remembrance." The General Federation of Women's Clubs and the Servicc Star Legion, made up of eleven organizations of war workers, are planting trees as memorials to soldiers killed in the war. In Indiana, women are planting the Lincoln Highway, each mile of it being named for a famous son of Indiana, and the trees being planted as memorials to the soldiers of the county through which that mile runs. The American Forestry Association at Washington is registering all memorial trees on its national honor-roll and will send a free certificate of registration to any individual or group reporting the planting of a memorial tree.

What monument could be more appropriate than these miles of living beauty, reminding citizens of to-day and to-morrow of the men who died—only yestcrday—for the land wc all love and serve?





Interior Walls Make or Mar Your Home

THE first impression of the guest entering your home is—walls. "Did you *ever* see *anything* as hideous as that wall paper!" is not an uncommon comment.

But not in the home where good taste and good judgment insist upon modern, up-to-date decorating, with walls artistically and sanitarily tinted in soft tones that harmonize so pleasingly with curtains, rugs and furniture.

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Alabastine, a dry powder, is mixed in a minute with pure cold water, easily and evenly applied with a suitable wall brush to any interior surface—plastered walls, wall-board, over paint, burlap or canvas, or even old wall paper where it is fast, has no raised figures and contains no aniline dyes.

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The cross and circle printed in red on every package is your guarantee of receiving Alabastine, the wall coating which for nearly 50 years has been recognized nationally as the correct interior finish for buildings of all kinds—homes, clubs, hospitals, auditoriums, churches, schools and all public buildings.

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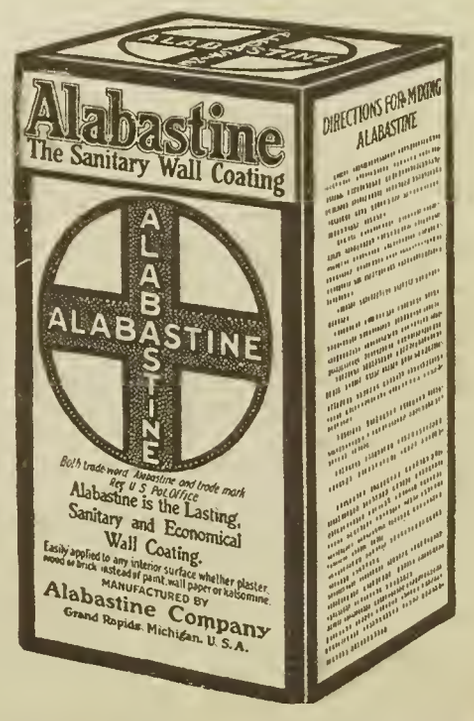
If you employ a decorator tell him to bring Alabastine in original packages, always identified by the cross and circle printed in red. Poor results on your walls show that a substitute for Alabastine has been used. Insist on Alabastine—the nationally accepted wall tint.

5-lb. package white Alabastine.....75c
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This Wonderful Range With Two Ovens



Bakes Bread, Pies, Biscuits Broils, Roasts, and Cooks Nine Different Vegetables All At One Time.

Although it is less than four feet long it can do every kind of cooking for any ordinary family by gas in warm weather, or by coal or wood when the kitchen needs heating.

The Coal section and the Gas section are just as separate as though you had two ranges in your kitchen.

Gold Medal

Glenwood

Note the two gas ovens above—one for baking, glass paneled and one for broiling, with white enamel door.

The large oven below has the indicator and is heated by coal or wood.

See the cooking surface when you want to rush things—five burners for gas and four covers for coal.

When in a hurry both coal and gas ovens can be operated at the same time, using one for baking bread or roasting meats and the other for pastry baking—It

"Makes Cooking Easy"

Write for handsome free booklet 171 that tells all about it.

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Makers of the Celebrated Glenwood Coal, Wood and Gas Ranges, Heating Stoves and Furnaces.

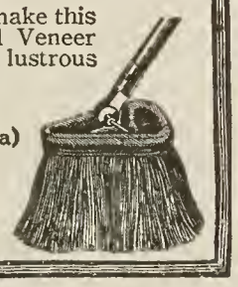


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Four other new features make this mop supreme. The Liquid Veneer treatment means beautiful, lustrous floors, **FREE FROM OIL**,—dry and spotlessly clean.



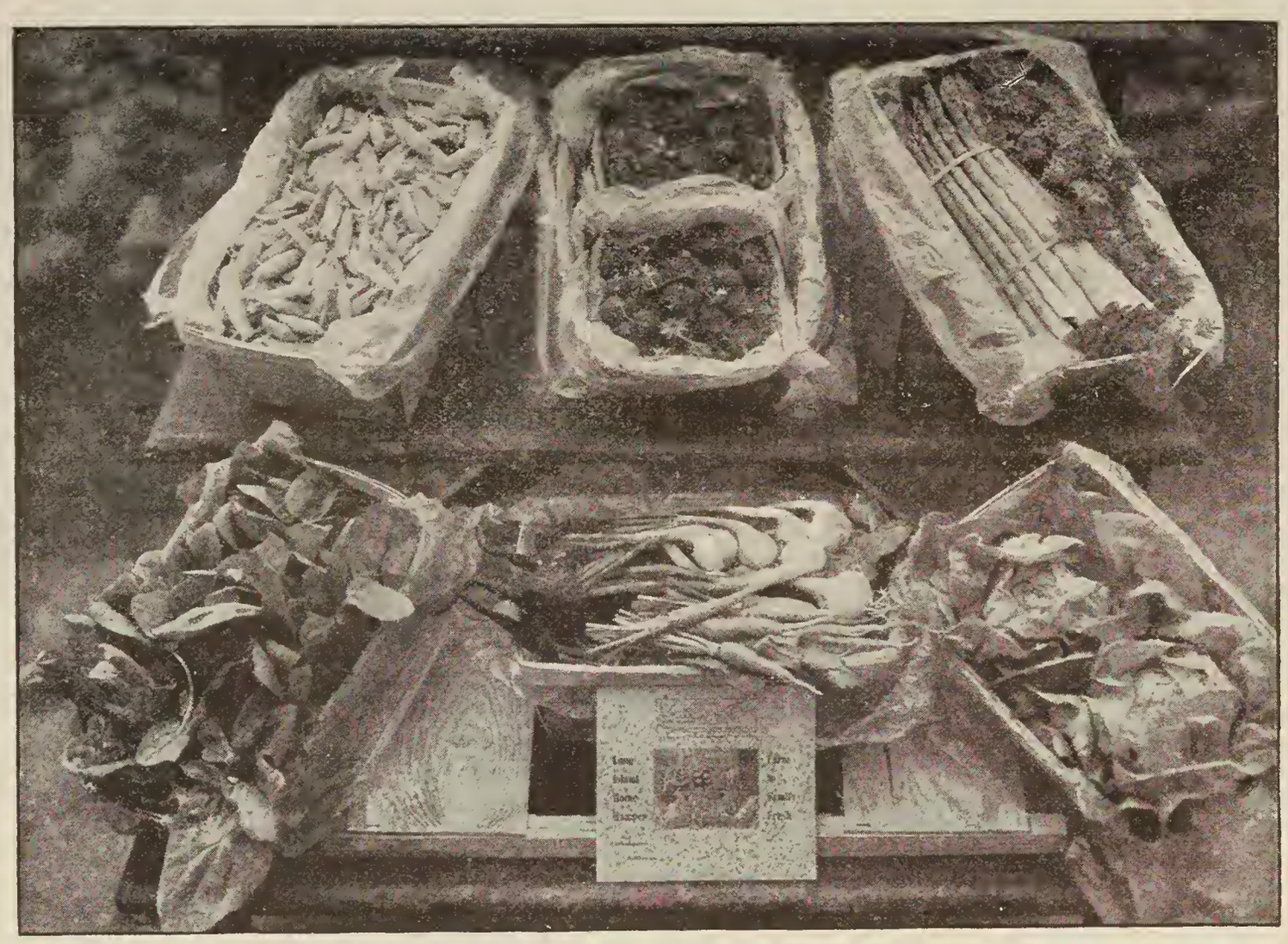
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For every day in the week. For every room. For general housecleaning.

Solid Cake
No Waste



STRICTLY FRESH GARDEN STUFF READY FOR THE "HOME HAMPER"

BACK-TO-THE-LAND-ING: A SUCCESSFUL ENTERPRISE

BY VERA L. CONNOLLY

Here is a one-time druggist, now a successful farmer, who has proved that a city man can succeed on the land—provided he has that priceless thing: the unwavering faith and cooperation of his wife and children.

YOU would know at first glance—even if you were a stranger in the neighborhood—that Mr. Willey was a back-to-the-lander; for he is a thin, narrow-chested, stoop-shouldered man, obviously in good health to-day, but bearing the unmistakable look of one who has suffered years of invalidism.

He is, indeed, one of that vast army of town dwellers who, either tired of the emptiness of city life or broken by its strain, are to-day seeking a living on the soil. Only he, unlike so many of these unprepared migrators, happened to have in him the stuff of which successful farmers are made.

Then, too, Mr. Willey was blessed with that other valuable possession: a loyal and courageous little family, a family which has stood back of him, working with him, planning with him, suffering with him, rejoicing with him and fulfilling in every other respect all the requirements of the ideal partner.

As he himself puts it, without the family's help he could not have made a success of the farm. But also he is positive that any farmer, given the loyal cooperation of his family, and living on a road used by motorists, can do what he has done.

HIS story really begins with a complete breakdown in health, some twelve years ago, which necessitated his finding work that would keep him out-of-doors. By profession he was a druggist, having been in the drug business eighteen years. So he knew almost nothing about farming. Nevertheless it was to farming that he turned in this crisis, with the spirit and determination to win.

Going to East Patchogue, Long Island, he bought eight acres of land. To quote his own reasons for thus buying a small farm close to town rather than a big farm at a greater distance:

"Had we gone farther out into the country—where we could undoubtedly have bought a much larger farm for the same money—we would have been isolated; and marketing our stuff would have been hard. Here, on the contrary, it has been a comparatively simple matter, as we are right on the State road used by wealthy motorists who have homes at the fashionable resorts. These people have been our chief customers for years.

"How were we ever able to attract their attention?

"We did it in several ways: by a big signboard, nailed to one of the trees in front of the house, which announced that there was fresh farm produce for sale; by sweet-peas which we raised in quantities and the two girls sold at the roadside, and by building a kind of open store or "stall" within sight of the road and exhibiting on this stall our very choicest vegetables and fruits for sale.

"The stall made our success. It did away with the middleman's profits; for my wife and the girls did all the selling. Our customers came to us, bought directly of us and carried their boxes or hampers or quart baskets away with them.

"YOU see, we kept the stall always looking very attractive, the vegetables being clean, absolutely fresh and nicely arranged. To make the display more appealing, we used green paraffin paper to wrap things in. These touches and the fact that our vegetables were right from the garden appealed to the class of customers we had. The people who bought from us would motor from quite a distance, past any number of stores, and pay more for our goods because of the quality we maintained. Usually they bought in large quantities. Very often they would phone us to have a 'home hamper' ready for them.

"This 'hamper' consisted originally of six quart-baskets full of strictly fresh garden stuff—vegetables and small fruits—packed in the regular six-basket crate of commerce. The crates and baskets came 'knocked down'; and we put them together, filling them with a variety of whatever we had in the garden at the time, the contents of each basket being in the prime of condition and perfectly packed.

A six-basket hamper, for instance, might contain one basket of asparagus; one of lettuce; one of strawberries; one of peas; one of rhubarb, and one of young carrots and radishes. Or the combination might be entirely different.

"Gradually we evolved hampers of different sizes to meet the demands of our customers, until we had hampers ranging in price from a dollar and a half to four dollars, the size of the hamper determining the price.

"Although most of these hampers we sold to customers who came in their machines, we also shipped hampers to city customers who ordered by letter. These city customers were required to send us, with their order, the cash in advance. We then shipped them a hamper of the size they had ordered: filled with a variety of the best we had, everything in perfect condition.

"Were they always pleased with our selection? No. That's where the rub came in. That's why we finally discontinued shipping home hampers. You see, in those days before the war, city people hadn't learned to appreciate the every-day vegetables. Some families never ate a turnip, others never any carrots or beets. Others wouldn't eat parsnips or onions or squash.

"So there were complaints every time we included these in a hamper if the family never used them. Every one wanted strawberries and asparagus, for instance; but we couldn't afford to make up a hamper from these. I believe the shipping of hampers would succeed to-day, for the war has taught us a lot about the common foods; people aren't so cranky.

"But in those days it didn't pay; so we specialized on attracting and holding our local customers, the fashionable resorters who motored by. In this we were successful, and it was no unusual thing on Saturday afternoons for twenty-five or thirty machines to be drawn up before the house and in the side yard.

"These people did not send their servants to do the buying unless it rained; they came themselves. They all seemed to enjoy it, as though it were kind of a lark. Sometimes we asked them if they'd like to pick their own flowers or vegetables, and they usually wanted to. I've seen fashionably dressed women peel off their kid gloves and have a beautiful time out in the field or among the flowers. Every one loves the outdoors; and a farm is interesting to people who never see one.

"One of my customers—a politician—drove here from thirty-five miles away to get a dozen ears of golden bantam corn. He knew our corn, and liked it. So he came after it. You see, that's just the point: these wealthy people have to drive somewhere; and they like to know of a place, like ours, where there's always a welcome and where they can get out of their cars, pick a few flowers and take home vegetables crisper than any in the stores. Every summer they visit us in crowds.

"How did I tide over the Winters?

"I BUILT greenhouses and raised hot-house tomatoes. Those greenhouses were my first expensive addition to the property; but they've been very profitable, giving me a year-round income. I ship the tomatoes to the wholesalers on order, and I have more orders than I can fill.

"I grow two crops every year: one from October to January; and the other from May to August. And the work is not difficult. On this farm the entire work of raising the tomatoes is done by my wife and myself, the two girls, my mother who is over seventy, and an elderly woman neighbor. For the field work, of course, I have men to help me.

"But I have not done nearly as much with garden stuff of late as I used to, for the reason that all my rich customers had the grounds of their estates plowed up and planted with vegetables. Now that the war is over, however, the lawns will go in again; and this Spring I expect to have a big truck garden and to start up the stand again.

"Am I glad I left the drug business and bought this little farm? Well!"

Mr. Willey is silent for a moment after that question. Then it is from a full heart that he speaks:

"First, I have recovered my health. I can not be too grateful for that. And my family has been healthy and happy here. We've all liked the work; and we've enjoyed life right along with it. My youngest girl has a new pony. And probably Mrs. Willey's told you that we're planning to buy a new car.

"As for our profits, we have had a living out of the place, and there has been such an increase on our original investment that I recently sold out a half interest in the property for a little over four times what we paid for the entire farm. Not a bad return on the money, was it?"

SPRING LESSONS

HAVE no care for Winter past
Now that Spring has come—
Bob-o-link is on the wing,
Gipsy winds are beckoning,
Daffodil has braved the blast
And is now "at home."

In your heart discouragement?
Winter, dark and cold?
At your feet a blade of green,
Seeking for a sun unseen,
With a power faith has lent,
Pushes through the mold!

Ceased to strive and sat you down
Lacking straw for bricks?
Have you seen the sparrow's nest
Lined with feathers from her breast?
She has built a house in town
Out of mud and sticks.

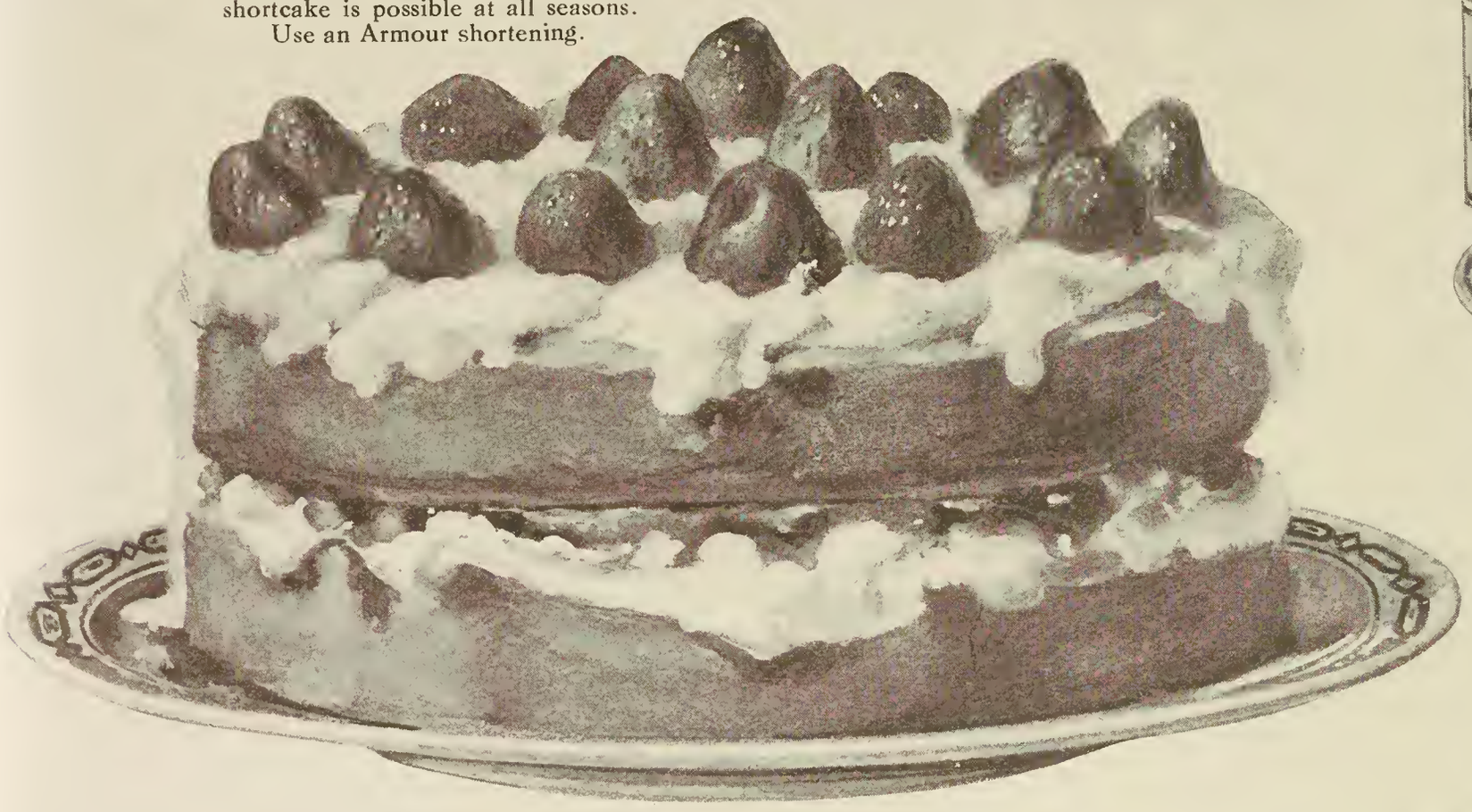
EDNA VALENTINE TRAPNELL.

Armour's Buying Suggestions for April



Veribest Peas—always in the Housewives' Choosing List. "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard or Vegetole, an All Vegetable Shortening. Either will satisfy.

With Armour's *Veribest* Fruits on hand, a delicious shortcake is possible at all seasons. Use an Armour shortening.



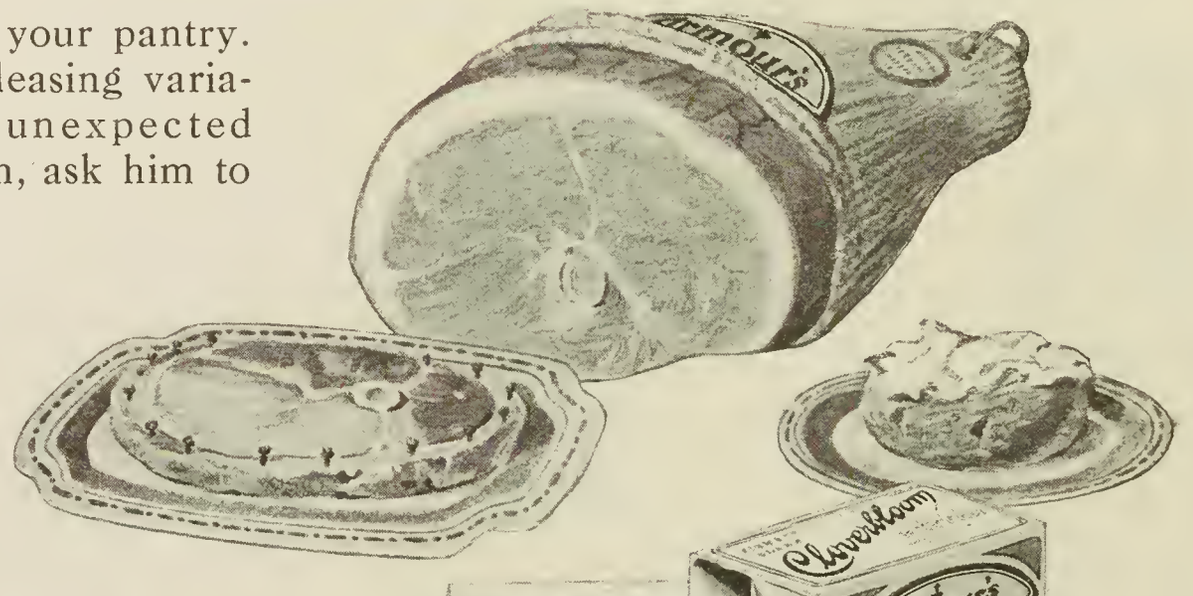


Armour's fried Star Ham and *Veribest* Eggs in any style—an unbeatable combination that is popular everywhere.

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FOOD quality, variety and convenience are always identified by the Armour Oval Label. It is a mark of *dependability*—a safe buying guide to many standard cooking ingredients and scores of novel ready-to-serve foods.

Keep a supply of Armour Oval Label Foods in your pantry. They will save you time in cooking—suggest pleasing variations in the daily menus—provide against unexpected emergencies. If your dealer isn't carrying them, ask him to 'phone the nearest Armour Branch House.



The table butter of nigh quality—*Cloverbloom*

The Oval Label takes the guess-work out of buying—makes cooking certain—pleases every family taste.

For menus, recipes, better housekeeping suggestions, write Mrs. Jean Prescott Adams, Department of Food Economies, Armour and Company, Chicago.



Armour's Grape Juice, made from pure juice of ripe grapes—the drink for ALL occasions. Try it chilled for the breakfast fruit course.

Armour's QUALITY PRODUCTS

ARMOUR AND COMPANY
CHICAGO



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Why use many creams? —one does it

Nature intended your skin to be soft and smooth. But the dirt and dust of modern life, and the sharp wind and hot sun all tend to make it dry and rough. Frequent washing only makes it worse—so to meet this need, we now offer Garden Court *Double* Combination Cream. It is something entirely new—all face creams in one. Its astringent quality draws the pores together and prevents dirt from lodging, thus aiding Nature to keep your skin soft and supple and free from blemish.

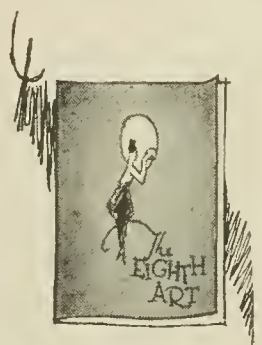
Massage makes it firm and pliant

This new Double Combination cream is also excellent for massage. Try drawing the fingers gently the *length* of the tiny traces that will otherwise soon become wrinkles. You will find the tissues beneath become firmer, and your skin will take on the glow of health, with no lines whatever to mar its softness.

A little powder is enough, if—

—you use it over a base of Garden Court Double Combination Cream, which, by the way is perfumed with the same dainty fragrance as the Double Combination Cream. Rub on a delicate coating of the cream and after it has vanished into the pores dust on the powder very lightly indeed. This will give a healthy "depth" to your complexion which you can not get by powdering in the regular dry way.

All the Garden Court toiletries are put up in artistic packages of Nelson blue and all bear the identical, exclusive Garden Court bouquet—composed of 32 fragrances gathered from all over the world.



New Booklet

Thorough information on toiletries free. Things the well groomed woman should know. Send for it and free sample of Garden Court Face Powder.

Garden Court toilet creations are on sale exclusively at the thousands of Penslar Drug Stores throughout the United States and Canada.

Sold wherever this sign of the Penslar Stores is displayed.

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Face Powder	Toilet Water
Double Combination Cream	Extract (bulk)
Cold Cream	Extract (The Gift Package)
Talc	Benzoin and Almond Cream

NELSON, 51 Brooklyn Avenue Detroit, Michigan

Penslar STORE

Garden Court



MRS. CASTLE IS JUST AS GRACEFUL AND SLENDER AS EVER

ART THAT CONCEALS EFFORT

AN INTERVIEW WITH MRS. CASTLE

WAITING to see Mrs. Castle at the movie studio was rather fun. It was so exactly like what you read about. There was the bare little waiting-room and the "No Smoking" sign; there was a little old gentleman with a droopy white mustache who guarded the rail-gate that led to somebody's office; there were two very homely French ladies talking hard about their chances; there was the handsome young gentleman of sixteen Summers who wanted a job as a juvenile lead, and—how thrilling!—there were some of the people who were playing in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," all dressed up and nicely painted, flouncing prettily out in their 1880 clothes to have some pictures taken. Then there was somebody's voice from an open doorway, telling people that the books were full already; there were trays of luncheon going in and out and just about then they let us in.

Not to see Mrs. Castle immediately. We had to go to Fort Lee for that. But they thought we'd like to see *Doctor Jekyll's* house, perhaps. We did. It was a beautiful piece of architecture, as London as Dickens. There were several other houses and an alleyway that ran between two streets. Some real horses were standing about, and a life-size hansom cab.

Why do we remark on the size of all these properties? Because the studio was just some roofed-over back yard in a crowded, rather expensive neighborhood in New York City back of some elderly ex-fashionable stables, and it seemed incredible that anybody could build London streets and alleys and things, life-size, out in the back yard.

The flagstones were made of linoleum, to be sure—we looked particularly—and the cobblestones were nicely whittled pieces of wood. But no doubt they wear well enough. It was all very interesting.

IT WAS a long way to Fort Lee, up-town and across the ferry and up the funny trolley-car that crawls carefully up the Palisades, and it was cold. But what is cold when you are seeing stars and studios?

The studio in town had been quite dark—apparently depending on electricity for all the scenes. Here at Fort Lee is the traditional idea of the studio—a vast Crystal Palace effect, with glass roof and more or less glass on all sides.

In the middle of the studio was a New York apartment—not just a few rooms but a whole apartment (not a fifty-dollar apartment, either, but the three-thousand-dollar kind), and there was room enough all round for an army of carpenters to be building the Stock Exchange, with booths and galleries and stands and all the rest of it, as well as an office and an art gallery on one wall.

Mrs. Castle was playing—we could see her pink satin negligée through a forest of lights, and in the intervals of practising just how she should spurn the handsome gentleman who was her play-husband, she came out and talked to us on a comparatively unoccupied piece of floor space.

AND she was real folks—not a bit like the stories you hear about haughty stars. She told us, no, she never did any "exercises"—she just skates and rides and swims and dances. That's all. She fussed over the way her pink satin clothes get soiled, making a picture, and when it was time to go put on a black velvet dress with what looked like some fifty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, she took us up to her dressing-room and we heard all about the rest of her clothes.

Such lovely clothes, and she says it is so easy! Apparently all you have to do is to think hard enough about simple lines and you're all right. She's just as modest as that. Never a word about the "gift for line." Then she told us all about her house up in Ithaca, New York (she is Mrs. Robert Treman there), and what fun she had furnishing it and that it looks like a gray-stone chapel and has a living-room sixty feet long. And she is going to take courses at Cornell—after she finishes this picture—in French and Spanish and interior decoration.

But the most fun was when she told all about how she worked on this part. We saw her when she was the smart, handsome young wife along toward the close of the story. In the beginning of the film, she said, she's a dowdy little creature, who was married by her guardian out of pity and left alone by him while he runs off and explores something—Egypt, we think it was.

Probably it is actually fun for Mrs. Castle to dress up and be dowdy. She said she was awfully nervous about it, as she'd never done a character part before. Anyhow, it was a new experience for her. Can you fancy Mrs. Castle with long pigtails, a skirt that pigeon-tails and "no class"? You can not. She says she did it, though.

Now as to what you really want to know about her. She is just as graceful as ever and just exactly as slender, and she had hardly any make-up on, even for the screen, and her hair is just the same cut and she laughs and talks just like any girl you know.

MRS. CASTLE went and spurned her play-husband some more, and we went and examined the three-thousand-dollar apartment very carefully. It was not just rooms, as we said. They ran into each other just right. The living-room and the dining-room and the butler's pantry all were in the right positions and the decoration and furniture were delightful.

Anybody that carps at mistakes in the films ought to see all the people that work on details. The property man never takes his eyes off a scene that is being shot. And the director (who, by the way, did not shout or swear) has a most amazingly keen eye for little things.

As we said before, it looks easy, and Mrs. Castle says it is, to have everything just right. But she did mention some dancers, who she said, had that "perfect art which conceals all effort." A good motto, that is, for clothes and interior decoration both.



THE top illustration shows the ordinary corset boning after the corset has been worn but a short time. The absence of resilience is indicated by the angle at which the boning is now *permanently* bent. The lower illustration shows a rib of *Mightybone* after the same test, with all its springiness still alive, ensuring permanency of comfort and style in the corset

OF COURSE, you intend to have your new suit or frock fitted over a smart new corset. But you should also assure yourself that the style of the corset is *enduring* —that it will afford a smart foundation for the costume as long as it is worn.

And this spring you really can obtain a corset that will *retain* its style-lines—an American Lady Corset, boned throughout with Mightybone. Mightybone is supple; it moves easily with every motion of the body. Mightybone is strong; it holds the figure comfortably and trimly in a graceful posture. Mightybone is resilient; it always springs back into its original lines of fashion in the corset.

No matter how much individual attention your figure requires, you can find just the correct model and the right silhouette in one of the newly boned back lace or front lace American Lady Corsets. And no matter what price you care to pay, your American Lady Corset will be boned throughout with Mightybone—the superior boning that is always alive!

Back Lace $2.50 to $8.50
Front Lace $4.00 to $8.50

AMERICAN LADY CORSET CO. INC.

Detroit . New York . Chicago . San Francisco

Mightybone

This Corset is boned throughout with Mightybone—a resilient, figure-moulding boning. Unlike the ordinary boning, Mightybone will not become misshapen after limited wear and cause the corset to lose its style thus ceasing to give a modish figure.

Mightybone will always be in the same resilient condition as it was the day you bought the corset. It will gracefully mould the figure into the lines of fashion, and throughout the life of the corset will ensure fashionable lines and healthful posture.

This tag is attached to every American Lady Corset. Its use has been authorized by the Mightybone Corporation of New York. Find it—and you find lasting comfort, lasting satisfaction, and a figure fashionable —always!

American Lady Corsets

Boned throughout with Mightybone

© American Lady Corset Co., Inc., 1920



Cheney Shower-Proof Foulards

GAY with the season's smartest colorings are these Foulards for Spring and Summer; notable both for their attractiveness and their Cheney Quality, which are expressed not only in the fashionable Tan, Sand, Light Brown, and Copenhagen Blue Shades, but in the more permanently popular Navy and White, Navy and Tan, and Black and White as well.

Found wherever fine silks are sold; with Cheney Crêpe Jersey, Cheney Satin Barrê, Cheney Rubaya.

CHENEY BROTHERS

4th Avenue at 18th Street, New York

CHENEY SILKS



EASTER-CARD LORE

FOR OBSERVERS OF THE DAY

BY W. G. BOWDOIN

EASTER has been very happily known as "the happiest of days," "the bright day," "the Sunday of Joy" and "the festival of festivals."

Easter or Eostur is a survival of an old heathen feast, which was so-called because the Spring sun had its new birth in the East, coincident with its observances.

Many of the chief Easter customs and celebrations that now obtain were derived directly or indirectly from this festival of Spring gladness in the heart of the ancient Teutonic forest. Such things as Easter eggs, Easter fires, Easter games, the rabbit symbol, lilies, and Easter laughter, all seem to have a heathen origin.

The modern church has snatched the sacred from the profane, and the heathen inspiration has become the Christian celebration of modernity.

One of the oldest and most wide-spread of Easter superstitions is that which makes the sun participate in the general felicity, by dancing in the heavens.

The singing of Easter hymns and carols used to mark the day, but some years ago the Easter card was devised by an English publisher, and as issued by his firm, it sprang into immediate popularity. The earlier Easter cards were richly ornamented with silk and satin fringes, and the trend toward decoration became overwhelming. Thus it was that the Easter-card idea was at last far too frequently vulgarized. Had but a little restraint been used, and had there been a steadfast adherence to true art and its legitimate traditions, there would have been no need for the criticism that presently arose.

THE Easter card, if properly used, can be made to carry the Easter symbolism, with spiritual message, both pictorially and as to its text, with absolute idealism.

The Easter cards of to-day may easily, and often do, register and preserve the Easter spirit, which still finds a place for the Easter-eggs, the ceremony of egg-rolling, that formerly was done by the children even on the White House grounds; the Easter hare, with its quaint legendary lore, that is expressed in an old saying that "the hare feeds only at night" and the Hindu myth that Buddha, changing into the body of a hare, offered himself as food to a starving traveler, and that because of this, the hare abides in the sun forever. Another old saying that may well serve as an Easter-card inscription is, "The moon leaps like a hare when the sun dies."

Given an Easter card that is properly designed, properly printed, and one that is endowed with proper color, it rises most mightily in the scale of Easter accessories. It then carries the message of modernity with swiftness and tremendous force. Its artistic appeal is also infinite.

IT IS only when the Easter card, following after the exquisiteness of the idealistic valentine with its romantic love message writ large, becomes vulgarized as the valentine was with the penny valentines and the so-called comic valentines, that it loses its glory and becomes debased.

The picture-postal has largely crowded out the more pretentious photograph, that shows the same house, the same cathedral, the same masterpiece, the identical landscape with all of its glory, or other pictorial bit. The popularity of the picture-card grows, because of its cheapness, that arises because it calls for less manipulation and less technique.

The Easter card makes easy the exchange of Easter hospitality and good cheer and the giving of gifts that has become almost as prevalent at Eastertide as at Christmastide. When carefully chosen and finished in good taste, there is nothing that can take the place of an Easter card.

The Easter card, if pictorial, appeals strongly to the eye and exercises an influence far more powerfully than merely a typographic message, that, for many reasons, may be passed over easily.

GUTENBERG, when he was busy with his problem of movable types, never thought of his invention being applied to an Easter card that could thus be made to cheer after the fashion of a beam of light showing in the dark. But the Gutenberg movable types blazed the way for the Easter card.

The Easter card may travel far, and no one knows or can even hazard an estimate how far it may shed its comforting light, as a candle carelessly throws its beams almost to infinity.

The Easter joys of far-away lands, and strange peoples with beliefs other than ours, may be impressed upon an Easter card and accomplish much good, even as a tract may transform an individual, if not the world, by its silent influence

The growing of Easter lilies is a great Bermuda industry. Acres upon acres of these sweet flowers are tropically cultivated for the symbolism they convey to those influenced by ecclesiasticism. An Easter card spreads before us pictures of these sacred flowers and inspires a vision that could come in no other way.

The coming of Spring is an opportune period for the Easter festival that the Easter card is designed to recall, no matter what form it may assume. The period is one of hope and promise. It holds a suggestion of the future harvest when the cornucopias will be filled, ready for emptying to spread joy and comfort.

A FREQUENT decoration for a card of the Easter season is the egg, singly or in clusters, in black and white or in colors. It is a personification of immortality and life everlasting.

Alexander F. Chamberlain has recalled a legend of the Greek Church that might well crown many an Easter card, and in which it is set forth: "Our Lord used to feed the robins round his mother's door, when a boy: moreover the robin never left the sepulcher till the Resurrection, and at the Ascension, joined the angels' song."

Another popular story, likewise effective for an Easter card, relates that when Christ was on His way to Calvary, and was toiling beneath the burden of the Cross, the robin, in his kindness, plucked a thorn from the crown that oppressed His brow, and the blood of the divine Martyr dyed the breast of the bird, which ever since has borne the insignia of its charity. A variant of the same legend makes the thorn wound the bird itself, and its own blood dye its breast.

The Easter card seems particularly well adapted to show and to preserve the ceremonials that mark the day and its celebration. The process of either lithography or photogravure easily lends itself to interpretations of this character.

These cards serve a good purpose in keeping alive the symbolism of the Resurrection. Thus the lion typifies the Resurrection, in that young lions are fabled to be born without life. After three days, the parent lion roars over them, and vivifies them by his breath.

TRIBUTE to this characteristic of the lion is paid in the principal entrance of Saint Lawrence in Nuremberg, in the choir of Augsburg Cathedral, at the foot of a colossal crucifix in Saint Nicholas of Stralsund, in the Nuremberg cloisters, Maulbronn and Rebenhausen, and in a large relief, which dates from the latter half of the thirteenth century, and doubtless belonged originally to some church or cloister, but which now adorns the façade of a house, in Thal, in Munich. So too, the stained window of the Minster of Freiburg, in the Breisgau, contains a painting of the Crucifixion at the top of which is a pelican feeding its young with its own blood; above the pelican stands the lion, breathing over three whelps, which are just beginning to show signs of life.

During the Middle Ages, the lion, as the symbol of the Resurrection, was sculptured on public buildings of a secular character and on private dwellings. The lion was likewise engraved on pieces of armor, and especially on helmets, with inscriptions expressive of the hope of the warrior, if slain in battle, that he might be raised on the last day.

The next time you see a lion thus pictured on an Easter card, the picture must have a new and special significance to you.

The peacock symbol also comes from pagan art. There it was Juno's bird, and was supposed to portray the apotheosis of an empress. On Christian sepulchers, in the Catacombs, the peacock is symbolic of immortality; either because of the belief of Saint Augustine that its flesh was incorruptible, or of the yearly changing of its brilliant feathers to regain them more gloriously in the Spring.

ON THE coins of Faustina, the peacock as the symbol of the soul in glory, has its head encircled by the nimbus; and on the coins of the Antonines, the phenix, the symbol of immortality, so appears also.

The serpent has been accepted as an emblem of regeneration, from the annual casting of its skin. As a symbol of eternity, the Midgard serpent may often be seen in legendary art, having its tail in its mouth, thus forming a complete circle, for the circle—never beginning, never ending—typifies the life everlasting.

The scarab among the Egyptians, when represented with outspread wings, is emblematic of immortality. The lotus-flower was also used in Egyptian art as the sign of eternal life.

All of these items either have been or may be used, with telling effect on Easter cards, and when the symbols are done by Walter Crane, or by artists of similar equipment, the eye is not only pleased, but the cards become educational, and at times academic.

Vest Pocket Autographic Kodak

The vest pocket camera that will really go in the vest pocket.



The contact prints are this size:



Enlarged prints are easily made in this size:



The Kodak is this size:



The Prices are this size:

Vest Pocket Autographic Kodak, with meniscus achromatic lens and Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter,	$ 9.49
Vest Pocket Autographic Kodak, *Special*, with Kodak Anastigmat lens, *f*.7.7, ...	16.58
Ditto, with Kodak Anastigmat lens, *f*.6.9, . .	22.58
Ditto, with Bausch & Lomb Kodak Anastigmat lens, *f*.6.9, ...	33.78

These prices *include* the war tax.

A Bit of Detail:

You don't carry a Vest Pocket Kodak, you wear it, like your watch.

It's so small, so smooth, so unobtrusive that you always have it with you, ready for the unexpected that is sure to happen. The films are small and inexpensive, a roll of 8 exposures costs but 21 cents, and enlargements from the subjects that you care most about, are readily made at small cost. The $9.49 Model is entirely of metal in a handsome black enamel finish; the *Specials* are covered with a pin-grain Morocco, just suited to the dainty little instruments and their anastigmat lenses are fully corrected and carefully tested.

Both models have a fixed focus, finders for both horizontal and vertical pictures, efficient shutters and have the Autographic feature. The Vest Pocket Kodak is as right as a watch.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*



Rain— 90 days of it in every year

ONE rainy day in every four—that is the average in most states.

Don't let the rainy weather mean for you dampness and chill and water ruined shoes—or the annoyance of wearing clumsy, awkward rubbers. Nowadays you can protect your feet and detract not at all from the smart lines of your shoes.

Slip on a pair of U. S. rubbers and snap them into place. Notice how light, how elastic they are. The heel slips snugly around the heel of your shoe; the toe stretches smoothly and without wrinkling across the leather toe. There is no bulge at the shank, no ugly wrinkle across the instep. They are as trim and well fitting as your shoes.

Smart looking feet are as important in wet weather as in dry—long ago the United States Rubber Company realized this. The experience of 78 years has gone into the designing of these rubbers that not only give you the protection you want, but also look well on your feet.

There is no detail in the making or finishing of a U. S. rubber too slight to receive painstaking care and attention. That is why more people wear U. S. rubbers than any other kind.



The wear of a rubber depends largely on fit. The heel of this U. S. rubber fits snugly the difficult French heel, the rounding toe is without a single pucker.

Ask for "U. S." Rubber Footwear

United States Rubber Company



PAY YOU MUST

LETTERS OF A BUSINESS WOMAN TO HER DAUGHTER—II

NEW YORK CITY, February 16, 1920.

MY DEAR Sally:

Perhaps you have begun to discover that life is run on a pay-as-you-go basis. If you don't realize it, it's high time you did. The fact that you don't always pay with money makes no difference. Money, as you'll learn in your "ec" courses, is not itself value, but merely the symbol of value. You'll find you'll generally pay for what you have in this world. Now if you choose to use your leisure to sit alone with your nose buried in a book, all right. You certainly widen your horizon by the reading. But, of course, you must not suppose that you get it free. You pay for it by giving up opportunities to mix in society and to get to know "real folks."

Knowledge alone is like money laid up by a miser. There it lies, rich yellow metal, or a fat bank-account. It can be transformed into squirrel coats, or twin sixes, or Heppelwhite tables or "alligator" pears or trips to the Grand Cañon. It can enrich life in a thousand ways; it can add to its own great total; but only if it's spent. Its worth depends on its use.

What good is a roll of bank-bills to a sick man until it's turned into a bed and a nurse and a doctor and some medicine?

By indulging your hermit tastes you gain knowledge; but you're a long way from wisdom. Knowledge alone is like a knife without a handle. You are just as likely to snatch it up by its blade and cut yourself. Or, still worse, you leave the shining tool in its case, because you don't know how to take hold of it and use it. Of course, when you know how to use it it will cut wood for a campfire, whittle whistles, in fact, give all sorts of delight.

BUT you have to learn how to use it through training, through applying your knowledge in the world of men and women. Maybe you think you want knowledge, but you really want experience. However, you get just what you want if you're willing to pay.

The same is true whichever way you turn. Maybe you want money. Good! You can have it, if you want it hard enough. But you may find that conscience is an article of luxury upon which there's a high surtax.

The policy of your firm may not conform to your ethical demands and so you can take the money and let the ethics alone; or you can take the ethics and let the money alone. Either way you have to pay, out of your conscience or out of your pocketbook.

Or it may be you can obtain the money only by giving up something else—luxuries or lectures, ice-cream sodas or latest novels.

American manufacturing cities, where you naturally expect to get a large salary, have often been built by apostles of hurry who are after quick results rather than architectural beauty. The facilities for intellectual entertainment are frequently about as limited as those in a small New Hampshire city where I went some years ago.

Hoping to while away a dull evening, I asked what was going on in the opera house which I had noticed on my way from the railroad station. One of the loungers in the hotel lobby replied:

"Let's see, Jim, what was the op'ry we had? Seems to me the last op'ry that was here was Seth Thompson's trained mice."

But perhaps you can't stand it to live in a place which isn't congenial to you, and you think you must be surrounded by persons who don't jar on you, or you insist on work suited to your temperament and tastes.

I ONCE knew a girl who was looking for a magazine job, but when one was offered her by a good firm in a dirty district of the city she refused. "Mercy, I couldn't stand that trip on the L every day. Such awful people travel on it!"

Take the pleasant and easy if you want it, but don't complain because you can't have your cake as cash and eat it as comfort.

If you'd rather live in a hall bedroom and buy bonds than to rent a one-hundred-dollar-a-month apartment and go without a savings bank-book—that's your affair. But you have to pay in money or in something else.

The main thing, and it isn't as easy as it sounds, is to decide what you want. When you're once determined what you want, the next question is: How much are you willing to pay for it? As soon as you really know these two things, the rest is a sinecure.

The trouble is that you want one thing today and another to-morrow. Or it would come nearer the truth to say that you want a dozen contradictory things in a half hour.

I have a friend who thinks she knows what she wants but not what she's willing to pay. She longs to be a writer, but it means giving up some of her good times to just "bone." It means study and research and thinking and hard work. She wouldn't dream of throwing over an evening of bridge or a movie matinée for it. So you see she won't pay!

Look out or you'll never even start the race, because you can't decide on a goal.

When you used to play "London Bridge is falling down," you remember the old question: "Would you rather have a silver watch or a gold ring?" Upon your decision depended the side you took in the game, but if you hesitated, you couldn't play at all. Even if you thought you would have liked the other side better after you had made the momentous decision, at least you were in the game.

On the whole, you'll find more satisfaction in playing an active part than to stand with the loafers.

Such, at least, is the opinion of

YOUR LOVING AND EXPERIENCED MOTHER.

NEW YORK CITY, February 22, 1920.

DEAR Sally:

So Beatrice is more thorough than you are! A comparison of your chatty essay with the imposing thesis she offered for the prize contest convinces you that you haven't the ghost of a chance. She worked for hours and hours in the library, turned over tons and tons of authorities, had "slews" of foot-notes and a bibliography a mile long. Such a monumental work, you feel sure, must impress the members of the jury. Dollars to doughnuts it will bore them stiff.

I don't say that this thoroughness may not be just the quality which will win in this particular case. But there are many other unofficial contests in which quite different qualities may win. The world likes to look solemn and admire solid work, while it goes to get its amusement elsewhere. How many nights does "Hamlet" run, compared with "The Follies"?

It isn't that I wish to undervalue thoroughness. But you know that every virtue has its corresponding vice, while its opposite has a compensating virtue. Thoroughness is too often likely to lead to diffuseness and lack of clearness. In the effort to represent all the information available, the writer loses proportion.

It's the same in other affairs. The conscientious thorough worker is so anxious to perform every last detail of his task that he simply can't neglect what doesn't matter.

Poor old Anna Davis in the village where I grew up was a sad example of too much thoroughness. I say old, though she was only thirty-five at the time I am thinking of.

I went to call on her after her husband ran away with that pretty silly Travers girl. There she sat in the midst of her spotless parlor, her workworn hands folded in her lap. It was terrible to see her cry—it made her uglier than ever.

"I can't see why he did it!" she repeated. "I can't see why he did it! I worked early and late to have everything nice and make him a home!"

WELL, I could see why he did it, but it was too late to tell her. I looked at the immaculate curtains, through the door at the shining silver and back again at her straggling hair, her homely dress, her bent shoulders and gaunt hands. Poor Mrs. Davis had thought keeping the house in order was making a home. A little less thoroughness, a little more intelligent neglect, and three lives would not have been torn and broken.

But another tendency of the thorough type of mind is the unwillingness to present anything but a completed work. Life is never complete; and it can't wait. If you must find your way down cellar, you would rather have a candle to-night than a complete electric lighting system a year from now. If you're running for the doctor you feel more grateful for a lift in a truck than for the offer of a limousine the next day. You remember the day you came home from an automobile trip with your crowd? As it happened, I had just returned from Baltimore half an hour before. The whole famished horde of you girls burst into my apartment just as I was eating a dropped egg and a cup of coffee from the kitchen table.

In three hours I could have prepared a full dinner for you. But it made more of a hit with you for me to put on my apron, mix griddle cakes, and serve them piping hot from the gas-stove within ten minutes.

So any one in a business crisis would rather have a suggestion at the moment than a complete report after the emergency is past.

"Miss Jones—what's Smith's phone number?" asks a busy man. If Miss Jones can snap out "Main 251" without looking up Smith in her address-book she's scored.

Because you have an abundance of ready ideas, you're inclined to distrust them. No one's so easily dissuaded from an idea as a person who has plenty of them. Another who has just one idea in a lifetime can afford to spend a lifetime in petting it. It receives all the loving care of an only child.

YOU are short on thoroughness, but long on makeshifts. Perhaps you'll resent having your work described as a makeshift, but you needn't. A makeshift is better than an anachronism. Moreover, makeshifts are a special province of women, who frequently offer illuminating suggestions better than their finished ideas. In that sense the hairpin is symbolic; it's the original makeshift; not that I think the hairpin can be a key to unlock all doors; you must recognize when the makeshift is essential, and when you had better go home for your tool-box.

As this letter may be regarded as an anachronism unless it catches the night train,

Hastily and lovingly,

MOTHER.

All night . all day . your skin never rests from its work



DO you realize that your skin is far more than a mere covering for your body? It is a *living organ* with vital work to perform.

And the whole beauty of your skin depends on how it works.

Is it soft, supple, fine in texture, brilliant in color—a delight to everyone whose eyes rest upon it? If so, it is simply in its *healthy, normal* condition—the condition in which everyone's skin *should* be. Its delicate pores are working actively, freely—bringing it the oil and moisture that keep it soft and flexible—carrying away the waste products and allowing it to breathe.

But if for some reason, your skin looks tired, dull—if it lacks the color and freshness you would like it to have—then you can be sure that it is not functioning properly. The pores are not doing their work—the little muscular fibres have become relaxed.

This condition can be relieved—your complexion *can* be made as fresh, clear, and colorful as you would like to have it. For every day your skin changes—the old skin dies and new skin takes its place. By the proper treatment you can stimulate *this new skin which is constantly forming* into healthy normal activity—you can give it freshness and color.

How to rouse a dull, sluggish skin

To correct a skin that has become dull and sluggish, use every night this special treatment with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Before retiring wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. If your skin has been badly neglected, rub a generous lather thoroughly into the pores, using an upward and outward motion. Do this until the skin feels somewhat sensitive. Rinse well in warm water, then in cold. Whenever possible, rub your skin for thirty seconds with a *piece of ice* and dry carefully.

This treatment with Woodbury's cleanses the pores gently and thoroughly and stimulates the fine muscular fibres of your skin, giving it *tone* and life.

You can make your skin finer in texture

Very often a skin lacks beauty from no other fault than a gradual coarsening of its texture. This condition, too, means that your skin is not functioning properly. The pores do not contract and expand as they should—and as a result they have become enlarged. Your skin has lost the smooth, fine look it should have.

Don't feel hopeless about correcting this condition. A smooth, finer-textured skin *can* be yours if you will give it regularly the kind of treatment that its particular need requires.

Try using this special treatment for a skin that is losing its fineness of texture. Every night before retiring dip your wash cloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now, take the cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in the water and rub *the cake itself* over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until your face feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing the face with a *piece of ice.*

Use this treatment regularly, and before long you will notice a marked improvement in the texture of your skin.

Special treatments to meet the needs of each individual type of skin are given in the little booklet which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Find the treatment that is adapted to *your* skin—then use it every night, regularly and persistently.

You will find that the very first treatment leaves your skin with a slightly *drawn, tight* feeling. This only means that your skin is responding to a more thorough and stimulating kind of cleansing than it has been accustomed to. After a few nights the drawn feeling will disappear, and your skin will emerge from its nightly treatment with such a soft, clean, healthful feeling that you will never again want to use any other method of cleansing your face.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. Get a cake today—begin using it tonight. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

We shall be glad to send you a trial size cake

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment), together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1904 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1904 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.





Painted for American Chicle Company by Neysa McMein. Copyright 1920.



ASPARAGUS OMELET, GARNISHED WITH ASPARAGUS TIPS AND HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

WELCOME, EGGS!

IN ALLURING VARIETY FOR EASTER

BY HELENA JUDSON

EASTER week usually marks the turning point in the price of eggs, and, once started on the down grade, every housewife will draw a breath of relief. Who knows? It may be possible again to feel on intimate terms with this most desirable food and once more know the joy of experimenting with eggs à la this or that, without having one's culinary efforts cut short because of prohibitive prices!

The egg as a morning necessity no longer exists, and it is much more natural now to find this erstwhile breakfast dish served with due pomp and ceremony as the *pièce de résistence* at luncheon or supper, where it replaces a dish of meat or fish.

I well remember asking a thrifty French housewife how she could afford the elaborate egg dishes for which her *pension* was justly famous. She replied: "Only rich Americans can afford to have their eggs served *plain!*" She then went on to explain how she had experimented in this particular branch of cookery from a really economical standpoint, stretching the value of an egg by the addition, usually, of an inexpensive leftover of vegetable or fish.

EGG-AND-TOMATO COMBINATION

THE infinite variety of such egg combinations is demonstrated every day in our great cities, in the small foreign eating-places as well as in the big hotels and restaurants, for the French and Italian chefs specialize in these fancy egg dishes and a new one is featured on the luncheon menu practically every day in the month. One of these white-capped autocrats assured me the other morning that he could serve eggs with tomato in fifty different ways and he glibly reeled off a dozen or more before I had time to collect my thoughts and grab my pencil and pad.

At luncheon on four consecutive days following his statement I feasted on his egg-and-tomato combinations, until I felt convinced that he was modest in his claims. One of his specialties was a fresh tomato partly filled with creamed flaked fish on which gently reposed a poached egg, covered with buttered crums and dusted lightly with cheese. The tomato and fish had been placed in the oven long enough for the tomato to become thoroughly cooked, but not to lose its shape. The egg and the crums and cheese were then added, so that all that was needed was a five-minutes' stay in the oven just before serving.

Another arrangement was a round of toast on which was laid a thick slice of fried tomato and then a poached egg. The whole was covered with a cream sauce, yellow enough to prove that it owed its richness and color to several egg-yolks. Bits of the tomato pulp were scattered over the surface.

The third combination was served in a ramekin just large enough for a single egg atop whatever foundation might be chosen. In this case a thick and deliciously seasoned tomato purée was put into a well-buttered ramekin. Onion, bay-leaf and parsley I recognized as being a favorite trio of seasonings producing just the right result to take the flatness off the egg which finished the dish. After breaking an egg over the tomato purée the ramekin was put in the oven until the egg was set and then garnished with two teaspoons of the tomato purée opposite each other and close to the edge of the dish.

The final achievement was a tomato-and-green-pepper omelet, a purée of the tomato with minced peppers used for the filling and the garnish being overlapping rings of tomato and green peppers, the inner pulp of the tomato rings having been cleverly utilized for the purée. Easy? Certainly, but only experience or imagination would have arrived at such a distinctive garnish.

EGGS BENEDICT AND FLORENTINE

ONE of the most popular fancy egg dishes is known as "Egg Benedict." One egg is served to each portion and preferably in an individual shallow fireproof dish something the shape of an egg-shirrer. This, however, is not necessary, as the component parts of this special egg preparation can be quickly put together while hot and served on individual plates. The foundation is half an English muffin, toasted, but rounds of toasted bread will answer the same purpose. On this foundation lay a round of freshly broiled ham and then a poached egg. Pour Hollandaise sauce over the whole.

Egg Florentine is a good thing to serve frequently at this time of year, as it includes a generous portion of finely chopped boiled spinach. Arrange the spinach in individual mounds, make a depression in the top of each, in which place a hot poached egg. Garnish with crisscrosses of pimento or green pepper, whichever is available, or slivers of both may be used. Surround the base of each mound with cream sauce.

Where there is a convenient leftover of meat, fowl or fish to combine with eggs, an excellent arrangement is that which is sponsored by a popular tea-room. Whatever the additional ingredient happens to be, it is minced fine, stirred into a thick cream sauce, so that the result is almost like a croquette mixture. Fill this into a well-buttered individual mold, break in an egg and cover with the mixture. Bake until the top is well crusted.

Slip a knife around the edge, and, if the mold has been well buttered, its contents will come out in good condition with the egg entirely concealed. Pour over a few spoonfuls of cream sauce and stick in the top of the mound a bit of parsley. This arrangement is capable of much variety, as fresh, smoked or canned salmon may be used, as well as any other kind of sea food, including shell-fish, sausage-meat, ham and forcemeat of different kinds.

I had a fancy egg dish of that kind served the other noon at a tea-room. The mixture was of salmon, deliciously flavored and covered with parsley sauce, while the base of the mold was bordered with a low ring of mashed potatoes, and, on either side, a spoonful of peas.

CHEESE IS INTRIGUING AS A FLAVOR

FOR serving in individual pastry-shells there is nothing more satisfactory than our old friend of picnic popularity, the stuffed egg. Bake a delicate pie-crust on inverted patty-tins, as this insures their keeping their shape better than the old method of lining the tins with the paste. Put in first a spoonful of whatever sauce is to be used, then the stuffed eggs, halved, and placed cut side up with a slice off at the other end to insure a firm base. Cover with sauce, add grated cheese, crums or whatever topping is desired, and run under flame of gas-stove until brown.

Eggs Mornay are prepared in this way, the distinguishing feature being a cream sauce, with one raw egg-yolk added to the usual recipe and a sufficient amount of grated cheese to flavor. Just before the dish is placed in the oven, more cheese is sprinkled over the surface.

Shirred eggs are among the most popular form of egg dishes, yet no one seems able to explain just why the verb "to hirr" should apply to egg cookery, when, as a matter of fact, the process is simply the baking of eggs in a shallow fireproof dish from which the eggs are eaten. These convenient baking-dishes come in two sizes, for one or two eggs as desired. Put into the buttered dish before the eggs are broken over it whatever combination of vegetable, fish, fowl, meat and sauce is used. When the eggs are sufficiently baked, if a garnish is to be added it is laid at one side, close to the edge of the dish.

Sliced sausage cakes or split sausages make an appetizing garnish, especially when the eggs have been baked in thin cream sauce; chicken livers with mushrooms are an epicurean garnish and appear under the name of "Shirred eggs, Archiduc," while "shirred eggs, cardinale," owe their color to the bits of pinkish lobster mixed with the sauce and used as a garnish. And so on, without limit! There's no better way of using your imagination as well as your leftovers!

THE CHEF'S TRICKS WITH OMELETS

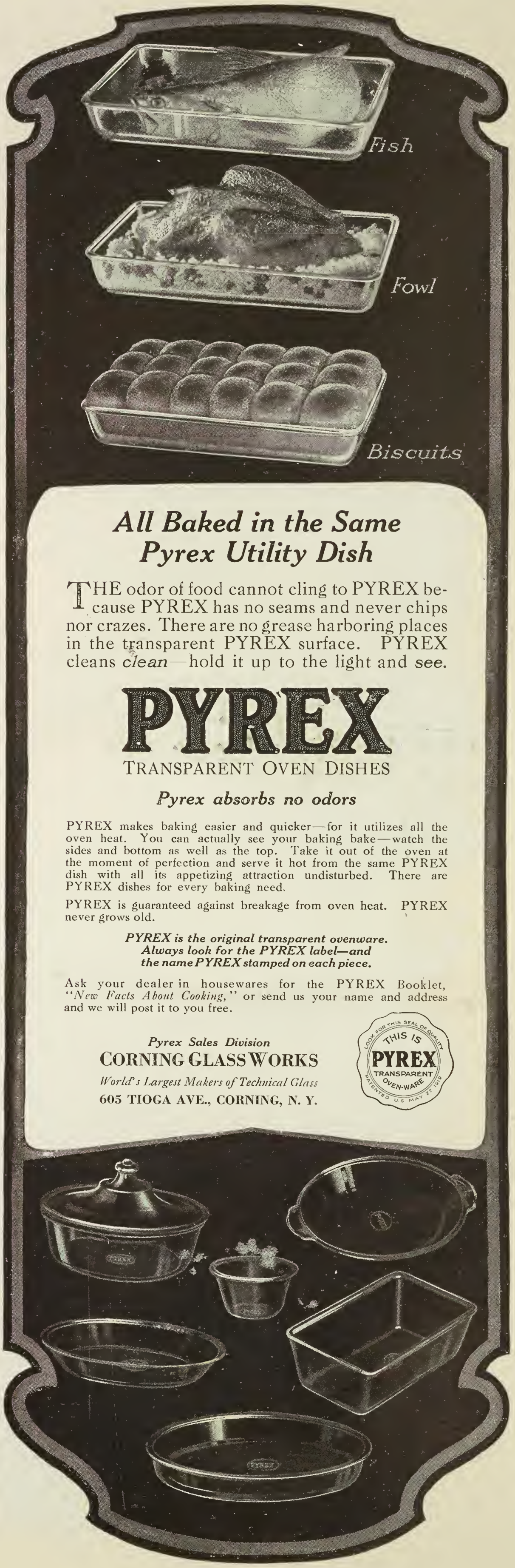
AS A RULE, an omelet of a professional cook is more satisfactory than one from the home kitchen, the difference being largely due to the fact that chefs insist that the number of egg-yolks must exceed that of the whites; also that water should always be used as a moistener instead of milk. These two features make a tender omelet without the dryness apt to result from a like number of yolks and whites. So, the next time you plan to make an omelet, count on an extra yolk or two and arrange for the same day some accommodating way of utilizing the extra whites, either in a boiled frosting, a snow pudding or a meringue.

Distinctly Spring-like are some of the seasonable omelets now figuring on hotel menus. I ordered "Omelet au Printemps" ("Spring-time Omelet") the other day for luncheon just to see what I'd find between its yellow folds, and was surprised to discover creamy, stewed endive. This gave an unusual tang to the egg mixture and was surprisingly good. Later, I had some experiments tried with lettuce cut in ribbons and also with stewed celery, and both were highly satisfactory.

Italians use the firm part of large cucumbers stewed in cream for an omelet filling and garnish. It is a matter of taste whether the "filling," as it is usually called, is chopped fine and mixed with the body of the omelet or mixed with a sauce and spread on the surface of the omelet just before it is folded. But in any case, don't omit a generous garnish, for it adds materially to the *quantity* as well as the *appearance* of the omelet.

SALAD, TOO!

FOR an Easter salad, try this: Allow one hard-cooked egg to each person. Tint with vegetable coloring. Cut a slice from one side and with a small vegetable-scoop remove the yolk. Mix with salad dressing and any other ingredient desired. Replace the slice and place the egg, cut side down, in a nest of ribboned lettuce or shaved cabbage. Stand a tiny yellow chicken, such as can be bought two for five cents, on top of each egg.



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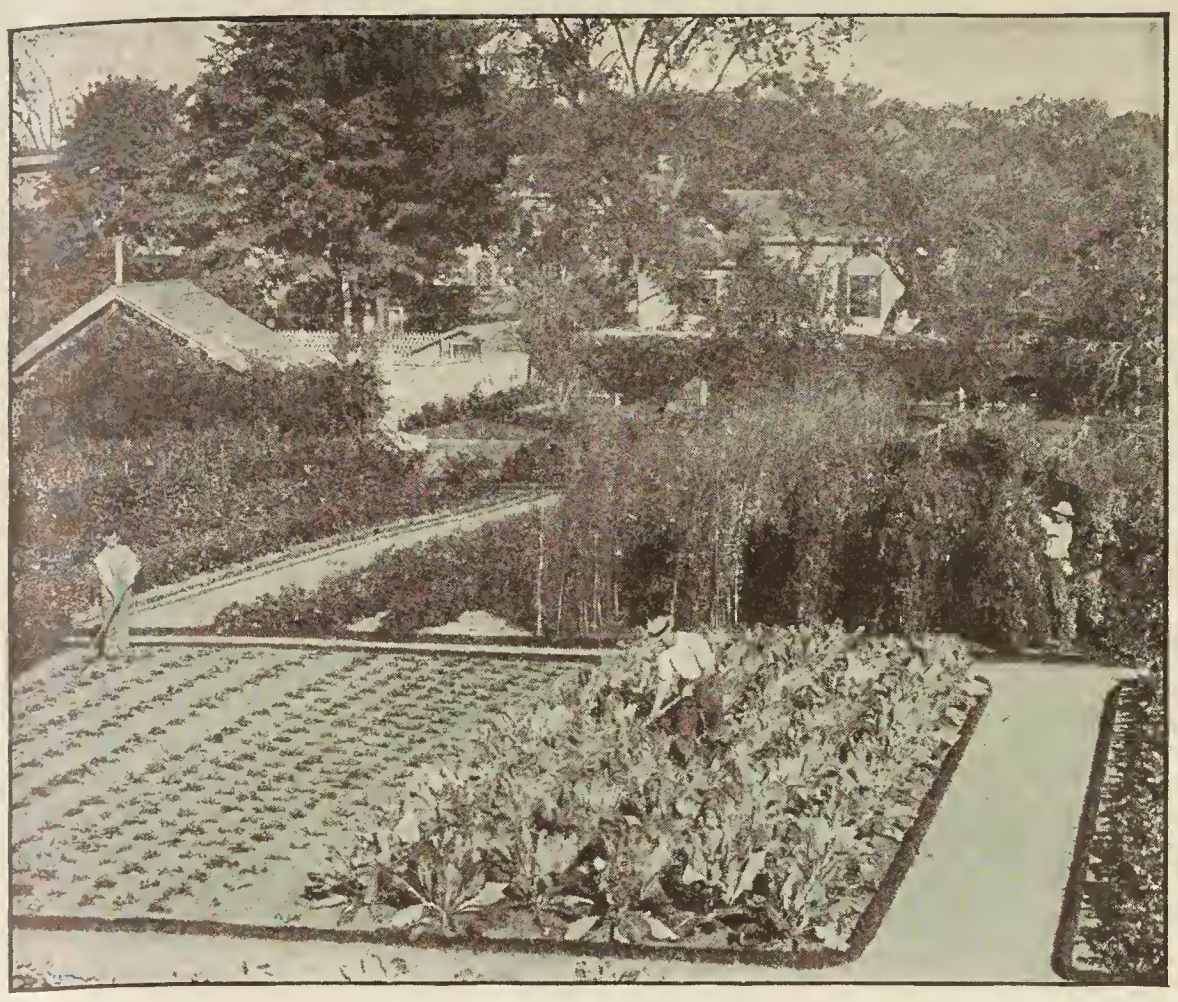
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A DINNER-TABLE GARDEN

BY F. F. ROCKWELL

MOST home gardens are made hind-end-to, so to speak. When you plan a series of dinners for friend husband—say about the time the new Easter hats appear in the shop-windows—you make up your menus first; and then you'll buy, afterward, the food you've scheduled in the menus.

Make your vegetable garden in the same way. The usual proceedure, however, is not the logical one. It is to make out a list of vegetables in response to the enthusiasms of the seed-catalog writer or the recommendations of the seed clerk. And isn't the result usually a garden of patches and of surpluses? Of waiting a long time for your favorite vegetables, only to have them come on in such quantities that you can't possibly use them all, and then scramble wildly to "save the surplus" by canning, after the vegetables have passed their prime? And then a long period without any of that particular vegetable again?

Why not start with the dinner-table as the basis for the garden? Include the Winter dinner-table in your plans. Get away from the habit of depending on "left-overs" from the Summer garden for your Winter supply.

Plant with the deliberate intention of having vegetables for canning. Then you will have the things that can be saved best; and you will have a worth-while quantity ready for canning at one time, just when it is at its prime, young and tender and much more easily and safely "put up." When you depend on "surpluses" from the regular Summer garden, you get things that are getting old and stringy, harder to can successfully.

How often, then, is it possible to link the garden up more directly with the dinner-table?

The biggest mistake in the average garden is planting too much of one thing at one time. This may help to produce a maximum amount of food; but it also results in a maximum of waste.

IF, THEREFORE, you would have tender, juicy vegetables, in continuous supply, you must figure on making frequent small plantings, in place of a few comparatively large ones. Of some things, such as peas and corn and beans, two varieties, an early and a late, may be sown each time, so it will not be necessary to plant so frequently. As a rule, however, a few varieties and several plantings of each will give more satisfactory results than a long list of varieties and single plantings.

By making these frequent plantings, and cleaning out each crop as it is ready to use, you can use much of your garden space twice during the season. To do this to best advantage. however, it is desirable to plant those things which mature at about the same time near each other, so that the ground they occupy may all be cleaned up and made ready for planting again.

The list at the end of this article shows a convenient arrangement of the different vegetables in the garden. You will notice that the things at the top of this list (or one end of the garden) include vegetables which mature quickly enough so that the space they occupy may be used again for others. They are lettuce, radishes, onion-sets, spinach, peas, cabbage, cauliflower, turnips, beets, carrots and bush beans. Those at the bottom of the list (or the other end of the garden) occupy the space for the entire season, or so much of it that there is not time enough to grow anything else after they are off.

KEEP in mind that this list is *not* a garden plan, and is not meant to indicate how much of each thing to plant. Make up your own garden plan by ruling off a space to indicate the size of your own garden, and using this list as a basis to indicate where the various vegetables should go.

How much of each thing to plant will depend on two things: the size of your garden and how much the family taste runs to the different vegetables to be planted.

Let's consider first the things that are likely to be overplanted, that go to waste in the garden.

Take radishes; five or ten feet of row at a time is enough for the average family, and yet in most gardens you'll find a full-length row twenty-five to fifty feet, not one-tenth of which are ever pulled. If the garden is small, a mere pinch of seed, put in here and there between rows of other things, or between newly set plants of cabbage or peppers or tomatoes, will give all that will be wanted.

Lettuce is another thing you usually see thrown away or running to seed. A half-row each of two different varieties, sown every other week, will keep the average family supplied with salads. After the first of June varieties adapted for Summer should be sown, until about the first of August, when the cool-weather sorts, such as Big Boston and Grand Rapids, may again be used. With irrigation, good lettuce may be had throughout the entire season.

FEW families will use more than four or five heads of cabbage a week, and as four weeks is about as long as you can count on the crop from one planting of a variety to remain in good condition, three to four dozen plants of two different varieties are enough to plant at one time. Three dozen plants will make one fifty-foot row.

If you can buy plants in April, and sow seed in April and again about June first, you should have cabbage throughout the season. The last planting should give a supply for Winter as well as for late Autumn, and if there is room in the garden and your folks like cabbage a hundred to a hundred and fifty plants may well be set out.

Cabbage is easily stored out-of-doors if you haven't cellar-room in which to keep it. You'll find the Savoy type delicious for Autumn and Winter. The above applies also to the growing of cauliflower, except that you'll find it harder than cabbage during the Summer unless you have irrigation.

Turnips and kohlrabi also are almost invariably overplanted. Though delicious while young and tender, they quickly pass their prime and become tough and stringy. A half-row of each, planted every other week, will do for the average small garden. Don't plant more merely because the seed is cheap and the packets are generously filled.

Beets and carrots are often planted liberally at the first sowing, with the result that any left over in the Autumn are so old that they will not keep well, and so tough and fibrous that it takes half a day to cook them, and then they are hardly fit to eat.

Make a moderate sowing of beets and carrots, say two varieties of each, early in April and again in May. A third sowing early in June will give nice-sized roots for Autumn and for Winter storing. A late planting, early in July, will give delicious little roots for canning.

BUSH beans are near the top in the waste list as usually planted. There are many good varieties of pole beans (aside from the Limas) which grow everywhere just as delicious as the dwarf beans and yield more for the space they occupy than the dwarf beans. They should be planted much more generally than they are. Dwarf beans are one of the easiest of all vegetables to grow. But one double row each of two different kinds should be enough for the average gardener to plant at one time. If planted every third week, or even once a month, they will keep up a constant supply from early Summer till frost.

The dwarf Lima beans are not nearly so reliable as the snap and butter bush beans, but they are so good that wherever there is room to spare one always likes to try them. By not planting until the ground is thoroughly warmed up, after tomatoes are set out, and by putting them in just after a rain, and on edge with the eye down, one's chances of succeeding with them will be greatly increased. The same principle applies to pole Limas.

With tomatoes and cucumbers the mistake of making only one planting is quite general. If your reason is that you haven't room for two plantings, then make the first one only

Concluded on page 129



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THE PRESIDENT'S FEAST

BY HESTER M. CONKLIN and PAULINE D. PARTRIDGE

NOT long ago a President came to California, the first visit of the nation's chief executive in some ten years or more. He came in the early Autumn, the harvest-time in the sun-soaked valleys of San Joaquin and Sacramento, when this great State was reaping a generous reward as the result of her planting and pruning; when vegetables were at the height of their tenderness and the famous fruits of California were at their perfect best.

On the night of the President's arrival he was served with a California dinner, every item of the menu except tho coffee being a native product, raised within the limits of the Golden State.

Scouts were sent out to search each county for the best of its gifts and they came back weighted down with the bounty, for bumper crops were everywhere in the two great sister valleys which in ordinary times will feed half the United States. From the center of the rice-growing industry came rice for the soup; ripe olives from the famous Wyandotte orchards of the "Olive Queen"; celery—ivory-white, tender and crisp; fish caught in the blue waters of the Bay of Monterey, historic and picturesque; from the beautiful foothill ranges, a lamb. Petaluma contributed her best gift, "the Duchess," a little fat hen fed thrice daily for three days on a milk mash, and super-eggs for cooking. Sweet green corn, tomatoes, red, ripe and luscious, potatoes from Salinas large enough to be cut in the shape of wooden shoes were added to the store.

Then came the fruit—peaches, pears, grapefruit, prunes and melons, apples grown in the Pajaro Valley, and the beautiful Flame Tokay grapes, each the most perfect of its kind.

From Woodland, Tilly Alcatra added her bit to the treasure. Tilly is worth twenty-five thousand dollars in the flesh and is the most famous inhabitant of her home town, for Tilly produces more milk in a year than any other cow in the world, and has more medals than she has room for on her glossy hide. Although hurrying off to Portland to a banquet given in her honor, Tilly sent the President with her compliments a pint of her cream for his coffee.

Chestnuts, walnuts and paper-shelled almonds added their bounty. Luther Burbank sent his greetings and flowers from his four-acre garden at Santa Rosa to grace the feast. Here is the menu, every article, from soup to nuts, grown and raised in California:

Cocktail of California Oysters
Antioch Celery Oroville Olives
Salted Almonds
Rico Soup
Fillet of Striped Bass with Grape Sauce
Saddle of Lamb
Grapefruit Sherbet
Roast Chicken with Dressing
Potatoes Sweet Corn
Tomato Salad
Frozen Peaches Cakes
Stuffed Prunes Pears Grapes
Coffee

THE following are the recipes for the dishes served on this memorable occasion. California has produced within her boundaries a native cookery as characteristic and generous as her hospitality. With unlimited resources at her command the California housewife has been unconsciously developing through many years of gradual growth and contacts with the people of many nations who find their way to the Pacific Coast a charming cuisine, wholesome, attractive and delicious and with an added piquant flavor full of mystery to the uninitiated, but as truly Californian as mission bells and dark eyes.

The first cook of the State, the far-famed Victor of the Saint Francis, prepared this dinner for the President and the First Lady of the Land, but there is no reason why the head of your family should not have a chance to try it for himself, for there are no difficulties in preparation beyond the ordinary precaution of care in using directions, and California products may be obtained almost anywhere.

OYSTER COCKTAIL (Individual)

6 to 8 small oysters
1 tablespoon lemon-juice
1 tablespoon tomato catchup
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon finely chopped celery
½ teaspoon finely chopped green chilli pepper

MIX the sauce and pour over the oysters in small glasses on a bed of crushed ice.

SALTED ALMONDS

½ pound almonds
3 tablespoons olive-oil
Salt

POUR boiling water over the almonds and when cool enough to handle, rub off the skins. Heat the olive-oil in a frying-pan and add as many almonds as will cover the bottom of the pan. Stir constantly till delicately browned and remove with as little oil adhering as possible. Spread on a paper and sprinkle with salt. Proceed in same way till all the almonds are done.

RICE SOUP

¼ cup rice
3 cups boiling water
1 teaspoon salt
1 slice onion
1 stalk celery
2 red pimentos
2 cups cream
2 cups chicken or veal stock
⅛ teaspoon white pepper
3 tablespoons butter or butter substitute
3 tablespoons flour

COOK the rice in the boiling water with the salt, onion and celery until the rice is very tender; add the pimentos and press all through a coarse strainer. Mix with the cream, the veal stock and pepper and add the butter or butter substitute and flour creamed together. Bring to the boiling-point and serve sprinkled with finely chopped parsley.

FILLET OF BASS WITH GRAPE SAUCE

8 fillets
½ teaspoon salt
Juice of 1 lemon
3 slices carrot
1 slice onion
1 piece bay-leaf
3 cups cold water
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter or butter substitute
3 tablespoons flour
1 cup white grapes

SPRINKLE the fillets with salt and squeeze the lemon-juice over them. Wrap in cheese-cloth and steam for fifteen minutes. Remove to serving-dish and pour sauce around them. Garnish with parsley.

To make the sauce: Put the skin and bones of the fish, with carrot, onion, bay-leaf, salt and cold water, into a saucepan. Bring to the boiling-point and cook slowly for thirty minutes. Rub through a strainer and thicken with the butter or butter substitute and flour, creamed together. Add the grapes from which seeds and skin have been removed, cook one minute and pour over fish.

SADDLE OF LAMB

1 saddle of lamb
1 teaspoon of salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
4 tablespoons flour
2½ cups boiling water
1 bouillon cube
3 tablespoon schopped mint leaves
2 tablespoons vinegar
4 tablespoons butter or butter substitute

SPRINKLE the meat with salt and pepper, dredge with flour and place in roasting-pan. Pour one and one-half cups of the boiling water around it and roast one and one-quarter hours, basting every fifteen minutes. In the meantime dissolve the bouillon cube in the remaining cup of boiling water, combine with the mint and vinegar and set in a warm place till the lamb is done.

Remove the lamb from the pan, strain the liquid in the pan and add it to the mint-and-vinegar mixture. Melt the butter or butter substitute and allow it to brown slightly; add the flour and brown, then pour on the liquid, stirring constantly. Strain and serve with lamb.

GRAPEFRUIT SHERBET

4 cups water
2 cups sugar
½ tablespoon granulated gelatin
¼ cup cold water
2 cups grapefruit-juice
Juice of 1 lemon

MIX the water and sugar and bring to the boiling-point. Pour on to gelatin which has been soaked in the cold water, and stir until the gelatin dissolves. Add the fruit-juices and pour into the freezer can. Fill the freezer with a mixture of three parts ice to one of salt and freeze. When done, pack for one hour before serving.

ROAST CHICKEN WITH APPLE DRESSING

1 hen (five pounds)
⅓ cup butter or butter substitute
1 slice onion, chopped
2 cups bread-crums
1 cup chopped apple
½ cup seedless raisins
1 egg
1½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon black pepper
½ cup boiling water
1 cup chopped boiled chestnuts

DRESS and clean the chicken. Prepare dressing as follows: Melt the butter or butter substitute, add the onion and cook till it is yellow, then pour onto crums. Combine with apple, raisins, beaten egg, seasoning, boiling water and chestnuts which have been boiled before removing the shell. Stuff the chicken and rub the entire surface with a mixture of butter, butter substitute or oil, and flour creamed together and one teaspoon of salt.

Place on rack in roasting-pan and cover bottom of pan with water. Baste frequently and turn the chicken often enough to brown evenly. Roast for about two hours. Thicken the liquid in the pan, adding boiling water if necessary, and add the chopped cooked giblets and one-half cup of chopped ripe olives. Serve as gravy.

POTATOES GALOSCHE

6 large potatoes
¼ cup butter or butter substitute
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon white pepper
3 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
1 teaspoon lemon-rind, grated

PARE the potatoes and cut in the shape of wooden shoes. If this is not possible, small potato balls may be substituted, or the potatoes used in their original shape. Cook in boiling salted water till tender, drain and pour sauce over them.

To prepare the sauce: Cream the butter or butter substitute in a warm dish till very soft, add seasoning, parsley and lemon-rind, which should be only the yellow part of the lemon.

VICTOR DRESSING FOR TOMATO SALAD

1 cup mayonnaise
½ cup chilli sauce
2 chopped red pimentos
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
2 tablespoons thick cream, whipped

MIX all ingredients except the cream. Chill thoroughly and just before serving fold in the whipped cream.

PEACHES FROZEN IN CREAM

1 cup sugar
2 cups water
3 egg-yolks
2 cups cream
½ teaspoon almond extract
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 cup sliced peaches

BOIL the sugar and water five minutes and pour on to egg-yolks that have been beaten till light. Put over hot water and beat two minutes. Stand the mixture in cold water and beat till cold. Add cream and flavoring and freeze to a mush in three parts ice to one part salt. Stir in the fruit and freeze till solid.



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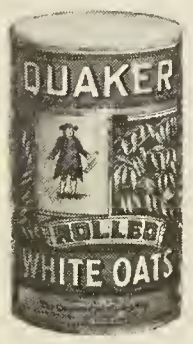
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You get an ideal food—almost a complete food.

You get a food which, measured by calories, is twice as nutritious as round steak.

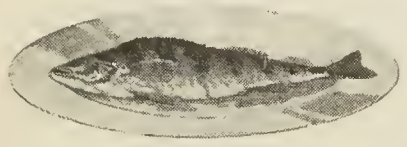
And you get the needed minerals.



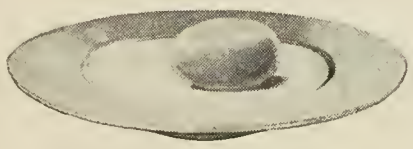
In Quaker Oats
$1 buys over 100 dishes



In Lamb Chops
$1 buys eight chops



In Fish
$1 buys 10 servings



In Eggs
$1 buys 20 eggs

What $1 Buys

Note how much $1 buys in Quaker Oats. It will serve a hundred breakfasts.

That same $1 in some other foods will buy you only ten breakfasts.

Then compare by calories—the energy measure of food value. That's the way foods should be figured. You buy them for nutrition.

Here is what $1 buys in calories at this writing in some necessary foods:

What $1 Buys
At This Writing in Calories

In Quaker Oats . .	18,000	calories
In Average Meats .	2,200	"
In Average Fish . .	2,000	"
In Hen's Eggs . .	1,400	"
In Broilers	600	"

One needs variety in food, regardless of the cost. But the basic breakfast should be Quaker Oats.

That is the food which everybody needs. And its trifling cost will average up your food bills.

Quaker Oats

With That Exquisite Flavor

Get Quaker Oats to make this dish delicious. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats.

We get but ten pounds from a bushel. This flavor has brought Quaker Oats world-wide supremacy.

15c and 35c per Package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

3269

NOBODY LOVES A MARRIED WOMAN

BY A BUSINESS WOMAN

A Young Married Woman in Business Here Speaks Her Mind With Much Emphasis. On Some Points She May Be Wrong. What Think Our Readers?

ARNOLD and I sat on the little pine-topped hill overlooking the lake. The warm June day was alive with odors and pulsings of growing things; the sweet-peas scrambling over the hedge at the rear of the campus; the young, eager hemlock at our side; the grass under our feet; it was all sweet, poignant and breath-taking. The brisk breeze drove before it a myriad of small sailing craft on the water below, where dozens of college folk were trying to forget, in a last brief snatch of joy, that they were leaving the old 'Varsity for many, many years. The overwhelming sense of beauty was far more painful than all the stilted valedictory exercises, with their grandiose speeches and bored, perspiring, duty-bound professors. It would be hard to go. The words that Arnold had just spoken added a new, vague pain. I answered him.

"Yes, Arnold. I realize that it will have to be a long time before we can be married. As you say, it's no week's work for a chap just out of college to make a respectable living. But how long do you think it will be?"

"Oh, about five years, I should say! Possibly longer. I can't ask you to live in discomfort, to say nothing of poverty. But five ought to do it if I slave—and save."

Five years! Five long, long years! I asked a few questions. What was I to do in the meantime? Oh, I could stay with mother, I could study some more.

If necessary to keep myself interested in life, I could go to New York, for which I had expressed a desire, and work until I was tired of it. And when the five years were over? Then I could come to a ready-made home, turn around three times, and settle down like a kitten in my nest. There, at the age of twenty-nine or more, I would begin—mind you, begin—to live my life, after five years of "stalling." There I would be expected to stay. My five years would be, at best, the tune, cheerful enough, that the herdsman whistles to keep up his spirits on a cold morning on his way to his work.

Well!

Right there began a storm! I sent forth forked lightning against the injustice of such an arrangement. I poured hail-stones on its absurdity. I snowed it under with my logic. And at the end of six months I had completed a Herculean task—I had converted the most conscientious, chivalrous and conventional of young men to my own modern—and absolutely reasonable—way of thinking. I had persuaded Arnold that the biggest thing to do was for us to establish a real partnership, let me take up a profession, a life-work—and be married.

HOW I rage when I think of the Victorian, the medieval notion that insists on a man's spending the best years of his life under a goad, driven, driven, driven to "hurry up and make a home" for a perfectly able-bodied female creature who in the meantime collects table-linen! By the time the home is "made," the thrill that comes with youth alone is gone. As often as not, something very beautiful dies of starvation, and two people meant by every law but this one for each other "break it off" after a few years. They don't know why. They don't know that even the strongest thing in the world, love, needs food. Proximity, life together. My little lonely old-maid aunt is one of them. She says now that they "waited too long. Something just went."

And how I rage when I think of the futility of those years for the woman; of the inefficient school-teachers, stenographers, "just waiting to get married."

And oh, how I fume and am frenzied when I think of the bars that I am finding raised against those of us who have refused to let those years be futile!

That is my story. A long, lean arm—the Convention of Business, the right arm of civilization—is barring the way to the complete life. The present age has come to admit that the corner-stone of any future communistic era must be economic independence for women. It has professed itself ready to assist women (and incidentally the men) to gain that end. Much seemed accomplished during the war. The magazines, those glittering mirrors of their times, were filled with stories of women who made good in men's jobs. "Will woman ever return to the pre-war status?" was asked. "No!" came the answer. "She is 'out in the world' to stay. She is wanted there."

That is undoubtedly true. But by "woman" is meant the unwedded of the species, she who comes to work in the subway—alone.

The married woman is not wanted in business! Nobody loves her. Convention and Business have said: "Thou shalt not have a profession and a husband, too."

Let me tell what I have come to know.

TRYING TO BUILD THE LIFE COMPLETE

AN ECONOMIC partnership for husband and wife is no easy thing. There was, first, the struggle to convert Arnold to my point of view. Not only must he agree, but he must believe as firmly as I in the common sense of an arrangement whereby we could be together, living life together in our youth, with a joint income as large as the one it would have taken him two or three years to acquire. And he had to understand that my indorsement of the scheme did not come alone from the fact that it simplified life financially, or even that it made marriage possible. He had to understand that it meant to me the amplification of life.

I love "a regular job." I love our efficient early breakfast, with no temptation to eat it in a kimono and boudoir cap, and then go back to bed! I love the ride together into the city on the purring suburban train; the early air, crisp and exciting in Winter, throbbing and alive in the Spring; bustling always, filled with movement, with drama. Never stagnant, never petty—bound up with the world's progressions and its life.

Home at night is so good! We both come to it with the same emotions. The fact that the plumber was impudent assumes its proper proportions, and is not matter for a whole evening's complaint to a broad-minded man. We have both been thinking along the same general lines, have both read the morning and evening papers and can discuss fit subjects for mature minds. No gossip about the impossible-looking woman I saw calling next door—with a subsequent silence, boredom, wherein Arnold, after a vain attempt to interest me in the alarming monetary situation, settles back into a magazine.

And when I have children, and must perforce stay at home, with a more confined but just as "regular" a job, won't I be all the more efficient because of my business experience, and all the more alive to the world in general for having participated in it? Won't Arnold and I be better partners for life for having the same outlook on it?

I had to make him see all this. And when we were married, very quietly, each of us taking a week from our respective positions, there must be adjustment of the domestic life to the professional.

How much should I attempt to do at home? Even our double income, representing as it did two young people barely started in life, was small enough, and great economies must be practised. Ought I try to launder my light things, such as handkerchiefs, blouses, lingerie?

At first I said yes. But I soon learned that I must not do anything that would hang over my head like a bugbear. My economies must come in ways that would not be a drain on my good spirits and strength. Getting dinner when I reached home at fifteen minutes past five or at six o'clock was enough. A seven-o'clock dinner, with Arnold doing the dishes afterward as his share, gave us our evening free from eight o'clock on. When we went to the theater, or to call on friends, or when I was very tired, we had dinner in town at a restaurant.

We had a very hearty breakfast, so that we ate lightly at luncheon, which had to be eaten at an otherwise irrational cost in town. So on in a thousand ways, all of them making it possible to save money, buy furniture, hear music and see good plays, dress well enough, make friends—and yet all designed to keep the domesticity which we insisted on having from interfering in any way with our work.

Arnold respected fully the importance of my work, and if anything had to be neglected, he insisted that it be the home. If I overslept, we had a scantier breakfast, or ate it "out"; but I reached my office at the usual time. After a few months of shifting of emphasis, of balancing, we had things working so that the home life ran smoothly and we got the most possible from our jobs. It took energy and thought, but it was worth it. We were together. Life seemed very full indeed.

THE FIRST JOLT

MY POSITION was with a national women's organization. Most, if not all, of its employees, from the president down to the most inefficient telephone girl, were unmarried women. As I have mentioned, I took a week at the time of my marriage in which to settle our tiny apartment.

It was not until afterward that I realized how reluctantly the director of my department had allowed me the time. It was not until after I had left the organization that I understood a strange and sudden spirit of criticism toward me on the part of the director when I returned to my work. I know now that if my services had not been really valuable in a small way I would have been dismissed.

As if I had set a fashion, another young woman in the office married and returned to her job. She was allowed only a few days. A few weeks later a third girl announced her approaching nuptials and her intent to continue in her position. She was to be married on Saturday and was expected to return on Monday morning! On Monday her immediate superior went to the director.

"Miss Barnett just 'phoned," she said. "She wants to know if we can get along without her to-day. She would like very much to have the day at home. I told her, of course, not to come in."

And then?

Then our director, a woman paid a large salary, a woman supposed to have a breadth that fitted her for an important job, banged her fist down on her desk and ejaculated:

"This marrying has GOT to stop!"

Carrying on the tradition of the home? What is to *become* of the home if women, of all creatures, refuse to sanction it when it is dressed in the only costume in which it can continue its work? It is like bowing to a neighbor when she is rigged up for a ball—and cutting her when you see her in her back yard in a bungalow apron dressed for work!

This episode was jolt number one. How did it affect me, a married woman? I dismissed it as due to the sour-grapes attitude, the jealousy, of an old maid! I could not have conceived it possible that any one could hold a normal antipathy to marriage.

Concluded on page 56

The FOUR COMMON FAULTS That MAR FLOOR FINISH

How to guard against them—easily, inexpensively —and keep your floors beautiful



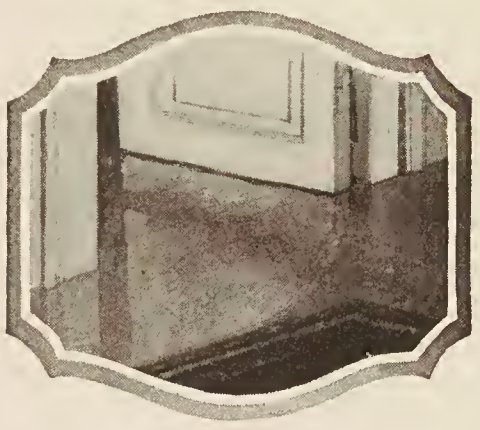
BELOW are pictured and described four troubles that commonly disfigure floors.

Told also is a way to guard against them.

The secret lies in applying a finish that not only brings out all the hidden beauty of the grain but also *protects* the wood.

Old English Wax imparts a rich, shimmering lustre that protects as well as beautifies. It covers the floor with a hard, tough, translucent film that keeps it like new.

A can of the Wax and a rag—(or the Waxer and Polisher shown below)—is all you need. One application lasts for months.



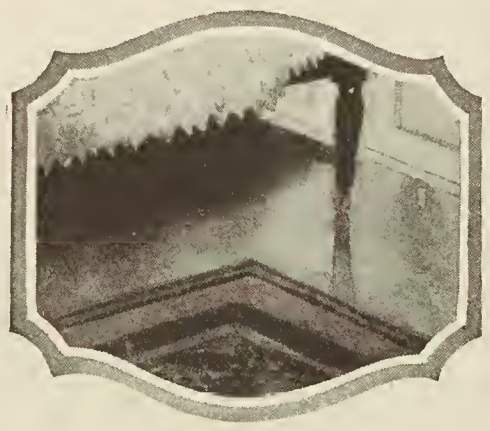
1. Worn spots where wear is hardest

In doorways, before the piano, in front of the easy chair, wherever feet go oftenest, disfiguring worn spots are sure to appear if the finish is left unprotected. An occasional application of Old English Wax at these places will prevent such worn spots. The hard, tough wax film resists wear.



2. Hidden grain of the wood

Often a beautiful wood with a rich grain is hidden under a dull finish or stain and darkened by oil. The silky grain and coloring of quarter-sawed oak; the fine, even markings of maple; the unusual effects obtainable with hard pine, show up beautifully through the lustrous, transparent film of this wax. Even the most ordinary woods are beautified by this method.



3. Tendency to collect dust

It seems like yesterday when you cleaned under that bed or table and now just look at the dust! The edge of the rug is all grimy with it and little curls of lint and dust can roll themselves up in the corner in a most exasperating way. Dust wipes off of Old English Wax as easily as from a dry pane of glass. Dust and dirt cannot stick to this wax because there is no oil in it.

Try Old English Wax on your kitchen linoleum, too. It will make the linoleum twice as easy to keep clean and the pattern will stay bright and clear-cut indefinitely. Recommended by largest linoleum manufacturers.



4. Heel marks and scratches

When there are boys around—and this term often includes the man of the house—there are sure to be invasions of heavy shoes, and more or less strenuous play. The floors are bound to suffer.

Don't try to change the ways of the family—protect your floors and furniture with Old English Wax. There is no better way to guard them against heel marks and scratches, no better way to keep your floors like new.

The Old English method is so inexpensive!

Many people are surprised to learn that Old English Wax offers the most inexpensive method of rejuvenating floors. Take as an example a room 14 x 18, or 252 square feet.

Varnished, shellaced or waxed floor in fair condition

1 pint Old English Wax	$0.75
1 pint Old English Brightener	.70
	$1.45

(While only the Wax is necessary, better results are obtained if the floor is first cleaned and polished with Brightener.)

Varnished, shellaced or waxed floor in bad condition

1 gallon Var-ni-go Varnish Remover	$2.50
6 pounds Boyle's Paste Wood Filler	2.10
1 quart Old English Wax	1.50
(These prices for U. S. only)	$6.10

You can easily do this work yourself, or your servant or "handy man" can do it. And you can use the floor the same day you wax it since it dries almost immediately. Complete instructions on every can. For free booklet or special advice, address **The A. S. Boyle Co., 1104 Dana Ave., Cincinnati, O.**

Given away!

One pint can Old English Wax to purchasers of Old English Waxer and Polisher—the new device that makes the polishing of floors as simple and easy as dusting them with a mop.

If not obtainable at your paint, hardware, drug, house-furnishing or department store, remit to us; we will supply you both Polisher and Wax, parcel post, prepaid. Price, east of Denver, $3.50; Denver and west, $4.00.

Old English Wax





Why Men Change

Their Ideas on Baked Beans



When we were boys, sawing wood or playing outdoors, any food tasted good. And any baked beans would digest.

When men work indoors, foods need to be tempting. And beans must be baked to digest.

Win Them Back

Baked Beans form our national dish. They are hearty, delicious, and they take the place of meat.

If your folks don't eat them often, win them back.

Serve them Van Camp's.

Van Camp's Beans are selected by analysis. They are boiled in water freed from minerals, so the skins are tender.

They are baked in steam ovens —baked for hours at high heat—so they easily digest. Yet the beans are not crisped or broken.

Scientific Cooks

The dish is prepared by culinary experts, college trained. They have spent years to bring it to perfection.

The sauce is a rare creation, and they bake it with the beans. Every atom shares its tang and zest.

The beans are baked in sealed containers, so the flavor can't escape.

Compare Van Camp's with other kinds, home-baked or factory-baked. See what a master dish we have for you, ready for quick serving.

Find them out. It will change your whole conception of Baked Beans.

Ask the Doctor

He will say that home-baked beans are unfit.

They are under-baked, very hard to digest. Yet the baking crisps and bursts them.



Van Camp's Beans

Baked so they easily digest, yet mellow, whole and nut-like.

Baked with a sauce which gives every granule zest.

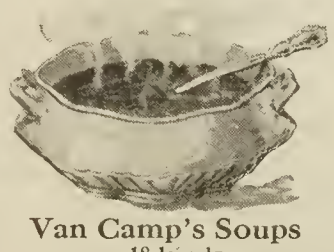
VAN CAMP'S Pork and Beans

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Without It

Other Van Camp Products Include

Soups Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter
Chile Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis



Van Camp's Soups
—18 kinds

Famous French recipes given multiplied delights by scientific cookery.



Van Camp's Spaghetti

The best Italian recipe made up with the rarest ingredients.



Van Camp's Peanut Butter

A new grade, made with blended nuts. All skins, all germs removed.

Concluded from page 54

NOBODY LOVES A MARRIED WOMAN

THE AWAKENING

THAT was a year ago. I am now a sadder and a wiser young woman. At a time when I had expected to have life at its roundest, with the full richness given to a man, with my home as a happy background for my profession, I find that my marriage is against me. I should not have been surprised if I had had to defend my husband from criticism for "letting" me work. There has not been the slightest need for his defense. I am the one against whom civilization—convention—turns its back. I am not wanted in the brain of the world—business. I have a husband. They are through with me.

"Go home and dust your parlor."

I prefer to use my head instead of my hands; to earn money to hire some one to dust for me, some one who would not enjoy my work if she were qualified to do it! But no!

"Go home and dust your parlor *yourself!*"

My awakening came, nearly a year ago, when I applied for a position through a very high-class women's employment agency. The manager, a most refined woman, dealt only with high-school or college graduates. She was greatly interested in my qualifications.

"I need women of your type," she told me. "There is an enormous demand for the refined, intelligent young woman. There is no line in which you can not be successful with the requisite 'push' and energy. Banks, manufacturing houses, the service departments of large stores have all raised their standards and want women of refinement and even cultivation. Will you fill out this blank?"

I was delighted to fill out the blank. The greatest pleasure stirred me as my pen left its little black trail of age, address, previous employment, qualifications, married or single.

"Oh! You're married! That's too bad! I'm afraid you'll have trouble. You see—I'm sorry—but our patrons don't like married women."

I was up in arms at once. I had the ability and I intended to make my way. Didn't like married women! I practically told her that such talk was tommyrot. And again, in my secret heart, I labeled her as a cattish old maid.

"I am willing to send you to some of these people," she went on, "but you must realize what you're up against. I stress it because the last married woman I sent had such an unpleasant experience that I do not want it duplicated—at any rate, the shock of it. I had a call for a certain type of executive——"

As she talked I studied her. This was no narrow spinster! She went on: "I sent over the young woman in question. She was ideal for the position. When they found that she was married, they began immediately to ask her a great many of the most personal questions. How much did her husband make? Did they live together? Could he support her comfortably on his salary alone? If not, did he ever expect to be able to?

"And so on to such questions as: How much of her salary went to the support of the house? At last she could stand the insults no longer. She told them that they couldn't offer her any position or salary that she would consider, and came back to me bitter and furious. That is the worst case I have had, although a majority of our clients have asked me not to send them married women.

"Of course, it is too absurd for words. Would a man be asked such things? Would he, nine out of ten, even be asked whether he were married at all? Not a bit of it. But naturally, we can't fly in the face of such——"

"Such prejudice!" I finished.

"No," she said gravely, "such a genuine objection."

And I, wounded deeply, went proudly out, telling her not to bother to get in touch with me.

I applied next for a position in the publicity department of one of the largest men's welfare organizations. Here I talked to a man. He was interested in my experience, which qualified me for the work. He found that I was married and shook his head.

"SORRY. Our policy is for unmarried women."

If it had not happened to me, I should say that it was incredible. But there it was. And when I went, a few days later, to one of the most reputable New York advertising agencies, I was scarcely surprised at the trend the conversation took. This interview was with a married woman. Her house had no need of new people. She suggested that I go to a certain other large advertising agency; the New York code among salaried people is to help one another to get jobs.

"Still, I'm not so sure that you ought to go there," she said thoughtfully. "I noticed by your card that you are married. They object to the married woman. They turned me down when I first came to New York because I was married. No, you'd better not go there after all."

It hardly seems possible, does it?

I was saying so at a little luncheon the other day, where a mixed group of young women had come together. I remarked that I had found, in a variety of places, a strong objection to the married woman. And a pretty little thing, a "friend of a friend of mine," piped up and said:

"Oh, yes indeed! I have been married for four months now, and they don't know it at the office. I have kept it from them because I happen to know I'd lose my dandy job if they knew it! And I'm not ready to stop working yet—not for a long time—I love it too much."

What was her business? She was a commercial artist; most of her work was designing patterns for doilies, linens and fine underwear. Surely harmless enough! Now let me just mention a friend of my own who was asked to resign from her teaching when she married, and I will pass on the explanation of the dislike for those of us who wear the plain gold band! She was one of the few who enjoyed her school, and she didn't want to leave at all!

WHAT "BUSINESS" SAYS ABOUT IT

I WAS able to get some information from three of the sources of my knowledge of this condition; from the welfare organization, from the employment agency and from the married woman at the advertising agency who referred me to another house. They all gave the same reasons for objecting to the married woman in business. Those reasons were:

1. The married woman is an unstable factor. At any moment, after having made herself valuable to a firm, she is likely to pack up bag and baggage and leave, because her husband moves to another city or State or gets a lucrative enough position to make the money she earns quite superfluous, or simply decides that he wants his wife at home all the time.

2. The married woman has divided interests. Her heart is not in her work, but in her home. She plans the Sunday marketing when she should be thinking of the firm's new contract. She "uses" the job—she does not give value received. Knowing that she has some one to fall back on, she does not have the ambition, the alertness and eagerness so noticeable in the spinster.

3. If she becomes a mother, she is useless in business.

The three organizations I speak of said that during the war they gave women every chance. Now, however, they are drawing the door against the married of the species. They consider them a bad investment.

WHAT I THINK

HERE is a definite condition. I do not believe that there is enough evidence to carry the case against the married woman to the town justice of Podunk. Of course there are women here and there who leave town because their husbands change jobs. But what about the man who employed the husband? Isn't he in the same boat as the wife's employer? Isn't the loss of trained employees one of the misfortunes any house has to expect? Moreover, I know of one case that worked quite the other way. A New York business woman's husband returned from service with the American Expeditionary Forces. He was given a job in California. His wife resigned to join him. Her firm found that she had made herself so valuable that they could not consider continuing her department without her, and they made her a stupendous offer. A few telegrams flew across the country—and the man resigned *his* job and came to New York to join his wife and look for another job!

As for the divided interest, it seems to me that the lone woman putters around her tiny apartment more than the more matter-of-fact wife, whose sense of values is more balanced, in proportion with the greater balance of her life. The married women I have known get to work at nine o'clock sharp, without exception—and twenty minutes later in come the spinsters! Lay it, if you want, to the fact that the man has a businesslike effect on his wife.

And the children? The most successful business women I know have children. And I think the children are better off for not having a cranky, overworked mother in constant touch with them—a mother whose poise and judgment are warped by her overpowering intimacy with all the irritating things of a household.

Even when it comes to the matter of an office for the mother until the last two or three months before the child is born, any up-and-coming doctor will say that the use of her brain is better for her than sitting around at home worrying about herself and living with the odor of breakfast, luncheon and dinner.

No, the instability of the married woman is a pale yellow myth. She is far more stable than her unmarried sister because she is living a normal life, a complete life. No "complexes" for her—her life is settled and she is on a level road with love at her side.

No, I do not think it is that. It is this: it is the inhumanity, the sly, selfish, grasping miserliness of modern business, which demands everything of its victims! We know what it has done to our healthy American men, what nervous wrecks it has made of them in middle life, what suicides it has caused. Men have been willing to pay the price, because power is the essence of all things good to the male mind. You remember what Browning says through the man's mouth, when the sun makes its path at dawn on the sea, and the man leaves his lady fair:

"And straight was a path of gold for him—
And the need of a world of men for me."

Men have found that business profits by women. Women have good brains. Men are willing to let women in on the game. (Do you know that there is a woman dealer on the curb?) But business demands that women also pay the price. They must give everything. The fact that the married woman loves her work deeply is not enough. She must have no other gods before it. And Mammon is afraid of her humanity, her love, her man and her children. This woman is not food for the machine. She will not give her heart's blood to the greedy rush.

And so they are shutting the door against us. A woman has to choose. Unless she is a writer or a painter, secluded, she can not have the complete life. It must be home, husband, children—or a profession. The world of affairs will have nothing to do with her unless she will wed herself to it. It does not want her breadth of view and her understanding; it wants what it can crush unto itself.

So the door is shut. What are we to do? Has any one the answer for me and for other women who want the complete life? Or must we stay home and dust our parlors forever and forever? Is it fate? Is there no way out?

The Hoover lifts the rug from the floor, like this—flutters it upon a cushion of air, gently "beats" out its embedded grit, and so prolongs its life



Every rug is a constant collector of three kinds of dirt: embedded grit, clinging litter and surface dust. Three cleaning processes, therefore, are constantly necessary. Only The Hoover performs the three at once. It gently beats, to dislodge all the destructive embedded grit. It swiftly sweeps, to detach all the stubbornly adhering litter. It powerfully suction cleans, to withdraw all loose surface dirt. And it is the largest selling electric cleaner in the world.

The HOOVER

It Beats—as it Sweeps—as it Cleans

THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER COMPANY
The oldest makers of electric cleaners
North Canton, Ohio Hamilton, Canada

DURABLE DURHAM HOSIERY

Made strongest where the wear is hardest



Experience says:
"That is real value in Hosiery"

ANYONE can see the beauty in Durable-DURHAM Hosiery. But Experience looks deeper and sees the wonderful wearing quality that is based on fine yarns and careful workmanship.

Every pair of Durable-DURHAM is strongly reinforced at points of hardest wear. Legs are full length; tops wide and elastic; sizes accurately marked; feet and toes smooth, seamless and even. The Durham dyes will not fade.

Styles for children and men as well as for women—style for dress, work or play, for every season of the year. Lady Ware and Lady Durham are two of the newer styles for women with the fashionable seam back.

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MISS EDITH STRAUSS, APPOINTED BY THE GOVERNMENT TO FIGHT THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

SOME WOMEN—1920 MODEL

BY FLOY PASCAL COWAN

EIGHT years ago a little gray-eyed, sweet-voiced woman who was stenographer to a big New Jersey lawyer decided she would go into business for herself. Backed by a meager capital of three hundred dollars, she rented a room in an office building, arranged with a girl friend to answer the telephone—in return for lessons in stenography—and launched forth as a court stenographer. By the end of the first year she was employing a large force and using the entire floor for office space.

And then she saw a chance to buy out a little printing business. It became quite a big printing business after a while, so she decided to purchase a building which a man was anxious to sell. She arranged for a mortgage and its payments, and moved over. Now an engraving establishment has been taken over and the stenographic and reporting work has been moved to bigger quarters.

The architect of this lovely thriving business, who is now Mrs. A. R. Usher of the Sarco Company of Trenton, New Jersey, looks so little, so appealingly feminine, that I had to show my admiration for her business acumen and enterprise.

"Why," she said, "I don't feel that I am responsible for it! I have always been associated with such fine men! They have helped me to look at things in the right way. And I have had such fine men with me in the business, and such fine women too."

Back of the whole concern are big ideals, a belief that the Golden Rule should prevail, that kindness and understanding are the best correctives, and that the workers should share in the profits.

"I tell my employees," she said, smiling, "that if they speak the name of our company with the right little twist it makes 'It's our company,' which is just what it is!"

Will marriage be shipwrecked by the modern adventuring of woman in business? Mrs. Usher said:

"I married a few months ago, a fine, big-spirited man. When he asked me to marry him, I said: 'Oh, I can't give up my business, and desert all those people bound to me by ties of affection and interest.'

"He replied: 'I wouldn't have you give it up for anything. I want to marry you for companionship. Why, I would be happy if you gave me an hour a week!' "

DOWN in Atlanta two years ago there was a suffrage organization with a tea-room on its hands in which it seemed to have lost interest. One woman, Mrs. J. C. McRee, "came to" with the realization that she was doing most of the work, just as it was determined to abandon the venture.

"I'd like to buy those fixtures and equipment and start a tea-room of my own," she said to her uncle, seeking advice and the wherewithal for the purchase. But the uncle furnished merely the advice, which was, "Let it alone. It's a poor buy."

But she borrowed two hundred dollars elsewhere, took over the tea-room with whatever good-will it had won, and just recently she has refused an offer of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for it. Being in the heart of Atlanta's business district, and run with fine executive ability, the tea-room found enormous patronage. Mrs. McRee now takes no active part in the work. She is "the thinking head" behind the enterprise.

THE Department of Justice has appointed a woman to help in the fight against the high cost of living. It will be the task of Miss Edith Strauss of New York to organize the women of America into a working unit for this purpose.

"Until the war," says Miss Strauss, "I performed no active service. I was merely a student and an extensive traveler."

How much ability and resourcefulness was latent in Miss Strauss, however, is revealed by her eager activities in the days of stress that followed the declaration of war. She served in the Motor Corps of America for about a year, during which time she worked in the Surgeon-General's office, served as publicity manager for the corps, traveled through the States organizing branch corps in different sections, and drove an ambulance at Camp Mills through an epidemic—retiring with the rank of lieutenant.

Then, being appointed on the staff of the Foreign Press Bureau of the Committee on Public Information, she was sent abroad with other members of the committee to report the Peace Conference. A few months later she became attached to the American Commission to Negotiate Peace at the Hotel Crillon, in the Central, Territorial, Economic and Political Intelligence Department, as an administrative executive, in which capacity she briefed and distributed the confidential documents sent in to the commission. She remained there until the treaty was completed and handed to the Germans at Versailles. Her present work was undertaken in October, 1919.

Miss Strauss is young and comely, but one feels in looking into her thoughtful eyes that old H. C. L. will have a determined and resourceful enemy.

THE first woman to be named chief of a division in the Department of Commerce is Miss Emily Farnum, who will have the job of supervising the correspondence of the seventy thousand census-takers engaged in counting Uncle Sam's folk in 1920. Part of her task, also, that seems especially suitable for a woman to perform, will be the general supervision of the working conditions of the four thousand census clerks to be employed in the bureau.

Can a woman take care of her household and engage in outside work as well? Miss Harriet B. Lowenstein of New York is one who does. She is essentially feminine, a pianist and violinist of talent and an expert cook as well, yet out in the world she is a public accountant, lawyer and social worker, and has recently been appointed comptroller of the ten-million-dollar United Building Fund Campaign of the Federated Jewish Institutions and will supervise the distribution of this vast sum of money.

Five-thirty finds Miss Lowenstein up planning her household work and ready to indulge in a little cooking and marketing before she really begins her "day's work." Then for ten or twelve hours her busy mind is coping with problems of law, finance and social welfare.

DR. ALICE HAMILTON is one of America's most distinguished women physicians. For six years she has traveled over the country for the United States Department of Labor studying conditions among the dangerous trades. She has specialized on the poisonous, not the dangerous or accident, side of conditions. To avoid sickness, not explosions, is the object of her efforts.

Formerly she did work at Hull House in Chicago that attracted the attention of scientists, and now she spends half the year at Harvard University, where she is the first woman member of the faculty.



DO you realize that good home-made cake contains the nutritious elements of food in the most delightful form? And do you further realize that when

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely pure

is used, the flour, sugar, milk, butter and eggs are so lightly leavened that they are most easily digested?

Royal contains no alum. Leaves no bitter taste. Never disturbs digestion.

BUTTERSCOTCH LAYER CAKE

(*Pictured at top*)

½ cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
⅔ cup milk
2 cups flour
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla or other flavoring extract

Cream shortening well, add sugar slowly and the yolks of eggs, which have been well beaten. Add milk, a very little at a time. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together and mix in with the first ingredients. Add flavoring and fold in the beaten whites of eggs, and bake in two greased layer tins in moderate oven about 25 minutes.

BUTTERSCOTCH FILLING and ICING

2 cups light syrup
½ cup milk
½ cup butter.

Boil syrup, butter and milk together until it forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Cool slightly without stirring and pour while warm on cake. Chopped nuts may be added while icing is still soft.

FRUIT LAYER CAKE

(*Pictured below*)

⅓ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup milk
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
⅛ teaspoon salt

Cream shortening well, add sugar, add the yolk of egg, and vanilla. Mix well, add the milk, then the flour and baking powder which have been sifted together. Mix in beaten white of egg. Bake in three greased layer tins in quick oven about 15 minutes. Put together with fruit filling.

FRUIT FILLING

1½ cups water
2 tablespoons cornstarch
½ cup fruit jelly
½ cup raisins
½ lb. chopped figs
Juice of ½ lemon
½ cup chopped blanched almonds or other nuts
2 tablespoons sugar

Cook jelly with the water, fruit and sugar several minutes. Add the cornstarch, which has been dissolved in a little cold water. Cook slowly until thick, remove from fire, add nuts and lemon juice, cool and spread between layers of cake.

ICING

1½ cups confectioner's sugar
½ teaspoon butter
2 tablespoons hot milk
½ teaspoon vanilla extract

Add butter to hot milk and add sugar slowly to make paste the right consistency to spread. Add vanilla and spread on top and sides of cake. If desired place halves of English walnuts on top of cake while the icing is still soft.

New Royal Cook Book Ready—Send For It

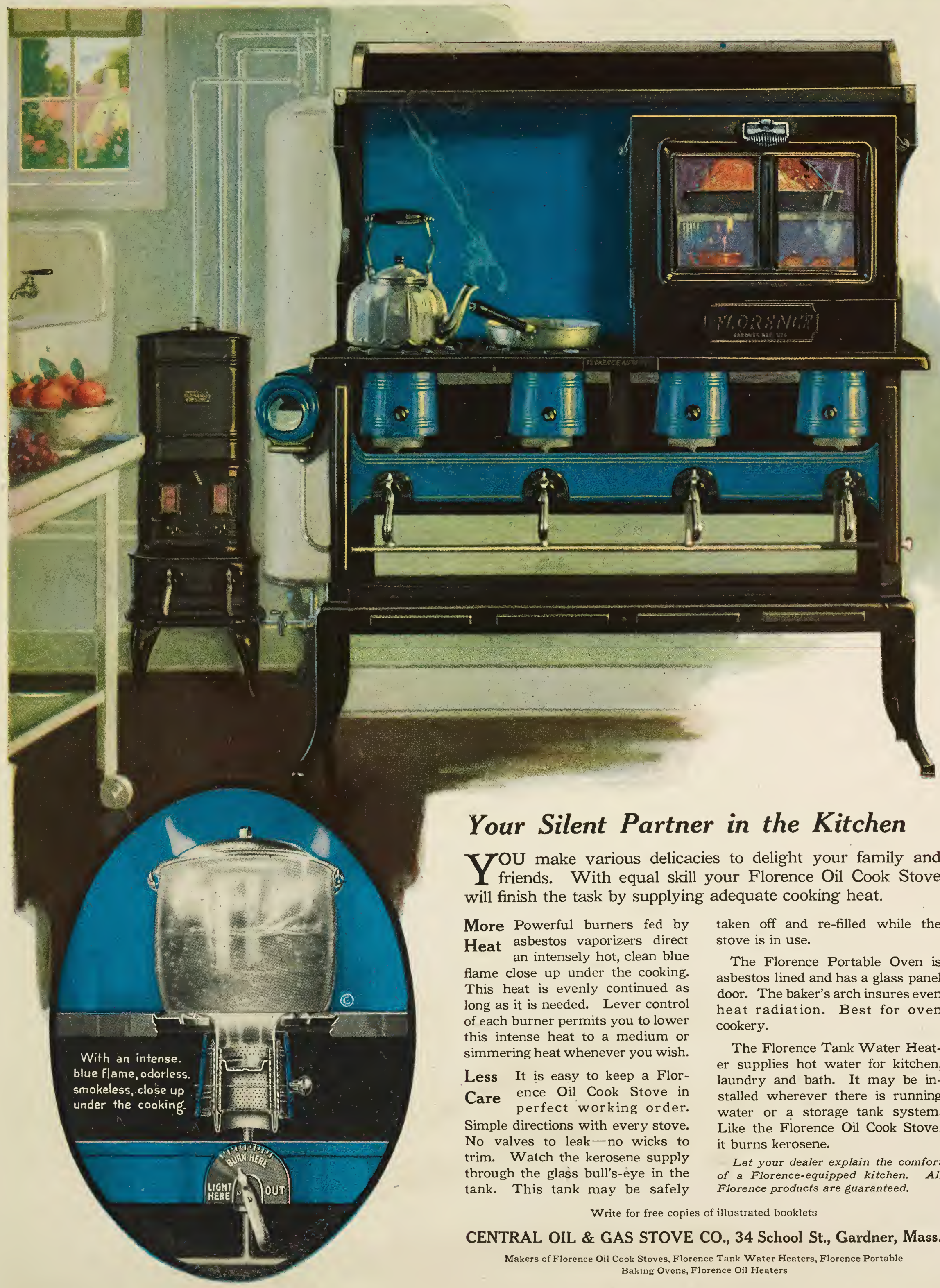
It contains over 400 delightful recipes, many of them the most famous in use today—also a wealth of new delights that will add interest and variety to your meals. Send for your copy of this helpful new Cook Book today.

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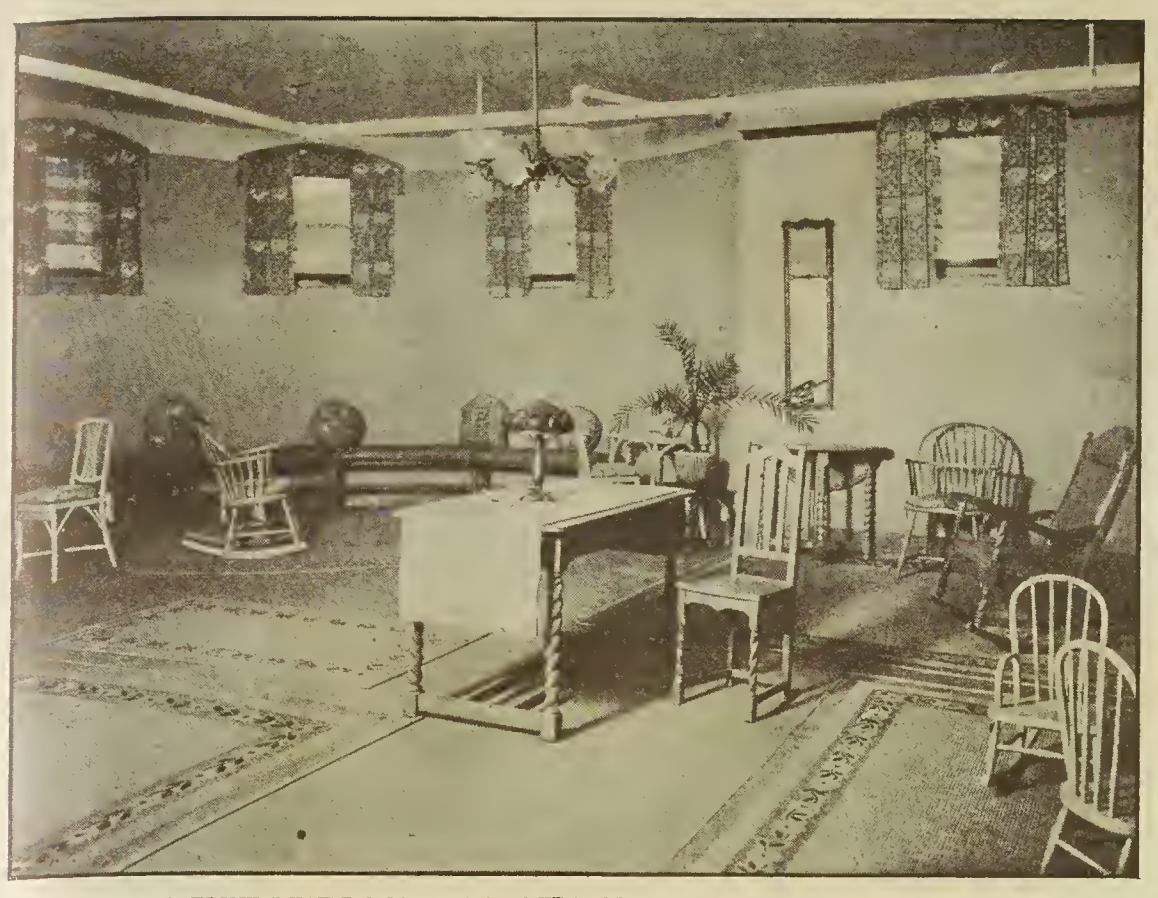
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MORE HEAT—LESS CARE



THIS HOMELIKE REST-ROOM OF ANDERSON COUNTY, KANSAS, WAS INSPIRED BY THE HOME-DEMONSTRATION AGENT

THE NEW HOME-MAKING

ON IT COMES!

BY NELL NICHOLS

HOUSEKEEPING is undergoing a change. Into every community I go, no matter in which Middle-Western State it is, I find the effort toward the improvement of the home in progress.

Electricity is being installed with its labor-saving appliances; many modern household conveniences are being purchased. Women are striving to make housework easier. The housewife is sweeping her rugs and carpets with the electric vacuum cleaner; she is taking more recreation since the fireless cooker gets the meal when she is not at home. The day of doing the work in the home with power is at hand.

Wherever the home-demonstration agent is found, she is helping housemothers solve the numerous problems which come when the old systems of working are changed.

BEING equipped with a scientific as well as a practical knowledge of housekeeping, she is able to suggest new methods of doing the work; she aids in grouping the kitchen furniture so there will be fewer steps wasted; she urges women to use the modern household conveniences whenever possible. She carries her message to the women of the towns and the open country.

"We have the choice of two things," the rural women say to their agent. "We can not let the home lag behind the field in its advancement. Our husbands are using every ounce of their ability to make their fields more productive; they are using power machinery. We must either have permanent help or many of the labor-saving devices. Through our years of experience we have discovered that permanent 'hired help' exists in dreams only, and so, consequently, we are turning our attention to the modern conveniences which are ready for our use whenever we need them."

Perhaps the best way to catch the inspiration of the interest women are taking in getting their housework on a better working basis is to take the train to Meade County, in western Kansas. After arriving there, Miss Ethel McDonald, the home-demonstration agent, will point out the effects of the tendency toward home improvement in her county.

Suppose we ask if the housewives of this prairie country are taking a vital interest in making their homes more convenient. And then watch Miss McDonald brighten as she asks you to step into her motor-car and go with her out in the country twenty miles to see a country home. You can see the house some time before you arrive, for hills are scarce in this region, once the tramping ground of range cattle, and trees grow only along the creeks or in the yards. It's the land where the eye can see great distances, and the swell of the prairies gives you an encouraging outlook on life as you ride along with the enthusiastic agent.

WHEN you step on the front porch of the Hulbert home, you become conscious of your dust-laden coat. After your ride over the plains, you find that you have collected more than your share of the roadbed on your clothing. But when your hostess opens the door, she surmises your discomfort, for she has taken the same drive many times. In her gracious manner she asks if you don't wish to have the dust taken from your coat. Of course you tell her it would please you, and as she disappears you begin to think of the vigorous brushing you will give with the clothes-brush or the whisk-broom.

But not so in the Hulbert home. There is an electric vacuum cleaner with attachments, and just as the city housewife has the dust taken from her curtains and draperies, Mrs. Hulbert finds an added use for this cleaning attachment; she lets it take the dirt and dust from the coats and other wraps after a long drive. So you stand still while electricity takes the dust from your clothing.

"The ranch is so far from town," says the hostess, "that I find it impossible to keep help, so I do all the work in my home and care for my two children. It would be difficult for me to do this if it were not for the labor-saving devices. I have an electric washer, churn, iron and ironing-machine. My cooking is made easier by the use of the fireless and the pressure cooker.

"The fireless gives me a chance to get away from home frequently. We go to church Sunday mornings and the dinner cooks while we are gone. As we drive twenty miles, we are mighty hungry when we get home, but we do not wait long for dinner. I get the food from the fireless cooker and we are usually sitting down to the table within fifteen minutes after we arrive. It has never been longer than thirty minutes.

"Living on such a large ranch as we do," continued the Meade County housewife, "my husband employs several men to help him with his work. The men frequently get up early in the morning to get a good start with their work—too early for me to rise unless necessary.

"So I prepare as much of the breakfast as I can before I go to bed. I put the graham mush, oatmeal or other cereal in the fireless to cook overnight, slice the bread for toast, measure the ingredients for cocoa, cut the bacon and place the eggs to be used on the work-table near the stove. This saves time in the morning."

Mrs. Hulbert keeps the pressure cooker busy canning foods. She not only cans meats in it at butchering time and chicken when the flock is being culled, but vegetables and fruits as well. She says she has never had any food spoil after being cooked in this manner.

When the home-demonstration agent refers questioning women to such a housewife as Mrs. Hulbert, the value of labor-saving devices is no longer doubted.

PRACTICALLY all farm women are interested in poultry, and the Meade County, Kansas, women are no exception to the rule. Culling out the hens which do not earn their keep is a part of the business of the poultryman. It doesn't pay to feed the hen which doesn't lay; this is the reason for weeding out the flock two or three times a year. Then the hens which are not laying must be sold to the butcher or eaten on the farm.

Home-demonstration agents have been advising that at least a part of this chicken be canned. In one neighborhood in this western Kansas county six housewives were culling their flocks at the same time. That explains why Miss McDonald made the following remarks when she answered her telephone:

"Yes, I'll be glad to show you how to can chicken. If you and your neighbors will be at your house this afternoon at two o'clock, I'll be out with my pressure cooker to show you the safest way to can chicken or any other meat. If you have two fowls cleaned and dressed, we can accomplish more in the time we have."

Promptly at the time set the little group of women was gathered in the kitchen. The agent took the chicken, removed the bones from the thigh and drumstick, cut off the tip of the wing, explaining that the bones were removed to conserve space. Then she packed the meat tightly in a quart jar, added one level teaspoon of salt and set the lid on top. She browned the rest of the chicken in fat to show the women it could be canned after browning if desired.

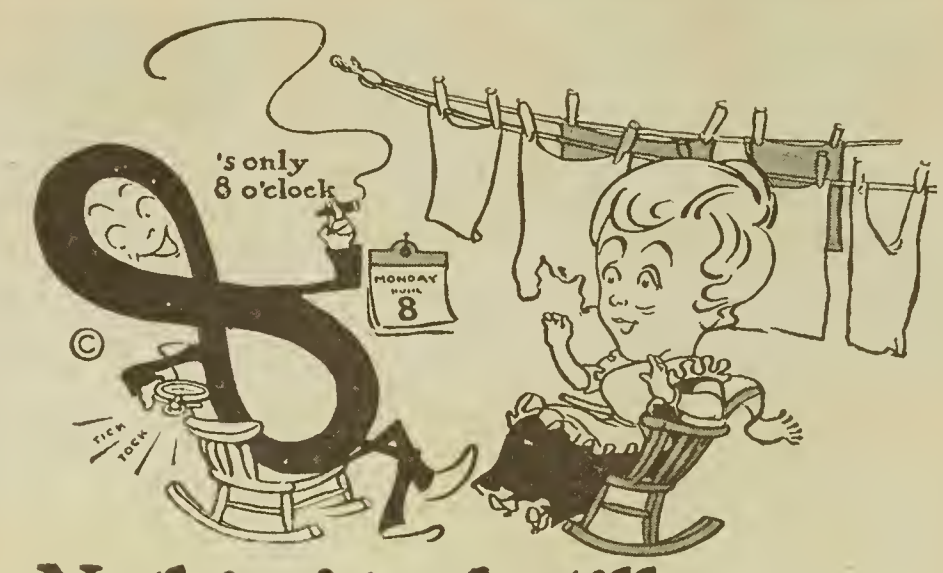
Then it was packed in a jar in the same way the other was and both cans were placed on a wire rack in the pressure cooker, one cup of water was poured in the bottom of the cooker, the lid fastened securely and then it was placed on the stove to heat. The bones, trimmings, heart, liver and gizzard were placed in a kettle, covered with cold water and cooked slowly to make broth. This broth can be canned, if desired.

"IS IT necessary to use the pressure cooker? We do not have one, you know," said one of the women.

Then Miss McDonald explained that she advised its use because food rarely spoils when canned with it. Feeling the why looming in their minds again, she explained how boiling water has a temperature of two hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit, which is not enough to destroy all the micro-organisms in meats and in some other foods. Consequently, the canned food spoils.

The value of the pressure cooker, she explained, is that the pressure can be increased,

Concluded on page 62



Nothing to do till next Monday

WHAT'S more, when you have a 1900 Cataract Electric Washer, you finish the wash bright and early *each* Monday!

Do you know why?

It's because of the magic figure 8. In the 1900 Washer the water is forced through the clothes in a figure 8 movement, four times as often as in the ordinary washer. Thus it washes the clothes faster. In fact, it is this magic movement that makes the 1900 the perfect washing machine.

You can wash everything in your 1900, for there is not a single part in the tub to cause wear and tear, or to pull off buttons. The water is forced through your clothes entirely by the action of the tub, not by the action of any parts in the tub. When you have finished the wash, there are no parts to lift out and clean either.

The 1900 works easily, smoothly and at a cost of less than 2c an hour. It washes the clothes snowy white and clean in 8 to 10 minutes.

The wringer also works electrically and can be moved from the washer clear around to the clothes basket without moving the washer an inch.

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You may prove to yourself that the 1900 is the perfect washing machine. There is a 1900 dealer near you who will gladly demonstrate a 1900 Cataract Washer right in your own home. When if you wish, you may start paying for it on terms to suit your convenience. Remember, we also have washing machines operated by hand and water power.

Write to us today for the name of the nearest 1900 dealer, and a copy of the book, "George Brinton's Wife." It's a story you will enjoy. Molly, his pretty little wife, had troubles of her own until she interrupted a bridge party, and then things began to happen.

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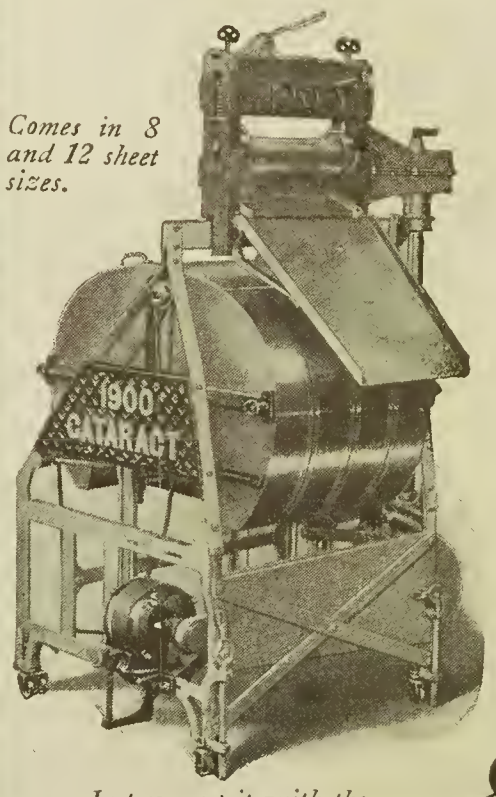
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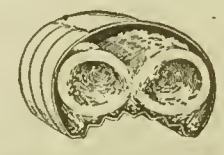
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Concluded from page 61

THE NEW HOME-MAKING

making a higher temperature, which destroys the organisms. With twenty pounds of pressure, the temperature in the cooker becomes two hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit, sufficiently high to kill the organisms in meat if held that high one hour.

Then she told them about Mrs. Hulbert's experience with the pressure cooker, how she canned eighty-eight quarts of meat in it one year and not a can spoiled, and how she uses her cooker for canning vegetables and fruits. Judging from the results, the women saw the advantage of the cooker, for they ordered one at once and report success with it.

IT MAKES little difference where one goes, whether it is city, town or rural community, women are taking the same poignant interest in electrical appliances. The homes of the cities and the towns, of course, have had electricity for some time, but in many country homes it is being installed for the first time.

The eagerness women have for making their housework easier by the use of labor-saving devices is found alike among the poor and the rich. This is shown by the numerous requests the home-demonstration agents have in regard to how electrical conveniences work. Many of the agents, after answering the questions, either take or refer the housewives to the women in the homes who are using electricity to make housework less difficult. In this way the women get first-hand information.

In Cherokee County, Kansas, for instance, Miss Sara Patton, home-demonstration agent, considers the Brooks family an excellent example of what electricity can do toward removing many of the most burdensome tasks of housekeeping from the back of the housewife.

Mr. and Mrs. Brooks have been keeping house for many years. While they were young and their physical strength was at its height, they managed to accomplish all the work placed before them. But as they grew older, their strength decreased and it was impossible for them to keep help all the time. Facing more work than they could do, they turned to electricity for aid.

AS SOON as it was installed in their home, it began to be of service. The blue was taken from wash-day by the power-driven washing-machine; ironing day was made less of a "strength-taking" task by the use of the electric iron. The milk-separator turns with a hum when the electricity is turned on, and the electrically heated bed-pad makes the cold wintry nights feel less cold. Plans are already being made for the addition of other appliances. This is the start.

"I know how to appreciate electricity," says Mr. Brooks. "Just think, my father, a minister, prepared all his sermons and did his studying by the light of the fireplace. My wife and I started housekeeping fifty-two years ago by candle-light. After a while the 'coal-oil' lamp came along, and we welcomed it as a great improvement. But best of all is electricity, because it not only lights the rooms well, but it helps to do the work."

It's human nature to have confidence in what you see. Recognizing this, the home-demonstration agents throughout the country find the housewives enjoy a visit to homes to see how a good grouping of furniture in the kitchen saves steps and to see how the labor-saving devices work. Miss Elsie Baird, home-demonstration agent in Anderson County, Kansas, asked several housewives to go with her to the home of Mrs. Said, to see the small kitchen and the conveniences employed in making the work easier.

"I have four sons," says Mrs. Said, "and I enjoy taking some recreation with them. In Summer, for instance, we often go swimming before supper. This would not be possible if it wasn't that my fireless gets supper while I am gone. The refrigerator is one of my most valued step-savers. I do not need to make many steps between the kitchen and the basement now that the refrigerator holds the foods I used to store other places in an effort to keep them cool. And so far as the power washing-machine is concerned, I don't know how I could get along without it."

WHILE the women were in this home, the agent called attention to the good music which this family has the opportunity of hearing. Miss Baird is promoting an interest in music in her county. She believes every home needs something of the beautiful; she feels every child should be trained to appreciate good music. In the Said home a music machine with well-chosen records for all members of the family interested the women. And in fact many homes in Anderson County are buying phonographs with good records.

Just as the Kansas home-demonstration agents strive to help the housewives in their communities so do they in practically every other State. In Wisconsin, for example, one could have a most fascinating and profitable trip with Mrs. Nellie Kedzie Jones, State leader of the home-demonstration agents, on one of her tours. It is not difficult to catch the inspiration of up-to-date housekeeping when you hear it preached by Mrs. Jones, because you know she practises what she preaches—she is a housewife. Every time she gets an opportunity to tell the ways she and other women have found to make housework easier, she is delighted.

One day she stands before an audience of Indian women—there are a few of these native families left in Wisconsin. These housewives are interested sufficiently in improving their methods of housekeeping that they come several miles to hear what new methods Mrs. Jones advocates. These Indian women have been awakened by the war to a remarkable extent; they want to make their homes more attractive.

Of course they are not much interested in electricity, because they know little of it, and, besides, they feel that it is beyond their present reach. Mrs. Jones understands this, for these housewives have not long been away from the wigwam or the small log cabin where the way of housekeeping was somewhat different from what it is in a house. Consequently, instead of talking about an electric ironing-machine to women who may not care to iron at all, she tells them about the saving of labor which a good stove brings. Fuel is plentiful in the north woods and a stove is needed in every home.

Practically every housewife beats eggs for some dish she likes to bake, so these women are interested in the egg-beater Mrs. Jones shows them, explaining how much better it beats eggs than a fork and how time and elbow grease are saved as well. She tells them about washing-machines and bread-mixers. And her efforts are bringing results. These women are purchasing the devices whenever they can.

Then Mrs. Jones goes into Fond du Lac County or one of the other dairy communities where prosperity shows itself in tall silos, beautiful homes and barns. If she speaks of ironing, she tells the women about ironing with electricity; she tells them to beat eggs with an electric beater. She wishes the women to make their work easier.

"I MEET women on all my trips who tell me they can not keep help in their homes, so they must have conveniences and simplified methods of doing their work," says Mrs. Jones. "I advise these women to use power machines whenever possible because they are so much cheaper than physical strength. I advocate a kitchen cabinet in every home because I learned from experience in my kitchen that a cabinet as the center of the room, containing the staple foods, saves time and steps.

"If I am talking at a schoolhouse, I draw plans of well-arranged kitchens on the blackboard, showing how the refrigerator, work-table and stove need to be grouped together and why the sink and the cupboards are best located near one another.

"Recently after one of the home-demonstration agents in Wisconsin had talked to a housewife about home conveniences, the housewife went to town, purchased a power washer, a bread-mixer and a kitchen cabinet. And the best part is that she finds her work easier; she is telling other women in the neighborhood about it."

In trying to help housewives find an easier way to do their housework, the home-demonstration agents are following the trend of the times. Housewives are eager to have housekeeping catch up with other lines of business. That's why they are changing their old ways of working whenever they can find a better system.

NOT all the home-demonstration agents' efforts are devoted toward making housework easier. In fact, all problems of the housewife are touched upon whenever there is any way in which the agent feels she can help.

Take the rest-room, for example. All too often the rural woman coming to town to do her shopping has found no place to wait for her husband or other members of her family who were still busy when her purchases were made. Many a woman has stayed at home rather than to experience the discomfort of waiting on the streets or over the counter in the small store.

The agents have seen the need of waiting-rooms in the towns, and knowing they can be secured, are establishing them in the towns so the rural women may read, write and rest while waiting to go home.

Miss Baird, the agent, has striven to arouse an interest in these rest-rooms among the women of the towns and the country and two such rooms are already furnished in this county.

All mothers are eager that their children have the greatest opportunity possible to develop into strong men and women. To do this the child must have the proper foods. The great interest taken in nutrition in recent years has pointed out that malnutrition is more common in the rural districts than in the city. Hoping to remedy this condition, practically every home-demonstration agent in the Middle West is pushing the hot lunch in the rural school.

IN ONE Wisconsin county eighty-three out of the ninety-three schools have hot lunches at noon. Miss Maude Coe, home-demonstration agent in McPherson County, Kansas, is making a campaign for the hot school lunch. She goes from school to school demonstrating what foods can be prepared and what equipment is necessary. And as one of the schoolgirls said after helping get the lunch:

"I am learning new ways of cooking as well as helping others by preparing the hot lunch. I have told my mother how easy the kerosene-stove is to handle, and she is buying one to use in our home."

The work of the home-demonstration agent depends on the community to a certain extent. If social diversion is needed, the agent helps secure it. That's why many women's clubs are being organized. The women not only profit from the knowledge obtained in the programs, but they meet with other persons and get in touch with the views of others.

It is the campaign for better home life that the agents are promoting. The fundamental thing, they believe, is to make housework easier so there will be the time and the inclination for a better social life. Since help is scarce, the agents are urging the women to adopt new methods and to use labor-saving devices.

But is the gospel of new housekeeping reaching the women? Throughout the Middle West the desire to improve the home has been kindled in the hearts of the women. It is bringing results such as we did not dream of a few years ago. Drudgery in the home is a thing of the past. Power housekeeping in which more brains and less physical strength are used is with us. Housewives are well pleased with the outlook for the future.

ELECTRICAL HOUSEKEEPING

A department for homemakers

Edited by Mrs. June Strickland

Published and copyrighted by **Western Electric Company**



"Why, this Western Electric is as easy to lift as the baby."

But hubby wasn't listening—he was deep in "lubrication" and "air cooling."

Two Good Rules for choosing a Vacuum Cleaner

1. *Lift it before you buy it.*
2. *Take a man along.*

Mrs. Strickland spends a part of each day in a big New York Department store helping women to choose electrical appliances for the home. She believes that most women overlook the really important points because so few women have a knowledge of mechanics.

I can guide you in my department here almost as well as if I were at your elbow in a store. But remember those two rules of mine when you finally go to buy.

BEFORE we get into the details of vacuum cleaners, let's think a moment of the old-fashioned method of cleaning. Not necessarily of the back breaking drudgery and the waste of time and energy that it entailed—everyone realizes that—but of the point that *thorough* cleaning used to mean the use of *three* kinds of tools and *three* separate operations. Real housecleaning meant more than merely sweeping—it meant first beating carpets, rugs and draperies to get out the imbedded dust and dirt that the broom couldn't reach. And then, even on a thoroughly swept surface, there was always the necessity of gathering the particles of lint, thread, hair, etc., that required stooping and a dust pan and brush.

Will It Clean Three Ways?

So, just as "broom cleaning" has never been enough to satisfy the careful housewife, the vacuum cleaner that ***only*** does the work of the broom, or that fails to perform the other two kinds of cleaning—beating and "brushing up"—is, after all, only a shiftless labor saver for you

The old style vacuum cleaners had no brush whatever. They trusted to suction as a substitute for beating and "brushing up" and, although they were a big advance over the broom, they left much to be desired as ***thorough*** cleaning machines.

Some manufacturers realized this and have added brushes to their cleaners But where, as in most cases, these brushes revolve only with the casters of the machine, depending upon the speed that *you* push the cleaner for the *force* of the brushing action, they are no more efficient than a broom in the hands of a languid worker. The brush in my Western Electric cleaner is driven by the motor and is so geared that it revolves with exactly the speed and force that have been found by scientific experiment to give the best brushing results without harm to the surface. The woman who has really discovered the knack of hand sweeping realizes best just how important this is.

Only with a motor driven brush can you get this extra efficiency, so make sure of this point when you choose a cleaner.

Moreover, my Western Electric is so constructed that I can "switch off" the brush when the attachments are used, as easily as I can "switch off" an electric light. And that's another point to look for because some cleaners necessitate a very bothersome detaching operation when the brush is not to be used.

Taking Care of the Dust

By all means take particular notice of the arrangement of the dust bag.

One of the things that I like best about the Western Electric is that the dust is drawn up into the bag through a tube running up the center of the bag and it is blown out of this tube into a compartment that opens ***only*** at the top.

This is a big advantage over the usual type of bag that opens at the bottom, because with this type I know from experience how easy it is for dust and dirt to get out in carrying the cleaner from room to room

With the Western Electric not a particle of dirt can possibly get out until you empty the bag by reversing it, and then a clever little hoop attachment keeps the dirt and dust in one spot. I can empty my bag onto a folded newspaper, if necessary, without scattering a bit of dust.

How Much Suction Power?

When the Western Electric man told me that his cleaner had stronger suction than any other motor driven brush machine, I was a little doubtful because I had seen other cleaners the suction of which raised the rug or carpet from the floor.

Since this never happened with the Western Electric I assumed that its suction power was not so great.

But now I know that the reason is not lack of power but because the ingenious design of the Western Electric counteracts against the lifting power of the suction by its own weight as it passes over the rug.

I was very much taken with this feature because I never could see how it could be anything but harmful to the sizing of glue on the back of fine rugs to be continually bent and cracked as they are under some cleaners.

I often say that it seems almost as if this Western Electric Vacuum Cleaner had been designed by a woman, so carefully have those little points that only a woman would think of, been taken care of.

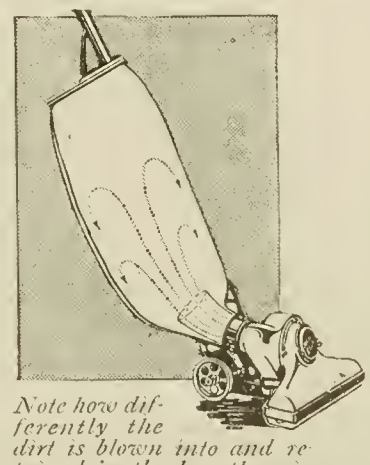
But don't think that the "man mechanics" that mean proper engineering construction have been left out.

Most women aren't interested in machinery, *as* machinery (I know I'm not), but most men are. And that's why I say again, "take a man along" when you choose your cleaner.

How About Durability?

I've heard men, who had passed over as non-essentials the points that I thought most of, wax enthusiastic over the lubricating system, that needs oiling only once a month and the air cooling tubes which, they say, keep the motor from any possible over-heating.

It is these engineering points, they tell me, that make the Western Electric so staunch and durable, even though competitive salesmen say that it is so light that it can't last.

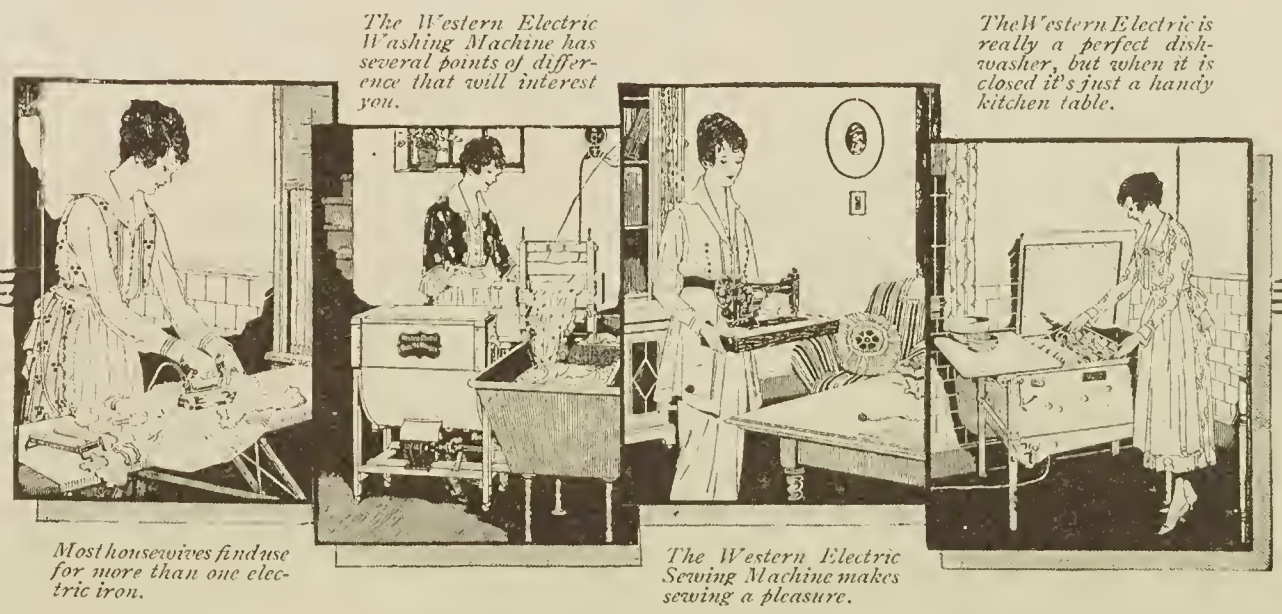


Note how differently the dirt is blown into and retained in the bag than in the usual type of cleaner opening at the bottom.

I know, from long experience, how durable it is, and any woman can test its light weight by lifting it.

And just as a final warning, ***don't*** buy a vacuum cleaner without getting the attachments. Some women do this because it looks like a little economy and they don't realize what useful labor savers they are.

I know now that my upholstery and hangings were never really clean until I used the vacuum on them. Every one of these attachments has a special and a useful purpose It's false economy to try to do without them.



The Western Electric Washing Machine has several points of difference that will interest you.

The Western Electric is really a perfect dishwasher, but when it is closed it's just a handy kitchen table.

Most housewives find use for more than one electric iron.

The Western Electric Sewing Machine makes sewing a pleasure.

You Will Want This Book

The Western Electric Co. has just published an interesting book on the use of electrical appliances in the home Every housekeeper will find in it helpful suggestions as to how to do the same work better, in less time and with less drudgery. It may help you to solve your servant problem. A request on a postal sent to Western Electric Co, Electrical Housekeeping Department, 2 Dey Street, New York, will bring the book promptly with our compliments.



ALL YEAR 'ROUND

CREX

GRASS RUGS

TRADE-MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

MADE IN AMERICA

The Ideal Floor Covering

WHEN buying a piano a woman asks for a certain kind of piano. She knows before she buys it just what kind of a piano she wants and why.

It is just as important in buying grass rugs to insist on getting the genuine CREX. There is the same relative difference in tone and quality.

CREX rugs are sanitary. Light in weight yet strong in body and made to withstand ordinarily hard usage. Easily handled and as easily cleaned they lighten the burden of housekeeping while their low cost is in marked contrast to cotton and woolen coverings of the lower grades.

CREX rugs are adaptable for any floor. With a wide variety of sizes and patterns in solid and beautifully blended colors to choose from perfect harmony can be had with the decorative scheme of any room.

Beware of imitations, some of which are even made of split or crushed straw.

Patronize and encourage home industry. Buy CREX rugs that for more than twenty years have graced the floors in millions of homes—modest and pretentious alike.

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Handsomely illustrated catalog showing actual colors and sizes of the three CREX weaves—DE LUXE, HERRINGBONE and REGULAR—mailed free on request.

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It's your protection and our guarantee

FLOORS—DURABLE, SMART

SUITABLE COVERINGS FOR EVERY ROOM

BY MARTHA HILL CUTLER

LINOLEUM has now "arrived" as an artistic as well as a practical possibility for every room in the house.

Present conditions have made hardwood floors and carpets a decided luxury and soft-wood floors have always been a problem. Moreover, the most earnest efforts to appreciate the loudly proclaimed simplicity and ease of caring for hardwood floors have not always met with the success promised by the enthusiastic advocates of their virtues. Undoubtedly we must be guilty of reprehensible neglect when beautiful polished surfaces turn black and dull, but the fact remains that this calamity occurs over and over again and will continue to occur with tragic frequency as long as the domestic labor problem is passing through its present acute stage.

Every housewife, whether she does her own work or must consider the tender sensibilities of those who do it for her, must study every possible method of saving labor without sacrificing either the cleanliness or beauty of her home. She has learned from kitchen experience that linoleum can be kept clean more easily than either a soft or hardwood floor. If she has bought a good quality she has also learned that it wears for many years. According to the manufacturers, the best inlaid linoleums, if properly laid, will almost outwear the house itself.

GRANTING these practical advantages, the doubt has existed and still exists in many minds as to the artistic value of linoleums in the living-room and dining-room. It has had the kitchen stamp for so long that only those who have had the privilege of seeing it at its best can appreciate its possibilities.

Fifty per cent. of the designs still suggest its original purpose and doubtless many have not seen the remaining fifty per cent., or at least have not thought of them in any new light. They have not appreciated the possibilities for general usage that lie in the plain colors, the granites, the best of the parquetry and carpet designs, and in some of the matting imitations.

The plain brown, tan, light gray, battle-ship-gray, and green, are all beautiful background colors for rugs.

In selecting a parquetry pattern one is confronted with a great variety of designs, many of them very good indeed, but some of them very bad, so that it is necessary to use great discrimination in making a selection.

OF COURSE the inlaid designs are the best, although some of the printed designs are extremely satisfactory, in consideration of the lower prices. Those with a yellow tone in the imitation graining and with a high glossy finish are neither beautiful in themselves nor have they the slightest resemblance to hardwood. They should be avoided.

Unfortunately, many persons have seen only these and have condemned all parquetry designs on that account. It is a deep prejudice which can be removed only by a careful investigation of the new and improved designs with their soft colors and dull finish. The all-over parquetry linoleums can be used not only as borders but as complete floor-coverings. In a hall where runners and small rugs are used they are particularly appropriate and, when finished with wax, are almost as beautiful as the hardwood itself.

A wax finish, while not absolutely necessary, will protect the linoleum and give the color a certain richness and depth which it lacks when left unfinished. There is so little wear on the borders of floors that the wax needs to be renewed only at long intervals. Wax is the finish for all plain, granite, and inlaid linoleums; printed linoleums are treated with either shellac or varnish.

Fashion is now smiling on the large black-and-white tile designs, the squares measuring from three and one-quarter to six and one-quarter inches across, for entrance halls, conservatories, sun-parlors, breakfast-rooms, and even for formal dining-rooms. They look very much like Italian marble and are much easier to keep clean than the marble itself. The brick-red tile design outlined with black is used in a similar way.

I HAVE in mind a vivid picture of a very unusual breakfast-room, one that owes much of its character and charm to a black-and-white floor of this sort.

In it are a refectory table, sideboard and ladder-back chairs suggested by an old Spanish model. These are painted old-blue with gold lines for decoration. The coloring was suggested by an old glazed chintz with an interesting basket design in blue and orange, which is used to cover the pads for the chairs as well as for shades at the windows.

Orange-and-blue cords and tassels used as shade-pulls and to tie the pads into the chairs add to the interest. The walls of the room are covered with a blue-green trellis laid over a blue tint. They are decorated here and there with brilliant orange wall-pockets filled with trailing English ivies.

Conspicuously placed at the center window is a large bowl of goldfish resting on a wrought-iron stand of interesting design, while the central top light is concealed by a huge orange Japanese lantern. The black-and-white floor sets off all these colors.

In a very beautiful Italian dining-room the black-and-white floor is combined with a paneled wall, old Italian damask curtains in a dull rich yellow, polychrome furniture in dull yellow with classic decorations in green and blue and a black velvet rug. The owner of this room could easily have afforded a marble floor, but preferred the linoleum after seeing it in the blue breakfast-room.

In an Adams room with decorated furniture the red tile linoleum is used with very artistic results. The curtains are made of an imported linen with an Adams design in dull-green and Pompeian-red on an écru ground and the furniture is black with very simple decorations. The rug here is green with a black band in the border.

IN a breakfast-room or sun-parlor one can do daring things. There are fascinating possibilities in other tile designs of brilliant coloring, the black-and-orange, for instance, the green-and-white, green-and-black or blue-and-green.

Breakfast-rooms are almost always so small that rugs are not absolutely essential, but plain rugs against these brilliant tiles as backgrounds are very effective. Brilliantly colored curtains to harmonize, an unusual chintz or cretonne, and painted furniture, can be combined with them with colorful results.

The simpler carpet designs also make excellent backgrounds for rugs in living-rooms and bedrooms, while the matting imitations make very attractive floors for Summer dining-rooms. The colors and designs must be very carefully selected, for some are crude in color and too conspicuous in design to be artistic.

There are some very dainty small designs in the delicate colors among the printed linoleums that are particularly suitable for bedrooms; blue-and-white, pink-and-white, green-and-blue and green-and-white. Bedroom or nursery floors covered with these or with the plain light-blue, rose or light-gray of the inlaid varieties are very charming.

A nursery with a light-gray linoleum, gray woodwork, a wall-paper with dainty bunches of flowers in which blue predominates on a light-gray ground, light-blue curtains and a blue Scotch rug is loved by the little girl who occupies it.

Linoleum rugs have many practical advantages and the colors and designs are improving all the time. Those containing the fewest colors and simplest designs are the best. They are very inexpensive as compared with other rugs, which are now very expensive, and are of course very easily kept clean, so that for many places they are a wonderful substitute.

THE secret of making linoleum wear well is to select the best quality you can afford, possibly a little better one than you think you ought to afford, until you consider the price of labor in laying it. It is labor that counts now, and few of us are able to lay linoleum as it should be laid. A floor-covering will not last if it is not well laid; nor will a covering that is not well made wear well enough to warrant the purchase of the cheapest quality which is cheap only by comparison. Before you make a decision, get a price on the labor involved, and be sure that you have selected a quality that will make your investment worth while.

The newest and most improved method of laying linoleum is to lay it over a lining of ordinary felt paper. This paper is first fitted to the floor and pasted firmly to it. The linoleum itself, even more carefully fitted, is then pasted to the paper and rolled out smooth.

A space around the edges and along the seams is left free for the linoleum cement which is put on last. After another rolling, weights are left on the seams overnight. Whether the lining paper is used or not, the edges must be cemented in place to keep water from getting in under the linoleum and rotting it. The floor must be perfectly smooth under it or trouble is inevitable.

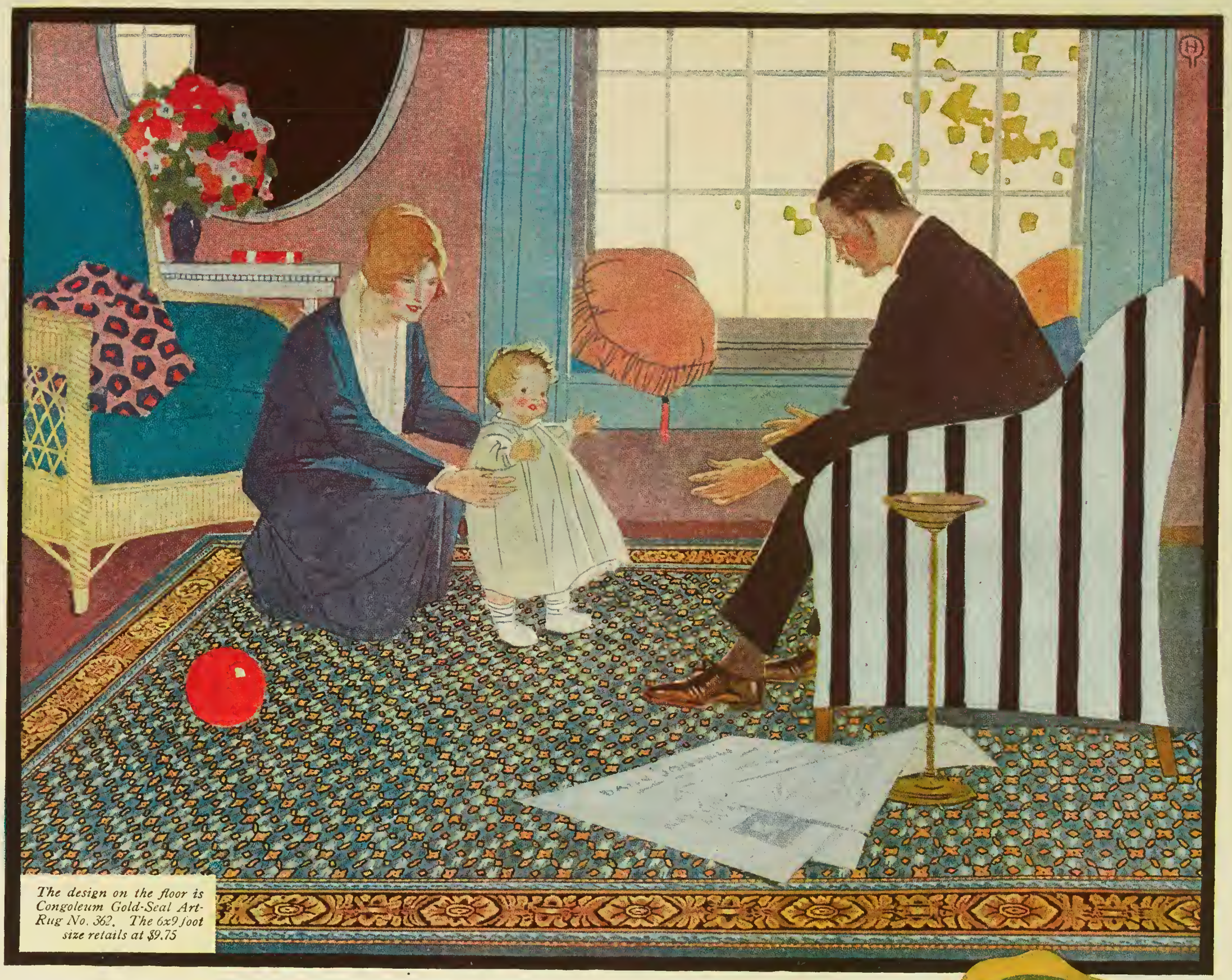
LET us consider the labor end of it. For ordinary laying a man must be sent three times: to measure and estimate, to lay it without fastening, and a third time to fasten it in place; for linoleums must be given an opportunity to expand or "grow" before they are constrained with either brads or cement. This new method takes much longer at the time, but only two trips are required, one for measuring and one for the final laying. The felt paper is supposed to make the time allowance for "growing" unnecessary. If the linoleum is laid in this way it is perfectly smooth and watertight for all time, so that its enemies can not attack it. While this method, especially adapted for laying heavy linoleum, may seem too costly for the average home, it is well worth the difference in cost.

The prices of linoleums vary from a dollar and a half a square yard for the thinner printed varieties up through the thicker grades to the inlaid linoleums which cost from two dollars and seventy-five cents to four dollars and seventy-five cents a square yard.

CORK carpets are heavier than linoleums and spongier in quality. They are always plain and the colors are the same as these of the plain linoleums. Their spongy quality makes them sound-absorbers, so that they are particularly desirable in rooms where quiet must be maintained.

Linoleum will not crack and is not sensitive to either heat or cold after being placed on a properly prepared floor. The cracking is usually caused by an uneven floor, poor fitting and laying, or soaps containing an excess of free alkali. A mild soap combined with a minimum amount of warm water, quickly dried, will keep any linoleum clean. If it is finished with wax or varnish a brush or a dry mop will be sufficient for the daily cleaning, especially in living rooms, dining rooms and bedrooms. Both the wax and varnish must be renewed at intervals.

Technical details for laying linoleum according to the new method, for finishing it and for caring for it will be sent on request. Address Interior Decoration Editor, DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City.



The design on the floor is Congoleum Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 362. The 6x9 foot size retails at $9.75

Patterns for Every Room in the Home—

CONGOLEUM Gold Seal Art-Rugs possess so many desirable features aside from their economy, that every housekeeper is sure to find several rooms in her home where this modern floor-covering will demonstrate its superiority over all other types of moderate-priced floor-coverings.

Thousands of women are using Congoleum Gold Seal Art-Rugs because of their extreme beauty, economy, ease of cleaning and sanitary qualities.

Congoleum Art-Rugs are printed—*not woven*, so no dirt or spilled liquids can get *into* them. Being absolutely waterproof, water cannot rot or harm them. A damp mop cleans them easily.

Another important feature is that they lie flat on the floor without fastening in any way, and will not curl or "kick up" at the edges or interfere with swinging doors.

Popular Sizes—Popular Prices

2	x 4½ feet	$1.60	9 x 9	feet	$14.25
6	x 9 feet	9.75	9 x 10½	feet	16.60
7½	x 9 feet	11.85	9 x 12	feet	19.00

Prices in the Far West and South average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

Look for the Gold Seal

When you select your new Congoleum Art-Rugs and roll goods, look for the Gold-Seal Guarantee pasted on the face. If not there, be sure you see the name "Congoleum" on the back.

Rug Color-Chart Free

Before you call on the dealer, get this rug chart that shows the full line in actual colors. A convenient guide in picking out the patterns you like best. We also have color folders illustrating the other Congoleum Floor-Coverings. Specify preference when writing.

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CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL ART-RUGS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE



Every Drop a Powerful Weapon Against Contagious Disease

EACH drop of Lysol Disinfectant contains sufficient strength to kill instantly thousands of deadly disease germs. And if you accept the following suggestions, you may feel assured that through proper disinfection you are making it practically impossible for contagious disease to attack your family:

Add two teaspoonfuls of Lysol Disinfectant to a pint of water. Pour a few drops of this solution frequently into sinks, drains, toilets, garbage cans, cuspidors, and in all dark closets and corners.

For cleaning, add a few drops of Lysol Disinfectant to the water with which window-sills, floors, or any dust-covered surfaces are washed. Then you will rid the house of the germ life that you cannot see, as well as the dust and dirt that you can see.









Lysol Disinfectant

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Lysol Disinfectant is economical. A 50c bottle added to water makes 5 gallons of powerful disinfectant; a 25c bottle makes 2 gallons.

Used by hospitals. Recommended by boards of health.

Lysol Disinfectant is also invaluable for personal hygiene.



Lysol Shaving Cream in Tubes

Contains the necessary proportion of the antiseptic ingredients of Lysol Disinfectant to kill germs on razor and shaving-brush (where germs abound) and to guard the tiny cuts from infection and give an antiseptic shave. If your dealer hasn't it, ask him to order a supply for you.

Lysol Toilet Soap 25c a cake

Contains the necessary proportion of the antiseptic ingredients of Lysol Disinfectant to protect the skin from germ infection. It is refreshingly soothing, healing, and helpful for improving the skin. Ask your dealer for Lysol Toilet Soap. If he hasn't it, ask him to order it for you.

Samples FREE

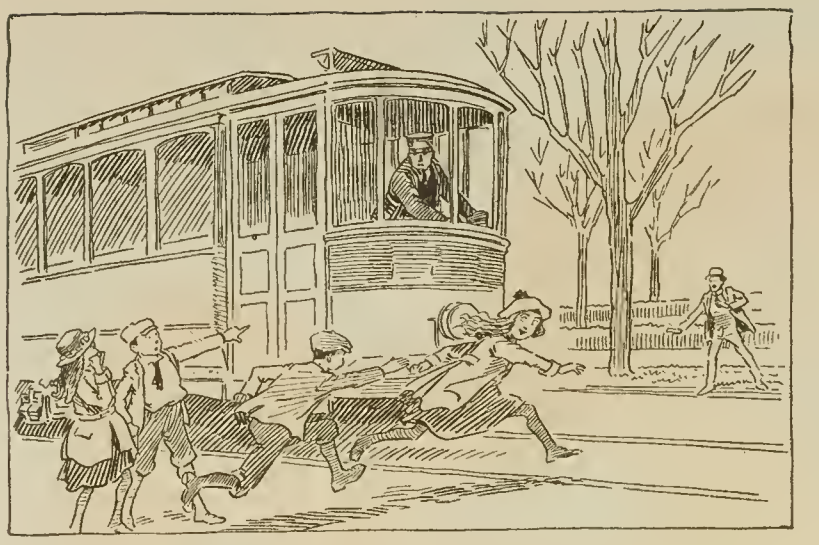
A sample of Lysol Shaving Cream for the men of your family, and also a sample of Lysol Toilet Soap will be mailed free merely for the asking. Simply send us your name and complete address and ask for the free samples. Lehn & Fink, Inc., 120 William Street, New York.

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BETTER BE SAFE THAN SORRY

BY CAROLYN CONANT VAN BLARCOM

DURING THE NINETEEN MONTHS OF OUR PARTICIPATION IN THE GREAT WORLD WAR THERE WERE NEARLY THREE TIMES AS MANY DEATHS FROM ACCIDENT IN THE UNITED STATES AS THERE WERE DEATHS AMONG AMERICAN SOLDIERS ON THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF FRANCE.

CARELESSNESS has desolated more homes than the most destructive war ever waged.

These accidents were practically all preventable, and a sickening proportion of them ended the lives of little children.

Not only were more American lives lost from accident than from warfare during the same period, but there were more than ten times as many Americans incapacitated by non-fatal injuries which occurred at home as there were soldiers injured in battle.

The figures as estimated by the National Safety Council—the nation's clearing-house for accident prevention information—are: fifty thousand one hundred and fifty soldiers killed in action overseas and one hundred and twenty-seven thousand five hundred lives lost in peaceful civil life here at home; about two hundred and twenty-five thousand soldiers wounded in France, and nearly three million Americans seriously injured by accident at home.

In taking a closer view of this startling situation, and comparing, for a single community, the effects of warfare in France with carelessness at home, we find in St. Louis, for example, that during the war less than two hundred soldiers whose homes were in St. Louis were killed, while about eight hundred civilian residents of that city were killed by accident. Less than eight hundred soldiers from St. Louis were non-fatally wounded, while twenty thousand St. Louisians following the ordinary pursuits of civil life at home were severely injured during the same period. Pushing our inquiry a little farther, we discover that there were nearly as many lives lost in St. Louis through automobile accidents alone as there were St. Louis soldiers killed on the battle-fields of France.

THE most amazing fact of all, probably, is that there were throughout the country nearly three times as many fatal accidents in the home, the streets and highways as in the industries. In fact, of the one hundred and twenty-seven thousand five hundred fatal accidents in the United States during the nineteen months of the war, only about thirty-five thousand were in industries, the remainder occurring in the home, on the streets, or under circumstances in no way connected with wage-earning.

That is a strange thought, is it not? That the home, which conjures up the idea of peace and safety, should be the scene of more violent deaths than the battle-field? And that more legs and arms and heads and things are constantly broken at home than were fractured at the formerly much-dreaded "front"?

The really horrible part about all of this is that sheer carelessness is responsible for the stupendous scale upon which human destruction is carried on in this country.

Those left to mourn soldiers lost in the war find sustaining consolation in the memory that their men were sacrificed for a cause only a little less than sacred. Their deaths will always be associated with heroism and fine spiritual courage.

BUT we can find no hint of such comfort for the parents of a baby who has been scalded to death in a tub of water which his mother had left in the middle of the floor; the family left motherless by the explosion of a carelessly handled gasoline stove, or the lonely widow who traces her bereavement to the collapse of a rickety step-ladder.

While the deaths in France are an inspiring monument to patriotism and bravery, the vastly more numerous deaths at home are a shameful result of utter carelessnes and neglect.

Harsh though it may sound, we must admit that this ghastly number of preventable accidents is actually due to a general lack of courtesy, consideration and thoughtfulness in the every-day relations of life.

The prevention of this wholesale destruction of life and limb may be accomplished almost entirely by a moderate amount of knowledge and care, and regard for the rights and the safety of others.

The truth of this is borne in upon us as we look over the records of common accidents in civil life and trace them to their true origin.

BURNS head the list of serious accidents at home.

They are caused chiefly by scalding water or other hot liquids; fires of various origins; explosions of gasoline and kerosene and benzin, and by badly installed or carelessly handled electrical appliances. Unscreened fires and carelessly thrown cigarets cause many fires. But of the four hundred thousand fires which occurred in the United States last year, the careless handling of matches was one of the most frequent causes.

Boxes of matches left where children may reach them result in tragedy all too often not only by starting fires but by poisoning the inquisitive little investigators. The heads of matches are not safe baby food. But babies do not know this and follow the ruling infant passion to put things into the mouth.

And lye! Why do mothers leave cans of lye within the reach of exploring baby fingers?

I used to see so many babies with fatally lye-burned throats brought into the hospital that that question was constanly on my lips.

And why are mothers so careless in their use of gasoline and other cleaning fluids in close, unventilated rooms? And why will women at large take the risk of filling lighted stoves and lamps with kerosene and using benzin stove-polishes on warm stoves?

The distressing frequency with which women and children are burned to death as a result of taking chances with these high explosives forces us to plead for greater care and more thought in handling them.

AND we offer a heartfelt plea that all hot liquids be recognized as quite as dangerous as poisons. Remember that babies and young children like to explore and are likely to pull over on themselves kettles and pans of hot water left near the edge of the table or sink, while many little lives are sacrificed because tubs or pans of hot water are left on the floor.

Water need not be boiling to cause a fatal burn, for children's skin is very tender, and it is the area of the burn, and not its depth, that makes it serious. I well remember one baby girl who was fatally burned by a cup of coffee which she knocked from her mother's hand while jumping up and down in her mother's arms in true baby fashion. The hot liquid ran down one side of the little body from neck to toes, and though the burn was not deep at any point it was so extensive that the baby died within a few days.

Carelessness in installing and using electric appliances is another cause of many needless deaths in the home.

It is a safe rule to forbid amateurs to install or tinker with electric wires in any part of the house. Improper wiring may result in a short-circuit and cause a fire, or it may, and often does, result in a fatal shock to an individual.

Because of the danger of receiving an electric shock, it is always unwise to turn currents on or off or to handle electrical appliances with wet hands; or to turn on water with one hand and an electric light with the other.

The United States Department of Commerce in its Circular Number Seventy-five, called "Safety for the Household," warns against touching stoves, radiators and other metal objects while using the telephone, particularly during electrical storms; and of the danger in touching any part of an electric cord or fixture while in the bathtub, and urges women to remember the importance of disconnecting the electric iron when leaving the room.

LEAKS in gas pipes and fixtures are another cause of fires in the home and also of death from asphyxiation. Even a small leak in a closed room should be regarded as dangerous. An occupant of such a room will become gradually accustomed to the gaseous odor and thus be unable to judge whether or not the air is sufficiently heavily charged with gas to result in an explosion or in asphyxiation.

The habit of hanging flimsy articles on gas-fixtures and of using jointed gas fixtures that may swing toward curtains or woodwork is another common cause of fires.

If these cautions seem unimportant and commonplace, remember that failure to observe them results in a steady and enormous loss of life and property each year.

FALLS suggest such sheer stupidity and clumsiness that one hates to admit that they stand next to burns as a cause of death and serious accident in American homes.

But the National Safety Council tells us that they do. And when the Council gives us a list of the causes of these falls our chagrin deepens, for they are unquestionably summed up in the word "carelessness."

Concluded on page 68



Still Beautiful by Candle-Light

BUT the pitiless light of day tells a different story. Lips have lost their soft, red pout — the mouth seems hard and old; while the ivory pillar of her throat shows the subtle marks of Time.

It is in the withering of the tissues of mouth and throat that age is first revealed. The degeneration of tissue that comes with Pyorrhea is not unlike the degeneration of age.

The gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted. The final stage of Pyorrhea is a repulsive toothlessness that brings sagging muscles and sunken cheeks.

Don't let Pyorrhea become established in your mouth. Remember — this insidious disease of the gums is a menace to your health as well as to your beauty. To its infecting germs have been traced many of the ills of middle age.

Visit your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection. Watch your gums for tenderness and bleeding (the first symptom of Pyorrhea) and use Forhan's For the Gums.

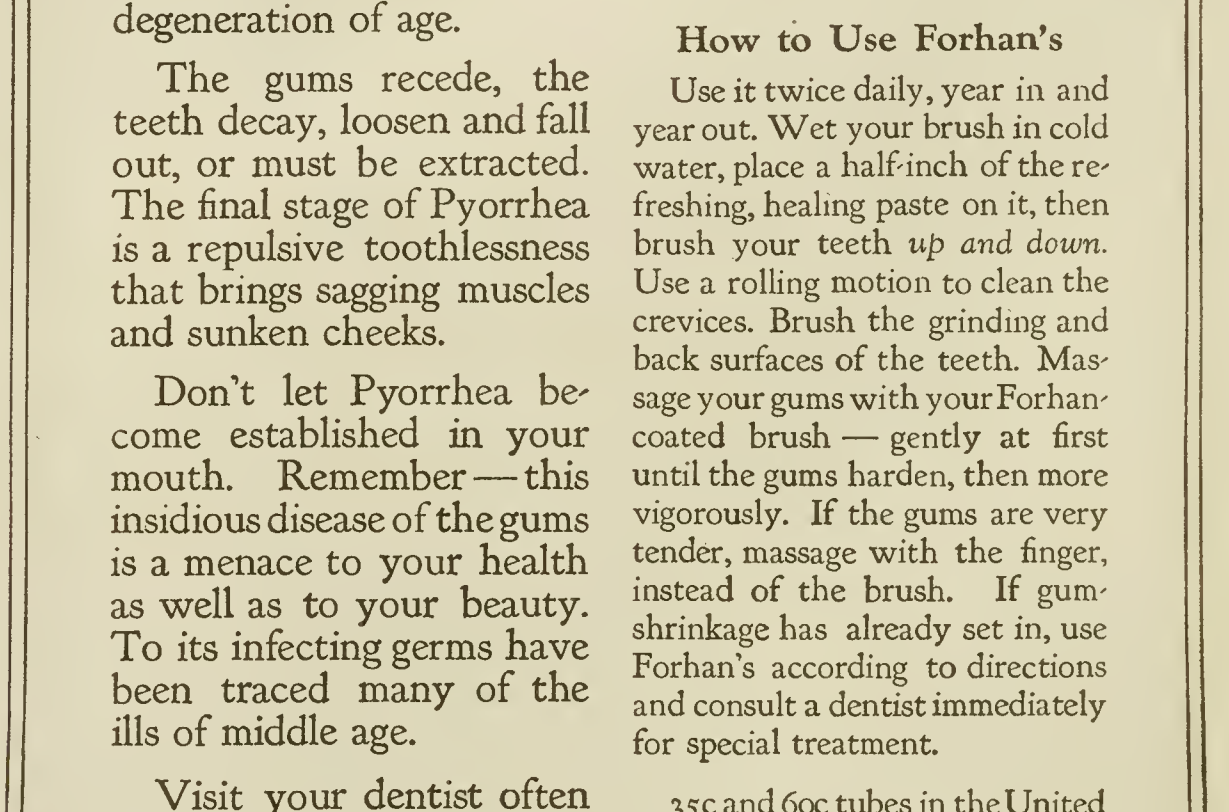
Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

How to Use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down*. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush — gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in the United States and Canada. At all druggists.

Forhan Company, New York
Forhan's, Limited, Montreal





Adapted from the Della Robbia

For Baby's Sake— Keep Well

The nursing baby's growth and health depend upon the mother's physical condition. If she allows herself to become constipated and then attempts to relieve constipation by using laxatives and purgatives, her digestive system is usually upset and her baby's nutrition injuriously affected.

The safe constipation treatment—safe for both mother and child is Nujol. Nujol will keep the poisonous waste moving out of the body by *this entirely new principle*—it works on the waste matter instead of on the system. Every other form of treatment either irritates or forces the system.

Nujol *prevents* constipation by keeping the food waste soft, thus helping Nature establish easy, thorough bowel evacuation at regular intervals—the healthiest habit in the world.

It is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take—try it.

Nujol is sold by all druggists in bottles only bearing the Nujol trade mark. Send for instructive booklets —"THE DAYS THAT GO BEFORE" (Constipation during pregnancy and nursing period), and "AS THE TWIG IS BENT" (Constipation in infancy and childhood). Address Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), 50 Broadway, New York.

A new method of treating an old complaint

Nujol for constipation



Concluded from page 67

BETTER BE SAFE THAN SORRY

For example, rickety step-ladders are so widely used that it almost seems as though there were a general fondness for them, and people will persist in standing on rocking-chairs or cane-seated chairs to reach the bird-cage or to hang pictures or curtains.

As for the habit of erecting and climbing wobbly towers of stools, boxes, frail tables and chairs, it is so general that we conclude it must be one of the favorite indoor American sports.

And the ghastly number of persons who fall down-stairs over brooms and buckets and things left on landings convinces one that there is little less than an army of individuals who prefer to keep their belongings on stairs and dark stair-landings. These same people are the ones who leave miscellaneous objects in the middle of the floor for other people to trip over; or kick up the rug and leave it to catch another careless person's foot.

Other causes of falls on stairs are loose or torn stair-carpet, broken steps and dark passageways, all of which point to neglect or carelessness on some one's part.

Insecure stair and porch rails have resulted in far too many utterly needless deaths; while the large number of both children and adults who fall to their deaths from open windows makes one wonder if the law of gravitation has been completely forgotten.

Other sources of serious home injuries are the well-known "unloaded" guns and pistols; poisons which are not conspicuously and clearly labeled or not sufficiently separated from commonly used household remedies; doors, drawers, or furniture extending into the room in such positions as to invite collisions, and last, and perhaps greatest of all of the miscellaneous causes, sharp tools and instruments in the hands of children and grown-ups too.

Taking them in turn, we find little that is new to say on the subject of guns and pistols, for every one knows how dangerous they are.

Concerning poisons: We urge you to keep them in such places and in such receptacles that they can not be confused with home remedies when hastily sought in the dark or under stress of excitement in an emergency.

If the corks of all bottles containing poison were tied in, or if poisons were always kept in bottles with rough surfaces or of unusual shapes, or if poisons were always kept by themselves on a high, remote shelf, we should not hear of people mistaking bichlorid tablets for headache tablets; carbolic acid for paregoric, or oxalic acid for Epsom salts.

BUT as it is, we are constantly hearing of tragedies due to just these mistakes that a little care would prevent.

As to doors and drawers and rocking-chairs, it takes only a moment under any circumstances to put them in their proper position; but thoughtless people often fail to take that moment and very many serious accidents to themselves and others are the result.

Injuries from sharp-pointed tools would not occur if knives, scissors, chisels, saws, and so forth, were always kept beyond the reach of children and were used carefully by the grown-ups; and if care were taken not to put sharp knives in a drawer with other knives to cut the hand that reaches in hurriedly for one of the other knives. Nor should tin cans, pieces of bottles and broken crockery be allowed to lie about the yard where children walk and play.

There are many other kinds of accidents in the home that care and thought would prevent: falls on waxed floors; falls from balconies and roofs where strong railings would protect; falls into uncovered cisterns and wells; stepping on upturned rakes in the yard and boards with protruding nails, and so on endlessly.

But the cause back of them all is carelessness—carelessness on the part of some one.

THIS holds equally true for street accidents, which are next in frequency to home accidents.

If every human being could be persuaded to "Stop, Look and Listen," the majority of the accidents on streets and highways would not occur. Neither children nor adults would be run over by automobiles, street-cars, wagons and trains, nor would there be the present enormous number of deaths in collisions at crossings.

Other fatal accidents in civil life, outside of industries, are drowning; those due to touching "live" electric wires; carelessly carried umbrellas; and the universal tendency among children to "hitch on" behind vehicles and to coast and skate on city streets.

"Hitching on" is little less than suicide, but coasting and skating are fine, wholesome exercises in neighborhoods where the streets are clear. But when the sled or coaster whizzes past a corner or across a car-track with its gay, shouting little passengers, the sport becomes a dangerous flirtation with death.

"Carelessness!" we say.

Carelessness, heedlessness, thoughtlessness at every turn, and in their wake are maimed and broken lives and needless death.

It would be sheer waste of your time and mine to marshal these melancholy facts were it not that they themselves point the way to prevention. The most hazardous industries have been growing steadily less hazardous because their very accidents have pointed the way to safety. And safety has been reached chiefly through the unremitting efforts of the National Safety Council.

The Council was organized in 1912 for the purpose of safeguarding industrial workers. Its efforts have been crowned with such success that serious accidents in dangerous trades have been decreased fifty per cent. in some plants, and in others as much as ninety per cent., simply because employers and workmen alike are bent on conserving human beings.

"The problem at bottom is a psychological one," says Albert W. Whitney, Chairman of the Education Section of the National Safety Council, "to get people to think in terms of safety. Safety, the saving of lives and limbs, is part of the conservation movement, and conservation is a part of efficiency. Engineers are thinking in terms of efficiency; they are beginning to think in terms of conservation, and this must inevitably bring with it the conservation of humanity as well as of materials and energy."

THE habit of being careful seems to me exactly like the habit of being courteous and kind and considerate. Children who grow up in homes where every one is courteous to every one else are themselves courteous in their every-day relations as a matter of course.

And children who are taught to take care of their own possessions and to respect other people's property preserve through life this habit of carefulness.

If men and women in the home and in industry are to conserve their own and others' lives and limbs, their efforts must be so habitual that they will be as involuntary as breathing. Such ideas must be instilled while they are children.

This does not mean that children's minds should be filled with morbid fears. Quite the reverse.

They should be taught the very wide difference between courage and carelessness; that, whereas it is a knightly act to rush before a car or wagon to save another's life, it is wasteful and cheap and stupid to rush before a car without looking or to save time.

Teaching children to avoid accidents in this spirit does not develop morbid interests, but tends to increase their appreciation of valuable property. In short, if children are taught to be ladies and gentlemen, courteous in thought, word and action, they can not consistently cause the kind of accidents we have been talking about.

A LITTLE story in the life of the late Colonel Higginson exemplifies this. On a busy, muddy street in Boston one rainy day an old woman dropped some apples from a water-soaked paper bag. Of all the crowd that was pushing to board the car, Colonel Higginson was the only one who stopped to help the old lady to rescue her fruit. He picked up and wiped clean every one of the apples and helped to tie them into a secure bundle.

In thinking for a moment of that single unconscious act on the part of a very successful and influential man, one realizes that it was the inevitable result of a lifetime of courteous and unselfish conduct; so habitual that it was wholly involuntary. We can not imagine such a man driving his automobile recklessly; dashing across the street in front of a car; throwing fruit-skins on pavements for others to slip on; throwing lighted matches and cigarets about, and in general not heeding, not caring about the safety of others.

Such a man must have been taught as a little boy to understand what it meant to be a gentleman! And that a gentleman was not one who lived in a fine house or wore fine clothes, but simply, one who was thoughtful, courteous and kind in every act in life.

The National Safety Council is convinced that the way to make the home as safe as the industries, and to make the industries still safer than they now are, is to plant in the children's minds this constructive courteous idea of conserving life and property.

And so they decided to try to teach safety in the schools.

"While the National Safety Council was considering how it might best attack this problem," says Mr. Whitney, "it was fortunate enough to have the problem actually solved by Dr. E. G. Payne, of Harris Teachers' College, St. Louis. What remains to be done is, for the most part, only to spread the news of what has been accomplished in the St. Louis schools.

"The problem of introducing one more subject into an already overcrowded curriculum is something to be undertaken with respect and fear. Doctor Payne had so much respect for the feelings of teachers that he did not even attempt this. He did something different and much better; instead of introducing a new subject, safety, he introduced safety into all subjects.

"NOW let me give you some details. There are plenty of examples to be had in the safety field for arithmetic classes. The statistics of accidents, particularly the tendency toward a decrease in the field of industry and the great increases in the field of public accidents, especially in connection with traffic, lend themselves admirably to examples in percentage and other simpler operations.

"The reading classes get their material largely from the newspapers, and it is needless to say that the preventive side is emphasized.

"The drawing classes find a live interest in the illustration of accident situations and in the preparation of slogans that will make a vivid appeal to the eye as well as to the mind.

"The geography classes concern themselves with such matters as the life-saving service on the coast, the fire-hazard in cities, the forest-fire hazard, and other hazards that have a localized interest.

"The nature classes study the safety motive as it unfolds itself in the various adaptations of animals and plants to their environment, beaks and claws for defense, wings and swift legs for escape, protective coloring for concealment." In this way is safety taught in the St. Louis public schools during one day out of each week.

The results of Doctor Payne's work in St. Louis are so impressive that his plan is being rapidly adopted in schools and universities throughout the country.

The public is evidently determined to make American homes and highways safe for human beings.

They will be when—and only when—children and adults alike realize that true valor and courage go hand in hand with thoughtfulness, courtesy and care.

If you wish more information about the simple and practical way in which St. Louis public-school children are being taught to think and act in terms of safety for themselves and others, write, enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope, to Carolyn Conant Van Blarcom, Health Editor, THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York City.*


86
M.K.R.
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MAKE MERRY ON SHAKESPEARE'S DAY

BY EDNA ERLE WILSON

A Shakespearian festival and a Spring festival rolled into one! Directions for the Elizabethan dances mentioned in this article, a list of flowers mentioned in Shakespeare's plays and descriptions of the costumes of the period for both men and women may be procured by writing to Edna Erle Wilson, DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope

ON AN April day in the sixteenth century, green with Spring's tender foliage and flecked with yellow English sunlight, William Shakespeare first made his appearance upon the stage of life in the little town of Stratford. The twenty-third of the month is the date usually accepted as the birthday of the famous bard. Since the year 1564 this day has been celebrated in many ways, from good times that marked the small William's anniversary in that far-away time to the big world-wide celebrations of later years. But perhaps no entertainment is more suitable for general use in home and school and community circles or revives the quaint customs of Elizabethan days in a happier manner than does a picturesque festival held out-of-doors.

An affair of this kind gives exceptional opportunity for featuring the romantic customs of the time when brave knights in red velvet, embroidered in gold, rode in tournaments of skill for the favor of a fair lady's gracious smile. Many of the favorite pastimes of that date were held on the village green. Archery and bowling were popular with lords and yeomen alike and Morris dancing was tripped on the smooth greensward of little English hamlets as well as on the polished floor of Elizabeth's royal ballroom.

MASQUES and pageants were the favorite devices for amusing the nobility, and long trails of floats followed one another down fragrant country lanes and over cobbled city streets, each one stopping to give a chapter of a drama.

In planning a Shakespearian entertainment one has a wealth of rich material to draw upon and the affair may be made just as simple or elaborate as the hostess wishes. It should include favorite games of the period, dances and songs, as well as booths in the form of quaint old taverns or English dairies. If it is a community entertainment, a simple pageant should not be omitted. Once upon a time the mere word "pageant" called up a mental vision of elaborate days of weary preparation as well as weeks of recuperation after the dreaded event was over. But nowadays a pageant holds more of fun than of fright.

The college campus, a smooth stretch of meadow land by the side of a lake or river, or the grounds surrounding a country house are all suitable stages for this Shakespearian festival, when it is planned on a big scale just for fun or for money-making purposes. And if the entertainment is to be given on a small scale, the fine art of omission may be exercised and only the simpler parts included on the program.

LARGE green posters garlanded with Spring flowers are used to advertise the event if it is to be public. In the case of a private entertainment invitations should be sent to the guests. But the same color-scheme of apple-blossom green combined with the delicate shades of Spring blossoms, and the following jingle may be used in either event:

"On the twenty-third of April,
Shakespeare's honor we will sing
With pageant, games and dancing
In a festival of Spring."

An affair of this nature usually begins in the afternoon and lasts until evening, guests being asked to come and go as they wish, or to come and remain as long as they wish! The grounds where the entertainment is held should be staged to represent the little English town of Stratford during a semi-annual fair. An open square in the center brings to life again the quaint market-place, which the boy William undoubtedly frequented during this exciting time, his eyes wide open and his mind unconsciously storing up material for future masterpieces.

Small and crudely constructed stalls surround the open square. In them are sold posies of the flowers mentioned in the plays of Shakespeare, trinkets, refreshments and souvenirs of the great poet in the shape of post-cards and pictures. The attendants at these booths are attired as Ladies of the May in dresses of figured cretonne, with tight bodices, and full skirts. On their heads they wear garlands of flowers.

The pageant is divided into three episodes, a procession, a tournament and dancing on the green. In this way the material of Shakespeare's plays and the historical background of the period are skilfully blended. And the guests not only play picturesque rôles but also have the excitement of engaging in sports and games as well.

THE procession is headed by two heralds, dressed in white robes and carrying silver trumpets. As the modern instrument is not long enough, a true Elizabethan effect may be gained by enclosing the trumpet in a pasteboard frame covered with silver paper. To the sound of the trumpets the procession, in which march all the best-known characters from Shakespeare's plays, starts.

Romeo in red velvet doublet and hose; *Juliet* in a flowing robe of white with flowers in her hair; *Portia* in a legal-looking black robe and a black cap; *Lady Macbeth*, magnificent in a trailing robe of black with a diadem of gilt paper and a dagger in her belt; *Anthony* in a Roman toga; *Cleopatra*, the enchantress of the Nile, in a gown shimmering with jewels; *Ophelia*, adorably mad, with straw and poppies in her hair; and *Othello* with a dark face peeping out from a rich purple cloak, are all among those present. Priests, clowns, country maidens and youths, lords and ladies, also lend color to the gorgeous procession.

This episode, featuring a tournament, is also staged in the open market-place, and is announced in turn by the heralds who blow a peal on their trumpets and then call out in loud voices in the language of the times, "To achievement, esquires, to achievement! Come forth, knights and esquires. Come forth!" The knights, each provided with a long lance, answer the summons. The object of this tilting or tourney is to see who will have the greatest success in thrusting his lance through a ring which is suspended at a point which he must pass.

A CERTAIN number of rounds are run at the end of which the triumphant knight has the privilege of crowning his lady-love queen of the tournament, which ceremony takes place with much pomp and circumstance. This episode is not only picturesque but provides a game in which each masculine guest, decorated with the colors of his fair lady, may ride in the lists for her favor.

The third and last episode is one in which all the guests may participate. "Dancing on the Green," is announced by the heralds in the following words, "Come, all ye glad companie, and dance upon the green." The Morris dance, popular throughout all England at this period and associated with out-door merry-making, comes first.

The Maypole dance or "Old Hop About" can never be omitted from the outdoor fête, for it combines spontaneity with picturesqueness, and requires no especial art in the performing. Other dances which were popular in Elizabethan days and which may be revived for this present-day affair are the jig, the dump, the hay, the canary, and the cushion dance.

The Galliard, the Lavolta, and the Pavan were all well-known dances of the period both in rural and court circles, which are tripped in the market-place at this festival.

Perhaps the most striking feature of this third episode is the very lovely dance given by a number of girls dressed to represent the various flowers mentioned in Shakespeare's plays, from the shy primrose to the sleepy red poppy.

WHEN the pageant is finished the guests are free to take part in other outdoor games associated with rural life during the period of the great poet. There is an allusion in the "Winter's Tale" to the country people who "know little but bowling." This sport was much participated in by all the villagers on a close-cut green, and may be played to-day with as much enjoyment as it was then. Ten large pins and a number of balls are the only requirements. Scores are kept and a prize awarded to the most successful player.

Hoodman Blind is another jolly game in which one player is blinded with a hood, and tries to catch the other players who skilfully dodge his attempts.

Archery may be made very picturesque by using a large floral design painted upon cardboard for a target. This was one of the most graceful of sixteenth century pastimes and is suitable for both sexes alike.

A more literary game is played in one of the little booths, which is fitted up as an old English tavern, somewhat similar to that famous Mermaid Tavern frequented by Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. Here any one who feels so inclined may match his memory with other guests in a game called "Remembering." Sides are chosen for this in the manner of a spelling-match and a score is kept by a leader primed with a book of Shakespearian quotations. Quotations from the plays are given by each player when his turn comes, and a prize is awarded to the one who stands up the longest.

The fashion of drawing lots during Shakespearian time may be utilized in this outdoor festival for pairing off the guests for supper, which is served at a long table under a green canopy. One of the booths in the market-place is labeled "Lotteries," and there the guests repair as they feel the pangs of hunger approaching. A jolly auctioneer in doublet and hose presides over the destiny of the hungry ones, providing partners in the most unique and amusing manner.

GIRLS are selected from among the crowd and their names are written upon slips of paper which are then placed in the bills of a number of birds hanging from the ceiling. The men are given toy pistols and take chances at hitting the birds. Then they have as partners the girls whose names are found in the bills of the birds they succeed in hitting. As soon as one set of girls and men have been paired off the ceremony is repeated for the next crowd. As the guests eat any time they like during the afternoon, the booth is never overcrowded and this scheme works out in an admirable manner.

Refreshments consist of sandwiches of white bread with a filling of watercress and hard-boiled eggs, a salad of lettuce and fruit, ices garlanded with flowers, bonbons and punch.

A program of songs rendered near the spot where supper is served adds much to the joy of the diners. Such songs as "Come Live with Me and Be My Love," sung in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," "Trip and Go," in "Love's Labor's Lost," which was a great favorite of the times; "Three Merry Men We Be," mentioned in "Twelfth Night," are all appropriate.

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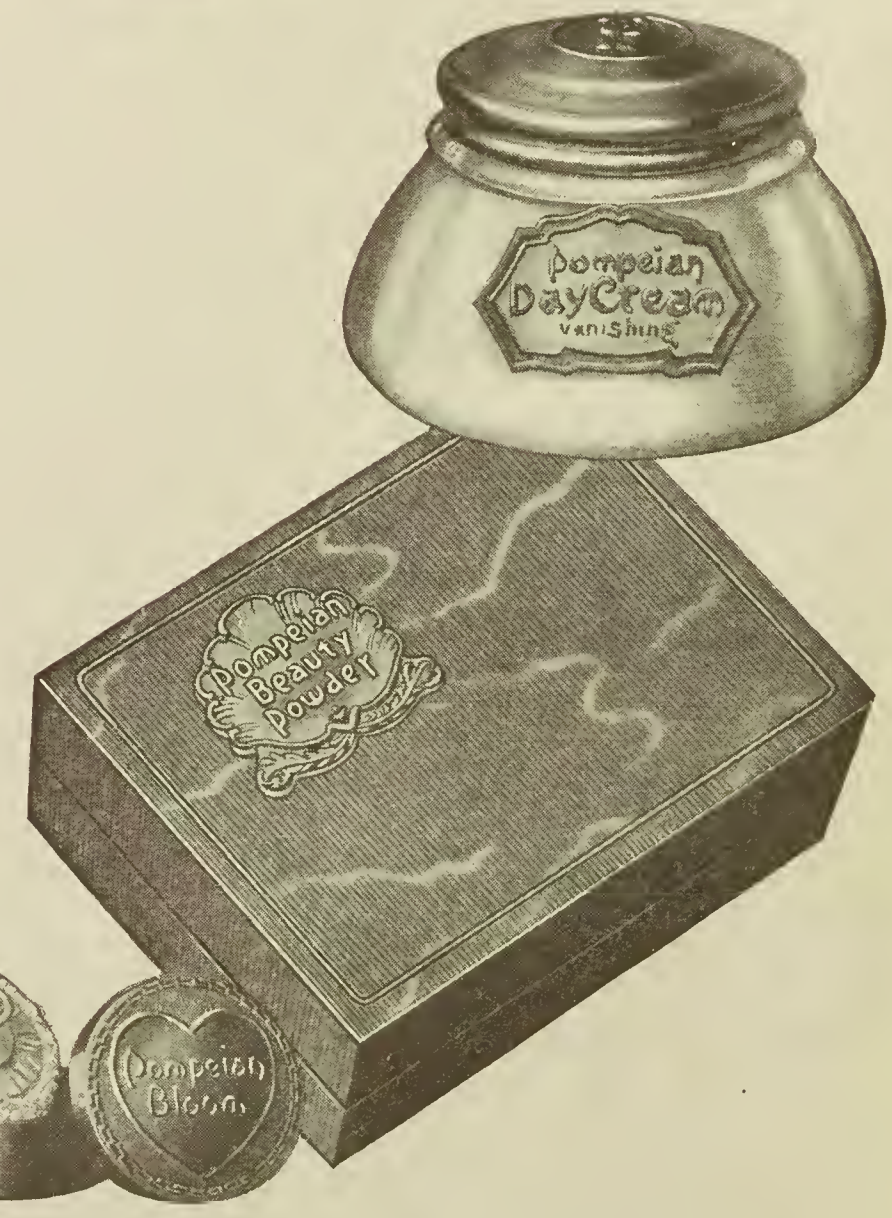
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Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of delicate fragrance.

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Lastly, dust over again with the powder, in order to subdue the bloom. Presto! The face is beautified and youth-i-fied in an instant!

Note: Don't use too much BLOOM. Get a natural result.





These preparations may be used separately or together (as above) as the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette." Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing), removes face shine. Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, a powder that stays on—flesh, white, brunette. Pompeian BLOOM, a rouge that won't crumble—light, dark, medium. At all druggists, 50c each. Guaranteed by the makers of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, Pompeian NIGHT Cream, and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a 25c talcum with an exquisite new odor).

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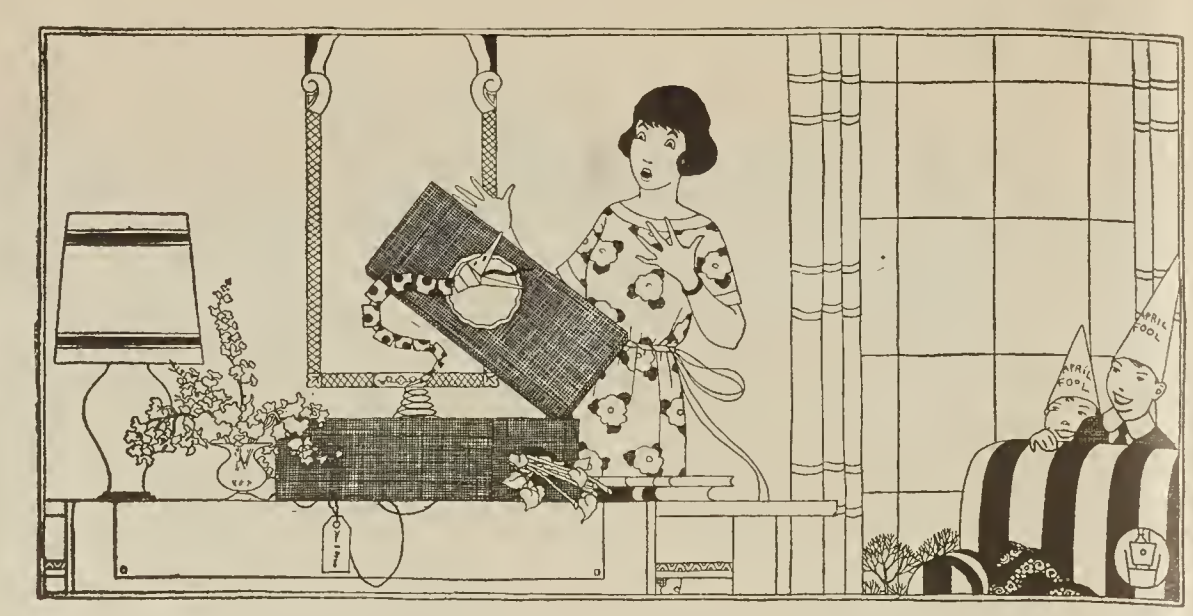
Carnation Milk



The label is white and red

From Contented Cows

Carnation Milk Products Company
Seattle Chicago Aylmer, Ontario



CHURCH PARTIES

SOME VERY UP-TO-DATE FUN

BY EMILY ROSE BURT

A ROUND TRIP TO THE ORIENT

THE posters that announced the affair about town were strikingly lettered in gay colors and bordered with black silhouettes which included palm-trees, Jap ladies, coolies, elephants, and cross-legged Turks. This is what they said:

See the Orient!
Jitney to Japan, China, India and Turkey!
Round trip—fifty cents.
Sight-seeing cars leave in front of Center Church
at eight o'clock
Next Thursday Night.

ON THE appointed evening the square in front of the church was lined with a dozen automobiles, each loaned, with its driver, by members of the church congregation for the occasion. The cars were all plainly numbered and decorated with strings of swaying colored lanterns and placarded with big square signs stating their destinations in order. Thus one sign read:

To Cherry-blossom Land, via China, India and Turkey.

Another said:

The Turkey Tour—Including China, Japan and India.

Still a third announced:

The India Special and all points East.

This arrangement prevented overcrowding in the different "countries" and provided for something going on continually.

Four obliging ladies had opened their housos for the affair and had allowed them to assume respectively for the evening the characters of the four missionary countries in which their church was most interested.

A lively young chap with a megaphone beside each car attracted attention to his trip and collected the fares. There were all sorts of good-natured competition and the start-off was highly successful as a social proceeding in itself.

Each stop was for half an hour, making the round trip about two hours and a half, allowing the extra half hour for the travel between houses.

THE cherry-blossom land was delightfully picturesque. The door was opened by a gracious bowing little Japanese maiden in sash-tied kimono and high-piled, fan-decked hair, really one of the young girls of the Sunday-school. The scent of incense filled the air. The hall and living-rooms were decorated with artificial cherry-blossoms easily made by gluing twisted bits of pink tissue paper to real fruit-tree branches.

More little bowing Japanese girls invited the guests to partake of tea kneeling at low tables on the floor. While the guests sipped their fragrant tea and nibbled at delicate rice-wafers, a Japanese program was presented at the farther end of the room.

On one wall was a sale exhibition of small Japanese prints suitable for framing and quite inexpensive. There was also a table display of quaint little Japanese toys, wooden puzzles, wee dolls, colored purses, tiny charms and lacquer boxes.

From Japan to China the trip was short. Queer pagoda-shaped paper lanterns lighted the rooms which were divided off into little compartments opening toward the center of the room. In the alcoves the visitors sat and were served to real chop suey if they wished, or to lichee nuts and candied fruits. The waiters were little boys dressed in black alpaca Chinese costumes and little black skull caps from which long braided queues hung down their backs. A Chinese gong was suspended near the door where it could be musically rung from time to time. Chinese curios were exhibited for sale—embroideries, odd bowls and cups and saucers.

A program was offered—typically Chinese—to be enjoyed as the guests sat at their little alcove tables.

INDIA purported to be an awning-shaded terrace. There was an abundance of greenery, ferns and palms, wicker chairs and gay cushions. The girls who scurried about welcoming the guests in various ways, were dressed Hindu-girl fashion, and had darkened their faces and arms and donned bracelets.

The guests sat under the awnings in wicker chairs and sipped ice-cold ginger ale and ate rice with curry, while a short play laid in India was presented.

A red crescent moon shone in the front-door glass of "Turkey." The walls were hung with Oriental fabrics and the corners of the rooms were draped into cosy alcoves. Everybody was invited to sit "Turk-fashion" and have Turkish coffee in little cups and sweetmeats—the Turkish paste which can be procured nowadays at so many confectioners.

Girls in the graceful full trousers and sleeveless jackets over loose blouses and long, spangled, transparent veils hanging over the face from below the eyes flitted about bringing the refreshments.

The program was planned along appropriate lines.

The main things to sell were Turkish candy and some Armenian drawn-work which one of the ladies had received from a teacher in a missionary school.

THE PICKETVILLE MOVIES

THE women's society of a church in the small town of Picketville hit on a very successful plan for the social side of their meetings.

It was announced as Picketville Events In Pictures, and was a good parody on world events in pictures which are features of most evenings at the movies.

Instead of a curtain there was a sheet hung as a background and all the actors performed in front of it, imitating to the best of their ability the mannerisms of the screen. Of course all the acting was done in absolute silence and the facial expressions were exaggerated in more-than-movie grotesqueness.

Each "event" was heralded by a verbal announcement which took the place of the usual screen captions, explanatory and descriptive. Some one with a keen sense of wit and humor is good for this duty.

PICKETVILLE EVENTS IN PICTURES

THIS was the first announcement. Then followed some short directions simulating those on a theater program. "Select your nearest exit now. In case you don't care for this show, walk—*don't run* to the nearest exit."

The movies then began, the events following each other with only the announcements intervening. Each person upon hearing the announcement of any "event" in which she was to figure, left her seat for the scene of action.

MRS. PETERS BREAKS A WORLD RECORD ON HER NEW SEWING-MACHINE

Mrs. Peters is seen at a make-believe or real machine treading away for dear life, running off a long—very long—seam. She pats the machine lovingly, appears to see that it is in fine condition, examines it carefully, as a preliminary. Then off she goes on the long seam. When it is supposedly done she holds it up to view proudly. All through this she must register such emotions as delight, trepidation, courage, pride and exultation.

MAKING LACEWORK: NOTE THE HAPPY EXPRESSIONS. THIS IS QUITE A PICKETVILLE INDUSTRY

A number of women sit in a row, crocheting, or tatting. They assume naive expressions and look up and smile shyly, apparently at the camera man who has caught them.

A HAIR-RAISING EXPERIMENT MADE BY MISS BETTY DOANE

Miss Betty is seen in attractive negligée with her hair flowing over her shoulders vigorously rubbing hair tonic into her scalp and registering expressions of hope, despair, approval and resignation before a real or simulated mirror.

NATIVE SCALP-HUNTERS

The youngest members of the club or any members you may select dress as "flappers," parade up and down the stage peering here and there, making "goo-goo" eyes at imaginary men and wearing belts dangling with "false faces" easily obtained from a toy department. By all means have these differ as much as may be from each other. The scalp-hunters register cunning and finally triumph.

The four programs on Japan, China, India and Turkey for use on A Round Trip to the Orient and additional Picketville movies, and a set of new stunts, topsy-turvy ones, for another club meeting, will be sent on receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address the Entertainment Editor, THE DELINEATOR *Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City.*

Breakfast Dishes with Cocoanut



The flavor and food value of cocoanut is a welcome addition to many every-day foods.

Cocoanut is especially good in hot breads, corn muffins, pancakes, waffles and coffee cakes.

Dromedary Cocoanut has the full flavor and original moist tenderness of the fresh nut.

The "Ever-Sealed" package keeps the unused portion in perfect condition so that there is no waste. It is economical to buy "Dromedary."

Every package contains Guarantee

Our new book of Dromedary Novelty Recipes gives many unique uses of cocoanut in breakfast dishes, pies, candies, cookies and desserts. **Free** on request.

The HILLS BROTHERS Co.
Dept. E, 375 Washington St., New York





COCOANUT AND COCOA MUFFINS

2 tablespoons butter	2 eggs, beaten	2 teaspoons baking powder
3 tablespoons sugar	¾ cup of milk	1 cup Dromedary Cocoanut
3 tablespoons cocoa	2 cups flour	1 pinch salt

Cream butter and sugar together; add cocoa and eggs and beat well. Add milk, flour sifted with baking powder and salt, then add cocoanut and mix thoroughly. Bake in well greased and floured muffin-pans.



COCOANUT WAFFLES

3 cups flour	4 teaspoons baking powder	4 teaspoons melted shortening
½ teaspoon salt	2 eggs, beaten	1 cup Dromedary Cocoanut
2 teaspoons sugar	2 cups milk	

Mix and sift dry ingredients; add eggs, milk, shortening and cocoanut, and beat well. cook in a hot, well greased waffle-iron and serve with syrup or honey.

COFFEE CAKE

4 tablespoons butter or butter substitute	½ cup syrup or honey	½ teaspoon mace
½ cup brown sugar	2 eggs, beaten	2 cups flour
½ cup milk or coffee	1 teaspoon cinnamon	1 teaspoon baking soda
	½ teaspoon cloves	1 cup Dromedary Cocoanut

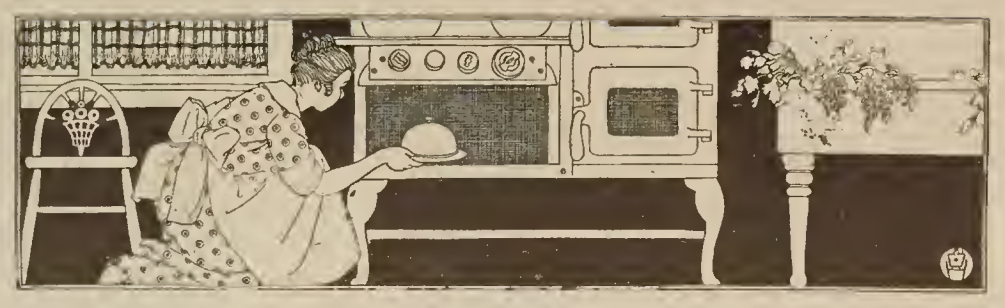
Cream butter substitute with brown sugar, add eggs, milk, syrup, spices, and flour sifted with soda, and cocoanut. Beat well, turn into a greased and floured cake-pan and bake in a moderate oven for thirty-five minutes. Cool and cover with

COCOANUT FROSTING

Pour three-fourths cup milk into a saucepan, add one cup sugar, a pinch of salt, and two teaspoons butter. Boil until a soft ball can be formed when tested in cold water; add one-half cup Dromedary Cocoanut and beat until creamy. Spread on the cake and sprinkle thickly with cocoanut.

DROMEDARY
FRESH KEEPING
COCOANUT







FOOD THAT CHARMS THE EYE

BY HELENA JUDSON

IF YOU don't already believe in the magic influence of color, form and general attractiveness of food, just consider the amusing origin, the instant success and the enormous popularity of the ice-cream sundae, and then acknowledge yourself in the wrong!

The story goes that the proprietor of a small confectionery establishment was handicapped in his Sunday business because he lacked facilities for carrying sufficient ice-cream to last over from Saturday until Monday. When his supply began to run low on Sunday afternoons, he eked out the scant portions by adding a spoonful of fruit-sirup from the soda-fountain. Everybody seemed to like the idea.

As the ice-cream saucers were rather shallow for this new arrangement, he invested in some cheap glass cups with a graceful spread at the top. These he kept especially for his Sunday-afternoon trade. It wasn't long before he was reported to have a new source of supply for his Sunday ice-cream. It was claimed to be of superior quality and flavor.

Soon week-day customers began to ask for a "Sunday" portion and indicated a preference as to the sirup to be added. It wasn't long before his list of "sundaes" included all the crushed fresh fruits in their season, as well as the bottled fruit-juices, also chocolate sauce both hot and cold.

No one would believe that the identical ice-cream plus a spoonful of flavoring and served in a novel-shaped glass could prove such a winner. So much for the reward of originality, that cheapest of tools, always available, with the marvelous advantage that it becomes keener and more ready with use.

USE IMAGINATION IN YOUR CULINARY PLANS

SO LET us make a special resolve to cultivate daintiness, taste and originality. Culinary ruts and old careless habits can as well as not be banished. This doesn't mean that your family can no longer enjoy their favorite dishes, cooked and served in the same old way, now and then; but this new resolution is a step in the direction of variety, if not in the preparation of the dish, at least in its style of serving.

So turn over a brand-new leaf, head it "The Psychology of Cooking" if you want to be decidedly up-to-date, and start yourself right by outlining a self-appointed course of lessons in the value of the mental attitude as applied to food.

No matter what you choose to call this imaginary page visualize plenty of pictures on it, see combinations of color that shall whet the appetite; conjure up culinary surprises, sure to awaken interest even in commonplace ingredients; try the magic of a mysteriously covered dish, whether it be the cheapest of earthenware or the costliest of silver; and don't forget the fascinations of "watching the wheels go round" as proved in the added interest of the family group when a chafing-dish, a percolator or any of the long list of electrical cooking devices forms a part of the table equipment.

The oldest of us is no more than a grown-up child and we all know how readily the child-mind responds to color, form and novelty in general, regardless of the exact manner of presentation.

DO GINGERBREAD MEN TASTE DIFFERENT?

IT IS the old story of the nameless fascination of the gingerbread man as compared with the identical mixture baked in the same old way and served on the same old plate. A fancy cooky-cutter is well worth a few cents' difference in price. Many of us have never outgrown the age of the gingerbread man, though the feeling may manifest itself in a hundred different ways.

Soup out of a bouillon-cup seems to some of us a little better than the identical liquid served in a soup-plate, and if at a smart restaurant the cup takes the Frenchified name of "*tasse*," why, so much more is added to the credit of just plain, ordinary soup. It's the same old story, no matter how the individual interprets it.

Indeed, many go outside the limits of psychology to account for these almost childish preferences and claim that there is an actual difference in the taste of the same ingredients when cooked in another form. Take, for instance, the special flavor of the crispy little curved breakfast rolls known as "crescents" as compared with the same dough baked as a "pocketbook roll" with the maximum of soft inner crumb and the minimum of crispiness. Who shall say that the difference in taste is merely imaginary?

The same is true with all the long list of scalloped and au gratin dishes, an especially delicious flavor attaching to the individual baking receptacles that are to be had at low cost and in almost unlimited variety. Every one enjoys having his "own dish," especially if it's an odd-shaped one like a stubby-handled casserole or a quaint little bean-pot.

IT'S ALL IN YOUR MIND

THIS psychological preference for something that appeals to the eye was well illustrated in a little incident that recently occurred at a girls' boarding-school. A delicious rice pudding baked in a single large pudding-dish was the dinner dessert. It was eyed with disfavor from the moment it appeared in the dining-room and only three or four portions were served. Two days later, at luncheon, the same pudding in dainty individual ramekins was enjoyed to the last mouthful.

The trick was an easy one. The thin brown crust had been removed from the surface of the big rice pudding, additional milk had been stirred in, and the whole reheated. At the last moment the piping-hot pudding was divided into individual dishes, sprinkled with cinnamon and sugar and run under the gas flame until the top was well browned.

French pastry owes much of its charm to a similar psychological process. Because of its frivolous appearance, in shape, color and decoration, a tray of French pastry is welcome, even at a formal dinner, where the same ingredients served as "pie" would be entirely out of place. A boat-shaped case of pie-crust filled with fresh or preserved fruit, a pastry basket with lemon-meringue filling or a jelly tartlet, make double the appeal to the eye and to the palate because of their novelty.

In these cases it is the "dressed-up" feeling inspired by the attractive appearance of the food that makes all the difference in the world.

This "dressed-up" feeling with regard to food is the same instinctive attraction that is quickly recognized in matters of dress, but so slowly appreciated in connection with the every-day serving of the family meals.

"Who's coming?" is a frequent childish question, called forth by some unusual care in setting the table or some novel method of serving, which innocent question tells all too plainly the tale of carelessness in regard to the appearance of the family table when no guest is expected.

If, then, the difference in color, form and method of service appears to be responsible for an increased enjoyment in food and a changed flavor, why continue in the same old way? Try the magic of variety.

INGENUITY WORKS WONDERS

DID you ever try filling a well-seasoned croquette mixture into a baked pie-crust shell, of no greater depth or circumference than would be used for a lemon-meringue pie? Cover this hot filling with a ready-baked pie-crust cover, and when serving, cut in regulation pie fashion. This does not resemble in the least the commonplace meat-pie, which, although good and wholesome, is hardly a "company" dish.

This new style of pie, as far as I know, was originated by an ingenious little bride, who aimed to combine economy with beauty of service. It never fails to attract admiration from those who see it for the first time and is well adapted to minces of every kind.

An original combination served in this way was a mixture of broiled calf's liver with minced fowl. It reminded one of chicken with giblet sauce. This may seem rather a stretch of the imagination, but after you've tried it once, you'll see for yourself.

Then there is the miracle of change produced by cream sauce and a few bread-crums. Creamed meat, fish or fowl as well as vegetables alone or in combination, served in individual pastry shells, croustades or paper cases present a most alluringly "dressed-up" look as compared with the same food heaped in an ordinary vegetable-dish or spread on a platter.

As a rule, the club, restaurant or hotel most frequented by men without a home is that in which the chef has learned the secret of serving plain, old-fashioned dishes in some novel and attractive way.

An instance of the charm of unusual arrangement was the result of an experiment in some different way of serving ham and eggs. The ham happened to be not well suited to broiling. Accordingly it was minced and moistened with cream sauce. It was then spread on a flat, fireproof platter with a depression in the mixture to accommodate the number of eggs to be used. This dish was hailed with delight when it made its first appearance on the family breakfast-table and has been a favorite ever since. If you want an additional thrill, you might as well call it "planked ham and eggs."

The same arrangement is equally successful with corned beef and poached eggs and the time and labor involved are no greater than with a more commonplace method of serving.

Tea-rooms are noted for putting a new interest into homey food and so successful have they been in this that many of the popular tea-rooms of the large cities have an established breakfast patronage almost entirely of men who appreciate the home-cooking and are more than willing to pay the high prices charged.

I learned that the demand was for such dishes as fish-cakes, chipped beef, sausages and griddle-cakes, all the most homely fare, but glorified by the perfection of preparation and service, plus a large amount of atmosphere.

One of the dictionary definitions for this elusive thing, "atmosphere" is given as "pervading influence" and it is to this magic of influence and atmosphere that many a successful tea-room owes its revenue. There are hundreds of places that furnish food, but comparatively few that appreciate the allurement of atmosphere.

WHY ONE HOTEL IS FAMOUS

ONE large hotel has made itself famous for so small a detail of service as a complimentary morning paper for every man guest at breakfast and a single flower for every lady. If the breakfast is ordered served in the room, this personal service is the same and a neatly folded morning paper is laid at one cover and a single carnation, a rose, or a few sweet peas at the other.

While it may not be possible in every family to cultivate so carefully the breakfast atmosphere, yet some effort will bring its reward. Coffee tastes much better when it is drawn from a merrily bubbling percolator and there is an added interest in toast, crisp and hot from the table toaster. Gay-flowered china, even though not of the finest texture, is now a favorite for breakfast-table use and the atmosphere it creates has been known to do wonders in dispelling the "morning grouch" and starting the entire family on a blithe day.

Get a cheap little "bungalow" set and use it every morning. Its gay flowers will literally spread your breakfast path with roses, and, of course, it's just the thing for luncheon or supper, too. If this is too much to ask, hunt around on the top shelf of the china-closet and unearth some long-forgotten plate or dish that didn't seem to match anything in the conservative days when "matching" was a necessity.

I recall such a domestic search last year which resulted in the discovery of two odd plates of bright-yellow glazed china. At the time they seemed to belong nowhere but in the most remote corner of the top shelf of the china-closet. When the artistic member of the family appropriated them for the breakfast-table and served dusky bran muffins on one and balls of golden butter on the other, she scored a triumph. Those two plates seemed to catch and radiate every gleam of early sunlight until the cheer was contagious. So if color is an unknown factor on your home table, start the new year with a search through your china-closet for queer little receptacles for jelly or marmalade, odd plates and saucers.

COLOR ADVERTISEMENTS OFFER IDEAS

COLOR in food is also an important factor. If you seem to be lacking in color inspiration, take a look at the brilliant display of fruit and vegetables at your local market and learn a lesson in art from Mother Nature. The high type of colored advertising of foodstuffs in the magazines is full of suggestions to the enterprising housewife and shows her just how the finished dish should look if directions are followed.

I know a woman who cuts out such colored advertising pictures and pins them up in her kitchen until she has successfully achieved the dishes they represent. If at first she falls short in the appearance of the dish, she has but to "try, try, again" until satisfied. The colored advertisements are the gage by which she measures her results.

The magic effect of a garnish of green on either a hot or cold dish is proved by the thousands of detached galax leaves that reach New York daily, merely for garnish use. These are similar to large violet leaves and many resourceful housewives, who have noted the good effect of these galax leaves on hotel and restaurant dishes, use violet or nasturtium leaves in the same fashion.

A single leaf should accompany each portion, and such a garnish is only for cold dishes. Put one leaf on each plate of fruit at breakfast, the stem hidden under the apple, orange or bunch of grapes. The cultivation of parsley is increasing each year, and, aside from its use as a seasoning, its sole mission in life seems to be the beautifying of food.

THERE is no cook who knows the nuances of foods as the French chef does. Every dish is prepared with perfection of detail; every dish is for that reason delicately pleasing to the palate.

EGGS HOLLANDAISE

FOR instance, who but a French chef would have the imagination to put Hollandaise sauce over a poached egg in a tiny casserole, lay a broiled mushroom on top of the sauce and set the casserole in a moderately hot oven for five minutes? Yet that is one delicacy a famous French chef serves at a famous New York hotel.

WORCESTERSHIRE EGGS

SOMETIMES a chef is as evasive as a Southern mammy about telling the secrets of his marvel dishes. One whom I know obdurately refused to reveal what gave the elusive tang to his famous eggs poached in cream. The secret was a tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce! This is the rule he finally divulged:

Into a double boiler put half a pint of cream, thicken as for white sauce with a tablespoon of corn-starch. Then that dash of sauce—a tablespoonful of Worcestershire. Next, pepper and salt. When the milk is just at the scalding-point, drop in the eggs, poach and serve on toast, piping hot from the toaster and cover with the sauce. Sprinkle with paprika.

SALADE ANNA

CUT through a firm head of lettuce lengthwise, slicing off a section about an inch thick. On this lay, alternately, segments of orange and grapefruit from which every vestige of tough skin has been removed. Serve with a French dressing—but the mystery of the dressing is that into it should be beaten a spoonful or two of catchup. The most inquiring palate is delighted and baffled by the unusual flavor the catchup gives.

CHEESE IN SOUP

AT ONE of the most popular French restaurants in New York, one may feast on petite marmite (peteet marmeet), which is served in individual soup pots or marmites, with an accompaniment of very fine, dry grated cheese and some tiny triangles of soft toasted bread. The soup itself is delicious, consisting of a clear bouillon with sliced vegetables cooked just enough (carrots, a bit of onion, cabbage and minced parsley are frequently used), and small pieces of the white meat of chicken. The cheese is American, so the waiter will tell you. Imported cheese is very rare now.

AND WITH EGGS, TOO

CHEESE is used in preparing eggs Mornay, as the French restaurants serve them. Whole, cooked eggs are covered with a cheese sauce (which is an ordinary cream sauce, colored with the yolk of egg and with cheese enough to flavor, added) and the whole browned to a turn in the oven. They come to you served in the same flat dish in which they are baked, which makes it all the more interesting when the dish is good-looking.

From its name you might not recognize "Mignonette" as a dessert, but so it is—and if you have lived in the country where "real cream grows," it will remind you of the Winter morning you went to get the cream and found it frozen into a "new kind of ice-cream." Mignonette is molded frozen cream with a center of chocolate, but the whole very little, if at all, sweetened. It comes to you on a tiny plate on one of those lace-paper doilies used so much in New York hotel service.

WHY CAFETERIAS FLOURISH

THE immense business done by cafeterias is based on the psychological appeal of food. Anything that looks "good enough to eat" sells itself. A clever woman, manager of a large city restaurant, takes pride in a small private dining-room, off the large one, where every now and then she "tries out" some new dishes on a chosen few. To her guests it is an enjoyable luncheon or dinner, but to her it is an experiment in psychology.

Her trained eye can tell at once when a dish has made a "hit" and she knows it has a future in her restaurant as a good-seller. She considers color and form, combined with the best of ingredients, plus good service and "atmosphere," the sum total of pleasing the public appetite.

The inspiration of brilliant color cheered a New-Year hostess last year and made a success of a simple entertainment in a home where family and purse had been depleted by the toll of war. The refreshments were too frugal—just sandwiches, coffee and fruit. She could afford nothing for decorations.

At the last minute she had an inspiration. She had a box of tiny red candles intended for the previous year's Christmas tree, which never materialized. On the immaculate white cloth that covered her refreshment table she outlined in pencil the numbers of the new year in large, plain figures. Evenly spaced along the lines she placed a row of the red tapers in their usual tin receptacles.

At five minutes before midnight she lighted the candles, lowered the other lights in the room and called in her guests. The hostess regards this as the most successful bit of decoration she ever accomplished, even when expense was a thing not to be considered. This is only another instance that whatever serves to prove anew that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever" has not been utilized in vain.



PLAIN GINGER COOKIES MAY TASTE JUST AS GOOD AS GINGERBREAD MEN, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO PROVE IT TO THIS SMALL CHAP



Fry Oysters in Crisco to enjoy their real flavor

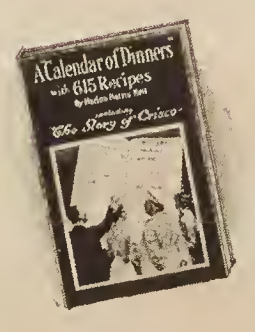
IF you have been accustomed to use ordinary cooking fat for frying, you will have a treat when you taste your first Crisco-fried oyster. For you will enjoy the *real* oyster flavor, unspoiled by any hint of the frying fat.

You never detect a fatty taste in Crisco-fried foods because Crisco itself is tasteless and odorless. This delicacy is due to the fact that Crisco is a strictly vegetable product—a pure, white cream of choice vegetable oils. It does not turn rancid.

Being so delicate, Crisco not only makes *all* fried foods taste better, but it makes them wholesome and digestible, as well.

Crisco is a better fat for all cooking. It makes flakier pastries, finer cakes and lighter biscuits and shortbreads. Try it and see.

Your grocer sells Crisco by ***net weight,*** *in sanitary containers. Sizes from one pound upward.* ***Never sold in bulk.***



Are you tired of Planning Meals?

Then send us your name and address, with only 10 cents in postage, and we will send you "The Calendar of Dinners", containing 365 complete dinner menus—one for every day in the year—and 615 recipes for appetizing dishes (including a new way to fry oysters). The writer, Marion Harris Neil, formerly cooking editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal", also gives the secrets which made her famous for her cooking, including detailed methods, time tables, weights and measures, and everything a cook needs to know to make her meals successful. 231 pages, cloth-bound. Illustrated. Address Department F-4, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS - EST. 1837 -



LOOK for the blue and white can! It's just as different from all other cans as Ryzon is from other baking powders.

Ryzon is the baking powder that takes the guess work out of baking, the baking powder that is used by the chefs of the finest hotels!

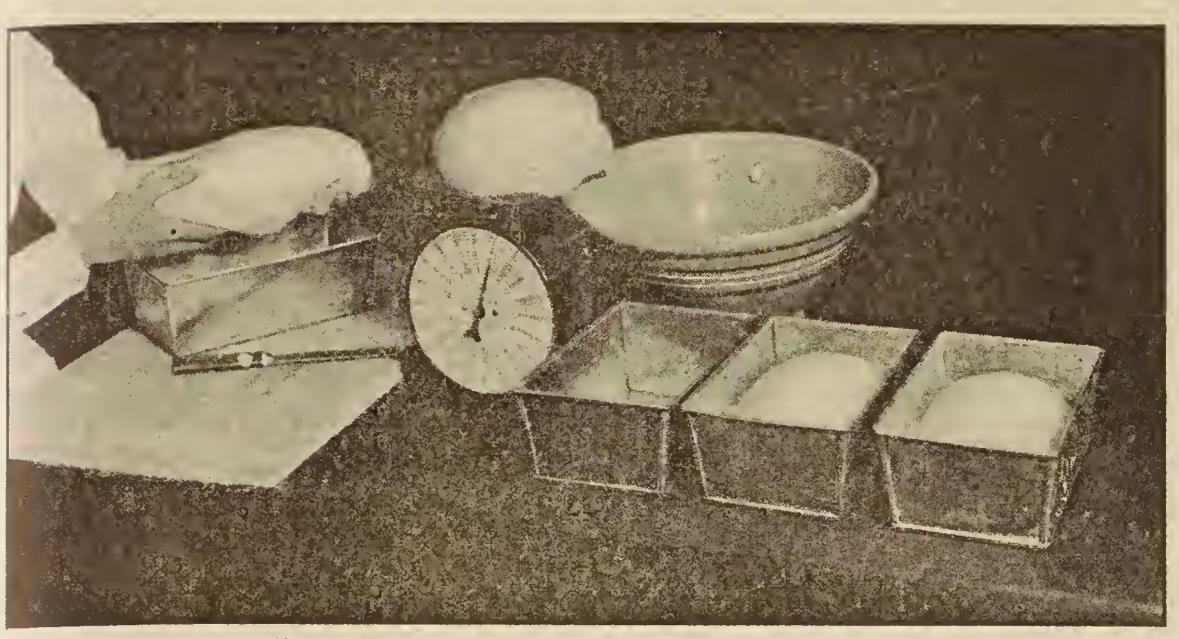
Ryzon is scientific, accurate, dependable and economical. Use it according to Ryzon directions, in level measures, and you can count on successful baking results every single time!

GENERAL CHEMICAL CO.
FOOD DEPARTMENT
NEW YORK

Ryzon is packed in full 16 ounce pounds —also 25c and 15c packages. The new Ryzon Baking Book (original price $1.00), containing 250 practical recipes, will be mailed, postpaid upon receipt of 30 cents in stamps or coin, except in Canada.

Concluded from page 31

MAKE YOUR OWN BREAD



KNEAD WELL. SHAPE INTO LOAVES, PLACE IN WELL-OILED PANS, AND SET TO RISE IN A WARM PLACE

Among other important points in working with dough, bear in mind that, particularly after the dough is kneaded for the first time, the temperature must be kept warm and even. Cold drafts of air are most unfortunate. Often it is wise to set the bowl containing dough which is slow in rising in a pan of water heated to ninety-eight or one hundred degrees Fahrenheit. A gas-oven which has been heated for a few minutes, and has then had the gas turned off, is a good place for rising dough. There it is absolutely free from drafts. Be sure that you have not heated the oven to too high a temperature.

The fireless cooker which has had its stones heated just a little is an excellent place for rising dough. I remember one original device in a house full of original devices—a little built-in cabinet constructed especially as a place for bread-dough to rise. Waste heat coming from the furnace was utilized to heat the walls.

TO USE POTATO-WATER

ANOTHER method of using the dry yeast is with potato-water. In the country this is a general favorite. In this case one pint of water in which potatoes have been boiled (cooled to a lukewarm temperature) is substituted for the one pint of plain lukewarm water in the above recipe. Whey is often substituted for the milk.

Sometimes when potato-water is used the yeast is allowed to grow in it overnight; then in the morning the ordinary sponge is made up. Advocates of this method say that the sponge so made is light and ready for the rest of the flour inside of an hour.

WHEN USING COMPRESSED YEAST

IN CITIES where a fresh supply of yeast can be obtained every day it is the almost invariable custom among bread-makers to use compressed yeast instead of dry yeast. It has the advantage in the cases where the straight-dough method is to be used, because by using two yeast-cakes (compressed) to the two pints of liquid, bread may be mixed, raised and baked in five hours.

By the straight-dough method is meant mixing all the flour in at once, not setting a sponge with part of the flour to rise until light and then adding the rest of the flour.

This does not mean that compressed yeast can not be used in the sponge method as well as in the straight-dough method. One yeast-cake or even less is sufficient to make four loaves of bread in this case. The overnight sponge, however, is not considered as good for compressed yeast as is the short-sponge method, which is described later in this article.

Nor does this explanation mean that dry yeast can not be used in the straight-dough process. It can be, but when it is used, the dough can not be rushed through in any such time as the five hours mentioned for compressed yeast.

After the stiff dough is mixed, using dry yeast which has been softened in lukewarm water for twenty minutes to an hour, it must be set to rise in a warm place for about ten hours (or overnight). The temperature in this case should be warmer than when overnight sponge is made. When it seems light and has increased to twice its original bulk, it is ready for the kneading process mentioned in Point Four of the first recipe, and for the further treatment given from that point on.

THE SHORT-SPONGE METHOD

A METHOD particularly recommended when compressed yeast is to be used is called the short-sponge method. The directions are:

1. Collect the ingredients needed:
   1 quart lukewarm liquid
   1 compressed yeast-cake
   2 level tablespoons shortening
   1 level tablespoon salt
   1 level tablespoon sugar
   3 pounds or 3 quarts bread-flour (hard Spring wheat) sifted after weighing or measuring.
2. Blend the yeast with the lukewarm liquid, add the salt, sugar and one and one-half quarts of the flour. Mix carefully to avoid lumping. Either a bowl or a bread-mixer may be used. Beat until smooth. Cover and set to rise in a warm place, about eighty to eighty-eight degrees Fahrenheit.

   Avoid drafts or changes in temperature.
3. When sponge is so light that it will fall at the slightest touch, add the rest of the flour, remove dough from bowl, place on a floured board, knead thoroughly, greasing the hands a little so the dough will not stick to them. In case a bread-mixer is used, of course the dough is not removed but is kneaded with the knife.

The process from this point on is exactly the same as in the overnight-sponge method given in the first part of this article, showing the use of dry yeast.

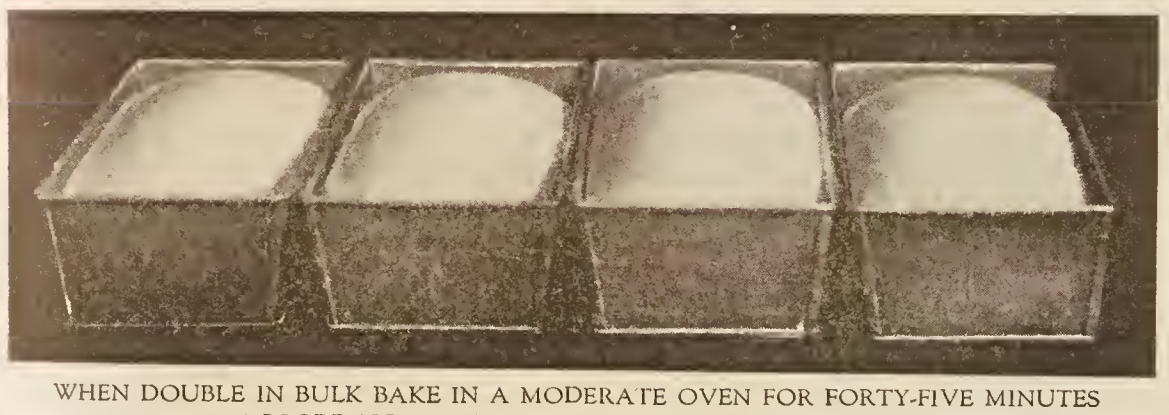
To inexperienced bread-makers the best advice is, select your method, learn it and practise it until you are fairly sure of yourself.

It does not make so much difference what that method is. After all, all methods are but variations of one principle. The yeast must be given a chance to grow and to distribute gas through the dough. Gluten in the flour gives the dough enough resistance to the gas, so that it may rise until it is light and porous without giving the gas a chance to escape.

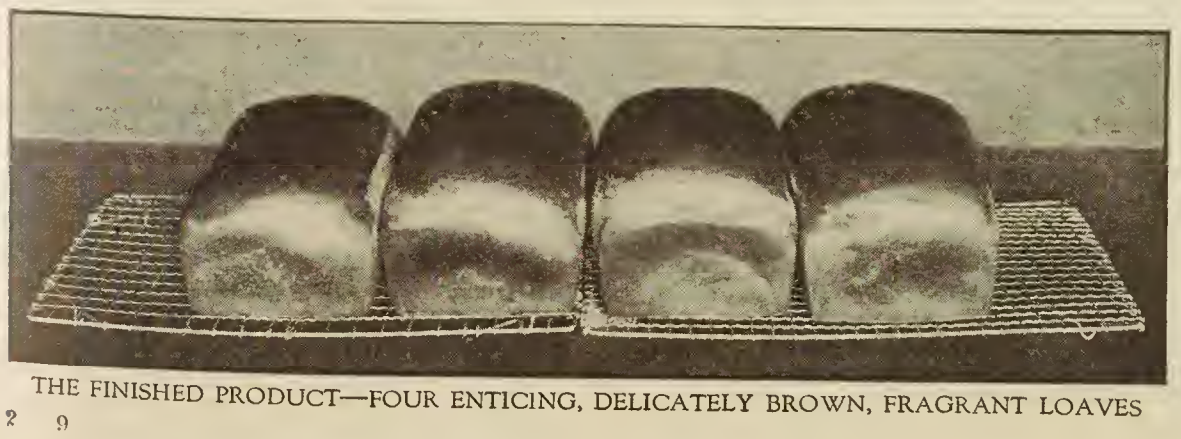
Of course there are many variations of one recipe for bread. Graham or whole-wheat flour can be used in bread-making instead of ordinary highly milled bread-flour.

A small amount of corn-meal, oatmeal or other cereal may be substituted by weight for part of the wheat-flour called for in any of these recipes. Experience with war breads, however, has convinced most of us that when one of these other cereals is used it should first be partially cooked by scalding it with part of the liquid called for in the recipe. When this mixture has cooled, the usual procedure of setting a sponge takes place.

Many other variations of an ordinary bread-dough are possible and very popular. I shall show some of these fancy breads and give directions for making them in the May issue of THE DELINEATOR.



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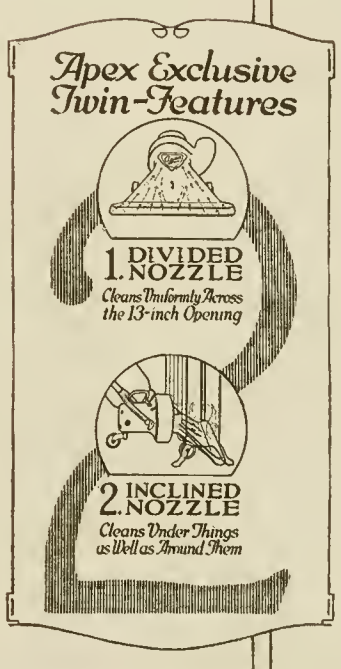
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MOTHER GOOSE CHARADES

BY LAURA GATES SYKORA

WHAT about a charade party for the little folk? The very thing! Even the kindergartners enjoy a charade party when the familiar Mother Goose rimes are the subjects used.

The requisites for this party are a supply of old clothes, perhaps costumes the children have worn at school entertainments, plenty of pins, a cane or two, a stool, a toy spider or one made with a potato, toothpicks and paper legs, a battered pail, a clothes-basket and clothes-line, an old board or an ironing-board, a toy lamb and an umbrella.

Double parlors are just the thing for this party, one being used for the audience and the other for the stage. A dressing-room can be screened off from it, or an adjoining room can be used, as preferred. The folding doors can be closed and then opened when the charade has been prepared.

First of all, leaders should be selected and the sides chosen. The leaders should be older guests who can direct and help figure out how the charade is to be acted, for sometimes some portion of the paraphernalia or costume has to be made in order for the charade to be complete.

SIDE Number One is given the first chance, while Side Number Two is taken into the room where the audience is to sit. While they are waiting, their leader can be planning with them what verse they will act.

In the other room Side Number One is preparing, with the assistance of some grown-up, the first charade. We will assume that it is "Little Miss Muffet."

A little stool or hassock is placed in the middle of the floor and some little girl is chosen as *Miss Muffet*. A dusting-cap with a frill round the face and a little apron will give her a quaint, old-fashioned look. She is given a large bowl and a large spoon and is seated on the hassock in front of the folding doors directly under the chandelier if there is one. In the meantime one of the small boys has been fixing up the spider.

This can be one of those sold in novelty or Japanese stores, or can be made from a potato. Take a small round potato and put toothpicks or matches into it, three on a side and inclining slightly upward. Cut eight-inch strips of paper one-half inch wide and fold back and forth the entire length of the paper, each fold about a half an inch or less apart. These are pinned over the toothpicks, so that it looks as though they were the legs coming to the end of the toothpicks and then extending downward. This makes a very realistic spider.

A long piece of black linen or other strong thread is fastened around the middle of the spider's body and passed over one of the arms of the chandelier and out through the door where some small boy waits to let him slide gracefully down to sit beside poor little *Miss Muffet*, who screams and runs away.

Or a small boy with his body wound round with a black cloth can come walking in on all fours and squat beside her.

Some of the little folk in Number Two are sure to guess this charade. Care must be taken that the selected rimes are ones which are well known in order that both sides are kept interested. Of course if Side Number Two guesses this, the two sides exchange places and Number One becomes the audience.

NUMBER Two has chosen "Hark, Hark, the Dogs Do Bark, the Beggars Are Coming to Town." Some of the children play they are dogs, while the others dress up in the raggedest of the dressing-up materials provided. Some walk on improvised crutches, others with canes, some have patches over their eyes and some are entirely blind. All the group can take part in this, and very disreputable indeed do they look as they cross before the folding doors and their expectant audience with the dogs barking wildly.

If by chance the audience does not guess the rime and "gives up," the side playing it has a second chance.

Jack and *Jill* are easily impersonated by a boy and girl carrying a battered water-pail between them.

"Seesaw, Margery Daw" can be shown with the ironing-board as the seesaw placed over a stool or chair and *Margery* seated on one end and a very small child on the other.

"Needles and Pins, Needles and Pins" is very amusing with the largest or the smallest boy marching seriously up and down the floor with one or two dolls in his arms.

"One, Two, Buckle My Shoe" is shown by a small lassie trying to fasten her shoe. "Doctor Foster Went to Gloucester All in a Shower of Rain" can be impersonated by a small boy taking very long steps as he hurries across the room with a very large umbrella held high over his head.

The very littlest child can sit in the middle of the room and clap her hands together for "Pat-a-cake, Pat-a-cake."

"Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," is merely a gold or silver star suspended from the chandelier.

"OLD KING COLE" can be rigged up in royal attire, seated on his throne with a group of small boys handing him his pipe and his bowl and the fiddlers three pretending to play the fiddle.

As can be readily seen, many Mother Goose rimes adapt themselves delightfully to charades, for, strange as it may seem, their great appeal to children is that they are dramatic.

If a group of children are gathered together who are equally familiar with "The Child's Garden of Verse," this party might be changed to a "Stevenson Charade Party," or a few of his verses may be interspersed with the nursery rimes.

A variation of this party may be made by making it a Shadow Charade Party; that is, having a sheet stretched tightly across the folding doors or a frame and the charades acted out so that the shadows of the actors are thrown on the screen. This takes a little more ingenuity, but appeals to the older children more, especially the boys.

"There Was an Old Woman Tossed Up in a Basket" may be acted with great success as a shadow charade. First place a kitchen-table behind the screen, throwing sheets over either side of it so that the legs of the table do not show. To the table edge and a little to one side pin a half-moon; it is inclined a little upward and the small boy should succeed in cutting a semblance of a face in the crescent. A large clothes-basket is placed on the table and a small girl with a tall, pointed hat and a broom seats herself in it. In the shadow effect the little old woman seems actually sailing higher than the moon who looks up at her in a very inquiring, quizzical manner.

The secret in throwing the shadows is to have the effects very sharp and always to remember that side views are generally better than full views.

For refreshments, serve at this party:

Finger-Rolls, Hollowed and Filled with Creamed Chicken
Queen of Hearts Tarts
Ice-cream in Fancy Shapes Suitable for Mother Goose Party (if ordered from a caterer)
Balls of Ice-Cream with Chocolate Marshmallow Hat, Eyes and Mouth to Resemble Humpty-Dumpty (if made at home)

A PINAFORE PARTY

FROM sheets of writing-paper, the kind that is marked off in checks or stripes so that it might be said to resemble dimity, cut out as many pinafores as there are little girls to be invited to the party. These should be cut double so that the name of the child appears on the outside and the written invitation on the inner sheet. (An illustration from some fashion magazine or catalog will do very nicely for a pattern for those invitations. They should be about four or five inches high.) If mother or big sister is skilful with her pen or with water-colors, a bit of trimming on neck, sleeves or pockets will add to the effect.

The envelope for these should be just the length and width of the little invitations.

The invitations to the little boys should be written on overalls cut out of dark-blue or khaki-colored paper, on which the invitation is written with white ink. The invitations could read something like this:

"Please come to my party April ninth at two o'clock and wear your simplest frock protected by a pinafore." For the boys substitute the word "suit" for "frock," and "overalls" for "pinafore."

The requirements for this party are very simple: As many pipes and small tin basins as there are guests, a large bowl of soapy water, a number of pieces of glass or old plates, some lemonade straws and a cord for the net in the bubble contest.

Articles of furniture and rugs which are apt to be spoiled by water should be removed, or this party should be given in a room with bare floors.

To most children, even when they have grown to be large boys and girls, the word "party" means the refreshments. The serving and consuming of the refreshments also serves as an excellent "ice-breaker." For this party the refreshments could be served as soon as the children have assembled and as a prelude to the rest of the good times.

Bake a loaf of plain sponge-cake large enough so that the slices will cut in squares about four inches wide and a half to three-quarters of an inch thick. With a cooky-cutter cut a round from the center large enough to hold a ball of home-made ice-cream or custard. Top it with a spoonful of chocolate sauce.

The rounds which have been cut from the center of the slices are iced with a simple chocolate icing and served as well, while simple old-fashioned mints are passed at the very last.

Here is an excellent occasion for the hostess's mother to save herself extra work by serving everything on paper plates, and each child will love the idea of eating with little wooden spoons, all of which can be thrown into the stove or furnace as soon as the party is over.

NOW the party really begins. Each child is provided with a clay pipe and a tiny tin basin. Into the latter has been poured a little soapy water prepared by dissolving one or two tablespoons of soap flakes in a pint and a half of water and a tablespoon of glycerin. The glycerin makes the bubbles more beautifully colored as well as stronger.

It is well to have the children assembled round one large, well-protected table or round several old kitchen-tables which will not be damaged by soapy water.

The littlest children will have a joyous time blowing bee-hives in the basins, while the older children are much more ambitious and will enjoy a bubble-blowing contest. For this a cord is stretched across the center of a table to serve as a net. Two rivals stand at either end of the table and take turns in blowing a large bubble and tossing it across the net. The two blow it back and forth. The one allowing it to fall to the floor or to the table loses a point to his opponent. If it breaks in the air, its owner is given a second opportunity.

The one making the most points is given a small prize.

A number of pieces of glass are also provided and thoroughly smeared with the soap mixture. On this a child blows a large bubble, then pushes a straw, which has also been smeared with the soapy mixture through this bubble and blows another bubble. As many as three or four of these bubbles, one inside of another, can be blown, to the great delight of the child. The secret of success in blowing these bubbles is to have everything used thoroughly smeared with the soapy mixture, for as soon as the bubble strikes something dry it bursts.



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A BORROWED BABY, BUT HOW HAPPY MISS HEMPEL LOOKS!

CHILDREN'S ACTION-SONGS

Miss Frieda Hempel, who has won brilliant distinction as prima donna at the Metropolitan Opera-House and in European capitals, gives directions in the following article for the performance of action-songs for children. In addition she has selected a list of attractive action-songs in costume for children of all ages, and suitable for school, church and charity concerts. This list will be sent for a stamped, self-addressed envelope by Mr. William Armstrong, Music Editor, THE DELINEATOR *Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City.*

ALL children love to sing and love to act. All children do not, as we well know, love to practise. Unless a child is led attractively into music, and becomes genuinely interested, technical study is looked upon by it as drudgery. And here it is that the action-song becomes of value.

Combined music and movement delight any child. Singing under such conditions arouses its enthusiasm. Once grasping the joy that music brings, the little one will want to learn.

But the action-song will do still more. On the operatic stage a singer's value is established by the degree of individuality with which she expresses herself. If the action-song is taught properly, the individual expression of the child will be awakened. In addition, it will get almost unconsciously a good idea of four great points in singing: naturalness, sincerity, a clear enunciation of the words, and an understanding interpretation.

All this may sound very difficult to do, but if we get at the heart of things it means simply teaching a child to think for itself in music.

Children, if left to themselves, have a very charming and individual way of doing things. In other words they express themselves freely. Once you begin teaching a little one by rote or only to imitate, you destroy all this and the result is a mechanical performance. Of course, I am now speaking of the solo action-song, not of the chorus action-song. In the latter, vocal unity and concerted movement in action can only be secured by drilling children collectively.

A good point in action-songs for tiny tots is that in the main they tell only of familiar subjects, such as dolls, fairies, postmen, sailors, and kindred themes. Those for older ones keep well within the same familiar range, but are more fancifully treated, with, perhaps, a simple, appropriate dance which adds to the brightness and animation of the scene.

In teaching the solo part in any action-song to a small child, my practical advice would be this: First read the words aloud slowly and distinctly, but without expression; then, still without expression, teach the poem line by line. When the words have been mastered, go back to the first verse, explain its meaning, and, taking a line or two at a time, ask, "Now how would you say this if you were telling it to some one?" If the meaning is not expressed ask, "Wouldn't you say that another way if you were really telling it yourself?"

In the beginning some help may be needed in following this plan, but presently the right spirit will be aroused, the child will begin to think for itself, and a keener interest will result than would otherwise be possible. The child, grasping that it has something real to say, will begin to say it naturally. None, little or big, can to things at a single bound, but thus led along each succeeding song will show progress.

As the next step, play the melody on the piano until it has been memorized. Afterward, music and words may be sung together and with expression. Last of all, the action should be taken up. This action is very carefully indicated on the printed music, showing exactly where it should be used. But here, again, my advice would be not to demonstrate it, but merely to explain it fully, repeating the words with which each special action comes. Then ask in each instance, "How would you do that if you were the little girl herself?" Response is likely to be prompt.

By this method of teaching, I think you will find growing freedom of individual expression, simple, natural and sincere. Nor is it merely in the song of the moment that this personal thinking out of the meaning of things will prove useful. By and by, such a course will influence the child's mentality in other directions, and play a vital part in its general development.

In teaching action-songs to children slightly older, the foregoing plan may, of course, be somewhat modified. They can memorize the words alone, and take the initiative in the matter of appropriate action. But always there should be strict attention to awakening the child's own thought by questioning carefully regarding the full meaning of the words and actions.

For the slightly older ones there are lovely action-songs, picturesque scenes full of melody, life and color. One, for instance, called "God's Little Garden," is a thing of beauty. It represents a garden of flowers, impersonated by children in appropriate costumes. There is a Gardener, also in costume, as are all the characters, which include Spring, Sunshine, Breeze, Dew, and a Cherub. To get proper results in this or any action-song, however, all dragging in performance should be avoided. Animation is a first essential.

Another among charming action-songs is "Hark! 'Tis the Cuckoo," for children in Tyrolean costume; at the close is a graceful, slow waltz. Still another is a cycle of six Japanese songs, entitled "Matsuris: Our Festal Days." While this cycle was not written originally as a series of action-songs, a little inventiveness will readily transform the whole into a radiant scene, one with which the melodies are thoroughly in keeping.

Owing to the character of the music, though it is not difficult, this cycle would better be given by young misses in their teens. The six numbers, to be interpreted by as many performers, are each named for a Japanese fête; Cherry Blossom Feast; Summer at Kyoto; Feast of Lanterns; Feast of Dolls; Autumn Song, and Imperial Chrysanthemum.

In any performance general animation should be the key-note, not only in the case of the soloist, but with every one singing in the chorus. The scene should never be hurried, but it should always be alive with movement. And there are so many action-songs capable of just such performance, for tiny tots, both girls and boys; for older children, and for young girls in their teens. Attractively presented, these action-songs will brighten any school, church or charity concert with their combined charm of pure, fresh voices, spontaneous movement, and general air of life's radiant Springtime.

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All over the United States there stretch the great organizations of the Pure Food Laws, Federal and State, working hand in hand.

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This is not an arm representing force or compulsion. Rather, it represents a united ambition on the part of a vast industry to keep itself in spirit and in practice above any necessity of laws of regulation.

Little wonder, then, that the canning industry has been called "the industry which legislates for itself"! Never does this industry forget that it is dealing with *food*--with food, the thing of such vast consequence to the little family circle of the American home. In a very real way it realizes its responsibility and in a very real way it faces its responsibility.

If only you could See it all for Yourself

Every American housewife should have the privilege of following through some of the great canneries of fruit, vegetables, soup, meat, sea food, milk and other products. Follow the Inspector of the Association as he passes, on one of his visits, from the supply of fresh foods to the sorting, cleaning, preparing; follow the Inspector all the way through to the sealing of the cans, the final cooking, cooling and storing away.

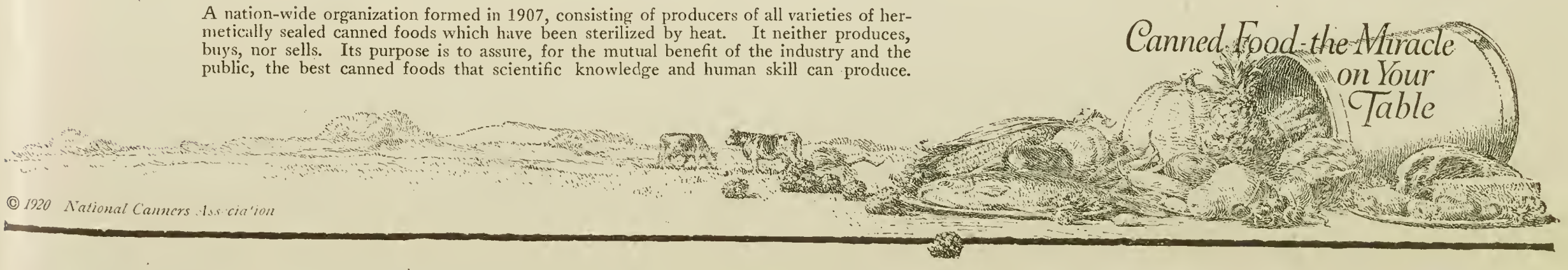
The Inspector represents a system which constantly, and at great expense, searches out the latest scientific facts of importance to this vital work of supplying the family table. He is a symbol of the painstaking care with which the canning business is conducted. He represents the earnest determination of the industry to supply our families with the best of food, clean, wholesome, nourishing and safe.

Canned Food— "The Miracle on Your Table"

And so may American housewives, mentally at least, salute the most self-respecting of objects, the can of food. You are standing before a very wonderful thing—a product which knows the limitations of neither climate nor season, coming to you at any time and from any place. Richly it deserves its title—"The Miracle on Your Table."

National Canners Association
WASHINGTON, D. C.

A nation-wide organization formed in 1907, consisting of producers of all varieties of hermetically sealed canned foods which have been sterilized by heat. It neither produces, buys, nor sells. Its purpose is to assure, for the mutual benefit of the industry and the public, the best canned foods that scientific knowledge and human skill can produce.



© 1920 National Canners Association



Orinoka

GUARANTEED SUNFAST
DRAPERIES & UPHOLSTERIES

IN selecting the draperies for your home, you must be assured of both their beauty and their durability. Orinoka Guaranteed Sunfast Draperies are lovely beyond words—rich colorings, marvelous designs, from sheerest casement cloth to very heavy hangings.

We guarantee Orinoka Sunfast Draperies to be absolutely sunfast and tubfast. The most intense sun will not fade even their most delicate colorings and occasional tubbings serve only to restore their original freshness and lustre.

Insist upon seeing the Orinoka guarantee tag which is attached to every bolt. It identifies an absolutely sunfast drapery!

ORINOKA MILLS
The Clarendon Bldg., New York

The Extravagance of Cheapness As Applied to Home Building

THE important thing about any purchase is not what you pay, but what you get for the purchase price. The "cheap" purchase is often the most extravagant.

If you are thinking of building, the chapter, "The Extravagance of Cheapness," in "*The Story of Brick*," will interest you. It presents, simply and briefly, the relation of first-cost to final economy in home-building investment.

People generally concede that Face Brick is the most desirable building material from the standpoint of permanence, comfort, safety from fire, and beauty; but many still believe it is "too expensive." As a fact, the many savings in the Face Brick house, such as depreciation, maintenance, repairs, etc., soon cancel the slight difference in first-cost over less durable, less beautiful materials.

"*The Story of Brick*" is an attractive booklet, full of pictures and information that will interest every prospective home builder. You will probably be surprised to learn how little more a Face Brick house really costs.

Send for your copy today

AMERICAN FACE BRICK ASSOCIATION
1128 Westminster Building, Chicago

A·F·B·A
USE FACE BRICK
—*it Pays*

A SMALL BRICK HOUSE

THE THIRD OF OUR HOME-TOWN HOUSES

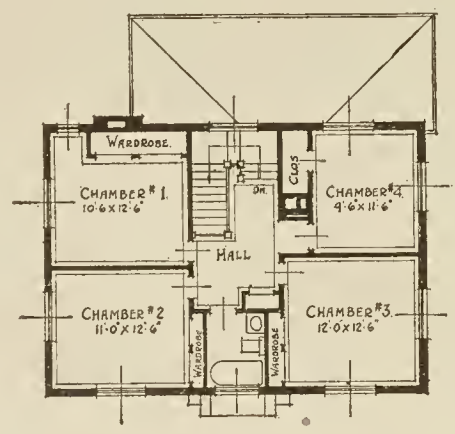
BY ELLIS F. LAWRENCE, Architect

(*See Illustrations on Pages 16 and 17*)

THE little brick house illustrated in this number overlooks a slow-moving stream and distant mountains, and stands, fortunately, in the midst of some unusual plantation.

With the background of deep firs, purple beeches and native shrubbery, the designer sought to secure a bright color scheme and adopted selected common brick, laid in white mortar with an attractive bond, for the main walls of the house, using for trim deep-green shutters and white woodwork.

In view of the limited funds available (the house cost sixty-one hundred and seventy-eight dollars and seventy cents at the time of building, 1913), the service staircase and pass pantry were eliminated and the simplest possible plan selected, including living-room, dining-room, kitchen and owner's office on the first floor, and four chambers and bath on the second floor.



THE SECOND-FLOOR PLAN OF THE HOUSE AS BUILT

The interior finish is detailed in harmony with the Georgian details on the façade and is finished in white, with plaster walls, tinted a soft putty color.

All the principal rooms have at least two exposures, the living-room securing the mountain and river view to the east and maximum sun to the south; while the dining-room has the morning east light and the view, as well as the north exposure, securing an attractive garden vista.

The main part of the house is but 26 by 35, and in view of its proximity to the hillside on the rear, the bulk of the house was amplified by two open terraces with brick balustrades.

The cost of the house under present conditions of course would be very much more than the sum given above.

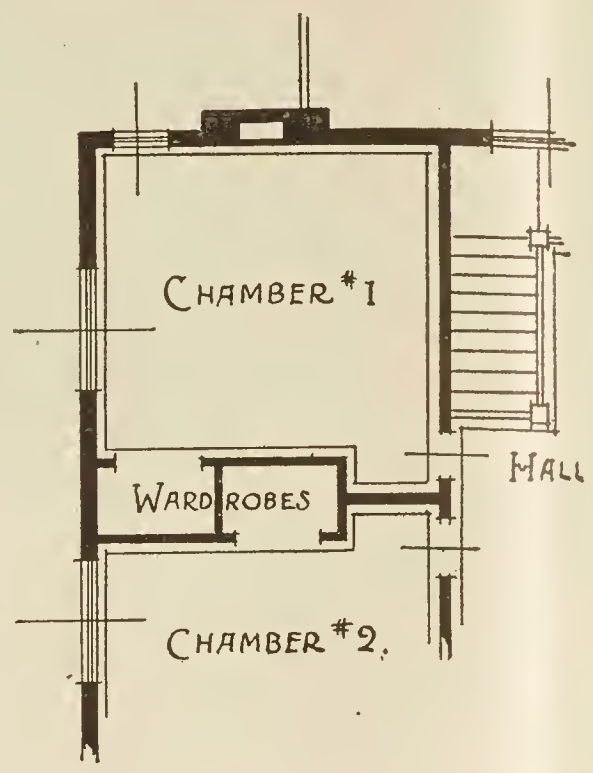
A SUGGESTED CHANGE

THE DELINEATOR'S home-economics authorities—Mrs. Alice Peloubet Norton, editor of *The American Journal of Home Economics*, and Miss Flora G. Orr, home-economics editor of this magazine, agree in commending, on the whole, the arrangement of the rooms with reference to living conditions and the step-saving arrangements which mean so much in these days of maid-shortage. The small room on the first floor, used in this particular house as the owner's office, might serve as a storeroom. The tiny apartment adjoining is a lavatory. These two rooms might be combined for a servant's bedroom.

Mrs. Norton suggests a small closet for cleaning apparatus underneath the stairs at the rear of the hall.

On the second floor, the room arrangement as actually built is shown in the small plan at the upper left. Our home-economics people would change by shifting the wardrobe across the room, as indicated in the alternative plan at the right. Thus chamber number two acquires a needed clothes-closet.

Of course the plans for this house were drawn for a family of definite size with definite needs. The plan may not fit your family and their requirements, but it is a simple matter to modify the plan so that it can accommodate all the special necessities of your family.



ALTERNATIVE PLAN FOR CHAMBERS SUGGESTED

IDEAL DECORATIONS AND FURNISHINGS

BY ALBERT HENCKE

IN FULL color on page seventeen will be found illustrations of several rooms of the house. In the living-room at the top of the page the furniture is treated in enameled ivory to give a restful effect of space.

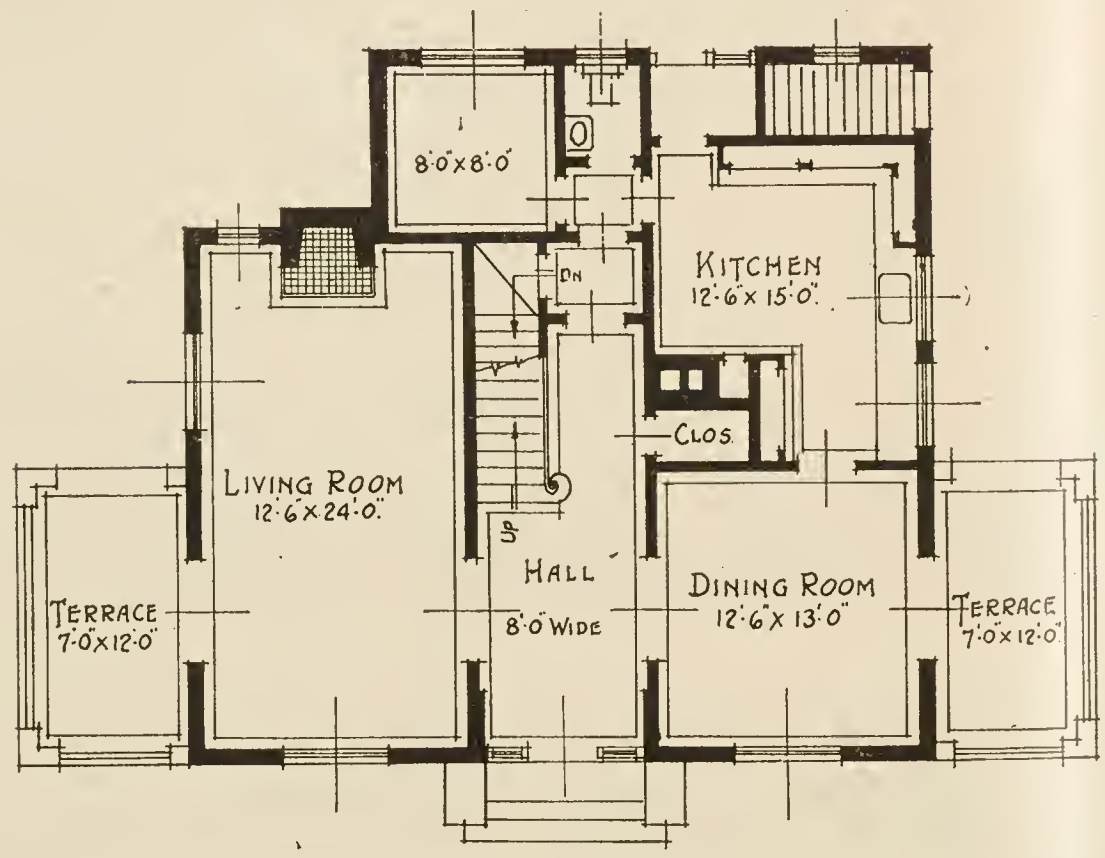
Formal window draperies of old-blue velours, draw-curtains of a darker tone and glass-curtains of a light transparent material. Seat of Napoleonic influence in blue taffeta; woodwork, ivory white.

Oval table and end-tables in ivory with enameled green tops under glass.

Stuffed chairs in blue and light gray; buff paneled walls and a black waxed floor.

Woodwork of the bed, French walnut; dresser in white enamel outlined in walnut. Black carpet and two hand-made oval rugs. Window-hangings and stuffed chairs are a light flowered chintz. Paneled walls finished in light silver-gray.

Dining-room with black waxed floor and a plain carpeted mouse-colored rug—a striking contrast to the delicate buff finish of the paneled walls. Stairway has arrangement of pictures with brilliant color notes. Rug, hangings and upholstered chairs of a wisteria tone. Over the sideboard a decoration in somber wood.



FIRST-FLOOR PLAN OF THE SMALL BRICK HOUSE AS BUILT

A BOX-SHAPED house, such as the one advocated on this page, is always most economical of space. You can get more wall space, more room space, more actual "overhead" than in a house that is oddly shaped.

Think carefully, too, of the advantages of a brick house. Such a house is warm in Winter and cool in Summer. The initial cost may be a little larger than for a house built of wood but, in the long run, the economy effected by the brick house offsets this higher expense.

For instance, the brick house does not need to be painted. Considering the high cost of both labor and paint, this is a real saving. Nor is the insurance rate so high, for the brick house is practically indestructible and therefore not in great danger from fire. The fact, too, that it is warmer in Winter, not only means added comfort but actually reduces the coal bills.

Save the Surface of Your Floors and Linoleums



JOHNSON'S

Paste - Liquid - Powdered

PREPARED WAX

IS YOUR linoleum dull and dead-looking? Bring it back to life and it will reflect a bright, clean, well-cared-for home. All you need is Johnson's Prepared Wax and a cloth. Johnson's Wax brings out the pattern of linoleum—preserves and protects it from wear. It doesn't take long—an ordinary sized floor can be polished in less than an hour and it may be walked upon immediately.

The Secret of Beautiful Floors

Beautiful floors are largely a matter of prevention—the great secret is to put them in perfect condition and then ***keep*** them that way. Doorways, stair-treads and other parts receiving hard usage should be polished frequently. This requires no great amount of time or effort if the proper finish is used.



Johnson's Prepared Wax Paste is the proper finish for floors of all kinds—wood, tile, marble, composition and linoleum. It does not show scratches or heel-prints and floors polished with it can easily be kept in perfect condition.

Rejuvenate Your Furniture

with **Johnson's Prepared Wax Liquid.** It imparts a hard, dry, velvety polish of great beauty and durability. Use it also on your leather goods, woodwork and automobiles. Johnson's Prepared Wax forms a thin, protecting coat over the varnish, similar to the service rendered by a piece of plate glass over a desk or dresser top.

Your dealer has **"JOHNSON'S"**—do not accept a substitute.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wisconsin, U. S. A.

Established 38 Years



Polly-Anna Underwear

Every line is grace and daintiness—the smartly tailored vest and drawers with its hemstitched edges has the individual feature of skirt back that gives the slimness which fashion demands—plus absolute comfort.

And whether you select Irish Linen, gorgeous silks or attractive cottons you'll find the same careful tailoring and style in whichever garment your purse dictates.

Polly-Anna Underwear is sold in the Knit Underwear department of most smart shops

CHAS. E. SHEDAKER & SONS
PHILADELPHIA

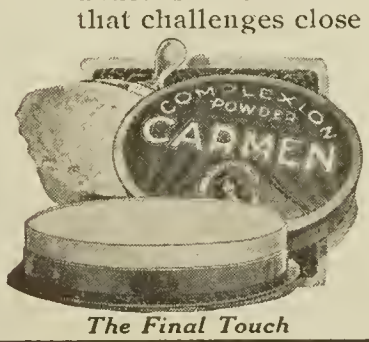
The Final Touch



Have a complexion that stands the most critical gaze—a skin radiantly beautiful in sunlight or under the glare of bright, artificial light. Win the admiration that only a complexion which bespeaks the bloom of youth can gain, by using

CARMEN
COMPLEXION
POWDER

Its final touch imparts to the most lovely natural complexion an added subtle charm and gives even rough skins a velvety smoothness that challenges close inspection.



White, Pink, Flesh, Cream and the exquisite New CARMEN BRUNETTE Shade—50 Cents Everywhere

Trial Offer The new shade Carmen Brunette has proved so popular we know you would like to try it. So send 12 cents to cover postage and packing and we'll send you the handy purse size box with two or three weeks' supply. Or we'll send any other shade preferred.

Stafford-Miller Co., St. Louis, Mo.

The Final Touch



JUST ONE OF THE TEN DELIGHTFUL CAKES MADE BY FOLLOWING THE DIRECTIONS ON OUR CAKE CARD

HELP FOR YOU

UNPARALLELED is THE DELINEATOR'S record of service to its readers. Here are proofs in figures of the demand for personal letters and printed leaflets sent by the editors for the cost of a two-cent stamp:

Ten thousand requests, each month, answered by the Beauty Department. One month as many as sixteen thousand!

Seven thousand requests for etiquette help each month and one thousand requests a month for aid in planning parties and other entertainments.

Forty thousand Infant-Hygiene leaflets sent within seven months' time to mothers and expectant mothers.

Seven thousand kitchen cards holding the master rule for making ten cakes from one recipe sent out in answer to requests for them in less than six months. Fifteen hundred appeals for help, each month, to the Home-Economics Editor.

These are high lights of DELINEATOR service. Other departments, too, roll up their figures, but we can not list them all here.

THE DELINEATOR service has this popularity because its editors are simple, human, in what they say. They talk to you directly, as one woman to another, as the neighbor who drops in for a visit.

And what they say is scientific. Not a word of infant-hygiene help, not a single sentence of a home-economics letter, that is not founded on scientific fact; every implied meaning, even, is carefully exact. So, too, are statements on every other subject.

So send for these leaflets and helps:

NOW—FOR YOUR GARDEN PLANS

MR. BEATTIE, Extension Horticulturist of the United States Department of Agriculture, has prepared a Special Service bulletin for DELINEATOR readers, entitled "Crops Neglected in the Home Garden." Send your request for it to the Garden Editor.

It will be sent on receipt of a two-cent stamp.

Also when you plan the home garden, don't forget that delicacy, the strawberry. Send for the Government's bulletin No. 901—"The Ever-Bearing Strawberry." Five cents.

It can be obtained for the purchase price mentioned. Address your request to the Garden Editor. He will forward your request to the proper bureau at Washington.

THE DELINEATOR HOME-BUILDING CAMPAIGN

GO AHEAD with that new house! Details concerning the Home-Town Houses described from month to month in the magazine will be sent on request if stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed.

In this issue a Northwestern house. In the March number was a Dutch-Colonial house. In the February number was a Middle-Western cottage. Following are the architects, landscape architects and home-economics authorities making up THE DELINEATOR Home-Building Commission:

Architect for the Middle Western section, C. H. Hammond, Chicago; landscape architect, William Pitking, Junior, Cleveland, Ohio.

Architect for New England, Frank Chouteau Brown, Boston; landscape architect, Loring Underwood, Boston. Mr. Brown was the winner of the first prize in a DELINEATOR dwelling-house contest some years ago.

Architect for the Northwest, Ellis Lawrence, Portland, Oregon; landscape architect, E. T. Mische, Portland.

Architect and landscape architect for New York and vicinity, Dwight James Baum.

Architect and landscape architect for the Southwest, Elmer Grey, Pasadena, California.

Architect for the South, W. Duncan Lee, Richmond, Virginia; landscape architect, Raymond Ferguson, Richmond.

Architect for Philadelphia and vicinity, John Graham, Junior; landscape architect, D. M. Kirkpatrick.

Architect for Western Pennsylvania and Ohio, Louis Stevens, Pittsburg; landscape architect, Rhea F. Elliott.

Home-economics authorities to supervise working arrangements and equipment: Mrs. Alice Peloubet Norton, Editor *American Journal of Home Economics*, former President American Home-Economics Association; Miss Flora G. Orr, Home-Economics Editor of THE DELINEATOR.

YOUR HOME MADE BEAUTIFUL

RUBY ROSS GOODNOW, head of the interior-decoration department of one of the largest department-stores in the world, is preparing a series of articles for THE DELINEATOR. She knows *homes*—palaces in England and Italy, Fifth Avenue mansions, two-story houses on the side streets of elm-shaded villages, laborers' cottages, farm homes. The department, under her supervision, requests your questions on any problems of good taste in furnishing and decorating your home.

Enclose a two-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

WISE HOME-MAKING

FLORA G. ORR, the editor of the Home-Economics Department, trained at the University of Wisconsin, was formerly with the Food Administration in Washington and knows the needs of the average family the country over as few women do.

She presents simply, concisely and clearly each month, articles on simplified cookery (the recipes worked out in THE DELINEATOR kitchen), simplified dietetics, and supervises and writes articles on household management, labor-saving devices and method.

Always she emphasizes economy of buying—wise spending of money to get most food for least money.

Miss Orr's scheme for making ten dishes from a single basic recipe is a plan of easy, simple cookery which home-economics scientists have advocated for years, but which no woman's magazine of national importance has developed until Miss Orr worked out the plan for THE DELINEATOR.

In addition to Miss Orr's cookery pages, Helena Judson, editor of the Butterick Cook-Book and head of the banquet department of a great New York hotel, writes an article each month on how every-day foods can be made a delight to the palate.

Every phase of household management is considered, too, under Miss Orr's direction, in THE DELINEATOR pages.

No other woman's magazine in America has so completely allied itself with the home-economics movement as has THE DELINEATOR. Miss Orr cooperates with:

(1) *The Home-Demonstration Agents* of every county where they are installed. She has articles by them and refers readers to the agents of their own counties for direct help "on the spot." These agents, scientifically trained in home economics and practically trained by experience, are employed by the United States Government to teach the science of the new home-making to American housewives. These agents are directed by the home-economics leaders of the State colleges. They are employed to serve the women both of the big cities and the counties.

(2) *The Home-Economics Departments of the State Colleges.* Miss Orr's articles tell of the "scientific helps" these departments give in bulletins. She refers queries from the women of many States back to the scientific direction of colleges, thus putting the women in touch with the extension work of their own colleges.

Concluded on page 86

At Every Move of Your Hand- Your Nails are Conspicuous



Notice today and count the number of times someone glances at your nails.

YOU jot down a memorandum—instantly eyes are attracted to your hands. Instantly a judgment of you is formed, based upon the appearance of your nails.

Eyes follow a moving object automatically; follow it as inevitably as they blink when something suddenly flies towards them. Nature makes eyes that way.

When you sign a check, examine a piece of cloth, take a stitch, adjust your hat, lift a spoon to your lips, point at something, make a gesture—you will see eyes following your finger tips.

You will be amazed to find how many times in one day people glance at your nails.

At each glance a judgment is made

Consciously or unconsciously people judge you by the appearance of your hands. Indeed, some people make a practice of basing their estimate of a new acquaintance largely upon this one detail. They say it is an unfailing index to fastidiousness, to innate refinement.

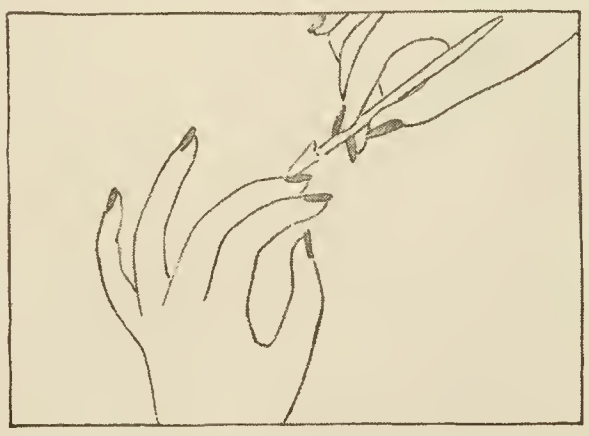
People no longer excuse unsightly hands. For it is generally known that nowadays well-kept nails are simply a matter of a little care.

However busy you may be, however hard you use your hands, you need never be ashamed of your finger nails. It requires only a few minutes of the right kind of care once or twice a week to keep them in perfect condition. But be sure it is the *right* kind of care.

Skin specialists everywhere are agreed that much unkempt, inflamed cuticle is due to cutting. Sometimes, too, injuries to the delicate nail root are caused in the same way, for it has a protective covering of only one-twelfth inch of cuticle.

The safe and satisfactory method of caring for the cuticle is softening and wiping away. This is easily done by the use of Cutex, the pure liquid cuticle remover.

The simple, effective Cutex method of manicuring takes less time than the old painful cutting of the cuticle, and it is *absolutely harmless*. Cutex Nail White and Nail Polish complete a perfect manicure.



This method is the secret of the perfect, even cuticle of many fashionable women

You will be astonished at the wonderful results you can obtain from one Cutex manicure. Repeated once or twice a week, it will keep your nails in perfect condition.

Cutex can be obtained at every drug store or department store in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are each 35c.

Six complete manicures for 20 cents

Mail the coupon below with two dimes; we will send you the Cutex Introductory Manicure Set, not as large as our Standard Set but containing enough of the Cutex preparations for at least six complete manicures. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 1204, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.



Mail this coupon with two dimes today

NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 1204, 114 West 17th St., New York City

Name _____

Street and Number _____

City and State _____





GOETZ
All Silk Satin

THERE'S luxury and economy combined in Goetz* All Silk Satin that is difficult to find in another fabric.

The "Goetz" lustre is so rich, its plain, solid colors so smart, that you can fashion of this All Silk Satin, almost any type of frock you choose. For afternoons, evenings or a little street suit for the balmier days—any of these, to say nothing of blouses—Goetz is ideally suited.

GOETZ SILK MFG. COMPANY
MADISON AVENUE AND 34th STREET
NEW YORK

*"Gets"

Concluded from page 84

HELP FOR YOU

(3) *The Home-Economics Office of the United States Department of Agriculture.* Miss Orr is regularly in touch with these national leaders of the 1920 home-economics work.

The illustration shown on page 84 gives a tempting picture of just one of the ten kinds of cake which can be made from the Master Rule for Cake-Making. Send to Miss Orr for this Master Rule and do not miss the other items on her list:

- A Master Rule for Cake-Making. One Recipe to Make Ten Different Kinds of Cake.
- A Master Rule for Using Baking-Powder Biscuit Dough in ten different ways.
- A Master Rule for Ten Breads from One Dough.
- A Set of Recipes for Making Ten Particularly Delicious Candies from one Foundation Fondant.
- A Master Rule for Frozen Desserts. One recipe will make ten different kinds.
- A Set of Safe Rules for Cutting the Cost of Food.
- A List of Books on Home-Economics Subjects which will be helpful to the housewife.
- Government and State-College Bulletins on Homemaking. List of Labor-Saving Devices.

Any three of these will be sent for a two-cent stamp.

CASH FOR YOUR BEST ECONOMY

TWO dollars apiece will be paid for letters describing our readers' most successful economies so interestingly and helpfully as to be available for publication. The letters need not be long; a few pages of note-paper will be satisfactory unless the writer has a bigger story to tell. Be SURE to write your name and address at the head of the first sheet, and address The Home-Economics Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York. Unavailable letters will NOT be returned.

THAT PRECIOUS CHILD

CAROLYN CONANT VAN BLARCOM, the editor of the Health Department, is one of the foremost workers in America for the health of women and children. She was assistant superintendent of the Johns Hopkins Nurses' Training-School; she was sent abroad by the Russell Sage Foundation to study midwifery in England, and her report, published by the Russell Sage Foundation, is the national authority on that subject; during the war she carried on a tremendous piece of executive work, equipping all Red Cross nurses who went overseas.

So eminent is Miss Van Blarcom that for the Child-Placing Service of THE DELINEATOR she has gathered an Advisory Council of the most distinguished social workers of America—men and women who agree to counsel with THE DELINEATOR because they implicitly believe in Miss Van Blarcom and her undertaking. The Council consists of:

- Dr. Felix Adler, President of the Ethical Culture Society of New York.
- Mrs. Albion Fellows Bacon, State Director of Child Welfare of Indiana, Indianapolis, Indiana.
- Miss Mary Vida Clark, Member of Health Committee, Community Councils for National Defense, New York City.
- Mr. James E. Ewers, General Agent of the Cleveland Humane Society, Cleveland, Ohio.
- Mr. Marcus G. Fagg, State Superintendent, The Children's Home Society of Florida, Jacksonville, Florida.
- Miss Katherine C. Felton, General Secretary, Associated Charities of San Francisco.
- Dr. Hastings H. Hart, Director, Department of Child Helping, Russell Sage Foundation, New York City.
- Dr. William Healy, Managing Director, Judge Baker Foundation, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Mr. William W. Hodson, Director, Children's Bureau, State Board of Control, Saint Paul, Minnesota.
- Mr. George L. Jones, General Secretary, Henry Watson Children's Aid Society, Baltimore, Maryland.
- Rev. Hubert Le Blond, Director of Charities, Diocese of Cleveland, Cleveland, Ohio.
- Judge Julian W. Mack, United States Circuit Court of Appeals, New York.
- Dr. Lilburn Merrill, Chief Probation Officer, Juvenile Court, Seattle, Washington.
- Mr. J. Prentice Murphy, General Secretary, Boston Children's Aid Society, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Judge Samuel D. Murphy, Juvenile Court of Jefferson County, Birmingham, Alabama.
- Dr. Jessica B. Peixotto, University of California, Berkeley, California.
- Mr. Wilfred S. Reynolds, Superintendent, The Illinois Children's Home and Aid Society, Chicago, Illinois.
- Rev. Michael J. Scanlan, Director, Catholic Charitable Bureau, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Mr. Edwin D. Solenberger, General Secretary, Children's Aid Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
- Miss Sophie Van Senden Theis, Superintendent, Child-Placing Department, State Charities Aid Association, New York.
- Mr. Henry W. Thurston, Director, Department of Child Welfare, New York School of Philanthropy, New York.
- Mr. C. V. Williams, Director, Children's Welfare Department, Board of State Charities, Columbus, Ohio.

IN ADDITION to the Child-Placing Service, Miss Van Blarcom directs the Infant-Hygiene page of THE DELINEATOR. Some of the country's leading obstetricians distribute among their patients the leaflets on pre-natal care and infant care which Miss Van Blarcom has written and sends free to THE DELINEATOR readers. These physicians use Miss Van Blarcom's leaflets because, as one of them says, "They give, better than any other publication, all the information a young mother needs."

Write to Miss Van Blarcom for any of her booklets:

- Rules for the Nursing Mother.
- Advice to Expectant Mothers.
- Daily Schedule for the Feeding and Care of Your Baby during First Year.
- Daily Schedule for the Feeding and Care of Your Baby during Second Year.
- How to Organize a Baby-Health Center.
- Outline for Talk on the Care of Babies' Eyes.
- Directions for the Care of Your Babies' Eyes.
- Suggestions for Organizing Local Work to Prevent Blindness among Babies.
- Information about Present Laws in your State for Saving Sight of Babies.
- Weight-Chart for Baby's First Year.
- Keeping Your Baby Well in Summer.
- Colic and Constipation—Common and Troublesome Ills of Babyhood.

Any three of these will be sent for a two-cent stamp.

MUSIC EVERY HOME CAN HAVE

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG is in charge of the Music Department. Mr. Armstrong is a man of international reputation as a musical critic. Under his direction THE DELINEATOR has produced a series of articles on the musical training of children, showing particularly how the talking-machine, found to-day in almost every home, can be a means of great instruction.

Send for Mr. Armstrong's lists:

- Songs by American Composers.
- Violin Selections by American Composers.
- Piano Selections by American Composers.
- Some Worth-While Records.
- Some Worth-While Rolls.
- Pieces Your Children Will Like to Practise.
- Songs for the Home Town to Sing.
- Phonograph Records for Community Singing.
- List of Favorite Records of Their Own Voices, Selected by Alma Gluck, Freida Hempel and Rosa Ponselle.

Any three of these will be sent for a two-cent stamp.

IT'S EASY TO BE BEAUTIFUL

CELIA CAROLINE COLE always reveals herself—charming, friendly, inspiring—in every article. She combines practical instruction with rare literary charm and helpful human sympathy. The directions she gives each month in the Beauty Department are those followed in the smartest of New York's smart beauty shops—there where plain women are magically made beautiful. Send for her leaflets:

- Facial Treatment in Smart New York Beauty Shops.
- Care of the Complexion.
- Care of the Hair and Scalp.
- Home Treatment for the Hair and Scalp.
- Facial Blemishes.
- Facial Exercises and Massage to Reduce Wrinkles.
- Care of the Hands.
- Rules for Maintaining Health.
- How to Keep Cool and Attractive in Summer.
- Don't You Want to be Thinner?
- Don't You Want to be Fatter?

Any three of the above will be sent for a two-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

"Beauty and Health through Proper Exercise" is an exceedingly valuable book which will be sent on receipt of the price, twenty-four cents.

A PARTY IS EASY—WITH OUR HELP

EDNA ERLE WILSON is the editor of the Entertainment Department. She plans parties that are new and bubbling with merriment. Miss Wilson herself hails from the hospitable South, where entertainment is an art. A delightful hostess herself, she can show others the road to delightful entertaining. Ask her for:

- Vaudeville Stunts for any Party.
- "Cinderella," an operetta sung to familiar airs.
- A Pagan Rout (a costume dance, each dance named).
- A Dinner Party with Musical Program.
- A Vaudeville for a School or Community Party with Dance Numbers.
- "Patriots' Tea." A Play of Revolutionary Times.
- Mother Goose Pageant with costumes and music.
- Directions for a "Blue-Moon Party."

Any three of these will be sent for a two-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

THOSE ETIQUETTE WORRIES!

MRS. JOHN CABOT KIMBERLY, editor of the Etiquette Department, sets no absurd standards such as advising men to wear frock-coats at afternoon teas. Out of her long social experience she knows how to give wise advice. Write for her booklets:

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THE DELINEATOR considers not only the personal interests of its readers. Its departments include the impersonal, unselfish interest in their home town and home community.

Each month it shows what neighbors working with neighbors can accomplish for community welfare.

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MABEL POTTER DAGGETT, in charge of THE DELINEATOR readers' aid to devastated France, is one of the best-informed writers on questions bearing on the forward march of women. All over America and Europe Mrs. Daggett has met and known the women who have done great deeds. Her inspiring messages from France, where she went as THE DELINEATOR's special representative, are an inspiration to DELINEATOR readers to help rebuild the town of Landres et St. Georges.

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FROM Paris, for centuries the world's center of art, luxury and refinement of living, come Dorin's exquisite *Compactes*—La Dorine and Dorin's Rouges.

In the manufacture of toilet articles of the finer sort Paris is supreme. Imitations of French powders and rouges lack that perfection of texture, that delicacy of perfume, that irresistible charm in every detail which make the genuine the choice of fastidious women. This is particularly true of the products of Dorin, imitated so frequently but always so unsuccessfully. For your protection, Dorin's Preparations are sold only in containers marked: "Dorin, Paris."

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Send description of your hair, eyes and complexion with 25 cts. in stamps, and we will send two miniature *compactes*, La Dorine and one of Dorin's Rouges. Also booklet reproducing, in full color, seven exquisite types of beauty with directions for choosing the correct *compactes* for each type.

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LA DORINE comes in four shades to harmonize with every complexion—Blanche, Naturelle, Rosee and Rachel. Dorin's Compact Rouges are in a variety of natural tones of which Rouge Brunette and Rouge Framboise are the favorites. Large dressing table size, $1. For arms and shoulders, use the Companion Powder, La Dorine *en poudre*. Box $1.

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F. R. ARNOLD & COMPANY, *Importers*, Dept. D, 5 WEST TWENTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK



When the Clock Strikes Four

MORNING'S duties done. Luncheon over until another day. An hour or so for just what she wants to do. And then—that enchanting bit of afternoon when friends drop in to enjoy her tea and cozy hospitality. In this cheery, restful setting, how important is the silent part that *silver* plays—casting its lustrous spell over the whole environment—stimulating, by its brilliance, the wit and warmth of chatter—and yet, withal, so suggestive in its enduring beauty, of those lifelong friendships made and maintained over a cup of fragrant, refreshing tea.

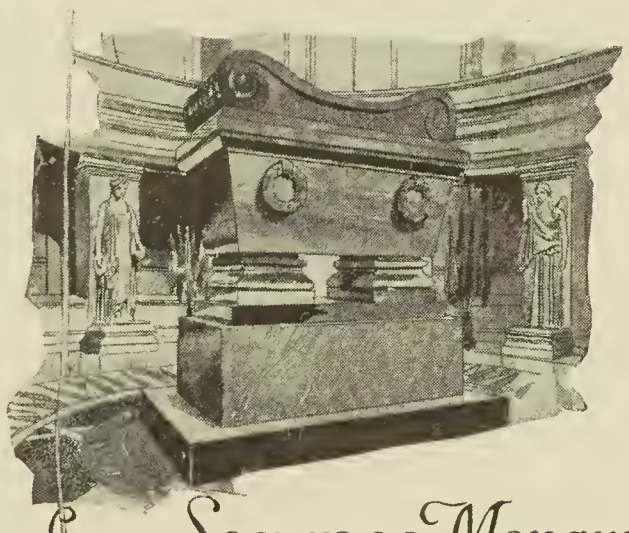
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Tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte in the Louvre, Paris, France

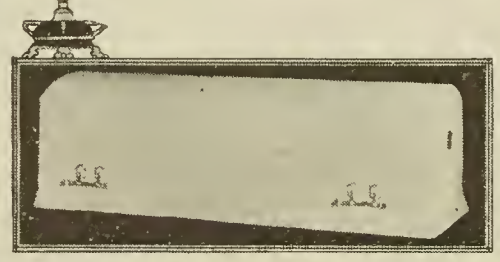
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SPEAKING OF JEWELRY

FROM A NEW YORK POINT OF VIEW

BY AMY BONNER

JUST recently there moved into the next block a couple who have never lived in so pleasant a neighborhood before. When evening comes they may be seen starting out, the wife handsomely dressed in furs, and wearing a large platinum bar-pin set with diamonds.

A closer examination of her jewelry might perhaps show that the diamonds are not very good ones; but they are diamonds, and they are set in platinum, and they are her first diamond-and-platinum piece.

Time was when the husband's salary plus much careful planning just carried these two along, and when luxuries and jewelry were simply unthought of. They lived like the other couples of their own set; they were probably thankful that they had enough to eat, and enough to wear. Now, the salary of the husband must be written in five figures, and it is only a question of what to spend it upon next; and as one friend expressed it, the usual order is dresses first, and hats, then furs and jewelry.

No; the husband has not suddenly developed remarkable business ability; he is riding upon the wave of present conditions; and he had perhaps invested his savings in some war business, and he is now reaping sudden prosperity.

One hears much talk nowadays among jewelers, and merchants generally, about this "new class" of purchasers, who are trooping down to the shops and buying endlessly, eagerly, and always of the best, and most expensive, the showiest, and demanding more. In jewelry as in other lines there is an inadequacy of raw materials, and the usual labor troubles. Labor is three times as high, diamonds twice as high, platinum more than twice as high, and the jewelers are fifth on the platinum list.

All this has caused prices to go skyrocketing. And yet they keep on buying, the great group made affluent by the war. Sometimes the diamonds they buy are not of the best, and sometimes they are of the very best; an acquaintance with wealth does not make for conservatism and care in spending.

IT IS not, accordingly, surprising to find that it is the higher-priced jewelry that is now in greatest demand, and is sold first. Persons of more moderate means have their old jewelry which must now be remodeled, and their old stones which must uow be reset in platinum mountings, instead of the cheap gold mountings that sufficed in other days.

Jewelers speak of the great demand for pearl necklaces eighteen, twenty-one and twenty-four inches long, whether in the real or imitation—and the latter are often exceedingly expensive—with their platinum and diamond clasps; for wrist-watches with rectangular movements, set with diamonds and decorated with fine "carving"; for vanity-cases, gold mesh bags with diamonds; platinum wedding-rings—now the prohibition against them has been lifted; and for all sorts of novelties, like the ladies' garters, to take an extreme case, set with diamonds.

Does this tremendous vogue for jewelry, this demand for the best, hold good all along the line? I asked a little woman who keeps a shop of novelty jewelry. People do not mind, she finds, the increase in price on her imported beads.

Wealthy and new-rich alike, she said, are treating bead necklaces as if they were a necessary part of the wardrobe, and acquiring one to match each costume. A visit to a restaurant, an afternoon tea, or a walk along Fifth Avenuo is sufficient to convince one of the almost universal use of this kind of jewelry for personal adornment.

That those exquisite, hand-made, imported *sautoirs* are very expensive does not affect their purchase a bit.

"Is it true that the more expensive pieces are purchased first?" I asked the owner of a curio shop. One of the noticeable features of the Winter's jewelry styles was the predilection for jade.

Now jade, as every one knows, is not an inexpensive thing. Yet there were people coming in every day asking for jade, and asking for the larger and more beautiful pieces, and paying for them in all cheerfulness, as if money were no objeet.

And here were others buying lapis lazuli and strings of white coral and paying thirty, forty and fifty dollars and more for strings of beads, as if they did not mind. and could do the same thing again and again without its making the slightest impression on their finances.

Down in a small shop where jewelry is bought and sold, and many interesting dramas that will never find their way into print are enacted, the little old man who presides had his word to contribute about the situation. There is so mueh barter here day after day that he has acquired a habit of stolidity, and the result is he does not speak very much.

"Last year they," he succinctly summed it up—and by "they" he meant those who are iuoculated with the craze for jewelry without the necessary means—"last year they sold their jewels to buy bonds; this year they are selling their bonds to buy jewels." This was on a side street.

But along Broadway the crowds still sweep and knots of the curious gather about the windows of the large jewelers whose shops cluster within a half-mile of Forty-second Strcet, on either side, and in either direetion. They stand before the flashing windows, the aggregate of whose price-tickets explains why there have been so many quickly broken windows, sudden thrusting of hands in through the openings, and hasty retrcats.

ROWS upon rows of bar-pins run along the velvet background, and flash edge to edge; eleven hundred, thirteen hundred, fourteen hundred dollars. Rings in elaborately decorated mountings with great beautiful stones, one marked $3,250; lavalieres ticketed $310, and very much more; necklaces of platinum set with solid rows of stones selling for $3,000; the crowds gazing meanwhile, in quite matter-of-fact style, and one, every once in so often, detaching himself and stepping inside to buy.

This is a condition that exists not in New York City alone. A salesman whose territory reaches to the farthest limits of the great West and of the South, spoke of the heavy buying in Texas, and Oklahoma, or wherever mining and oil has meant sudden and immense wealth.

A friend of mine spoke recently of the case of her cook, who is exceptionally well paid. The cook is young, and makes most joyful and reckless use of her comfortable salary. From one of her shopping tours she returned with a proudly purchased gift for her fiancé, a set of heavy cuff-buttons, very heavy indeed, and quite ornate, for which she had paid the cheerful sum of $35. And she is not an exception. A department-store buyer spoke of this very thing.

There is a call for memorandum-books trimmed with heavy gold corners to make them a little more showy, even if the leather is of cheaper grade; and whole gold-trimmed sets consisting of memorandum-case, cigar-case, and card-case, all put up attractively in one box.

A Fifth Avenuc shop testified to this phenomenon with regard to its imported beaded bags. These average from about $125 to $650 in price. They are many of them, reproductions of antique tapestries, of Italian, Persian, and Gobelins, of the lost arts.

The newly moneyed troop in herc and buy of the best and most expensive of those, hardly asking the price. They have never heard of a Gobelin or a lost art, and they really do not care. They have seen some one carrying a bag like this, and they know that this bag is *ne plus ultra*, and they have learned the name of the shop where it may be had.

The conservative class, which has always bought of the best, and always patronized the shops along Fifth Avenue, lend their patronage to the old-established shops, and bring back from year to year the family jewels to be set and resct. The hectic buying of jewelry does not touch them. They have always had the money to buy it.

THE more exclusive shops do not tell so many tales of wild buying. Sometimes, on the contrary, there is a tightening of the purse-strings. There is a realization of the shrinking value of money.

Whereas formerly a platinum necklace set with diamonds and sapphires seemed to require a ring to match, the astounding cost of the gems leads to a compromise—until better times—in the form of a beautiful platinum ring holding a surprisingly realistic-looking sapphire which is only an imitation.

Oddly enough, these are purchased in the very shop where the fabulously-priced original pieces were duplicated with imitation gems for these very customers, to wear while traveling, or during the Summer, while the real jewels repose temporarily in the safe. The exquisitely enameled boudoir-sets and other household accessories in the way of jewelry and silver are still purchased by these, and not by the other, the newly rich, as a general thing.

One of these days, perhaps, the man with the $35 cuff-buttons will meet one of the conservatives of mellow wealth, whom he knows to be better dressed than himself, and perhaps he will notice the pair of unobtrusive cuff-buttons of plain gold for evening wear, costing about $10 a pair. He will look at his own again and make a mental note.

He will learn the lesson in taste and moderation amidst the new plenty, and will regain his balance. The woman with the huge bar-pin may possibly learn a similar lesson.

AUNTIE'S SKIRTS

(First four lines by Robert Louis Stevenson; balance by me)

WHENEVER Auntie moves around,
Her dresses make a curious sound.
They trail behind her up the floor,
And trundle after through the door.

II

Now this, of course, was long ago,
When Auntie's skirts were wide and low.
They trail no longer up the floor,
Nor trundle after through the door.
That skirt of Auntie's now is found,
Some fifteen inches off the ground.
The sight of it, we think, might stun
Her nephew, R. L. Stevenson.

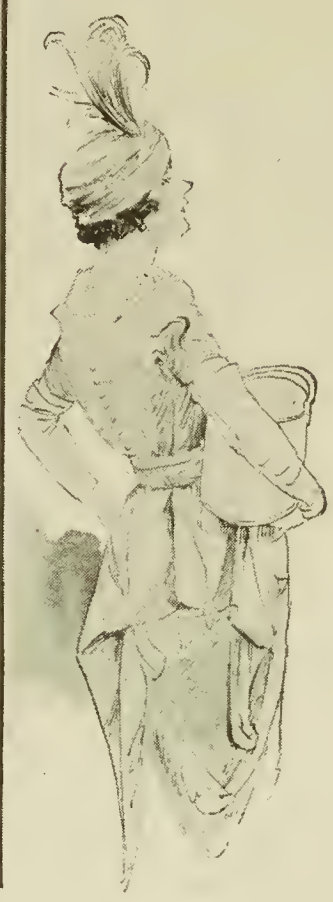
HARRY HAMILTON.



"Hauteur" Copyright, Ira Hill



With such a whimsically smart suit all ready for spring, small wonder she is on the lookout for the first robin



Tiny satin buttons demurely fasten down the back and a little circular collar of net and lace proclaims the extreme youth of this frock

Styles of today make the choice of fabrics especially important

WHO, better than Irene Castle, realizes the importance of materials and colors in the frocks of today? Or appreciates the full significance of having a frock translate its wearer's personality! Who else, without hesitation can instantly choose the silks that will give the most alluring line, the fluffiest puffs, the most graceful folds?

Satin Patria builds a frock of wondrous charm

For her newest daytime frock of severely simple lines, Irene Castle selected mahogany Satin Patria to mould its puffs and folds. Only a silk as rich and firm of texture as Corticelli Satin Patria could build such enchanting draperies or such jaunty little sleeves.

Its lustrously smooth surface presents a contrasting, ever moving play of shimmering light and softest shadow, and gives to Satin Patria its unsurpassed charm.

Prideful as a peacock, this saucy frock flaunts its assurance of perfection with an exuberant parrot of varied hue.

Only Satin Militaire could achieve this suit

In this jaunty suit of youthful mien, Irene Castle frankly proclaims her fondness for tan Satin Militaire and she surely ought to know!

Trimly smart, its beauty and its claim to distinction rest on its simplicity. And simplicity of line demands perfect material, perfect color.



"Promenade de Printemps"

Copyright, Ira Hill

Very jaunty must the wearer of this youthful street suit feel. The straight gathered skirt is gracefully slim and the little coat has a loose cuff instead of a belt

The little coat is straight in line and gathered to a cuff which takes the place of a belt. Of white Satin Militaire, this "cuff" is embroidered in a deep, rich blue, to match the real cuffs and the smartly trimmed pockets.

Corticelli Silks come in all of the newest spring shades. There is the luxuriously rich Satin Patria, so wonderful for street frocks, for suits, for evening gowns; lovely Satin Militaire, smooth and lustrous; soft, exquisite taffetas that will puff and drape to perfection; and dignified poplin, unexcelled for suits and street frocks.

Every Corticelli Silk is produced with the coming styles in view and each new color prophesies a new fashion. If your favorite store cannot show you the newest Corticelli silks, taffetas and poplins, please write to us. Corticelli Silk Mills, 54 Nonotuck Street, Florence, Mass.

Booklet mailed on request showing the fascinating new models that Irene Castle has worked out in Corticelli Satins and Taffetas. The patterns for these frocks—cut from Irene Castle's own designs—sizes 34-40 bust measure. Order by name, "Hauteur" or "Promenade de Printemps." $1.00 each.

For those who crochet

Send today for Corticelli Lessons in Crochet, Book No. 12, showing smart sweaters, long knitted coats, new scarfs, new "suky" handbag, jaunty tams, golf hose, a "Bretton vescoat," woven worsted set of collar, cuffs and vestee, and a smart "Fluffy Ruffle" filet waist with a black silk camisole. Sweaters and bedroom slippers for the little tot, and a slip-on sweater for the school girl. Price 15 cents, by mail 18 cents.

Address Corticelli Silk Mills, 54 Nonotuck Street, Florence, Mass. No Canadian orders accepted.

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ALSO MAKERS OF CORTICELLI SPOOL SILKS, YARNS AND CROCHET COTTONS



Uncle Sam finds the greatest food

THE U. S. Government conducts experiments to find the foods which supply the family with most health and strength. In Health Education Bulletin No. 2, published by the Department of the Interior, its experts have put rolled oats at the very top of the list.

Their findings are given in our new cook book, "Gems From Mammy's Southern Kitchen," together with the new idea in meal planning. Be sure to read this. Rolled oats is the greatest solid food.

How Rolled Oats Was Made A Flavorful Delight

The exclusive Purity Process extracts the heart of the oat grain,—in which Nature has tucked away all the meaty strength and sunshiny sweetness.

You know something extraordinary has been accomplished as soon as you taste Purity Rolled Oats. The flavor is strikingly different. It is crisp, full, rich,—nutlike is the best description.

Not only does the bountiful breakfast come out of the package of the lily,—but also an infinite variety of dishes for dinner and supper which build the family health and cut the cost of meals.

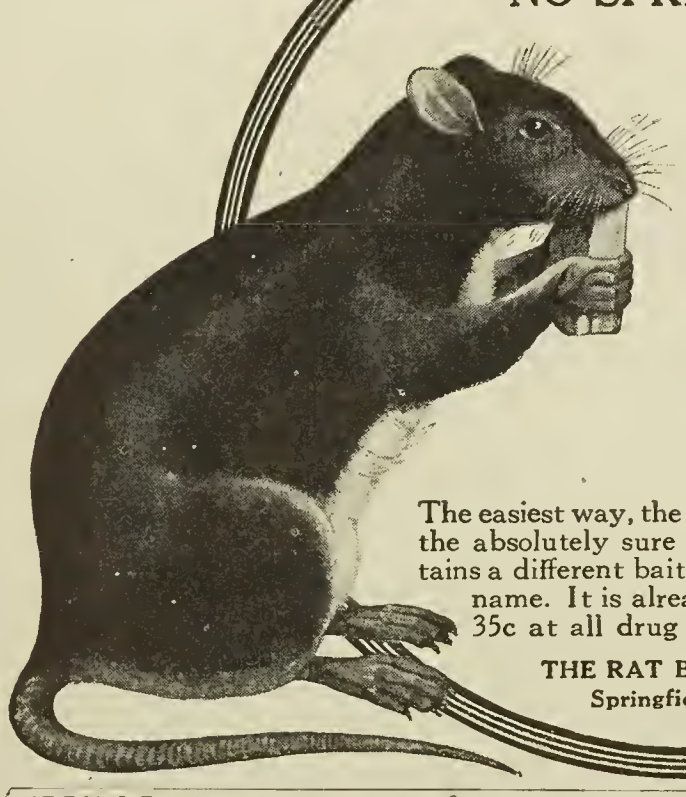
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famed for flavor **Rolled Oats**

NO MUSS
NO MIXING
NO SPREADING



Nibble, Nibble!—And off scampers Mr. Rat to die outdoors. Master Mouse meets the same fate. Just crumble up a

Rat Bis-Kit

For Mice, Too

The easiest way, the quickest way, the clean way, the absolutely sure way. Each Bis-Kit contains a different bait. Ask for Rat Bis-Kit by name. It is already prepared. 25c and 35c at all drug and general stores.

THE RAT BISCUIT CO.
Springfield, Ohio

You can also kill roaches, rats, mice, etc., with Rat Bis-Kit Paste. In tubes, 25c.

TURN YOUR SPARE MINUTES INTO MONEY
Write for particulars that will show you how. No obligation.
THE DELINEATOR Box 521, Butterick Building New York, N. Y.

VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT IN STOCKBRIDGE

BY AGNES W. CANNING

Secretary of the Laurel Hill Association

IN 1853 STOCKBRIDGE was a little village for which nature had done much and man had done little. The valley as it lay cradled among the everlasting hills had a chance rarely equaled. The splendid old trees that abounded and the sinuous river wandering through the fertile meadows made a picture to linger long in the memory of every citizen of the town. But the residential portion of the village was depressing. The main street was wide, affording ample room on each side of the roadway for weeds and litter, with a narrow, irregular footpath running along by the ugly fences. Cattle browsed at their leisure going to and from pasture, and a passing team filled the air with dust from the dry, sandy road. The whole aspect was unkempt, uninviting, ugly.



Through the influence of one woman a little band of men and women gathered together, founded the Laurel Hill Association, and went to work.

As a result, Stockbridge is to-day a cleanly, attractive community. During the fifty years that this association has been doing its quiet, persistent work, it has planted more than two thousand trees, made the entire system of village sidewalks, laid out and cared for the small parks and squares, and endeavored to prevent the throwing of papers and various rubbish into the streets by placing convenient receptacles for such and using placards inscribed: "Please help to keep the village tidy."



STOCKBRIDGE'S CHIME TOWER, THE GIFT OF A PROMINENT CITIZEN TO THE CHILDREN OF THE VILLAGE

Through its influence, a pretty and artistic stone building has replaced the ugly wooden railroad station that was providentially burned, and a tract of land adjoining it has been bought, transformed into a small but tasteful park by planting it with vines and blossoming shrubs, evergreen and deciduous trees, and the entire care of it assumed by this association.

The village cemetery was one of the earliest objects of its attention. A hedge of Norway spruce was set around it, walks and drives laid out through the grounds, making the cemetery a beautiful and fitting place for the beloved dead who are laid there. The association also rescued the ancient burial-place of the Stockbridge Indians from neglect and made it into a small park, with seats under the sheltering trees. The huge boulder brought from a near-by hill, its natural beauty of moss and lichens all undisturbed, stands in the center and marks the historic ground with its simple inscription: "To the Stockbridge Indians—the friends of our fathers."

Two other good things gained for the village by the association are the street oil-sprinkler that lays the dust in all the streets in Summer, and a snow-plow that opens the village paths after every fall of snow during the Winter.

Through the efforts of the organization, oil lamps twinkle along the highways, the only means of lighting available at present, and though faint and inadequate, are at least an attempt to dispel the gloom of night, and to give light to the pedestrian on his way.

It is not too much to say that it is owing to the association's influence that we have an abundant supply of running water to supplant the old-time wells and cisterns; the Waring system of sand filtration for sewage; and, through the generous effort of one of our active members, the river has been redeemed from being the village cesspool and general dump, its banks having been cleaned and restored to their natural condition, and its waters made clean for boating and other aquatic sports.

The beautiful elms along all the village streets have been sprayed by the town authorities to destroy the beetles and other pests and thereby saved to shelter our streets for many years.

As the especially local work of village improvement, for which this society was organized, seems to have reached its climax, the attention of the executive committee has very properly gone out into a somewhat wider field.

Anything pertaining to good citizenship is felt to be a legitimate channel for its efforts, and it is a matter for reasonable pride that such powerful organizations as the Massachusetts Forestry Association and the Massachusetts Civic League of Boston, should repeatedly ask for our support in measures for the betterment of this goodly Commonwealth which have from time to time come up in the Legislature.

One instance was the request from our representative that the Laurel Hill Association might be represented at a hearing before a committee at the State House in reference to the preservation of the native growths in our mountains and hills. Our president and secretary responded to the summons and gladly bore testimony to the urgent need for greater protection for the beauty of our woods.

Two special meetings of the executive committee were called during the Winter to consider letters of appeal from the above-mentioned societies to lend the weight of our influence to help secure favorable legislation in the appointment of a State Forester, and to get better police protection against the tramp nuisance, which in some parts of the State is of colossal proportions.

We responded to these appeals, and petitions were duly prepared and sent to the proper authorities in Boston. Thus we have put ourselves on record before the State and country as standing for all that makes for the permanent betterment of the people—in short, for good citizenship.

The Laurel Hill Association has the proud record of having held its meetings from May to October, inclusive, ever since its beginning, nearly seventy years ago—even through the dreadful period of the Civil War, the Spanish War, and recently through this most horrible war the world has ever known.

During the last period its members were engrossed in Red Cross work from one week's end to another, and in consequence the especial purpose for which it was founded lapsed somewhat, although the monthly meetings were held regularly. On the occasion of the anniversary exercises, all the Red Cross members formed in a procession at the Town Hall and marched in their uniforms through the village to Laurel Hill, bearing appropriate flags and banners.

Once a year, in September, the association invites its friends, and all that will, to come to its festival. At mid-afternoon you may see the villagers with many of the city guests temporarily residing among them, and many residents of the neighboring towns, wending their way up the slopes of Laurel Hill.

Half-way up is a plateau, affording standing room for two thousand persons. Upon the eastern border of the plateau, where the hill presents a smooth and perpendicular face of rock, a rostrum of stone covered with turf has been built, from which the eye looks out under the arching oaks and elms upon a lovely stretch of meadow, with the winding Housatonic and a noble mountain range bounding the western horizon.

Here gather the officers of the association, with perhaps the chief speaker of the occasion. Prayer is offered. A band provides the music. The secretary and treasurer read their reports of the doings of the past year. Then follows an address, often by some son of Stockbridge who has achieved distinction in letters, in trade, or in art, and who is willing thus to recognize his duty to the place where he was born.

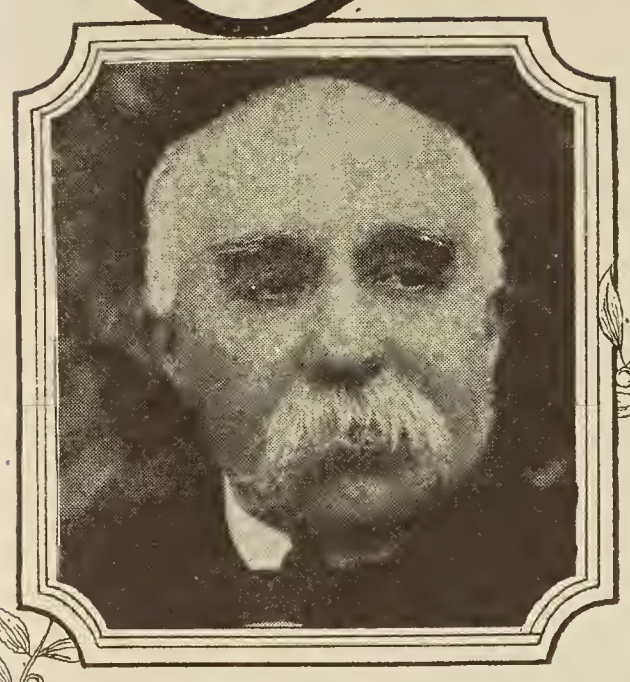
Sometimes the reading of a poem follows the address and then come brief speeches from one and another whom the president sees in the assembly and contrives to draw out. The talking is in varied strains, from the liveliest to the most serious; but all is simple and natural.

As the sun begins to throw the slant shadows down the hillside and along the green meadows, old and young mingle in pleasant groups, and go home feeling a new interest in each other and in the place where their lot is cast.

The indirect influence of the association in promoting and cultivating the artistic taste of the community can hardly be estimated. From gifts and bequests it has an invested fund and with the income from this source and from annual subscriptions it is on a solid financial basis, and promises to continue to add to the attractions of the village.

A copy of the constitution, with a list of officers and committees, which show the method of work will be furnished gladly, free of charge, to any one desiring to help in the laudable work of village improvement.

CLEMENCEAU



The TIGER OF FRANCE known as the mightiest man in the world has written this drama of the battle of two men over the soul of a woman.

It is the greatest story ever told in motion pictures.



THE STRONGEST

Not a War Picture

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"—by way of adding a professional touch to home desserts"

You start in the most *unimaginative* way; say with tapioca, blanc mange, fruit or berries, or maybe a packet of gelatine for a quick dessert. You *prepare* it as usual, but *serve* it heaped high with luscious marshmallow topping—*with Hip-o-lite*. The result is a prosaic "family dessert," disguised beyond recognition in a charming sweet, gaily suggestive of the caterer's art.

Hip-o-lite is exquisite marshmallow of "spreadable" consistency, packed in crystal glass and strictly *ready-to-use* for Cake Fillings and Frostings and for Marshmallow Sauces and Sundaes. While it costs *less* than plain cream and sugar, its delicacy and richness make most persons prefer it to whipped cream! Just for the joy of it, try a jar today. *At grocers!*

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a ready to use Marshmallow Creme



The Hipolite Book of Caterer's Professional Recipes and "Simplified Candy Making" will be sent upon receipt of your request. Address Dept. 420 D.

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PÉTROLE HAHN

TO MOTHERS

PROPER care in childhood will assure for the years to come, the fluffy, abundant hair your children now possess.

Petrole Hahn is of particular necessity in the care of young hair because it supplies natural petroleum, a food of vital importance to growing hair-roots. For the health and wealth of your children's hair now and in the future, commence the regular use of Petrole Hahn **today.**



For sale by leading dealers. Small size $1.50. Large $2.25. Sample bottle on receipt of 25 cents.

Park & Tilford
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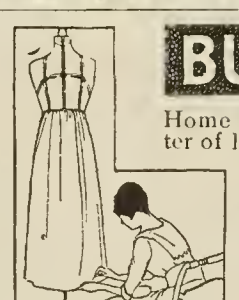
Nadine Face Powder

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Keeps The Complexion Beautiful

Soft and velvety. Money back if not entirely pleased. Nadine is pure and harmless. Adheres until washed off. Prevents sunburn and return of discolorations. Millions of delighted users prove its value. Flesh, Pink, Brunette, White. At leading toilet counters. If they haven't it, by mail 60c. Dept. T.

National Toilet Company, Paris, Tenn., U. S. A.



BUST and HIPS

Home dressmaking is no longer a matter of luck in obtaining the proper fit. No more guesswork, no tedious standing before the mirror to see how the work is progressing.

HALL-BORCHERT ADJUSTABLE FORMS

can be adjusted to your exact shape whether you are short or tall, stout or slender, of average proportions or otherwise. Your dresses will look just right, fit just right, hang evenly and be of correct length. You'll be surprised how easily you can make stylish dresses this way—how easy it is to adjust one of these forms to just your shape. They cannot get out of order and will last a lifetime. Write to-day for illustrated booklet and name of nearest dealer.

Hall-Borchert Dress Form Co.
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HOW MUCH SPARE TIME HAVE YOU?

Whether five minutes a day or five hours, you can sell it to us for big money. Others are receiving thousands of dollars from us every year for their spare-time work. Why not get your share? Write to-day for our proposition. You assume no obligation in doing so. Opportunities are all around you. Get started now.

THE DELINEATOR, Box 520, Butterick Bldg., New York, N.Y.

PRIVATE GROUNDS—COME IN!

MR. ELMER DUNGAN, of Fort Washington, Pennsylvania, is not the kind of a man who believes that "good fences make good neighbors."

As a boy he had grown weary of being prohibited from doing this and that and told to keep off the grounds. So when he became a man and owned an estate of his own he did away with signs and fences and policemen and hedges. He opened his grounds to his fellow men and said: "This place is free to all. Come and play on my lot."

He went further. He put his whole soul into the project. Not content with offering his community the freedom of his estate, Mr. Dungan proceeded to fit it up for the enjoyment and comfort of his guests.



A NEIGHBORHOOD FOURTH-OF-JULY CELEBRATION ON THE DUNGAN ESTATE

First he dammed the creek opposite the flour-mill of revolutionary days and made a swimming and diving pool, nine feet deep, that affords also boating and skating for half a mile back. Then to make the pool more attractive to the children he added a miniature Mississippi River steamboat with a real paddle-wheel, a tacking sail-boat, a diving submarine, a dipping water duck and a splashing snake.

Here the youngsters may be seen at any hour of the day wondering about the rapidly moving fleet as without pause it circles about the pond until the close of navigation.

A large field has been set apart for baseball and other games. Three splendid diamonds have been laid out and sometimes there are as many as three ball games in progress at one time. The local team makes the field its home grounds and headquarters. And at night the whole field is swept by a strong search light.

"It is a delight to see the place made use of and enjoyed by others," says Mr. Dungan. "There is plenty of room and the grass won't wear out."

And so this public-spirited man who looks upon his community not as so many acres of land, but as a live, throbbing human organization peopled with his friends and fellow townsmen, has broken down—or rather never built up any—barriers.

On the Dungan estate children and grown-ups come to play. Here Memorial and Independence Day celebrations are held. Churches, clubs and business men's associations make it a resort for their outings. It is a favorite spot for artists who have found in the mill, the creek, the wide-spreading trees, the level lawn and picturesque hills the inspiration for many a canvas.

"The place is but an enlargement of the original idea to interest and hold our two boys in Summer just as the house is made to attract them in Winter," says Mr. Dungan.

"We wanted them to prefer home to the railroad yards, wholesome sport to robbing orchards of neighbors. If a boy or girl is given the proper outlet for pent-up energy, mischievous and destructive tendencies will be eliminated or minimized.

"Of course things are messed up sometimes, and if my wife weren't constituted as she is, I suppose there would be trouble. The housekeeper grumbles sometimes, and the man on the place gets mad when some one takes his tools and doesn't bring them back, but that's a mere trifle. You can't expect fifty kids to get together without something happening.

"It isn't the home boys that make the trouble, but the fellow who gets off the trolley-car and says, 'Gee! fellers, here's a jimdandy place to swim.'

"For such cases I have thought of getting out a little book with a few pages of 'Don'ts.' For instance: 'Don't throw stones in the dam'; 'don't break off branches of the little trees for walking-sticks'; 'don't ride bicycles on the tennis courts'; 'don't interfere with the internal economy of the water-wheel'; 'don't throw rubbish about—there is a can in which to put it'; 'don't tear the curtains of the bathhouse'; 'don't shoot the clock-dial in the old mill—it was shot up several times by the British. Not the clock, for it wasn't there then, but the mill.'

"I could name several other things that happen, but the vigilance committee usually attends to that. This is a self-appointed body of men and boys who act with great promptitude. The big fellows keep the younger ones in trim and so on down to the baby in arms, whose mother is responsible for its good behavior.

"As to the question of what this proposition has done for the community, there is no doubt that the morale of both the boys and girls has been improved. I have lots of fruit and vegetables and no boy of this neighborhood ever thinks of touching them. There is very little swearing and cigaret smoking. Put people on their honor and they usually respect the confidence.



SWIMMING, DIVING AND BOATING FOR THE ENTIRE NEIGHBORHOOD

"Few people know that this is a private enterprise. Even some of those living in the neighborhood believe the place belongs to the town or State. And I'm quite content to have them think so.

"It's a practical project, too," adds this public-spirited citizen, "for the results more than pay for what I've put into it in time and money. And besides, look at the fun I'm having."

And thus for fifteen years Mr. Elmer Dungan in a quiet unostentatious way that is characteristic of the man has been practising—not preaching—the doctrine of brotherly love and community spirit—and feeling better for it.

A COMMUNITY CREED

WE BELIEVE a Community Creed is a good thing to live by. It helps to crystallize the sentiment of the men and women who are striving to render service to their community and the nation.

Here is one, stirring in its appeal to loyalty and cooperative effort, that has been adopted by the town of New Rockford, North Dakota:

THE CREED

WE BELIEVE in Our Country, the American Nation, united and indivisible, under one flag: in its glorious past: in its liberty and freedom that is without price: and in its sublime destiny. And in Our State, the Commonwealth of North Dakota: in its rolling prairies and fertile fields: in the resources of its soil: and in the integrity and honesty of purpose of its people.

WE BELIEVE in Our Community, New Rockford and its environs, as the best place in which to live, to follow our chosen vocations, to pursue our happiness, and to rear our boys and girls to God-fearing and loyal American manhood and womanhood.

WE BELIEVE that you are just as good as we are, and that we are just as good as you are: that you can help us, and that we can help you: and that through our cooperation we can help everybody else.

THE Boy Scouts of Weir City, Kansas, have inaugurated a movement which has extended not only throughout the State but spread to other States and even to England. Casting about for a program that would meet their idea of twentieth-century chivalry, they decided that they would try to save the lives of the babies of the community, through a well-organized clean-up campaign on a wide scale.

In regular squads they raked and hoed and cleaned up the filthy corners of the town. The refuse was piled on the curbing and was collected by the town's street-cleaning department and later incinerated.

Weir City was saved that year from its annual scourge of diphtheria. Then the boys went before the city authorities, appealed for the passing of a model sanitation ordinance and won out.

As a result of their activity, clean-up campaigns were carried on by children in forty different towns and sanitation work has been given a permanent place in the Boy Scout Manual.

EVERY progressive town does something worth while in the course of a year. Write THE DELINEATOR about what your town has done.



It means more than leisure

Each month thousands of women are won to the BlueBird way of washing, mainly because it absolutely does away with washday drudgery and saves time.

But after they have had BlueBird a while, they realize that it means far more than leisure.

For clothes washed in the BlueBird way last much longer than most women used to think that clothes could last.

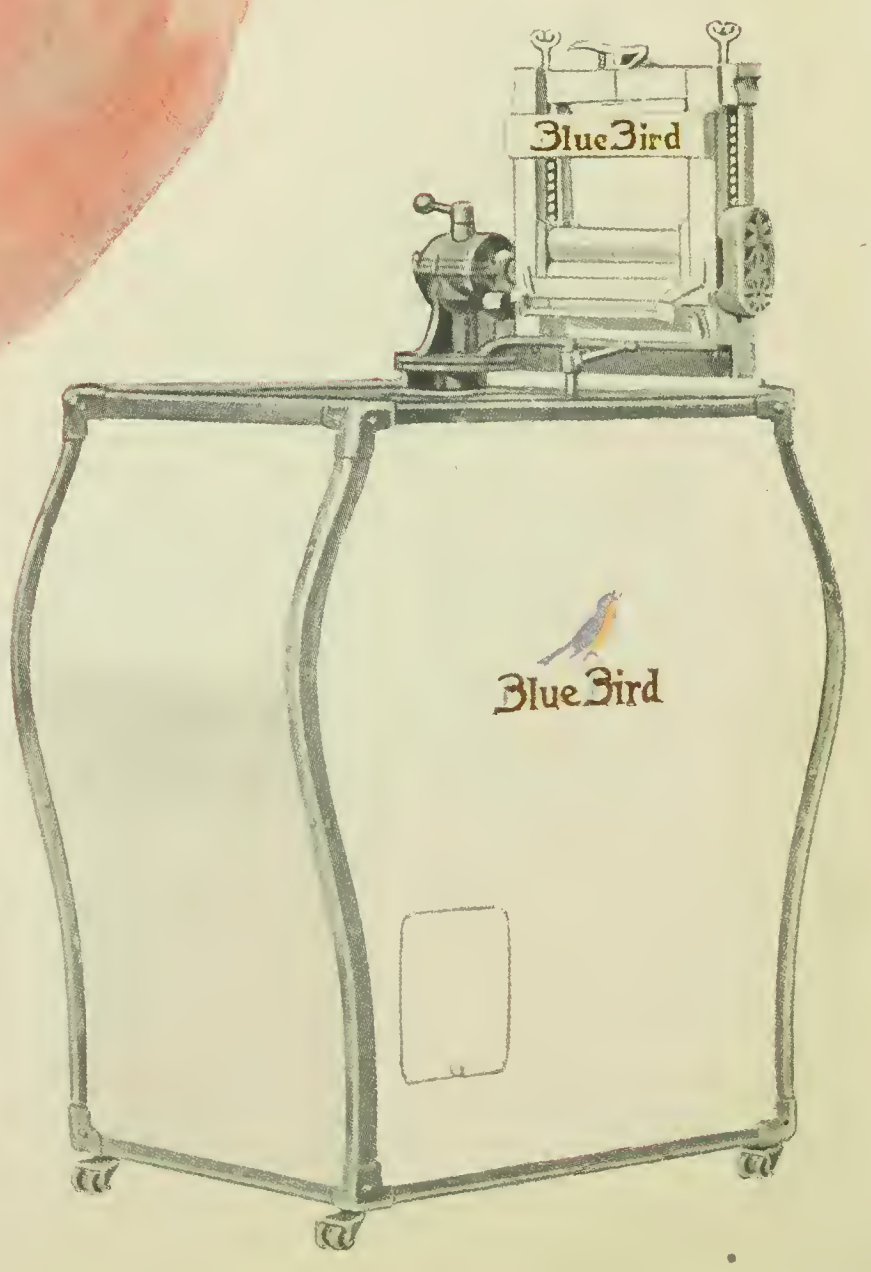
Scientifically made tests show that they last five times as long as when they are washed on a rub-board.*

BlueBird dealers everywhere are daily demonstrating how fast, safe and economical the BlueBird way is.

They will be glad to demonstrate it in your home by doing your week's washing.

The BlueBird Appliance Company
St. Louis, U. S. A.
Branches: Chicago, New York, Boston

An initial payment of seven dollars puts BlueBird into your home, and the balance can be paid in convenient monthly sums



BlueBird
ELECTRIC CLOTHES WASHER



A natural Emphasis to your Charm

How unwise to use Rouge—*improperly!* How unkind to Nature to be without care in the use of Face Powder!

Yet, it is quite necessary at times, is it not—if you would preserve the natural beauty of your type—that you add a simple, a *natural* emphasis to its charm?

That is why, Madame, Mademoiselle, that you use—*wisely*—just a touch of Djer-Kiss Rouge of the right tint, shading it carefully to blend with the very tones of the skin itself. And you will finish with the inimitable refinement of Djer-Kiss Face Powder—of the tint best suited to the coloring of your complexion.

Send for Djer-Kiss Color Cards to-day

A set of 7 exquisite color cards by noted artists. Choose from them *your* type and learn how the *wise* blending of Djer-Kiss Rouge and Face Powder cannot but increase your natural fascination. Mail but six cents in stamps to the Alfred H. Smith Company, 34 West 34th Street, New York City.

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*Made in France**

*ROUGE, *LIP STICK, *CREAM

**Made in America with Djer-Kiss Concentré from France.*

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R. L. ED. - FORKUM

EASE OF MANNER

HOW TO GET IT, GIRLS

BY FANNIE KILBOURNE

A FRIEND of mine who is just as charming as she is clever (and she had an M.A. and three-quarters of a Ph.D. for work in psychology) admitted a while ago:

"I used to be so miserably self-conscious that I blushed when I caught anybody's eye. It would take me half an afternoon to get up the courage to make a remark in a crowd and then my voice would sound strange and husky in my ears and I would never say what I intended to. I believe I should have died of unhappiness—only that unhappiness is like seasickness, one seldom dies of it; one just wishes to—if I hadn't found out how to take myself in hand."

And because she is so well-poised and charming, so gaily confident now, it seems to me that her methods of "taking a personality in hand" are well worth passing on.

To begin with, she says that there are two kinds of self-consciousness, one of which is not the real disease at all. The false symptoms come from inexperience and are really nothing but lack of knowledge.

A WOMAN may be alarmed at her first formal dinner, a girl shrink from her first business interview. Both may feel that their dread springs from bashfulness when, as a matter of fact, it is based upon nothing more fundamental than uncertainty of which fork to use or a doubt as to how to state her errand.

This condition, unpleasant though it may be, is as nothing compared with the real disease. Treatment of this lack-of-knowledge trouble is simple. Find out in advance of anything which seems an ordeal, all you can as to what will be required of you. Then go ahead and do the best you can. Whether the advance information be much or little, do not allow yourself to shirk the opportunity.

First attempts may be difficult, even unpleasant, but you know you will never have to do anything the first time but once. And all the theoretical knowledge in the world will not take the place of that one first attempt. Never mind if it looks hard, it will be easier next time; never mind whether you enjoy yourself or not, you are preparing for a time when you will.

If you make a mistake, never mind that, either. Customs vary in different places and the most experienced woman of the world is likely to make a mistake on strange territory. Her difference from the nervous beginner would be not in the mistake but in her attitude toward it. She would pass it over casually, as the trifle it was.

OTHERS may not have noticed your mistake at all, and if they have, rest assured that it has not looked one-tenth so large to them as it does to you. And whether the experience is pleasant or unpleasant, it is experience just the same, and nine-tenths of social ease is nothing but experience.

"But this advice wasn't the kind I needed," my clever, charming friend admits. "For me, such a method would have been merely brutal. My case of self-consciousness was the real disease. It was no case of getting through some first time and then finding the others easier.

"A trifling failure or awkwardness of the first time would grow in my mind and make the ninth or tenth attempt far more difficult than the first. No physical suffering could be much worse than my dread of some coming ordeal, my bitter regret over one that was past."

The "real thing" in self-consciousness, she explains, needs slow treatment. And as the sufferer herself must also be both doctor and nurse, she must learn, first of all, to be patient. A doctor would not take a weak, sick person, give him ten minutes of setting-up exercises and then say:

"NOW, my man, let me see you run ten miles. What! You fell down the first minute? Well, you certainly are a failure."

Yet the shy, awkward girl who dreams of being a belle at her first party is asking almost as much of herself. And if, finding herself a wallflower, she goes home miserably sure that she is a social failure and doomed to a lifetime of unpopularity, she is as unfair to herself as the doctor to his patient.

Any treatment must begin with an honest diagnosis. If your self-confidence is a bit weak and wabbly, you know it yourself, of course. Prescribe accordingly. Start out with the gentler of the daily "setting-up" exercises for the personality.

Ease of manner is something which can be cultivated and strengthened. But it can not be done in a day. Do not wait to prepare yourself until some social or business emergency arises, then try to practise the arts you have not yet acquired and feel discouraged because they fail you. Of course they will.

Social charm is not a limited thing, practised only at dances, teas and calls. It is a broad, fundamental trait, bounded only by the infinite possibilities of human relationship. It means sympathy, gaiety, thoughtfulness for intimate friendships, courtesy, tact for casual contacts, dignity and directness for all business dealings.

Just as the crack oarsman practises through the Winter on his indoor rowing machine, so can you train yourself in these qualities in the gymnasium of your every-day life.

Tact, dignity, ease of manner do not need the background of any social event. The time to learn to pour tea gracefully, for instance, is not the first time you are asked to assist at a large reception. It is when your next-door neighbor brings in her sewing of an afternoon. Serve her a cup, and under the easiest of circumstances you can practise doing it easily and gracefully.

Then when you wish to serve tea to somebody whose presence might worry and embarrass you, the technicalities of the sugar tongs and lemon-fork, at least, will be easy, for you will be free then to give your whole attention to what you and your guest are talking about, without the nervous undercurrent of wondering what to do with the tea-ball after you take it out of the cup.

Frequent callers, old friends of your father and mother or husband or brothers, the women you meet every Sunday at church, the man from whom you take dictation every day—these are the persons with whom you must learn to be gracious and tactful and dignified. Make every single human contact of your every-day life as fine and charming as you can.

This conscious effort of constantly living up to what you wish to be is to the personality what systematic exercise is to the body. It creates poise and reserve strength. Other circumstances being equal, the hard, well-exercised man will outstrip a soft, flabby opponent in an unprepared-for sprint. So will the woman whose every-day, commonplace standards of manner are high be the better prepared to meet an unexpected demand upon her self-confidence.

When the unusual demand comes—and it may be anything from a house-party to applying for a job—the only thing to do, of course, is to prepare for it as well as possible and then go through it as best you can.

If the ordeal has gone off unexpectedly well, never let yourself forget that it has. The self-confidence this can give you will roll up bigger and bigger like a snowball. My clever, charming friend was called upon once, very unexpectedly to say a word or two at a mothers' meeting.

"For a wonder," she says, "I got through it much better than I expected. And for weeks afterward, whenever I would dread doing anything, I would bolster up my faltering confidence by saying to myself, 'Oh, but think how well you told those mothers about using prepared foods! Don't you remember how they laughed and clapped?' And that laughter and applause, long silent and forgotten by everybody but myself, carried me through dozens of other ordeals."

BUT suppose the occasion has gone badly—and with all the preparation in the world, some occasions do!—what then?

The first thing to do is to go over the situation in your mind and decide what you should have done differently. Picture the way things would have worked out had you followed this other course. Think this out carefully in detail.

Your imaginary picture of the event with you doing exactly the right and wisest thing will in this way be registered in your subconscious mind. When a similar occasion arises—and it is amazing how many apparently different occasions are fundamentally more or less similar—that bit of wisdom will be waiting there, ready to bob up and help you.

From a constructive point of view, you have gained all that can be gained from the unfortunate incident. Now forget it.

That is easy to say and miserably hard to do. The bashful, self-conscious person is almost always a natural worrier. But one point in this case ought to help. Worry is usually based on the uneasy feeling that something ought to be done about it. In this case, something has been done.

The incident has added to the sum total of your knowledge, so, unpleasant though it has been, it has been worth while. But now it is closed. Do not go over and over the mistake until that, and your regret too, is filed away in your mysterious, subconscious filing cabinet. Only helpful things should be placed there.

The instant your worry pops up in your mind, thrust it out. The very second that the unpleasant thing has been repulsed, begin to think of something else. The unpleasant incident belongs to the past. It is a task for your will-power to see that it stays there.

Often a little dipping into some vital interest helps a great deal at a time like this. Do anything, so long as it is something that really interests you. You will come back refreshed and with a more normal point of view, much more likely to see things in their true perspective and to realize that one mistake, after all, is only one.

The right way to face a coming demand upon your self-confidence, whether the demand be a business talk or a pink tea, is with this attitude: Tell yourself that your self-confidence is growing rapidly. You do not know whether or not it is yet equal to this particular occasion.

You hope it will prove to be, but you realize that if it does not, this occasion is only one incident in a long chain of incidents. If it is not successful, you will gain what wisdom you can from it and look ahead to other opportunities. Refuse to insult your self-confidence by assuming that it can be judged by any single incident. Gain what encouragement or what wisdom you can from it, but remember that it is only a detail.

This making of "test cases" is one of the most common causes of failures to progress. For one reason, it is impossible to tell just how "far along" you should be, to make a chart of your coming progress. Sometimes some unimportant trifle will prove a most unexpected stumbling-block, and at the same time you will find yourself meeting easily some situation which you would have thought would require much more self-confidence.

TESTING your progress doubtfully all along the way, demanding certain definite results at certain definite times, leaves too little to natural growth. It is like stepping on a broken leg every few hours, to see if it has begun to knit.

Never forget that faith in yourself is a right and natural thing. In trying to gain the proper self-confidence, you are working with nature, never against it. Every apparent obstacle, every unfortunate incident can be made to help toward the desired end.



Do Your Teeth

Glisten Like the Teeth You See?

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Note the pretty teeth seen everywhere today. You can see that countless people clean teeth better than before. They remove the film which dulls teeth.

This new method is employed on millions of teeth every day. Dentists everywhere are urging its adoption. This is to urge you to test it—free—and see what it means to you.

Film Dulls the Teeth

A viscous film forms on your teeth. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

The tooth brush does not end it. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. So millions find that teeth brushed daily are still ruined by that film.

The film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles nowadays are traced to film.

Now a Way to End It

Dental science, after years of searching, has found an efficient film combatant. Able authorities have proved it by years of careful tests. Now great efforts are being made to bring it into universal use.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And, to show its powers, a 10-Day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks.

How Millions Have Proved It

Millions have proved this new way by a simple test. If you have not done so, make it. Film removal is vitally important.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to disolve it, then to day by day combat it.

This method long seemed barred. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. And now active pepsin can be every day applied, and forced wherever the film goes.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed fim disappears.

When you see the results and read the reason, Pepsodent will need no argument. The cleaner, whiter, safer teeth are evidence enough. For your own sake, don't wait longer. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by druggists in large tubes.

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10-Day Tube Free

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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Be Well why not?



IT is easier to be well than to be sick when you learn how. When you learn to daily build your vitality, disease germs, grippe and cold have little effect upon you. Be free from nagging ailments! Weigh what you *should* weigh! Have a good figure! Be happy! *Enjoy* life! Be a source of inspiration to your friends. In other words, LIVE. *As sure as sunrise*

You can weigh exactly what you should

by following a few simple, healthful directions at home. I KNOW it, for what I have done for 92,000 women I can do for you. Are you too fleshy? Are you too thin? Does your figure displease you? Let me help you.

I want to help you to realize that your health lies almost entirely in your own hands and that you can reach your ideal in figure and poise.

My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural and permanent, and because it appeals to COMMON SENSE.

No Drugs—No Medicines

You can free yourself from such nagging ailments as

Excess Flesh in any part of body	Incorrect Walking	Indigestion	Headache
Thin Bust, Chest, Neck or Arms	Poor Complexion	Dizziness	Sleeplessness
Round Shoulders	Lack of Reserve	Rheumatism	Torpid Liver
Incorrect Standing	Nervousness	Colds	Mal-assimilation
	Irritability	Poor Circulation	Auto-Intoxication
	Constipation	Lame Back	

Our Soldiers Have Done So—Why Not You?

If you are in Chicago, come to see me, but sit down and write me NOW. Don't wait—you may forget it. I will send you FREE my illustrated booklet showing you how to stand and walk correctly and giving many health hints.

Susanna Cocroft, Dept. 53, 624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

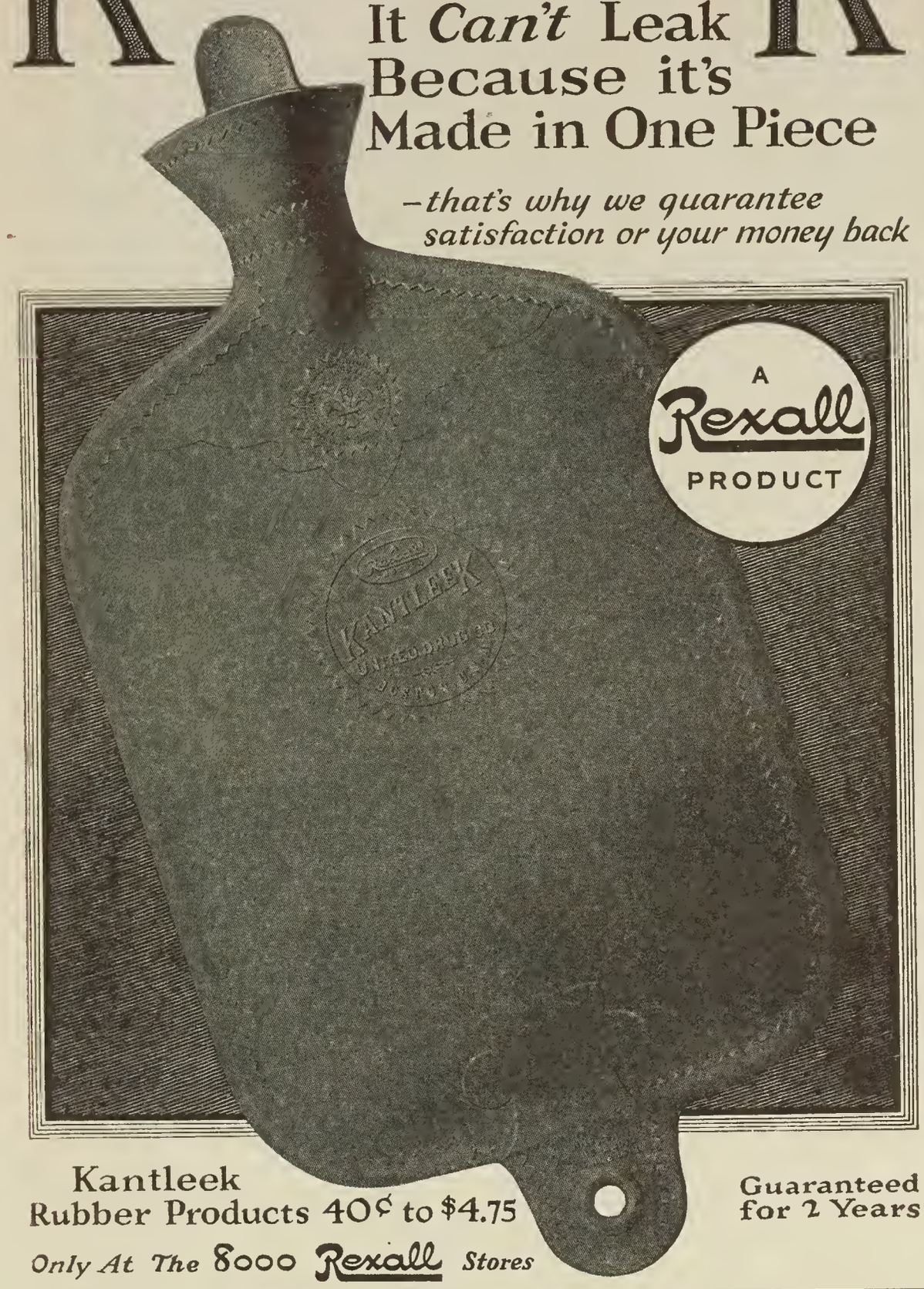
Miss Cocroft is a nationally recognized authority on conditioning women as our training camps have conditioned our men.

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All druggists sell the reliable and genuine "California Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna".

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Full directions for children of all ages are plainly printed on label. Mother! You must look for our name,—The California Fig Syrup Company.



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Keep the Hair in Place

5 Different Sizes-5¢and 10¢ Packages Everywhere

HUMP HAIR PIN MFG. CO.

SOL. H. GOLDBERG, PRES. CHICAGO

YOUR PLANT PETS

LOVE THEM AND THEY'LL THRIVE

BY AMY POPE SHIRK

The author of this talk is one of those women who never fail with house-plants—and she knows how to tell her secrets, too. Inquiries accompanied with stamped envelope will be answered. Address your letter in care of THE DELINEATOR *Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City.*

SO FAR as I know, no mortuary tables on house-plants have ever been compiled, but if they were available I am certain that the fact would be disclosed that for every plant which died of neglect at least one hundred gave up the ghost in sheer disgust at the ill-directed ministrations of their overzealous possessors. "Don't kill your plants with kindness" would be a good slogan with which to begin any treatise on their care.

It often happens that people come into the possession of children—yes, and chickens—without having any especial fondness or aptitude for handling them. But we do not usually acquire house-plants unless we really desire to have them, and having them to give them that amount of attention which will keep them in good health and spirits. And if you don't believe that plants have "spirits," why, just pass those you now own along to the first person you meet who does believe in plant "spirits," for you are not one of those who will ever have "good luck" with them. But even if you believe in "spirits," very often success does not attend your most anxious efforts, and I have often seen people—especially country-bred women reduced to the confines of one small city room—who could not satisfy their longing for the sight and care of some growing thing because they did not understand how to produce in their environment the conditions essential to success. All plants have certain fundamental requirements and unless you are able to meet them, it is useless to try to grow anything indoors, no matter how you may long to do it.

THESE requirements are: plenty of light and, except in a very few cases, direct sunlight; good drainage; fresh air and atmospheric moisture. I mention drainage instead of saying "plenty of water." Practically all window-gardeners give plenty of water, and it is just this "plenty" without proper and sufficient drainage which causes nine-tenths of all the failures. Many a plant has died a pitiful and wholly needless death in the dry, stagnant air of a superheated room, its pot carefully concealed in a beautiful jardinière two-thirds full of stagnant water.

This leads me to remark that I do not believe any one can be continuously successful with house-plants if their artistic sense is outraged by the sight of a good honest earthen pot. Fancy coverings are well enough for occasions, plants may be "dressed up" for afternoon tea, or special appearance on high days and holidays, but for continuous, everyday life they are much better off in the ungarnished pot. Personally I find something peculiarly beautiful and satisfactory in the color and shape of an ordinary ten-cent flower-pot (that is, the kind that were ten cents "before the war"). I can not help feeling that a plant which is beautiful enough to warrant giving it house-room, is beautiful enough to get along without additional artificial decoration.

Most people begin a window-garden by making a trip to the florist's, or perhaps at Christmas or Easter thoughtful friends, remembering that "Mary is so fond of flowers," will send her a fern or an azalea or a primrose as a holiday gift. When the plant arrives it will be rich in color, symmetrical and probably full of blossoms, or if Mary or her friends have chosen with extra discrimination, there will be a few blossoms and a great many buds. If the plant be a fern, underneath the graceful adult leaves there will be many little woolly points sticking up from the soil in the pot, giving enticing promise of greater glory yet to come. But unless proper care is taken of the plant all this bright promise will prove as elusive as the pot of gold at the rainbow's end.

FOLIAGE plants, like palms, ferns and the various climbers commonly grown indoors, do not require as much attention as plants that are in flower or expected to flower. Any plant transferred from out-of-doors, or the carefully planned conditions of the modern greenhouse, is bound to experience a change of environment which will tax its strength and power of endurance to a very considerable degree.

It is a common idea that ferns, because in their natural state they are found in "dense shade," will get along perfectly well in any part of the room, no matter how far removed from the light, but a little consideration will make you realize that the densest shade to be found anywhere is quite a different thing from the solid shadow cast by walls which are the work of men's hands. If other conditions are right, the majority of ferns will get along well enough in a north window where the direct rays of the sun never touch them, but light they must have, and sunlight too, if it is possible to let them have it.

The ferns now most commonly sold for house-plants are those of the sword-fern class, (*Nephrolepis* is their Latin name) which include the old standby the Boston fern and its various cousins and "once-removeds," the Scott fern, Pierson fern and several others. Then there are the holly-ferns, several varieties, all of which are really quite difficult to kill, and the *Pteris*—if they have an every-day name I don't know it—several varieties of which flourish so cheerfully in many a centerpiece or fernery.

With the ferns are usually classed *Aspidistra* and the sevaral varieties of asparagus. Both these plants are hardy and wonderfully good-natured and forgiving, and if not quite so interesting as the ferns, are still of such winning personality as to make most acceptable members of one's circle of plant intimates. The small ferns used by florists for "filling" the fernery are only baby plants of the same varieties sold in individual pots. When Spring arrives and the garden begins to yield cut flowers for table decoration, the little ferns that have cheered you all Winter can each be placed in a pot of its own and when another Winter comes will be ready to adorn the house as "specimens."

All these plants require the same handling. Be sure that the pot has good drainage. You can usually rely on the florist to have attended to this, but if you notice that water poured on the soil does not percolate through the hole in the bottom of the pot in a very short time, then you may conclude that the drainage is not what it should be. The method usually employed by florists in preparing a pot to receive a plant is as follows:

A PIECE of the side of a broken pot (these are always at hand even in the best-regulated establishments) is placed in the bottom of the pot to be filled. The broken piece is large enough to cover the hole, but lies loosely with the concave side down. Next goes in a layer of small pieces of charcoal, perhaps a half-inch deep, and on top of that most florists put some moss, or half-rotted leaves, which is firmed down into another layer of perhaps a half-inch. The roots of the plant are then inserted and the necessary soil firmed in about them.

The philosophy of this arrangement is readily perceived. The tiny arch formed by the bit of broken pot keeps the hole in the pot from getting clogged up, the bits of charcoal above it make a porous surface through which water can readily pass, and the moss or leaves on top of the charcoal act as a filter, keeping back the "mud"—which, by the way, generally contains a good share of the plant food held in the soil—but allowing superfluous water to run out. Enough water will be retained in the soil and the filter layer to satisfy the cravings of the thirsty roots, and the pot will have no chance to become waterlogged.

This also explains why the jardinière is a thing rather to be feared than desired. If a potted plant is placed in a container having no outlet for water, and the soil in the pot is then watered freely, and—as so often happens—the water which accumulates in the container is not immediately emptied out, all the carefully planned "drainage" profiteth nothing.

Right here, at the risk of horrifying all proper plumbers and thrifty housewives, I am going to say that I have found the method satisfactory beyond all other for watering house-plants is to stand them for fifteen or twenty minutes *in the bathtub* with sufficient water to cover the rim of the tallest pot and come well up to the stem of each plant. Protect the bottom of the tub with a rubber mat if you have one; if not, old newspapers will do. Set in the plants and turn on the water, keeping the plants far enough away from the running stream to avoid any spattering of the soil.

IF THE water is *very* cold, it may be tempered slightly with warm water, but usually this is not necessary. Turn off the stream when the water is over the edge of each pot and leave them for about twenty minutes. Then pull out the plug and let the water run out. Allow the plants to remain for another half-hour, and by that time all superfluous water will have drained off, and if you have been careful, not one grain of "dirt" will have been removed from the pots. A single plant may be handled in the same way in a wash-basin.

All plants need an occasional shower-bath, to remove accumulated dust and lint from their foliage, and this may be given at the time of watering, a shampoo spray being an admirable article for the accomplishment of this purpose. If you have no sprayer that can be attached to a faucet use an ordinary watering-can with a fine nozle. Take a soft rag and lay it over the top of the pot about the stem of the plant, so that the soil will not be washed out.

It is a sinful waste of plant food, as the "ration" meted out by the florist to each potted plant is very carefully "balanced" indeed, and if much of it is washed down the tub-drain the plumber will profit at the plant's expense.

Keep all the plants close to the window. A south bay window is the ideal spot, but any sunny window can usually be made to suffice. Don't shut out the light with heavy curtains, and don't have anything near at hand that will fade or spot. If the furnishings are dearer to you than flowers, why, don't try to have the flowers. No curtains at all would be best, but thin white ones do not inconvenience the plants very greatly. If the weather is very cold, the plants should be taken away from the glass at night, but usually it will be sufficient just to lower the shade behind them.

BE SURE that the air in the room is fresh. No human ought to live in an atmosphere that is injurious to a plant. Keep the air as moist as possible. A beloved friend of my youth was an Irish washerwoman, whose kitchen windows were always blazing all Winter with red geraniums, while handsome ferns stood on either side and ivy and wandering-jew rioted all over the window-frames. "Sure, 'tis th' stame from th' soapsuds what does et," she would explain to her admiring patrons, and no doubt some of the "great hand" she had with plants could be explained by the atmospheric humidity with which her vocation surrounded her. If you can not manage it in any other way, set a pan of water on the radiator. Select a shallow pan and change the water every day, washing out the pan at the same time. If some provision for evaporation has

Concluded on page 127



BIXBY'S JET-OIL SHOE POLISH

FOR WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S BLACK SHOES

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Jet-Oil is a liquid wax and oil polish. It preserves the leather and gives a new-shoe polish without rubbing—brushing gives a brilliant shine. Quickly applied with the dauber without soiling the hands or clothing. Easiest to use. Economical.

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THE "TREO" GIRDLE

MADE entirely of porous woven surgical elastic web, which "gives" freely to every movement of the body, yet firmly holds the figure. Lends grace with absolute comfort. Our patented method of construction and character of materials used make it equally desirable for street, dancing, evening or sport wear; white or flesh tint. Retail Misses' lengths, $5.00 to $7.00; Adults' lengths, $5.50 to $15.00.

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TREO "Paraknit" Brassiere is made of "Paraknit," a new kind of light weight, open work, elastic material, invented by us, which is very, very flexible, extremely stylish, and healthful.

Reinforced elastic diaphragm strip at lower edge supports and reduces diaphragm without pressure, and is a very great advantage. *Retail $3 and $3.50 at dealers, or write for illustrated booklet.*

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PATENTED
The All-Elastic Corset
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Here's the secret of good clothes at low cost—a dress form which enables you to duplicate your figure.

It's the "personal touch" in dress that singles you out for admiration. Keep up with the styles but make the styles suit *you*—and for less money. Get the genuine

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At the first sign of coughs or colds, give Luden's to the children. Pleasant protection for nose and throat. No coloring; no narcotics.



LUDENS MENTHOL COUGH DROPS
GIVE QUICK RELIEF

Continued from page 7

HAPPILY EVER AFTER

in her heart like the throb of a distant drum. Staring down upon the waves at the foot of the cliff, she crimsoned faintly.

"Flags everywhere—" she remembered—"and bands going by, no matter what street you walked on! There was something in the air—all those men in khaki couldn't have been as beautiful as they looked—it was knowing what they were going into—and seeing how coolly they were going—to keep us safe at home—to keep the whole world safe—" a wry little smile twisted Rosamond's pretty mouth—"kept safe for democracy," she murmured—"I can't say I like it." But the vision of the flags, the echo of the drums remained, and with it came the memory of that last night together, the night before he sailed. They had had dinner together—somewhere—had seen a play, not a very good one, but the sense of personal drama had been like wine in their veins. Part of the time he had held her hand, very hard, under cover of her smart black hat and the program—she had a momentary sharp recollection of the thrill of his shoulder touching hers; they had not talked much, but had laughed a good deal. Once he had said: "It's nothing to you, of course, but I shall probably remember to-night—in any tight places I may get into——"

AND she had smiled into his eyes—she could almost visualize them now—and had said to him: "How d'you know I sha'n't remember it, too?"

It seemed to Rosamond sitting there in her roadster on the edge of the cliff, watching the surf break gently across the reef a little way out, watching the delicate cloud-shapes forming and vanishing along the sky-line, that a kind of extraordinary madness must have possessed her on that last night. She remembered a passion of pride when they danced together, after the play—at some wild, smoke-hazy, jazz-tortured cabaret—and her cheek had felt the roughness of his olive-drab. There had been girls who marched among the tables in uniform, and a singer, a man with a big, clean, rolling baritone, who had sung a patriotic song, something about "When You Come Back, And You *Will* Come Back——"

She had been facing Jeffreys across a little table and when, in answer to a clamor of applause, the singer began again—"When You Come Back, And You *Will* Come Back"—something had all at once been too much for her. There were tears upon her cheeks before she knew that she was going to cry. Jeffreys had put his hand over hers—he had hurt her, his fingers were terribly strong—but she had not minded—and he had said—she could almost hear his voice now, very low, very husky, not at all steady, but still keeping its endearing Georgia drawl: "Honey—marry me in the morning before I sail—will you? Will you? And be waiting for me when I come back?"

They had stared into each other's eyes for a long minute, then the wave that was sweeping half a world before it had caught them and flung them breathless along its way.

Rosamond had said, clenching her fingers within his: "I'll do it."

AND he had answered—no, he hadn't answered her at all—he had only sat there holding her hand, crushing it, and looking deep into her tear-wet eyes, until with a little gasp she had freed her numbing fingers and murmured desperately, "Let's dance!"

Then they had danced—like Paolo and Francesca drifting upon the restless winds of Hell. Time after time—as long as the frenzied orchestra held out. Inextricably blent in Rosamond's memory was the rattle of a drum, the long minor howl of a trombone, the roughness of a uniformed shoulder beneath her cheek—and the winged ecstasy of that dancing. His voice, his look, his smile, his touch, the memory of these eluded her like the fringy edges of a dream.

At the end the orchestra had played "The Star-Spangled Banner"; he had come to attention with his eyes on hers, as she stood, facing him, and she had thought: "I'm giving a man to the flag!" with her heart throbbing in her slender body till she had almost flung up a hand to hide it.

That was the night before her wedding. Of the wedding itself she retained only the vaguest outlines—his hand taking hers, a clergyman's voice droning pleasantly, a ring on the third finger—some one offering effusive congratulations—that was the fellow officer he had brought for witness, and her assistant at the Canteen, pressed into service for a like reason.

Then the taxi—he had drawn the shades and he had kissed her—there had been tears in his eyes and she herself had cried a little. But he had left her—pitifully soon that leave-taking!—with a smile and with a last attempt at a jest that was almost boyish bravado.

"DON'T you worry while we're gone. It's for you we're fighting, too."

Was all her memory of him made up of cheaply sentimental songs—of surface thrills—and a childish surrender to the excitement of a moment? Rosamond said to herself that apparently it was.

"Swept off my feet," she mused bitterly. "Conquered by brass buttons, like any other little fool! I can't even remember what he looks like, and inside fifteen days I'll be living with him—we're strangers—and we're man and wife. We came together in a sort of temporary delirium—and now we're chained together like convicts. I suppose that's life—we weren't the only ones. There were thousands of crazy marriages just as sudden and just as—romantic—as mine. There must be thousands of women to-day who'll have to live with men they neither really know nor want—as soon as those men get back from overseas—" her eyes darkened suddenly, and she set her teeth on her lower lip— "of course for the ones who still care— Oh, why couldn't I have been one of those!"

Just as suddenly she started the car and swung about into the road that led downward to Kalakaua Avenue.

"I did it," she said, half-aloud, grimly tired about the eyes, grimly steady about the mouth—"and I'll stand for it. That's the most he or any ono else could expect of me."

She went home and told her stepmother that Jeffreys's wireless had come.

Mrs. Miller uttered a little cry of delight and put her arms about Rosamond's small, unyielding figure. Then she drew off and looked at the girl keenly.

"Rosamond—aren't you glad?"

"Of course," said Rosamond coolly.

"He must be frightfully good-looking, if he's anything like that last snapshot he sent you."

"I can't remember what he looks like——"

"Rosamond! You ridiculous child!"

"Fact. I don't even remember the color of his eyes."

"One can always learn such things over again," Mrs. Miller suggested with a ripple of charming laughter. She grew suddenly serious. "Your father will be pleased—he's hated so not knowing your husband."

"Well—he'll know my husband very shortly now," said Rosamond. "Tell him so for me, won't you, Milly?"

"Hadn't you rather tell him yourself? I should think you'd be frightfully excited."

"I am," said Rosamond laconically. "That's why I'd rather you told him." She added: "Tell as many other people as you like."

Mrs. Miller wrinkled very lovely brows in wistful perplexity.

"Rosamond, dear—is there anything you'd like me to do?—I mean can I help at all in your plans?"

"I haven't any plans, Milly."

"Shouldn't you like the Kawailoa cottage for your honeymoon?"

"NO, I shouldn't," said Rosamond. Then she turned on her heel and walked to the westernmost window of the living-room, where a vine heavy with pale violet-colored bloom thrust slim green feelers up to the sun. "Yes, I should, too! I'd like it very much—tell father so, won't you? I can take Ishii over there and tidy the place up some time before the fifteenth."

Mrs. Miller counted openly upon her delicately cared-for fingers:

"There'll be a moon!"

"I wouldn't doubt it," said Rosamond.

"You can keep Ishii over there to cook for you—she's not half——"

"Sha'n't want any one. I can do the cooking myself."

"Of course," sighed Mrs. Miller, dimpling with vicarious shyness, "it's more romantic—just you two alone."

"I knew you'd see it," said Rosamond.

She patted the other's shoulder as she passed her on her way out of the room.

"Don't bother, old dear!" she said, as she had done once before that morning. "I hate all the regular honeymoon stuff. I—we can just run over to Kawailoa for a couple of weeks and——"

She left the sentence unfinished; and Mrs. Miller looked after her, puzzled and a little hurt.

"Only," she reflected after a moment, "Rosamond never does what you might expect her to."

Rosamond, meanwhile, miserably conscious of her uniqueness, went slowly up to her room and got out Jeffreys's letters, first to last. She read them behind locked doors and with a rather pathetic attempt at fairness in the reading; but emotion to be appreciated must meet with response. There is only comedy in the endearments of a stranger.

"A stranger!" reiterated Rosamond coldly, in the face of the last. "My Own Small Wife—" She strapped the letters together with an impersonal rubber band and cached them in the bottom of her oldest trunk.

THEY were, as a matter of disillusioning fact, not glowing epistles, Jeffreys, like many another of his sex, wrote an extraordinarily poor letter, full of uninteresting details and lacking in salient personalities. If Rosamond had hoped to evoke him from the lines he had scrawled to her name, the hope fell dead. Remained merely two weeks interim to be endured—before the paying of the piper.

"I don't know why I'm behaving like such a fool," poor Rosamond told herself with a grimace of distaste. "I must have known he'd come back—some day—only somehow—it always seemed so far away."

She settled on one thing definitely: "I've always paid my debts—and I won't back down on this one. I married him—and I'll stick to it. Only, it seems a rotten shame—I'll never have a chance to know the real thing now."

Not a cheering reflection for any young creature—and Rosamond was, for all her self-reliance, for all her traveled poise and her woman-of-the-world air, only a soft-cheeked, clear-eyed twenty-three.

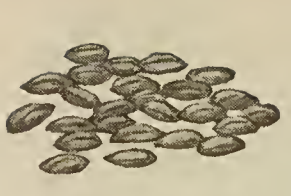
She went through the next two weeks with set teeth, mentally and emotionally speaking. To her father's pleasantries she turned an immobile smile, to the excited inquiries and felicitations of her friends she offered a blank wall of tacit acceptance. Mrs. Miller perhaps sensed the quivering nerves beneath that controlled, brusk manner, but Rosamond stood away from sympathetic understanding, like a little ship standing away from a reef.

Two days before the *Manoa* was due she said:

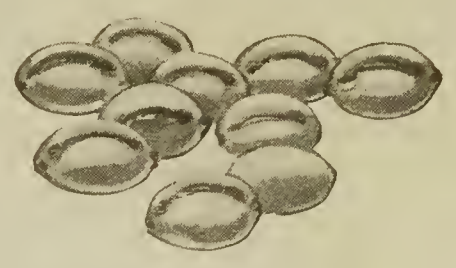
"MILLY, don't you want to send Ishii over in the car to do up the Kawailoa cottage for me? I don't feel like going myself."

And Mrs. Miller, after one soft questioning glance, arranged for Ishii to do it and asked no questions. Ishii, herself, after the manner of all Japanese women, was deeply intrigued by

Continued on page 100



Wheat Grains as they grow



Puffed Wheat

Puffed to thin, crisp, toasted bubbles, 8 times normal size.



At Sleep-Time—Bubble Grains

Millions of happy children, at bedtime, get Puffed Wheat in milk. And think what a dish it is.

Whole wheat—a premier grain food—with no element omitted. Every food cell blasted, so digestion is easy and complete.

Wheat puffed to bubbles, eight times normal size—thin, flimsy, flaky morsels. They seem like fairy foods.

Never was a whole grain made so enticing, never so fitted to digest. What good-night dish do you know that compares with this?

The Supreme Delights



At Breakfast

Serve with cream and sugar. The grains then taste like toasted nut-meats puffed to flimsy bubbles.



Mixed With Fruit

These airy morsels, fragile and flavory, form a delightful blend.



Add Melted Butter

Some like Puffed Grains best served with melted butter. Some add the butter, then the milk, and get a double richness.

Salt or butter, like peanuts or popcorn, for hungry children after school. This makes them food confections. Yet these enticing tidbits are ideal whole-grain foods.

Of all the cereal dainties, Puffed Grains hold first place.

Puffed Wheat makes whole wheat tempting. And whole wheat, rich in minerals, is a food that children need.

Puffed Rice makes whole rice a confection. It is so flavory, so nut-like, that the grains are used like nut-meats in home candy, and as garnish on ice cream.

Corn Puffs are pellets of hominy, toasted and puffed. They taste like cereal bonbons.

All Children Revel in Them

To children these are tidbits. There is endless fascination in the texture and the taste.

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

Corn Puffs

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

The airy globules crush like snowflakes, and the flavor is delightful.

Yet they are simply grain foods, and two of them supply whole-grain nutrition.

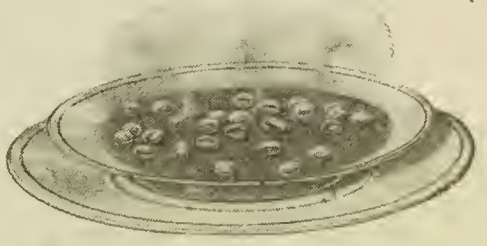
There is nothing children like so well which must not be restricted.

Fitted to Digest

Then Puffed Grains are the best-cooked grain foods in existence. Every food cell is blasted—every atom is fitted to digest.

These are all-hours foods, for they do not tax the stomach. And no element is wasted.

Serve them in all the ways you can. Keep all three grains on hand.



Thin, Crisp Wafers
For Your Soups

Use the Puffed Grain which blends best—Wheat, Rice or Corn. Each has its own rich flavor.

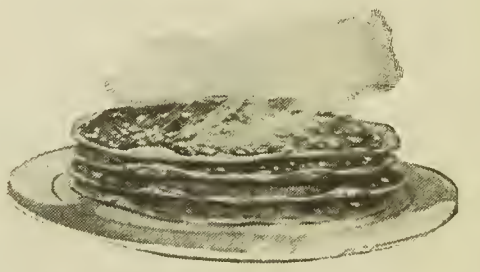
All Steam-Exploded Grains

Puffed Grains are scientific foods, invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson.

The grains are sealed in guns, then revolved for an hour in 550 degrees of heat. The moisture in each food cell is thus changed to steam.

When the guns are shot, that steam explodes. Over 100 million explosions occur in each kernel—one for every food cell.

Thus the food cells are all broken. The grains are puffed to eight times normal size. The grains become thin, flavory bubbles, though still shaped as they grew. No other process so fits grain for digestion.



For Pancakes

Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

Now we make a Pancake Flour mixed with ground Puffed Rice. The Puffed Rice gives a fluffy texture and a nutty taste.

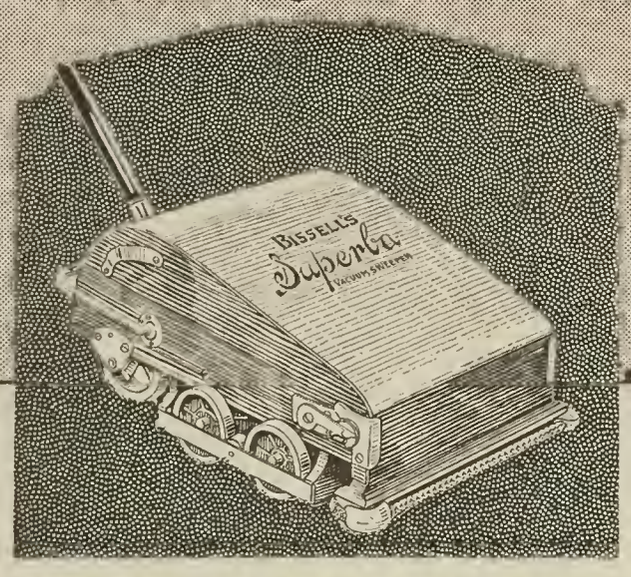
The flour is self-raising. Add milk or water and the batter is instantly ready. Puffed Rice Pancake Flour will make you the finest pancakes ever served. Ask your grocer for it.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

3304

Light Weight, Easy Running. Gets the Dirt at Small Cost—



BISSELL'S

"New Lightweight"

Vacuum Sweepers

This is an important message to housewives—the announcement of the *already leading* vacuum sweeper being radically improved so that it runs almost *as easily as the carpet sweeper* and *has more powerful suction than the average electric.*

New principles of construction have been invoked to produce this master sweeper. In this respect it is unlike any other.

Bissell's New Lightweight Vacuum Sweepers have removed every excuse for cleaning drudgery. Convenience in emptying, too, is a prominent feature.

They are sold at most good stores. Ask to see them. Prices $9.00 to $17.50; "Cyco" Ball Bearing Carpet Sweepers, so handy for everyday sweeping and a great saver of brooms, $4.50 to $7.50—depending upon style and locality.

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Oldest and Largest Sweeper Makers
Grand Rapids, Mich. Made in Canada, too



Save the surface and you save all—Paint & Varnish

It's a Pleasure to Use It—The Result a Delight!

Many people using ***Kyanize*** for the first time are astounded at the remarkably attractive results it produces, and yet it is so easy to use.

This is due to the fact that the oils and other materials are so perfectly blended and the colors so perfectly mixed that all you need do is "Just Dip the Brush" in

Kyanize
KY-AN-IZE
FLOOR FINISH

Especially made to withstand hard wear and abuse on floors, it is *for that very reason* the ideal varnish for furniture and all woodwork as well. Comes "Clear" and in eight beautiful colors. All waterproof.

Write for FREE Booklet, "THE INVITING HOME."
Illustrated in colors and brimful of valuable homekeeping hints.

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"I'm happy too"
Says Winthrop Wise,
"On my advice
It's Kyanize"

Kyanize
KY-A-NIZE
for FLOORS-FURNITURE-WOODWORK

Continued from page 98

HAPPILY EVER AFTER

everything concerning matrimony and in an afternoon's work left the little brown bungalow immaculate, with flowers crowding every available corner. Rosamond did not drive over to see it.

But about five o'clock of the morning on which the *Manoa* was expected, Rosamond slipped into her stepmother's room and stood beside that lovely lady's bed like a little ghost in brown wool jersey, with her brown tam-o'-shanter pulled low over her forehead and a patent-leather dressing-bag in her ungloved left hand.

"MILLY!" she said, in a hushed but imperious whisper, "Milly, wake up and listen!"

The sleeper flung up a slender white arm and thrust a mesh of soft brown hair away from her drowsy eyes.

"Why—Rosamond!" she stopped to yawn sweetly—"what is the matter—the boat isn't due till seven——"

"I know," said Rosamond "Listen, Milly darling—you've got to do something for me—you've got to do it!"

"But do what, dearest?"

"You've got to go down and meet the *Manoa*—meet Captain Jeffreys——"

"With you?—of course, dear, if you want me—although I do think he'd rather, poor man, that——"

"No, Milly—by yourself—now listen! I'm going to drive out to Kawailoa, right now——"

"By yourself?"

"By myself—I prefer it! And you've got to meet him—you can have Moto drive him out to Kawailoa—at once, if you like——"

"I think you're very foolish," murmured Mrs. Miller unhappily. "I don't know what your father will say."

"Milly—will you do this for me or won't you? I don't ask many favors of you."

There was the faintest tremor in the low, urgent voice.

"Of course, dear—I'll do anything you like!" cried the other impulsively. "What shall I——"

"THANKS!" said Rosamond briefly, and was gone, allowing no time for persuasion.

The hum of her starting motor rose presently upon the quiet air of half-asleep Nuuanu. The tops of the monkey-pod trees were golden with new sunlight, barely up-slanting across a limpid sky. There was a heavy dew on the grass. The world was fresh as a just-opening tea-rose.

"Might as well have one last ride by myself!" muttered Rosamond. Which suggests, to the thinking mind, that perfection in last rides differs, according to the eye of the beholder, Browning, for instance, offering quite another story.

The cottage at Kawailoa was small and brown, with a low, green-stained roof. It stood a little back from the beach—a very lonely beach, with only a Summer shack here and there, at long sandy intervals, to save it from absolute isolation—and upon the road, which stood a delicate distance away from the cottage, machines went by not often more than one or two a day. The road, however, was only a road, man-made and dusty. It was out of the front door of the cottage that one walked into a splendor of black volcanic rocks, flung down upon a creamily empty beach at the edge of a wild blue sea. There were thick-leafed, strange, green creepers trailing down across those sands, and frail white beach-poppies grew in the shadow of the rocks. Given a moon—but moons, again, vary with the eye of the beholder.

Rosamond, arriving about half-after seven A.M., having driven as if the devil were taking the hindmost, merely cast an annoyed glance at sea and sand and sky and turned back into the cottage.

"It's going to be hot," said Rosamond.

She flung cap, coat and bag on the round table in the small front room and looked moodily about her.

The walls of the room were of the uncovered wood, brown-stained and none too smooth. There was a shelf along one wall, covered with willow china, pleasant but not necessarily genuine. A petticoat of blue-flowered Japanese toweling edged the shelf. Above the table, which had a runner of the same toweling, delightfully starched and fresh, hung a crude but rather artistic arrangement, holding six or seven candles in shallow blue china cups. There was a mass of rose and purple asters in a blue pottery bowl in the middle of the table. Against the farthest wall stood a *pu-nē*—a sort of native couch, covered with a *lauhala* mat and bearing innumerable cushions, most of them blue. At the head of the *pu-nē* a small wicker table with magazines, cigarets and another efflorescence of asters. Two or three chairs stood about. There were no pictures on the walls. The three windows, opening gorgeously upon untrammeled reaches of sea and shore, were curtained sketchily in the blue-flowered Japanese stuff.

OPENING off this room were two bedrooms and a bath, all small, all shadowy, all sparsely furnished, but extraordinarily clean, and in a kind of lean-to, at one side, a minute kitchen and minuter pantry; the latter disclosing upon investigation a well-filled ice-box and cupboard, owing to Ishii's efforts of the day before.

It should have been, to an unprejudiced eye, the very place of all others, an absolutely fairy-tale place, for a deferred honeymoon.

Rosamond, however, regarded it without enthusiasm.

"He can't possibly get here before about ten," she mused hopefully. "I might as well have a last swim—by myself."

She retrieved her bathing-suit, a boyish affair of black jersey, from a suitcase she had brought in from the roadster, and presently wandered off along the beach, a rather lonely little figure with slim sunburnt arms and legs, and a gipsyish crimson handkerchief tied closely about her head.

About an hour and a half later she returned, having drowsed luxuriously on the sand for a while after her swim, had a shower, got back into her clothes and sat down in the sun on the cottage steps to dry her hair.

Rosamond's hair, wet, was a clinging, strangling, brownish mass; dry, it was a web of rusty gold. It fell below her waist and waved entrancingly its entire length. Her eyes, which were greenish-gray, had an offish allure of their own; her nose was nothing unusual; and her mouth, while pink enough and soft enough for anybody, was yet a trifle too self-controlled, as well as a trifle too large for orthodox beauty. But Rosamond's hair was like the hair of Rapunzel—not that you would ever have guessed that to see it smoothly and closely knotted at the back of her small obstinate head, as she commonly wore it.

She was sifting it through her fingers, silk-spun and electric with the sun, when she heard a noise at the pantry door and getting to her feet went lazily to drive off a possible visitation of the hungry cur who always appears like magic upon the loneliest of beaches.

BY THE time she was half-way across the living-room floor she heard voices, and like Summer lightning a line of half-remembered verse flashed across her mind: "'My doom is come upon me,' said the Lady of Shalott."

She swept her hair over one shoulder, braided it swiftly, but with fingers grown suddenly chilly, into a rebellious glittering rope, and advanced upon the doorway.

It was of course Jeffreys who stood waiting, with Moto, leather cap in hand, hissing and bowing in the background.

It is never the thing one fears that happens as one had feared it.

Like any common caller, Jeffreys put out his hand; like any well-bred hostess, Rosamond gave him hers.

He said: "Hope I didn't startle you."

She said: "I—hardly—expected you so early—you must have driven like the dickens!"

Moto, feeling himself approved, added, grinning, at this juncture:

"Plenty quick come!"

And then there ensued an inevitable and discomforting silence.

Because she would like to have crowded half a reassuring world into that still little house, and because she dreaded more than anything else being left alone with the man before her, Rosamond suggested coolly to the chauffeur:

"All right, Moto. More better you go back town now. Maybe boss like car."

Moto went, smiling pleasantly.

Remained, an immense awkwardness and a sense of sparks in the drowsy air.

"Come in," said Rosamond in an oddly neutral voice, and Jeffreys came into the little house and laid his hat down upon the table beside Rosamond's brown tam-o'-shanter. They looked at each other across the rose and purple asters for a moment without speaking. In Rosamond's mind was a queer, startled surprise that she should have forgotten how dark and straightforward and ardent his eyes were. He wore a small dark mustache, accenting rather than hiding an unusually well-cut mouth—that surely was different—had his hair always been so closely cut?—so darkly sleek? He had an air, this man across the little table from her, of inscrutable reserve; also of delightful sophistication—his clothes were unostentatiously just what they should have been. Undeniably he was more than merely good-looking—*what was he thinking?*

A FLUSH began at Rosamond's heart, figuratively speaking, and swept her from head to foot. She faced him gallantly, eyes front, out of a mist of crimson. And though she did not know it, although she would have died with shame to realize it, her eyes were two deep gray-green wells of fear.

She was waiting for him to put his arms about her, dreading with her whole, rebellious unmarried soul his conquering lips. She set her white teeth so as not to offer useless protest when he should touch her—she was his under the law, and by reason of a moment's star-spangled madness—"but that's the beginning and the end of it," said Rosamond fiercely to herself, "if he wants me without my love——"

"I wonder," offered the invader pleasantly at this moment, "if you've got such a thing in the house as bread and butter—or a fried egg—and a cup of coffee?"

His smile would have coaxed a fried egg from the pocket of the Sphinx.

"For pity's sake!" cried Rosamond. "Haven't you had any breakfast?"

"No'm," said Jeffreys, "I haven't."

She drew a little gasping breath, of hospitable horror perhaps, and fled to the kitchen. He followed, making cheerfully unimportant conversation.

"Can I help?"

"You can get yourself a cup and saucer and plate from the shelf in there—the knives and forks are in the drawer—and paper napkins—then you can cut the bread."

"First time I ever saw you, you gave me some coffee, remember?"

"I gave a good many people coffee in that canteen."

"Oh, I don't claim that there was anything unusual about my case," he assured her meekly.

EVENTUALLY Rosamond set a fried egg, a rasher of bacon, two slices of bread, a small pat of butter and a cup of steaming coffee before him upon the table; having cleared that article of furniture at one sweep of the extraneous articles encumbering it.

"I'll put up my hair while you're having your breakfast," she announced aloofly.

"Oh, please don't touch it! It's stunning just as it is."

"Thanks—I'd rather have it up."

"You look like a little girl."

"I haven't the least desire to look like a little girl."

Continued on page 102



—It Had a New and Delightful Flavor

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Kraft	Rarebit
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Elkhorn Roquefort Salad Dressing

½ Small can Elkhorn Roquefort-American Cheese.
4 to 6 tablespoons Olive Oil.
A pinch of salt.
A dash of paprika.
A small amount of lemon juice.
Emulsify to a creamy consistency and serve.
The above can be varied in amounts to suit individual taste.
Sufficient for four people in above proportions.

MORE than eight centuries ago, according to legend, a shepherd tending his sheep near the village of Roquefort, France, left his lunch—consisting of bread and native cheese—in one of the caves that abound in that region. Being suddenly called away, more than a month elapsed before his wandering flock brought him again to the same locality. To his great surprise he found the cheese not only well preserved but that it had a new and delightful flavor.

From some such incident of chance the French peasants learned that by adding small particles of bread to the curd and placing the cheese in these caves to ripen they could produce a variety of cheese, mottled and marbled, and with a strange new piquancy all its own—and they called it Roquefort. Pure Roquefort is made of sheep's milk, and is much too pungent for the average American taste, but in the Roquefort variety of

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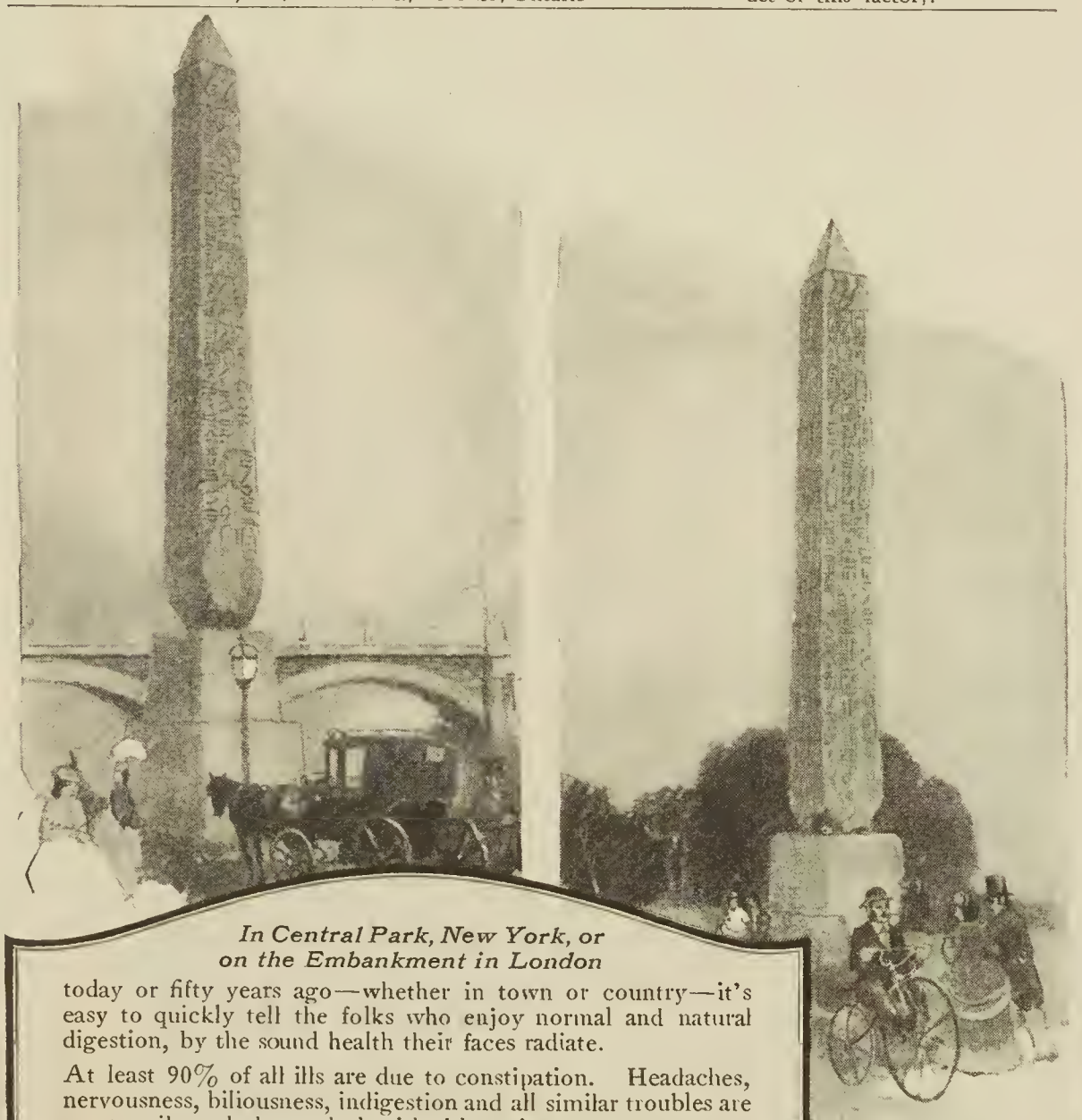
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Continued from page 100

HAPPILY EVER AFTER

The bedroom was not too light and rather stuffy. Rosamond came back into the other room, after ten leisurely minutes or so, with a dignified dust of powder on her straight little nose and her hair as smoothly close as pins of amber shell could hold it.

Jeffreys stood up at once; he held a half-smoked cigaret, and drew out a chair for her.

"Sit down and let's talk things over—mind if I smoke?"

"Not in the least," said Rosamond.

"WAIT a minute—I'll clear this stuff away first." He disposed of the remains of his breakfast in the kitchen region and came back, regarding her kindly.

"Now—to begin with, Rosamond—d'you mind if I call you that?"

"Wouldn't it be rather absurd if you called me anything else?"

"I think it would. To begin with, then—let's be frank with each other—what did you think when you got my wireless?"

Rosamond lifted her head, linked her cold, strong little hands before her on the runner of Japanese toweling and replied briefly:

"I thought the mortgage was about to be foreclosed."

Their eyes held, but if his were inscrutable, hers were openly defiant.

"That's just about the way I supposed you'd feel," said Jeffreys. Rosamond had an instant's incredulous impression of relief in his voice. He added:

"And like a good little sport you were ready to stand for it—but you weren't overjoyed, now, were you?"

"Two years is a long time, you know," said Rosamond quietly. "It's long enough for a—temporary—enthusiasm—to die out."

"If that's all you think our marriage was," he accepted, as quietly as she.

"That's all I think it was," said Rosamond.

SHE drummed on the table with the tip of a nervous forefinger.

He said presently:

"That's what I came all the way from New York to Honolulu to be sure of. Your letters, this last year especially, rather gave you away, you know. The—enthusiasm—got visibly thinner." He flung her a keen glance. "Any one else, Rosamond?"

"No."

"Just that you find you don't care for me?"

"That's all."

Again she fancied a note of relief—or did she? His sunburnt face was so incredibly controlled—how could one tell?

"Rosamond, you wish me to be quite frank also?"

"Of course I do."

He sat looking at her very steadily. She reflected oddly, unable to avoid his gaze, that he *had* rather an uncommonly nice voice, and his eyes——

"Very well, then—since you feel as you do—there's no reason why I shouldn't tell you—there's a girl, in France."

Silence, tingling with cross-currents of unexpected strength.

"What's her name?" asked Rosamond curiously. A surge of altogether unreasonable humiliation overcame her and left her breathless. This was the man whose unwelcome devotion she had been steeling herself to endure. She had been ready, however reluctantly, to give—and he had not come to take.

"Her name is Margot," said Jeffreys in a low voice. "Margot Andry."

"Well," said Rosamond, "what are we going to do about it? Divorce?"

The hands on the table were still, tensely still; the wide, sweet mouth did not tremble; but Rosamond's down-dropped eyes were dark.

"That's up to you," said Jeffreys. "Absolutely. I don't want to spoil your whole life——"

"Nor the life of the girl in France?"

"You're my wife—she's not."

"Not yet."

"I've never even told her that I—care——"

"Awfully decent of you."

"Are we going to quarrel?" he asked nergently—and his voice, his low, drawling Georgia voice, when he was gentle! It shocked Rosamond to see how she had slipped from her own control. She bit her lip and forced a smile.

"Of course, divorce is the only sensible thing. I suppose it can be managed quietly—non-support, or desertion, or something like that?"

"You'd prefer it, Rosamond?"

"Naturally."

"I want you to be quite free, little girl!"

"AND yourself!" she reminded him swiftly.

"Thank you," said Jeffreys. He got up from the table, stretching himself like a big cat. There was something curiously compounded of grace and strength in all his movements, something feline, but without the suggestion of furtiveness the word usually conveys. He walked like a black velvety panther or a tiger burning bright, so to speak; there was a wonderful slouching swing to his stride.

Rosamond, watching, felt some strange catch in her breathing, at a sudden all-too-vivid recollection of the way they had danced together that last night in New York. She was unprepared for his next words:

"That looks like a wonderful beach you've got—let's take your car—I see you've got a roadster outside—and go off to the end of it, just for fun."

When she hesitated, dumfounded, he added with comradely frankness:

"We can be friends, can't we?—whether we're going to be lovers or not—and don't you think it would be a bit easier to drive back into town this evening—and have it out with your people than—than to go dashing back, like a couple in a melodrama, the minute I get here?"

"Ye-es," said Rosamond slowly, "I suppose it would."

"All right, then," he concluded amazingly. "Now that we've got everything settled—let's fix up some sandwiches and a thermos—I'll probably be taking the next boat back to the States. You might as well show me your island home. It's not likely I'll ever have another chance."

It was not the least extraordinary part of that rather extraordinary day that Rosamond did as he suggested. Back of a chaos of thought and emotion, one thing only stood clear to her. She must be cool, as she had never been before—she must be flippant and light and amusing; not for one evanescent moment was Jeffreys to be allowed to dream.

So she made sandwiches, very good ones, and filled a thermos bottle with hot coffee and presently, in the most natural way in the world, she was swinging the khaki-colored roadster down across the cool, guava-scented stillness of Waimea gulch, with Jeffreys slouched comfortably low in the seat beside her, his bronzed face half-averted, his low voice pleasantly impersonal.

"Let me drive if you get tired," he suggested amiably. "I had a car, same make as this, only an older model, of course, before I went over."

"Tell me about what you're going to do now——"

"I'M AFRAID you're only making polite conversation."

Rosamond shrugged and smiled.

"I don't think I am. I'm always interested in things men do. I hate being a girl."

"Too bad—because you know, you can't help knowing, you're rather a success as a girl."

She nodded unmoved.

"That's the sort of thing it's only nice of you to say—it doesn't mean anything."

"Thanks."

"Well, what are you going to do?"

He told her without a trace of confidential response.

"Go back to my old job, most likely—I was a cotton broker—my father took me into the firm a year before he died."

"The war—you aren't much changed," said Rosamond abruptly.

"No?"

She glanced at his fine, clean profile, immobile as an Indian's.

"That was stupid of me. You're probably older, by a good deal more than two years. How should I be able to tell? After all, I scarcely know you."

"After all."

IT WAS impossible to guess what inner meaning his amused inflection might carry.

Rosamond drove for a while thereafter in silence. They came presently to the cane-fields of Kahuku, glowing greenly, either side of an unusually good road, and passed through the tiny sleepy town of Laie where Rosamond pointed out politely, as one distinguishes objects of interest for a stranger, the white incongruous walls of a stately Mormon temple gleaming against a background of upflung mountains. Jeffreys asked the customary intelligent questions. As a guest he was impeccable. As a friend, he offered undoubted possibilities—even as a husband——

"However, he isn't going to be a husband—not mine, anyhow," said Rosamond sternly.

Jeffreys inquired at this point if she was sure she didn't want him to drive, and she repeated that she didn't.

The day slipped away from them with a curious swiftness. At noon, they came to a beach, shaded with hau-trees of an unbelievable age and gnarled ugliness, that dropped smooth, lovely, yellow flowers at the edge of a deep-blue sea. There the roadster waited while Rosamond and Jeffreys lunched companionably upon the sandwiches and drank excellent coffee from the top of the thermos.

"It's nothing to you," he said slowly, "but I shall probably remember this——"

"How d'you know I sha'n't remember it, too?" said Rosamond. She knew all at once that he was watching to see if the words came back to her. Well, they did, with an unexpected sense of hurt—which he was not to know. She laughed in his face, and took another sandwich. It tasted strangely of sawdust and ashes, but that fact, also, she kept to herself.

In the afternoon, because she was a little tired, and because he insisted upon relieving her, she allowed him to drive. They drove past endless stretches of beach, past mountains savagely dark against a smiling sky; past fields of blue-green pineapples, geometrically scoring the ruddy surface of the earth; past cane-fields that whispered eternally in the trade-wind—and down a sweep of tender blue dappled with little clouds the sun wheeled slowly. They turned back at Hauula—Rosamond shut her eyes once, because she found herself looking wistfully at those quiet, brown hands on the wheel—they talked in a desultory way, somehow not much, nor very deeply; and just about sunset, when it seemed to Rosamond that that one day had lasted ten thousand years, they came again to the cottage at Kawailoa.

"Home!" said Jeffreys, helped Rosamond out of the car, and smiled.

"Home?" said Rosamond—and smiled with a certain amount of cynicism in her turn.

INSIDE the house, she turned to him with businesslike directness:

"Don't you think we'd better lock this place up and start for town—we won't get back before half after eight, at that——"

"Do you know what I'd like to do?" Jeffreys offered instantly. "Sit on the beach down there, and watch the moon come up—then we could drive back by moonlight. It ought to be wonderful. What do you say?"

Since she said nothing at all, he added with

Concluded on page 114

Why it is more economical, convenient and satisfying to use canned fruits and vegetables even during the fresh fruit season.

By Hester M. Conklin and Pauline D. Partridge

Consultants on Domestic Science Subjects; contributors to the Ladies' Home Journal, Delineator, Woman's Home Companion and Pictorial Review; formerly teachers of Home Economics in New York and California; connected with the Food Administration during the war; authors of "Wheatless and Meatless Days"; writers and lecturers on household topics

AT a time like this when living costs are high and every expenditure must be closely watched, only the most careful investigation and comparison of food values and food costs will enable the housewife to practice real economy on her table.

It was with this spirit that we approached the problem of determining whether it is cheaper to use DEL MONTE Canned Fruits and Vegetables than the fresh product. We knew in advance that the DEL MONTE Brand offered us a higher quality and more uniform excellence than we could hope to get by buying fresh fruits and vegetables in the open market, and that they were, of course, infinitely more convenient to use. But aside from these advantages we wanted to ascertain with unquestioned accuracy whether, quantity for quantity, they gave us a saving in dollars and cents over the fresh product.

The experiments we conducted during the past season, in which the different fresh products were carefully compared with the same canned varieties, have satisfied us beyond the question of a doubt that from the standpoint of quantity DEL MONTE Canned Fruits and Vegetables are cheaper than fresh fruits and vegetables even in the height of the season.

When you consider, for example, that it takes about a quarter peck of fresh vegetables such as peas or tomatoes to make the contents of one large DEL MONTE can, it does not require very much figuring to ascertain which is the more economical way to buy them.

A comparison of the price of almost any fresh fruit or vegetable with that of the canned article will usually be enough to prove the real economy of DEL MONTE Products to the housewife. And that without even considering her own time and labor and the cost of fuel used in cooking the fresh product, if cooking is necessary.

The detail involved and the wide line of varieties handled do not permit of outlining our actual experiments in these columns. Our results have been so convincing, however, that we unhesitatingly emphasize and reiterate the conclusion stated above that quantity for quantity there is a saving in actual dollars and cents when DEL MONTE Canned Foods are purchased even at the height of the season for the fresh product. But there is much more to economy than quantity, and to gauge the real value of DEL MONTE Products you must also realize how superior they are in quality to almost any fresh product that can be bought in the open market.

To begin with, all DEL MONTE Products are the selection of the finest crops—each grown where it attains its highest perfection. Think what that means! Would your grocer allow you, without extra charge, to pick from his baskets only the choicest peaches, from each of his boxes the ripest berries, and from each bunch only the tenderest asparagus? But DEL MONTE does this for you, casting aside all the seeds, skins, cores, pits, pods and imperfect fruits or vegetables and leaving you only the solid food in the very highest grade obtainable. Waste is entirely eliminated for you.

All the work of preparation, too, has been done, the DEL MONTE Products are ready for the table as they come from the can, uniform in size and color and goodness, so that there are no precious moments spent in paring or cleaning and no fuel used in cooking. You are buying a finished product in place of raw material, you are saving time and money and you have a larger amount of a much higher grade of food than you could possibly obtain in any other way.

Being ready to serve at all times and in all seasons, there is no end to the simple and convenient ways to use the many DEL MONTE varieties in making every-day meals better.

Although every bit of DEL MONTE Fruit may be served just as it comes from the can, it may be varied by a little extra preparation, and we are often able to practice an easy additional economy by making several dishes from the contents of one can. We in this way frequently prepare two or three dishes for different days from one can of DEL MONTE Pineapple. A few slices cut up with dates and nuts and served with mayonnaise make an excellent salad. If we have cake that becomes a little dry we line a serving dish with thin slices and over it put a little pineapple and syrup. Thoroughly chilled it makes an appealing dessert. We prepare delicious fritters by mixing some grated pineapple with boiled rice, forming into flat cakes, dipping in fine crumbs and browning in the frying pan.

Our DEL MONTE breakfast is always hailed with delight. Simple and easy to prepare, it consists of hot griddle cakes served with DEL MONTE Apricots. Sometimes for variety we have French toast in place of the griddle cakes. We use only one half the fruit for breakfast. The remainder we put in deep ramekins, one to each, with the flat side up. We fill the cups with hot oatmeal and the next day they make a delicious breakfast course with milk or cream.

A few apricots pressed through a strainer make a tempting spread for the children's sandwiches to carry in the school lunch box.

From the delicious DEL MONTE Plums we make a pudding that we do not wait for Christmas to serve. We arrange a layer of plums between two layers of buttered crumbs in a greased pudding dish and over it pour some of the syrup. Bake till the crumbs are brown. We use the syrup from DEL MONTE Plums, hot or cold, for a pudding sauce. A plum pie may be made from some of the plums by placing a layer of them in a baked pie crust and spreading with a meringue or whipped cream.

From the famous DEL MONTE Peaches we make a particularly satisfying hot dessert by placing halves of peaches in a greased baking dish. To 3 stiffly beaten egg whites we add $\frac{1}{16}$ teaspoon of salt and ¼ cup of the peach syrup. This we pour over the peaches and bake in a slow oven 30 minutes. It should be served with a custard sauce made from the egg yolks and the remainder of syrup from the peaches. Halves of DEL MONTE Peaches rolled in cocoanut and served with a spoonful of the syrup are delicious.

We have found DEL MONTE Spinach Loaf to be one of our most popular dishes. For this we use a cup of spinach, which we chop fine and combine with 1½ cups of crumbs, 1 beaten egg, 1 teaspoon of salt, ⅛ teaspoon each of pepper and nutmeg and 2 tablespoons of lemon juice. This we put in a greased loaf pan, and if we are preparing a meal on top of the stove, we steam it over some of the boiling food for 20 minutes; if we are having an "oven dinner" we bake it for the same length of time. Served surrounded with hot DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce it is quite as pleasing to the eye as to the appetite.

Speaking of Tomato Sauce, we have found that it should occupy a place on our kitchen shelf beside the salt and pepper. It adds a piquant flavor to the gravy, sauce or dressing, and in a fish cocktail it is quite indispensable.

A favorite luncheon dish we often prepare is made with DEL MONTE Asparagus. We place sliced hard-cooked eggs in a greased baking dish, over this a layer of asparagus, a white sauce is poured over all and buttered crumbs are sprinkled over the top, and it is browned in a hot oven. A recipe obtained from an Italian cook book is that of rolling asparagus in fine crumbs and browning in hot olive oil.

These are but a few of countless ways in which we have used the DEL MONTE Products with economy in our daily menu. For a more comprehensive list the housewife should have "DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor." A free copy may be obtained by sending a post-card request to Department D, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.





We Crush These Fruits

Condense Each Juice, and Seal It in a Bottle in These Jiffy-Jell Desserts

Note the Jiffy-Jell distinction. These are real-fruit desserts, and the flavors are rich and abundant. We crush the fruit, condense the juice and seal it in a bottle. Each package of Jiffy-Jell has the fruit-juice essence in liquid form, in glass.



Thus you get real fruit, fresh and fragrant, and a wealth of it in Jiffy-Jell. You get its delights and its healthfulness, not a mere flavor. These bottled fruit-juice flavors are found in Jiffy-Jell alone. And millions have adopted Jiffy-Jell to get them.



A Few Cents Serves You This

This is a pint Jiffy-Jell dessert, pineapple flavor. It is made by adding boiling water, then, when partially cooled, the fruit-juice flavor from the vial, and cooling in a mold.

We crush half a pineapple to make the flavor for this one dessert. Then the Jiffy-Jell mixture is acidulated with lemon juice, evaporated and powdered. We use about one lemon to acidulate one dessert. Or sometimes we use grape juice acid, made from a bunch of grapes.

The mixture comes ready-sweetened and in proper color. The pint dessert will serve six people in mold form, or 12 if you whip the jell. And the whole dessert, rich in two fruit-juice essences, costs but a few cents. So it is with all our fruit desserts.

Fruit Needed Daily

People need fruit daily. Fresh fruits and canned fruits are expensive. Jiffy-Jell costs little. Yet it brings you fruit juice in condensed form — eight of the finest kinds — rich, fragrant and abundant.

You should know Jiffy-Jell, and at once. Millions are already using it. This new-grade dessert—this low-cost fruit dainty—is something no home should miss.

Fruit All-Important

Fruit is the chief quality in gelatine desserts. It is fruit that makes them healthful and delicious. But it must be real fruit, not an artificial flavor.

The ideal form is highly condensed fruit juice. Sealed in glass, it keeps its freshness. Its volatile fragrance can't escape. So Jiffy-Jell desserts seem filled with fresh, ripe fruit.

Lime for Salad Jell

Lime-fruit flavor makes tart, green salad jell. Serve with your salad, or mix the salad in before cooling and make a salad loaf. Use tomato juice in place of half the water to give an added zest. Mint makes a green mint jell to serve with hot meats, cold meats or as a side dish.

The Ideal Desserts

These are ideal desserts. They supply the needed fruit. They form light desserts to follow heavy dinners. They are quick, convenient, inexpensive. Jiffy-Jell will give you new conceptions of this type of dessert.

Compare it with the old types. Try Loganberry, Pineapple, Lime and Mint—our premier flavors. Do this now, then send us the trade-marks as per offer below and get the mold you want. Cut out the offer so you won't forget.



Jiffy Cup For Measuring

This aluminum cup holds exactly one-half pint. Fill twice with water as directed on package, to dissolve one package Jiffy-Jell. Then the jell will always be of right consistency.

This is also exactly one cup, as called for in many recipes. China cups vary in size, so recipes are often spoiled. Thus this Jiffy Cup is a kitchen necessity.

Send us two (JJ) trade-marks cut from the fronts of Jiffy-Jell packages and we will mail you the cup without charge. At the same time, if you wish, send other trade-marks for a mold.

Jiffy-Jell

Real-Fruit Desserts

Ten Flavors in Glass Vials

A Bottle in Each Package

Mint	Lime	Lemon
Strawberry	Pineapple	Orange
Raspberry	Cherry	Loganberry

Also Coffee Flavor





Individual Dessert Molds

These aluminum molds come in assorted styles, six to a set. The six will serve a full package of Jiffy-Jell. Sent for 5 trade-marks. See offer at side.

We Give 50c Molds

Send us five (JJ) trade-marks cut from the fronts of 5 Jiffy-Jell packages and we will mail any aluminum mold we list here. They are valued at 50c each.

- **Style—B**—Pint Dessert Mold, heart-shaped.
- **Style—C**—Pint Dessert Mold, fluted.
- **Style—D**—Pint Salad Mold, to serve six.
- **Style—E**—Pint Dessert Mold, six pinnacles.
- **Style—H**—Pint Dessert Mold, star-shaped.
- **Set of Six**—Individual Molds as pictured.

504

Jiffy Dessert Co.
Waukesha, Wis.

MAIL THIS

I enclose 5 (JJ) trade-marks from the fronts of 5 Jiffy-Jell packages. Send me the mold I check.

.....Style—B	.....Style—E
.....Style—C	.....Style—H
.....Style—D	.....Set of Six

.....

.....

.....Also 2 Trade-Marks for Jiffy Cup

Concluded from page 8

BLUEBIRD NOTES FROM MAETERLINCK

him in New York. There was chicken for one of the courses, and when Maeterlinck was through, a few bones were on his plate.

"If only Charlotte were here," he said, turning to Madame Maeterlinck, and for a moment they both thought of the dogs at home. If you ever wish to read a delightful book, Georgette Le Blanc's "The Dogs of Maeterlinck" will fully repay you; so will Maeterlinck's own essay, "Our Friend, the Dog." These will explain to you wh *Tylo*, in "The Bluebird," is delineated with such loving loyalty, as the friend of man.

MAETERLINCK'S SENSE OF HUMOR

MAETERLINCK'S name is not generally identified with humor. His early plays are full of somber mood; his essays are spiritually calm rather than passionate in belief. But the Maeterlinck comedy can be detected whenever he touches on the insect world, showing in these winged creatures the ingenuity of man, and whenever irony, in "The Bluebird," connects a human attribute with the soul. But when one meets Maeterlinck one is instantly impressed with the keen joy he takes in the humorous.

I am told that last Summer, he used constantly to go from Nice to Monte Carlo in his touring-car which he himself drives. Many times would he take his wife to the Casino, and, following the rules of the driveway, run his car into the path reserved for chauffeurs. Here he would wait until Madame Maeterlinck was ready, and then, with a flourish, he would bring the car around once more to the entrance, calling out, "Car for Madame Maeterlinck."

A twinkle in his eye, a sensitive spread of the lips, creases in his cheeks, which, were Maeterlinck a younger man, might have contracted into dimples, a luminous gleam to the very light eyes, this member of the French Academy claims for himself no prerogatives of greatness. I have seen him, since his arrival in America, seated behind banks of flowers, while his host and guests poured forth encomiums of praise and appreciation. Only when his sense of humor was appealed to would his expression change, and often he would laugh until the tears ran down his face. Then he looked like a schoolboy. This was especially the case when Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale told how, when Maeterlinck's name was first mentioned in America, a boy was asked in class who Maeterlinck was. And the reply was: "The King of Abyssinia."

A WAR-TIME EPISODE

FOR an instant, let me return to Maeterlinck as I saw him one evening seated in his New York studio, in the dim, warm glow of many lamps, dressed in white flannel suit, and with a pipe held in his hand, while he reviewed his propaganda experiences. Here was the man with dramatic instinct, no trace of the ascetic philosopher. He told of how he obtained permission from the authorities to speak in Venice, and how, on the evening, not a soul came to hear him, for across the canal, leading to the hall, chains barred the way. He described how, in Spain, he was advised to carry a Browning gun, and how in a small town outside of Barcelona, the people gave a special performance of his "Interior," translated into the Catalan dialect.

It did not take long to see from his manner that one of the difficulties met with in Spain was the German supervision which several times officially touched him. But I refer to this experience again especially to show that Maurice Maetorlinck is a man who firmly treads earth, and does not continually dwell in the heights. That, I think, is one of the secrets of the healthiness of his thought.

I recall a criticism he made which was in the spirit of *Tyltyl*. Great preparations had been made for the première of the opera, which he was to attend. Little enameled bluebird lace pins had been made for the ladies; bluebird pencils for the men. Banners were flung across Fifth Avenue in welcome to Maeterlinck and launching "The Bluebird." New York in fact was bluebird mad! One of the pins was shown to Maeterlinck. "The bird's not the real blue!" he exclaimed, recalling how *Tyltyl* felt when, with his arms full of the birds captured in the realm of night, he finds them not blue at all.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HAPPINESS

"DID you," I asked, "have a definite and new philosophy of happiness when you wrote 'The Bluebird'?" This was no new question to Maeterlinck, as I saw by his very expressive face. "The whole of the play is to be found in all my works," he replied. "In fact I put all of myself into my work. If you would know what happened to me during the war, read my 'The Wrack of the Storm.' What I have said of the unborn in 'The Bluebird' I have stated philosophically in my essays. What in 'The Betrothal' I claim of one's ancestors, is not new. As a dramatist it was my endeavor to externalize for children, without departing from my philosophic interest in the laws of heredity and evolution, a story which would appeal to the imagination."

MAETERLINCK—OPTIMIST

THE Bluebird of Happiness is something tangible for children to hold in their imaginations as well as in their hearts. But from conversation with Maeterlinck I can see that happiness is something which can only be had by reaching the profoundest meaning of life; it is the inner beauty of the soul which counts. From what he has said to me I infer that his investigation into immortality is not made for any other reason than to free the soul now of the confining thought of death. Where there is light there can be no danger, he says. Is not that one of the reasons why *Light* accompanies *Mytyl* and *Tyltyl* on their search for the blue bird! There is, to him, a limit to human understanding. That is why the human mind can not conceive of infinity. But there is a higher consciousness than the intellect. To him the world is made up of spiritual forces, and in his essays he has analyzed them, one by one paring away the sheafs of obscurity, and coming to the center of life, untrammeled by limitations, where the deeper beauty lies. We must be strong enough to challenge misfortune with happiness, even as we challenge death with life. Once pierce the veil which separates man from his spiritual happiness, and the whole face of morality will change. "If we should ever come to feel," Maeterlinck said to me, "that everything which befalls us, everything which touches us, acts for good or ill in that conscious life which follows death, what an influence this will have upon our workaday morality."

AN OUT-OF-DOORS ENTHUSIAST

BESIEGED on all hands since his arrival in America, you can not expect Maeterlinck to sit down and give of himself consecutively. You must take his pregnant phrase, and apply it according to your knowledge of the man. It is because I have studied him long and written on him often that I can read into his slightest gesture many of the events of his past life.

I have noted, for instance, his walk, his feet touching the earth as though he enjoyed tramping. I learn that walking is his favorite exercise in Nice. I have noted the surety of his footing, which has come largely through his love of boxing, in which sport one must be agile and sure. I have often wanted to talk with Kid McCoy, the pugilist, about Maeterlinck, the two have boxed together, and they have done some talking, too, about life. Maeterlinck believed the "kid" to be a philosopher.

When Maeterlinck put his hand to his hip pocket, in illustration of where the Browning revolver reposed during his visit to Spain, I saw a flash of the young man who, when he was serving his military tenure in Belgium, was always under penalty of punishment because he had forgotten to clean his gun. It is these touches which vivify the man. They can not help but come in mind. I saw him at the Bluebird Ball, when surrounded by society folk who were trying to make a fetish of him, he walked down a long hall of the hotel to his state box. The unhappy paleness of his face, the somber blackness of his dress clothes, the dignity of his white hair—how different this from the figure so often described of the younger Maeterlinck skating down the refectory of his St. Wandrille Abbaye in the quiet of the evening.

HIS HOME LIFE

SUCH a man has been uprooted, and I for one will be glad to see him safely back in his gardens at home. There no one penetrates. He goes to his little room at regular hours, and writes on his typewriter, painfully hammering each letter with one finger. It is an old machine—an early model, where the carriage has to be lifted to see the typing. I have been told that when he saw the visible writing-machines he thought them remarkable, but said he would not change, for it would be difficult to teach an old dog new tricks. It is this simplicity of the man which charms: his personality exudes lovableness.

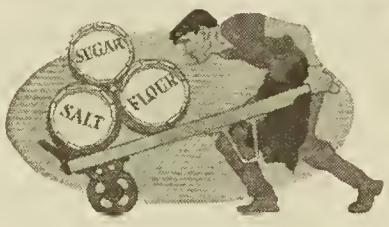
"You can tell the readers of THE DELINEATOR this for me," he said, "that never has there been a time when heroism has been such a universal quality. Never before have women borne so much and so secretly and so wisely. Never have we been nearer the great revelation, and because of this nearness, it behooves us to make ready, to know how to use the key which will unlock the mystery for us. In the next hundred years we will make as great an advance in solving spiritual problems, as in the past years we have advanced materially. But we must develop in us the will to believe, not hold to empty phrases. Too many souls have been dumb. They have stood dumb before the egoism of man. But egoism has no place in the real happiness which we seek. I come to America eager to see a nation that can send two millions of men on a crusade for the maintenance of a principle. It is true, you have not been close to the horror of war, but the moral resolve stretched three thousand miles and was the hope of Europe. Tell them that through their Emerson I have a kinship with them."

A FRANK OPINION OF EMERSON

I CAN not help but feel that on the key-note of Emerson I should stop. Maeterlinck will go to California soon, where I hope he will look into the wizardry of Luther Burbank; the intelligence of flowers is one of his passions. He will see the glories of nature in the Yellowstone, and these will come back to us some day in the form of an essay which will show us what we have. Of Emerson, Maeterlinck once wrote: "He came for many just when he should have come, and just when they had extreme need of new explanations." I know that is what we could now write of him. It is oftenest sounded before him in the speeches of welcome. Discover for us, they all say, the soul of our city, the soul of our nation. Behind the walls of L'Abbaye at Nice he may discover us for ourselves.



Wooden Barrels Protect your Food





We often hear of cleanly housewives who have bought a quantity of flour, sugar, etc., in bags, and then have bought for 50c or 75c additional, a BARREL to keep it in!

This is not very foresighted, because such foods ***can be bought in barrels*** in the first place. But it is evident that the careful woman well knows that a thin layer of paper or cloth is not a sufficient protection for her family's food even upon her own clean pantry floor.

How much more important it is that her food be protected against the unknown floors of freight cars, warehouses, delivery wagons, steamboats, station platforms, against the rain or other contamination, against the close embrace of men who may carry it on their shoulders in its long journey from the producer to her table.

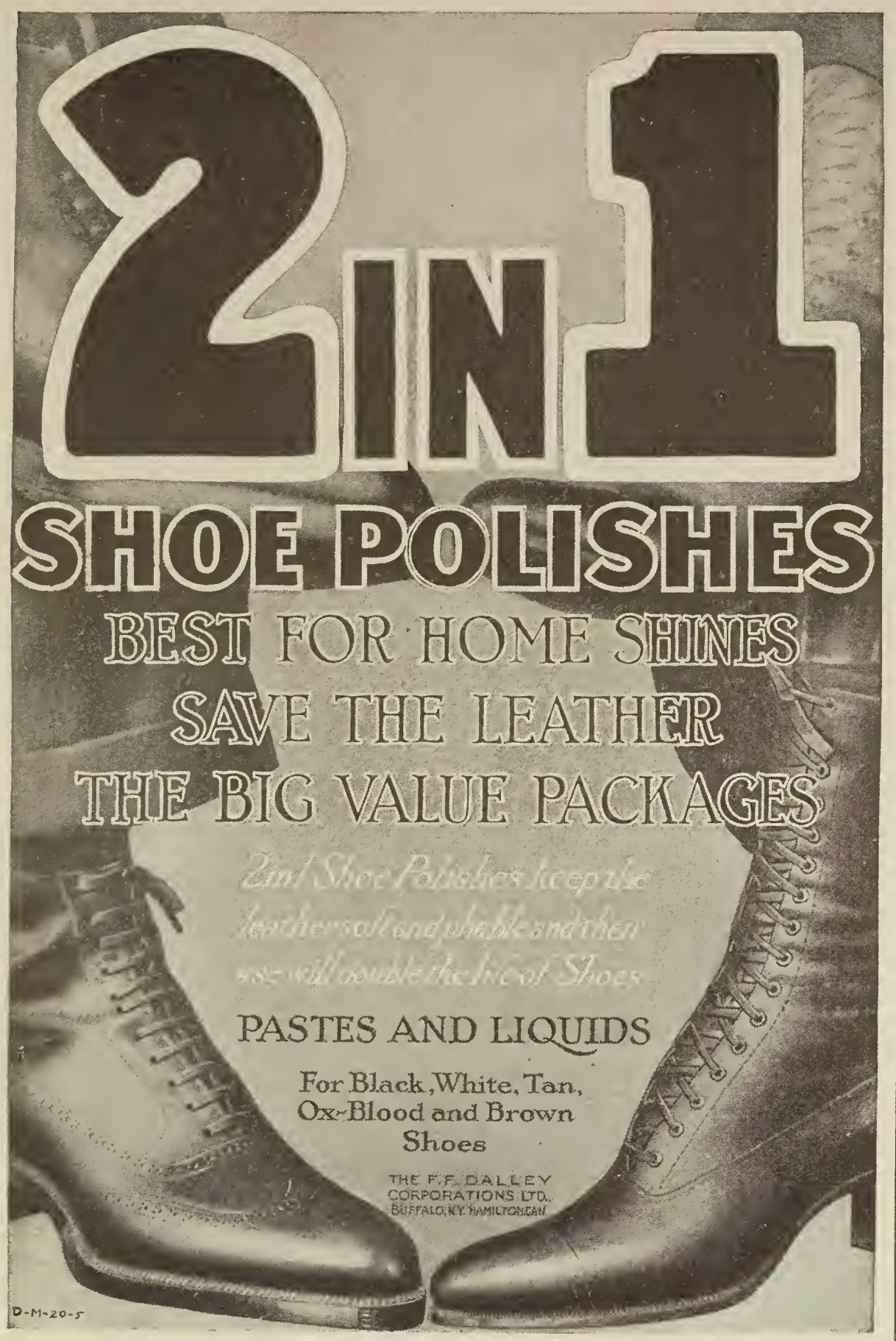
Think of the possibilities—of the DANGERS! Then INSIST on buying all possible of your food, especially absorbent food, in BARRELS or from BARRELS—its purity ***walled in with wood.***

For important information about the packing and shipping of foods, write the "Slack" Division of

The Associated Cooperage Industries of America
2000 Railway Exchange Bldg.
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The Good kept in, the Rest kept out



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Diamond Dyes

FAST ◇ FADELESS

Continued from page 9

HER BIRTHRIGHT

all for Churchill Framingham. His name was not forgotten; it stood in Elkbridge for all that was honored and beneficent—and it was due to her, to the keeper of his wealth.

But morning was long in coming. The gray half-light still lingered in the room; the fresh wind died down; a heavy mist was shrouding the sun. Over and over again, in the still air outside, the note of a pewee sounded plaintively. Mrs. Framingham had listened to each slow chime of the clock in the hall, and when six struck at last, she rose with relief.

Cleo's light tap on the door found her fully dressed; a spare, stately woman who affected white at all seasons.

"It's dreadfully sultry this morning. Did you have a good night, mama?" Cleo's voice was sweet, but a little thin, like her person.

"Yes, thank you, my dear." Mrs. Framingham was credited with few indispositions, she so rarely admitted them.

"Well, *I* didn't. It was so hot, and I was worrying about Alta all night."

"I AM sorry you should have done so," coldly observed her mother. "Alta will get over her wild notion presently. I told her yesterday it was out of the question."

"I should think so!" Cleo exclaimed. "Alta *act!* It makes me laugh. But, mama, that wasn't what I was worrying about——"

"Well?" said Mrs. Framingham patiently.

"Mama, I think you ought to know—people are *talking!*"

"Talking? About what? You don't mean Alta?"

"Well, mama, I do! And if you haven't an idea, I'll just tell you. It isn't because she cares about any old dramatic school that Alta wants to go to New York, but so she can be with that horrid Carus Poline—there now!"

"Carus *Poline!*" Mrs. Framingham repeated the name as if it had a bad taste. "That ranting foreigner the Home Guards put off the platform when he tried to defend Lenine? A sallow little man with horrible clothes?"

"Yes—disgusting little rat. And Alta pretends he was persecuted and a martyr—you know how sickening she can be when she thinks any one's abused. I'm positive she made up to him! And at tea yesterday you should have seen Mrs. Roberts smile at Alta when *Russia* was mentioned! Alta, of course, began to rave about free speech—I could have slapped her! The stuff that man talks—and she just drinks it in."

"I understand. Don't expatiate, Cleo. I wish facts. What is the man doing in Elkbridge?"

"Goodness, mama, don't ask me—how should *I* know? He talks politics, and he talks art and he talks drama."

MRS. FRAMINGHAM'S lips were tight set. "Where does Alta see him?"

"She sees him everywhere. Lots of times when you've thought she was doing Red Cross work or going to lectures or shopping, she's been running around with him, and the whole town sees her! He likes to show her off, I suppose, because there isn't anybody decent in Elkbridge who'd be seen within a mile of him! And now he's going back to New York, and her wanting to go there is just an *excuse!*"

"You should have told me of this before," said her mother with severity. "Cleo, what have you been thinking of?"

"I knew you'd blame me," complained Cleo bitterly. "And Alta will be *furious!* But I've worried so, mama—you have no idea. I know I heard the clock strike every hour last night."

Mrs. Framingham paid no heed, but sat in abstraction. She was thinking of the times when she had supposed Alta at work in the Red Cross rooms.

"Mama," Cleo began again fretfully, "did you tell Alta she could go down-town last night, and did you let her have a latchkey?"

Her mother started, turned one glance upon her—Mrs. Framingham's eye was a formidable one. "Tell Alta to come to me—at once!" was all she said.

"Oh, mama, didn't she even *ask* you? I call that downright sneaking!"

"If she is asleep—*wake her.*"

THE old Framingham house, set up on a steep terrace which itself topped a rise of ground above the main part of Elkbridge, had the very look, so Alta often naughtily pointed out, of Eunice Framingham.

But alone, she would often stare at the fine old mansion with a different look. "Dear old aristocrat," she would ponder, "why do I love you so——"

In front the conventional flower-beds were set to cannas and their stiff tribe, but at the back and sides various sturdy shrubs had long since overrun the bounds set for them, and turned their territory into bits of wilderness for birds to nest in and little girls to play in.

At the hour when the August mist had blotted out the transitory glimmer of early sunshine, the wet branches of one of the tall lilacs were suddenly pushed aside, and the figure of a girl stepped through. She stood in the clear space of the side lawn for a moment, breathing hard and looking off over the gray roofs of the huddled houses in the streets below. An air of excitement pervaded her. The blood was racing through her veins, as was testified by the rapid rising and falling of the color in her clear cheek, and her curious amber-colored eyes had strange lights in them. A shriveled rose still clung in her hair which was slipping down to her neck, her thin lace-trimmed dress was sadly draggled and a torn rag of white petticoat hung below it. In the dim light of the upper hallway Cleo turned from the door of Alta's room to confront her sister.

"You can't get in, I saw to that," teased Alta. "It's locked!"

"*Locked?*" repeated Cleo stupidly, her hand on the knob.

"Locked, I said," responded Alta coolly. "Here—" she brushed by her, whipped out a key from her pocket, and in a second the door opened and let out a flood of light upon the two. Cleo's eyes fastened themselves in astonishment upon the other's dress; she looked her up and down, missing no detail; then took a step toward the smooth, untouched bed, and pointed accusingly.

"You've been out all night!"

"WELL—now you know!" declared Alta recklessly. "What are you going to do about it?" And she gave Cleo stare for stare. Cleo dropped her eyes first. Her cheeks were hot. "How dared you?" she whispered. "What have you been about?"

"That's my business," Alta returned, drawing a long breath. "Will you kindly get out now, and let me have a bath? I mean to be down to breakfast!" She shrugged and laughed.

Cleo did not move. "I shall tell mama, you know. I wouldn't be you, Alta Framingham, oh, I wouldn't be you!"

Alta put out a strong hand and thrust her to the door. "Sneak! Nor I you! Leave me alone, I say!" And as Cleo struggled, emitting little shrieks, Alta repeated: "Leave me *alone!* Tell, if you want to—*tell!*—Only get out—*get out!*"

Cleo put her mouth to the door which Alta rapidly locked. "Mama wants you; she sent me to get you. Do you hear?" Silence. "She wants you in her room *this minute!*" She enunciated the words with warning emphasis. "You better go!" A pause. "I'll come," from Alta.

Cleo walked away, breathing hard in her turn, her mind in a tumult. What would—what *would*—her mother say? What if people found out? Oh, how could Alta be so awful! What if— She was crying when she reached her mother's room.

INSIDE Alta listened at the locked door for a moment, and then went over to the dressing-table to stare at her disordered imago in the glass. "I look like a bacchante!" she said aloud, and smiled exultingly. At that feverish moment, she knew as she had never known before that there was in Alta Framingham the making of a beautiful woman. But not that perception wrought her exultation.

She caught sight in the reflection of a stain across the lacy front of her gown. With a little cry she put her hands against it and stood so still, it almost seemed her very breathing stopped. A curious softness settled like a veil over her face. She stood thinking—thinking. Coming to herself with a start, she laughed a little, quickly let down her hair, and snatched a long yellow dressing-gown, by its means completely covering her attire.

"Now for it!" she muttered. "I wish—I wish—I didn't feel so!"

In a high-backed chair by the window, Eunice Framingham sat, with perfect composure, and with every detail of dress and hair exquisitely ordered. There was, however, a blanched look about her face which made her appear older than she was. Back of her, Cleo leaned against the window-frame, nervously rolling and unrolling her handkerchief. They both looked colorless and cold beside Alta, in her vivid robe, her breast visibly heaving, a figure of pulsing life. She held the long gown together at the throat, her head flung back with a defiant, startled air.

"I didn't have time to dress," she said, her lids fluttering, the words dropping a little piteously, like a child making excuses. She was struggling against the sensation which always came upon her before that look in her mother's eye—walls closing in and she stifling.

"Drop that gown!" sternly commanded her mother. "Down—from the shoulders!"

Alta released her hold. Softly it slid to the floor, leaving the girl exposed in her disarray.

"Put it on a chair," the inexorable voice went on. "Brush back your hair—now—look at me!"

Alta obeyed. Under the humiliation of her mother's gaze her cheeks burned scarlet. Mrs. Framingham did not stir. There was something awful in the contrast between her rigidity and the tremors that shook the girl.

"Where were you last night?" The words were like ice. "Give an account of yourself."

"What's the use?" She flung out her arms. "Cleo told you—didn't she?"

"You spent the night from home?"

"Yes!" wildly.

"Where?"

"The theater—first."

"And afterward?"

Alta looked around like a hunted animal. "And afterward?" The words followed her implacably. Her eyes encountered her sister's and Cleo saw with a stirring of something more than uneasiness, less than pity, that they held no hate, no resentment, only poignant appeal. Her lips moved to speak, but no words came. After all, what was there to say?

"WHAT time did you get home?" demanded Mrs. Framingham. "*And how?*"

The older girl gasped at the tone of it. Even in anger her mother had always seemed gentle—she was gentle now—but Cleo felt the presence of something sinister in both words and expression which was like finding a snake where a snake couldn't possibly be.

"Mother," said Alta, the scarlet fading from her cheeks, "I—I can't tell you about last night — you wouldn't understand — but, mother—" she struggled with herself, "I did nothing—*nothing!*—wrong."

"You were with Carus Poline, were you not?"

Alta wavered. "I did see him—I was at the theater with him—but you needn't be afraid—you needn't worry—I shall never see him again—he might be a thousand miles away!" The scarlet came back to her cheeks. "He's married," she said. "I—I just found it out last night."

Concluded on page 108

Concluded from page 27

IMITATION CHINCHILLA

"There were upholstered Morris chairs done in purple plush, and oak wainscoting, and mahogany tables, and dark wall-paper with forests on it, and bronze urns, and purple-velvet hangings. It was all dark and heavy and grand—oh, so grand! But, being a mere visitor, we didn't like to say anything. Our attitude was let him work out his own salvation or destruction.

"And then the star came in. She, too, read the words, 'scene in Manila,' so she was wearing a white-linen traveling-frock, a small white hat and veil, and white shoes. She looked, in the set, like a lily suffocated in a sea of purple draperies. Being diplomatic, she said: "'This is a marvelous set, but isn't it a bit dark for the tropics? Why not have some willow chairs and chintz hangings and straw rugs?' And she proceeded to order a set that made you feel like sitting down in it and sipping mint juleps."

"So some of them really are interior decorators as well as actresses, aren't they?"

"Of course they are. But you can't really know how to do a thing until you have done it, and this particular star has furnished a gorgeous home and knows all about it. Fortunately she has her own company, so she can have her way about most things, but the average star hasn't nearly so much power as some people imagine. This young woman of whom we were speaking knows how to dress, too. Her origin was humble, but she has that God-given thing—good taste; and we have yet to see her make a sartorial *faux pas*."

"And do you, too, believe that girls who go to the movies (and that means all girls) are influenced in their selection of clothes by what they see on the screen?"

"DO WE believe it? We know it. Our best-beloved actress appeared recently on the screen wearing a most striking hat. It was large and white, and had a black buckle on it. We noticed and admired it, and so did others.

"Two days later these hats began to appear everywhere. A walk down Broadway from the Times Building to Herald Square brought to our attention half a dozen copies. Thirty-fourth Street yielded three more, and when we stopped in to have our nails done, Ray, our favorite manicure lady, hurled herself at us with the query: 'Did you see the hat Elsie Ferguson wore at the Rivoli on Sunday? I got one just like it. I drew a picture of it, and my milliner made it, and all the girls in the shop are copying mine.' Now, can you ask if girls who go to the movies are influenced by what they see on the screen?"

The editor nodded, but he didn't seem as much interested as he had been in furniture.

"Do you know," we said confidentially, "that in one of the big pictures which we saw only last week one of the men wore white spats with his evening clothes?"

"No!"

"Yes, and he wasn't ordered off the set nor anything. He stayed and finished dancing with the rest of the guests. And no one seemed to think it was unusual, and perhaps it wasn't, in that gathering, for we spotted two guests with black bow ties and tail-coats, one with chamois gloves heavily stitched in black, and one with what appeared to be a red-bordered handkerchief tucked between his shirt-bosom and his waistcoat.

"We have proof positive that many of these weird things which we see on the screen are directly traceable to the director. A very wonderful Frenchman, who is himself a dean of directors, said, 'When anything is wrong with acting, continuity, or staging, *cherchez le directeur*' (search for the director), and it is very nearly true. An actor has to be possessed of almost superhuman firmness, for directors are not to be easily thwarted.

"A certain director tried to make the leading man change his dinner-coat for a tail-coat because he was going to call on his *fiancée*. 'She will think that if you really loved her, you would wear your full-dress suit,' was his argument, and only the insistence of the hero saved the day.

"AND this is not hearsay. We ourself heard it. You believe it, don't you?" The editor nodded.

"So, if directors know as little as that about men's clothes, fancy the poor things trying to struggle with the problem of women's clothes! Most of them do not even try; they just trust to luck, and their luck isn't always with them. Statistics show that to the average man white aigrets and a black-velvet gown spell affluence at any time of the day.

"But imitation furs are the worst of all crimes. Women seem to fancy that tabby is going to look exactly like sable on the screen, and that no one is going to recognize that 'Iceland fox' which curls like an angry rattlesnake when it gets damp.

"Yes, we know furs are expensive things and people who take part in ensemble numbers can't afford them; but let them do without them. Mrs. Vanderbilt's guest might have chosen to call on her wearing no fur at all—rich people do such strange things—but we know, and so does every one else, that she never would call wearing a large white rabbit-skin stole with black tails sewed on it.

"We saw that in a picture not long ago, and we saw the star, who was announced as 'the only daughter of a multi-millionaire,' cross the ocean dressed in gray velvet and wearing an enormous cape of imitation chinchilla, and a large hat of the same fur with velvet streamers hanging almost to the bottom of her gown.

"But of course these are isolated cases (and they should be isolated if there's any danger of contagion). Many of the stars dress exquisitely, and act in perfectly appointed homes which are set up in the studios."

An article describing and illustrating some of the triumphs of the great companies in the way of perfect, up-to-date details of dress and furnishings, regardless of expense, will appear in an early issue of THE DELINEATOR.



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At Druggists — Sizes for All Rooms

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Keep with the Dressings our First Aid Book. Ask us and we will send it free. It tells what to do before the doctor comes, in every form of accident, sudden sickness, poisoning or injury.

This book is written by a high authority, with wide experience in Red Cross and Army emergency work. It contains 120 pictures. Having this book at hand, with the B & B Dressings, may sometime save a life. Write us now for it—before you forget.

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—for at the store that sells the Red Cross Shoe you will find a wide choice among Spring's most charming styles—and each model with the distinctive comfort of the famous sole that "bends with your foot."

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585

No. 585—The "Avenu." Smart and business-like, of dark brown kid with straight tip, this oxford makes working and walking both fun. And that well-dressed feeling adds more than a little to the sensation of comfort

58

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Concluded from page 106

HER BIRTHRIGHT

Mrs. Framingham seemed not affected by this announcement. She stared meditatively at the clasped hands in her lap. Raising her eyes at length: "What do you intend to do now?" she inquired.

"Do—now?" faltered Alta, taken aback.

"Perhaps you have signed for an engagement with your theatrical friends?" pursued Mrs. Framingham.

"N-no," Alta stammered. "I don't want to go on the stage. I don't wish that any more."

"Very well. It is immaterial. You have no further obligations here."

There was a silence in the room.

"Mother," spoke Alta, strongly at last. "What do you mean?"

"WHAT I say. You have no further obligations here."

In the presence of those three, something precious—the relationship of years—was being destroyed as irrevocably as fabric is consumed by fire. Cleo broke the stillness: "We don't understand you, mama."

"Alta understands," her mother returned, unmoved, watching Alta closely. "She is quite aware that by such flagrant conduct she has forfeited her place in this house as a daughter. Moreover," with utter deliberation, "it is now entirely fitting I should tell you that it is a place which has by right never belonged to her."

From Cleo came a broken cry: "Mama, oh, mama, *why* do you say such things! You mustn't! Oh, I can't bear it!" Once, when they were little girls, and Alta was being whipped—hard—for a piece of mischief, Cleo, not ordinarily a child of quick sympathies, had cried out like that.

Mrs. Framingham turned and looked at her. "Control yourself, Cleo. I am telling you merely what is true. Alta is not your sister. She is not my daughter, nor your father's. She does not belong to us."

"So that—is—it!" said Alta slowly. Her eyes sparkled. The fatigue, the humiliation, which had been so pronounced in her manner, slipped from her like the robe of silk. "So that is it!" she repeated, excitement rising. "I always felt—there was something! I could do nothing right—nothing that pleased you. I did not belong—and you made me feel it. Why, even when I was a tiny girl—and friendly, just *friendly*—like any little girl—you told me I disgraced this house and the Framingham name! You made me hate the Framingham name. You made me *want* to be a disgrace!"

"I gave you every chance," said Mrs. Framingham steadily. "You refused them all."

"EVERY chance?" cried Alta fiercely. "*No!* You never loved me—never! Why did you take me—if you did not mean to love me? You say I do not belong here—where do I belong? Who are my people? I will go to them! Who are they?"

"I do not know," Mrs. Framingham answered shortly. "We never knew. You were born in a charity ward. It was when I was ill in a hospital out West. The woman was deserted, left stranded by a theatrical company—possibly that is where you get your inclination for the stage, Alta—and except for Mr. Framingham you would have been put in an asylum."

"I wish I had been!" Alta exclaimed in a savage voice. "Why didn't you?"

"I should have done so," Mrs. Framingham replied immovably; "but Mr. Framingham had quixotic notions. He thought Cleo should have a companion, and he wished to make an experiment. We had often discussed together the effect of training and environment as opposed to heredity. Contrary to his belief, I had great faith in blood—in *family*. But it is no particular satisfaction to me now that my case is proved."

"Your case proved—*oh!*" It was a sound wrung from a spirit in torture.

"That was why you were not to be told—why I was to bring you up quite as my own—why Mr. Framingham planned to give you possession of the same sum to help you in your choice of work as Cleo received."

"He left *me*—what he left Cleo?" In her eagerness Alta moved a step toward Mrs. Framingham.

Mrs. Framingham put up a hand. "Please—no nearer," she said in a dry voice, and Alta saw a shudder run through her. "He left it for me to give you—it was in my hands—in trust—and I have used it—I have used it all. It seemed necessary, in order to save Cleo's and to keep up our position as Mr. Framingham would have had me do. But I should give you nothing now in any case. You should have no fund for shameless living. But the remorse from which I have suffered—I see now it has clouded every moment of the past three years—your conduct has lifted. I have no more regret." And on that word she rose, and went, in her majestic fashion, quietly from the room.

Cleo looked after her with horror—her world was breaking up—it seemed to her she could not move or speak, until Alta—*Alta*—should say something. But Alta stood rigid, staring at the door which had shut upon that white and stately figure. All at once the tears broke like rain over her face; she staggered to the chair where Mrs. Framingham had been sitting, and with her head upon her arms burst into racking sobs.

"ALTA—*Alta*—" Out of the spell which bound her Cleo spoke at last. "Don't, dear, don't! Oh, it's too awful!" And she began to cry, too.

At the sound of Cleo's weeping, Alta sat up, pushing back her heavy falling hair, and struggling for composure. In her flushed and swollen face was something Cleo had never seen there, a kind of purged sweetness and bravery shining through.

"I—I couldn't h-help crying," she gasped. "It seemed so hard that he is dead—that I can't tell him—that he can never know—when he picked me up like that—out of the gutter—and made me his own—even left me money—like you, Cleo—like his own daughter—believing I'd be—worthy! I've got to be, now—haven't I, Cleo? I—*will*—but oh, if I could *tell* him!

"Do you think, Cleo, that maybe the dead can hear? If I should tell *you*—about last night—mightn't *he* hear, too—mightn't he understand? You will listen—listen for him—won't you, Cleo—and not be—too hard?"

Wide-eyed and solemn, Cleo looked at her and then crept close. At the movement—the nestling up so simply—Alta's lip trembled afresh, but she controlled herself.

"I did go to the theater, Cleo—I did go with Carus Poline. I thought I was safe with him—I thought I could learn things—it seems queer now—but I even thought he was—*noble*.

"Afterward he took me to supper, so that I could meet two friends of his in a little foreign place down on Broad Street. You see, I was planning to go to New York—in spite of mama—and he said they were in the profession, but I think—he lied. It seemed gay at first, and *different*, and I was excited and I liked it. But pretty soon, Cleo, I was—*frightened*. The man and woman—*joked*—they said such things—and I saw they were horrid. And Carus drank wine—and talked so loud—and tried to be familiar. It was horrible. I tried to get away, but they wouldn't let me. I knew then I'd been a fool. I thought of—mama, and I was *sorry*, Cleo. I *would* have got away—I *would* have got home.

"BUT somebody came into the place, hunting for Carus—a tattered little girl with a dirty, sharp face. She sprang up to Carus when she saw him, and sobbed in his ear, and he swore and said he'd not go one step. The little girl cried out loud—said Beck was sick—terribly sick—and the others said '*Beck!*'—like that! and Carus grinned and said he'd been tracked from New York, and he looked at me slyly, and when the others laughed, all at once I knew it must be his wife. I asked him, but he wouldn't answer; so I knew. The little girl kept crying all the time, saying Beck was sick, and all alone. But no one moved——

"Cleo, I ran after that little girl—I just jumped up and ran after her——

"It was a cheap lodging-house, with one little light high up, and no water!—and dirty quilts on the bed—and that poor woman twisting and groaning—" Alta's voice sank to a whisper. "She was going to have a baby—and not a soul there but that little girl! And Carus Poline *knew* it! Oh, aren't men *brutes!*" She shook back her hair fiercely.

"I couldn't leave her—not a minute—she hung on to me so; but I sent the little girl out for a doctor—and then another, when he wouldn't come—" Her sister could barely catch the words. "While I was there, alone, the little baby was born! I took it first—I had it here!" She put her hands against her breast. "If it hadn't been for me, it would have died. I made its little breath come—I made it move—and cry—and *live!*

"It was almost light when the doctor got there. He let me wash the baby—such tiny feet and hands—and all pink and soft and creased, Cleo—I didn't know babies were like that. And when he sent me home, he said—oh, I was so proud and happy at what he said! I never was so proud before. But I had to walk all the way, and through side streets—I didn't dare take a car, looking so—and though I wasn't tired, I thought I never—never—would get home!" Suddenly her bosom heaved. "That was what I was doing, Cleo—only that—and she thought—mama thought—" Forces spent, she gave way utterly, and wept and trembled, while Cleo, wondering at herself, soothed and held her. For a long time they clung together, Alta drinking in the balm of a sisterliness less arid than she had ever known, Cleo suffering she could not have told what pangs of pity and new knowledge expanding her poor, restricted heart.

"Why didn't you tell mama?" Cleo asked at last.

"I COULDN'T," Alta shuddered. "She would have thought it just horrid and indecent of me, when it was wonderful, Cleo—all so wonderful. I can't tell you—I can't tell anybody—how I felt—to have a hand in making life like that. But it made everything that's come before seem shadowy. It made me see—it made me know—what I want to do more than anything in the world—what I have in me to do——

"I'll go away, Cleo—and study—and work—oh, won't I work! Perhaps at first it'll be just nursing, but some time I must be—yes, I *must* be a doctor! No matter how hard it is, no matter how long it takes——"

"But—how can you?" faltered timid Cleo, searching her sister's illumined face as if to find some clue of her own. "It isn't fair, of course," with a little desperate gasp, "but mama will never help you now!"

"I know!" Alta laughed. "It's up to me—me alone! And that's what I like—that will keep me from falling down!"

Not a word, Cleo reflected, of the money that should have been hers. All at once she found herself speaking, and not it seemed of her own volition. "Alta," she was saying quickly, so it should be out before she could regret it, "take mine! I should only fritter it away—there's really nothing I want to do. And it belongs to you, somehow, more than to me. Father would say so."

The sweetness in the look Alta turned on her was something Cleo was never to forget. And her eyes shone like stars. "Good old Cleo! But I can't. It would hurt—mama," her voice broke. "It would hurt your mother," she amended proudly. "I can't."

"IT IS mine to give!" Cleo cried, really eager now. "Oh, take it, Alta!"

"No, no!" with passionate refusal. "I don't want it—it doesn't matter. I have my legacy!"



Try one can Curtis Kippered Sardine Filets attractively placed crosswise on platter, garnish with one jar Curtis Garnishola Pimientos, parsley, and Curtis Ripe Olives. Chill in ice box one hour before serving. There are twelve filets in each can which will serve from three to six persons.



The *Style* In Foods *for* Lent

Kippered Filets of Sardines
Tuna Supreme
Chicnic

By "Curtis"

NOT everyone is endowed with the taste necessary to experience the keen delight afforded by a very fine food.

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All three are extra specialties among the better kinds of fish foods, particularly apropos during Lent.

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Once you try them, you will never forget to keep your pantry stocked with *all* the Curtis Foods.

For there is a delicious Curtis specialty for every occasion. And you may be sure that each one at that time represents *the vogue in foods.*

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The beauty secret of Cleopatra hidden in every cake

How washing your face makes rouge and powder harmless

YOU should not blame your skin imperfections on the rouge and powder you may use. Modern cosmetics are usually harmless enough if applied to a *clean skin.*

It is only by leaving them on—one application over another—that the damage is done.

Then they combine with dirt, oil secretions and perspiration in an impervious coat. This clogs and poisons the delicate network of pores and glands we call the skin. Coarse texture and ugly blotches are the result.

Wash your face thoroughly once a day with a pure, mild soap and you needn't fear rouge and powder.

Most actresses know this secret, which keeps their complexions fresh, clear and young in spite of the make-up used. It is really the oldest of beauty secrets, discovered by Cleopatra.

But—it all depends on the soap

If you say "but soap is too harsh for my skin," you either haven't found the right soap or have used it the wrong way. This essential cleanliness must be obtained with a mild, soothing cleanser, such as is yours in Palmolive. And the way you use it must be governed by the kind of complexion you have.

For this modern combination of the palm and olive oils Cleopatra used as cleansers is as bland as a lotion. Its profuse creamy lather leaves the skin soft, supple and smooth.

Yet, while money can't buy a more satisfactory facial soap, the price of Palmolive keeps it within reach of all.

Why isn't Palmolive expensive?

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Enormous production and factories working night and day—ingredients ordered in gigantic volume—is what reduces production cost.

Thus we are able to keep the price of Palmolive to a very moderate sum—no more than ordinary toilet soaps.

You can therefore afford to use Palmolive for every toilet purpose. Keep it on the washstand for the sake of smooth white hands. Use it for bathing—it is the luxury bath soap.

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For an oily skin



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When the skin is inclined to oiliness wash thoroughly with Palmolive. Use warm water for the actual cleansing, rinse with cold. Apply a little Palmolive cold cream, removing all surplus.

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Made by

The Palmolive Company, Milwaukee, U. S. A.

The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

PALMOLIVE



Continued from page 12

THE PORTYGEE

of photographs, closed the drawer and prepared for bed.

For the two weeks following his return home he had a thoroughly good time. It was a tremendous comfort to get up when he pleased, to eat the things he liked, to do much or little or nothing at his own sweet will. He walked a good deal, tramping along the beach in the blustering wind and chilly sunshine and enjoying every breath of the clean salt air. He thought much during those solitary walks, and at times, at home in the evenings, he would fall to musing and sit silent for long periods. His grandmother was troubled.

"Don't it seem to you, Zelotes," she asked her husband, "as if Albert was kind of discontented or unsatisfied these days? He's so—so sort of fidgety. Talks like the very mischief for ten minutes and then don't speak for half an hour. Sits still for a long stretch and then jumps up and starts off walkin' as if he was crazy. What makes him act so? He's kind of changed from what he used to be. Don't you think so?"

THE captain patted her shoulder. "Don't worry, mother," he said. "Al's older than he was and what he's been through has made him older still. As for the fidgety part of it, the settin' down and jumpin' up and all that, that's the way they all act, so far as I can learn. Elisha Warren, over to South Denboro, tells me his nephew has been that way ever since he got back. Don't fret, mother. Al will come round all right."

"I didn't know but he might be anxious to see—to see her, you know."

"Her? Oh, you mean the Fosdick girl. Well, he'll be goin' to see her pretty soon, I presume likely. They're due back in New York most any time now, I believe. Oh, hum! Why in time couldn't he——"

"Couldn't he what, Zelotes?"

"Oh, nothin', nothin'."

The summons came only a day after this conversation. It came in the form of another letter from Madeline and one from Mrs. Fosdick. They were, so the letter said, back once more in their city home; her nerves, thank Heaven, were quite strong again, and they were expecting him, Albert, to come on at once. "We are all dying to see you," wrote Mrs. Fosdick. "And poor, dear Madeline, of course, is counting the moments."

"Stay as long as you feel like, Al," said the captain, when told of the proposed visit. "It's the dull season at the office, anyhow, and Labe and I can get along first rate, with Issy to superintend. Stay as long as you want to, only——"

"Only what, grandfather?"

"Only don't want to stay too long. That is, don't fall in love with New York so hard that you forget there is such a place as South Harniss."

Albert smiled. "I've been in places farther away than New York," he said, "and I never forgot South Harniss."

"UM-HM. Well, I shouldn't be surprised if that was so. But you'll have better company in New York than you did in some of those places. Give my regards to Fosdick. So long, Al."

The Fosdick limousine was at the Grand Central Station when the Knickerbocker Limited pulled in. And Madeline, a wonderfully furred and veiled and hatted Madeline, was waiting there behind the rail as he came up the runway from the train. It was amazing, the fact that it was really she. It was more amazing still to kiss her there in public, to hold her hand without fear that some one might see. To——

"Shall I take your bags, sir?"

It was the Fosdick footman who asked it. Albert started guiltily. Then he laughed, realizing that the hand-holding and the rest were no longer criminal offenses. He surrendered his luggage to the man. A few minutes later he and Madeline were in the limousine, which was moving rapidly up the avenue. And Madeline was asking questions and he was answering and—and still it was all a dream. It *couldn't* be real.

It was even more like a dream when the limousine drew up before the door of the Fosdick home and they entered that home together. For there was Mrs. Fosdick, as ever majestic, commanding, awe-inspiring, the same Mrs. Fosdick who had, in her letter to his grandfather, written him down a despicable, underhanded sneak—here was that same Mrs. Fosdick—but not at all the same. For this lady was smiling and gracious, welcoming him to her home, addressing him by his Christian name, treating him kindly, with almost motherly tenderness. Madeline's letters and Mrs. Fosdick's own letters received during his convalescence abroad had prepared him, or so he had thought, for some such change. Now he realized that he had not been prepared at all. The reality was so much more revolutionary than the anticipation that he simply could not believe it.

BUT it was not so very wonderful if he had known all the facts and had been in a frame of mind calmly to analyze them. Mrs. Fletcher Fosdick was a seasoned veteran, a general who had planned and fought many hard campaigns upon the political battle-grounds of women's clubs and societies of various sorts. From the majority of those campaigns she had emerged victorious, but her experiences in defeat had taught her that the next best thing to winning is to lose gracefully, because by so doing much which appears to be lost may be regained. For Albert Speranza, bookkeeper and would-be poet of South Harniss, Cape Cod, she had had no use whatever as a prospective son-in-law. Even toward a living Albert Speranza, hero and newspaper-made genius, she might have been cold. But when that hero and genius was, as she and every one else supposed, safely and satisfactorily dead and out of the way, she had seized the opportunity to bask in the limelight of his memory. She had talked Albert Speranza and read Albert Speranza and boasted of Albert Speranza's engagement to her daughter before the world. Now that the said Albert Speranza had been inconsiderate enough to "come alive again" there was but one thing for her to do—that is, to make the best of it. And when Mrs. Fletcher Fosdick made the best of anything she made the very best.

"IT DOESN'T make any differenec," she told her husband, "whether he really is a genius or whether he isn't. We have said he is and now we must keep on saying it. And if he can't earn his salt by his writings—which he probably can't—then you must fix it in some way so that he can make-believe earn it by something else. He is engaged to Madeline, and we have told every one that he is, so he will have to marry her; at least I see no way to prevent it."

"Humph!" grunted Fosdick. "And after that I'll have to support them, I suppose."

"Probably—unless you want your only child to starve."

"Well, I must say, Henrietta——"

"You needn't, for there is nothing more *to* say. We're in it and, whether we like it or not, we must make the best of it. To do anything now except appear joyful about it would be to make ourselves perfectly ridiculous. We can't do that and you know it."

Her husband still looked everything but contented.

"So far as the young fellow himself goes," he said, "I like him, rather. I've talked with him only once, of course, and then he and I weren't agreeing exactly. But I liked him, nevertheless. If he were anything but a fool poet, I should be more reconciled."

He was snubbed immediately. "*That*," declared Mrs. Fosdick, with decision, "is the only thing that makes him possible."

So Mrs. Fosdick's welcome was wholehanded if not whole-hearted. And her husband's also was cordial and intimate. The only member of the Fosdick household who did not regard the guest with favor was Googoo. That aristocratic bull pup was still irreconcilably hostile. When Albert attempted to pet him, he appeared to be planning to devour the caressing hand and when rebuked by his mistress retired beneath a davenport growling ominously. Even when ignominiously expelled from the room he growled and east longing backward glances at the Speranza ankles. No, Googoo did not dissemble; Albert was perfectly sure of his standing in Googoo's estimation.

Dinner that evening was a trifle more formal than he had expected and he was obliged to apologize for the limitations of his wardrobe. His dress-suit of former days he had found much too dilapidated for use. Besides, he had outgrown it.

"I THOUGHT I was thinner," he said, "and I think I am. But I must have broadened a bit. At any rate all the coats I left behind won't do at all. I shall have to do what Captain Snow, my grandfather, calls 'refit' here in New York. In a day or two I hope to be more presentable."

Mrs. Fosdick assured him that it was quite all right, really. Madeline asked why he didn't wear his uniform. "I was dying to see you in it," she said. "Just think, I never have."

Albert laughed. "You have been spared," he told her. "Mine was not a triumph, so far as fit was concerned. Of course I had a complete new rig when I came out of the hospital, but even that was not beautiful. It puckered where it should have bulged and bulged where it should have been smooth."

Madeline professed not to believe him.

"Nonsense!" she declared. "I don't believe it. Why, almost all the fellows I know have been in uniform for the past two years and theirs fitted beautifully."

"But they were officers, weren't they, and their uniforms were tailor-made?"

"Why, I suppose so. Aren't all uniforms tailor-made?"

HER father laughed. "Scarcely, Maddie," he said. "The privates have theirs tailor-made by the mile and cut off in chunks for the individual. That was about it, wasn't it, Speranza?"

"Just about, sir."

Mrs. Fosdick evidently thought that the conversation was taking a rather low tone. She elevated it by asking what his thougnts were when taken prisoner by the Germans. He looked puzzled.

"Thoughts, Mrs. Fosdick?" he repeated. "I don't know that I understand exactly. I was only partly conscious and in a good deal of pain and my thoughts were rather incoherent, I'm afraid."

"But when you regained consciousness, you know. What were your thoughts then? Did you realize that you had made the great sacrifice for your country? Risked your life and forfeited your liberty and all that for the cause? Wasn't it a great satisfaction to feel that you had done that?"

Albert's laugh was hearty and unaffected. "Why, no," he said. "I think what I was realizing most just then was that I had made a miserable mess of the whole business. Failed in doing what I set out to do and been taken prisoner besides. I remember thinking, when I was clear-headed enough to think anything, 'You fool, you spent months getting into this war, and then got yourself out of it in fifteen minutes.' And it *was* a silly trick, too."

Madeline was horrified.

"What *do* you mean?" she cried. "Your going back there to rescue your comrade a silly trick! The very thing that won you your *Croix de Guerre?*"

"Why, yes, in a way. I didn't save Mike, poor fellow——"

"Mike! Was his name Mike?"

'Yes, Michael Francis Xavier Kelly. A South Boston Mick he was and one of the finest, squarest boys that ever drew breath.

Continued on page 112



"DON'T be so fussy—they say they're out of Skinner's—why not take one of these other silks?"

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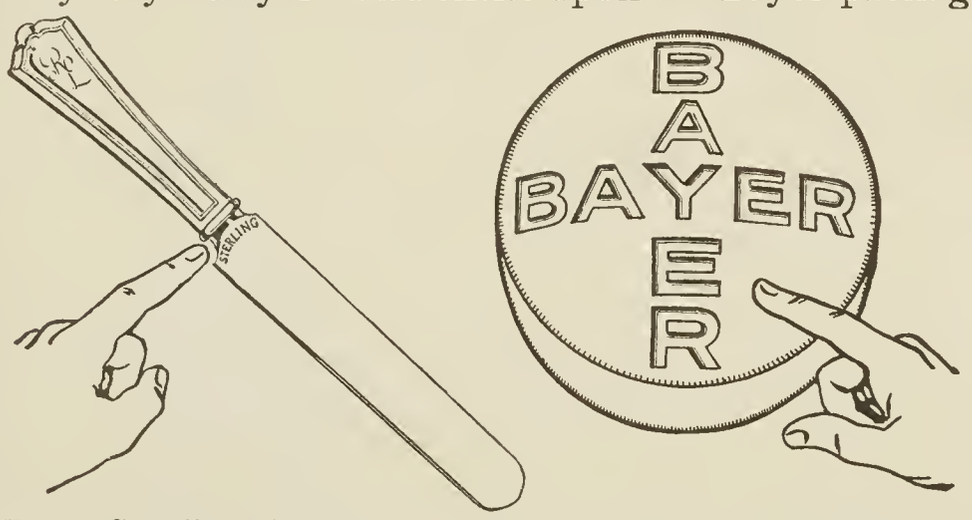
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Continued from page 111

THE PORTYGEE

Well, poor Mike was dead when I got to him, so my trip had been for nothing, and if he had been alive I could not have prevented his being taken. As it was, he was dead and I was a prisoner. So nothing was gained and, for me personally, a good deal was lost. It wasn't a brilliant thing to do. But," he added apologetically, "a chap doesn't have time to think collectedly in such a scrape. And it was my first real scrap and I was frightened half to death, besides."

"Frightened! Why, I never heard anything so ridiculous! What——"

"One moment, Madeline." It was Mrs. Fosdick who interrupted. "I want to ask—er—Albert a question. I want to ask him if during his long imprisonment he composed—wrote, you know. I should have thought the sights and experiences would have forced one to express oneself—that is, one to whom the gift of expression was so generously granted," she added with a gracious nod.

Albert hesitated.

"Why, at first I did," he said. When I first was well enough to think, I used to try to write—verses. I wrote a good many. Afterward I tore them up."

"Tore them up!" Both Mrs. and Miss Fosdick uttered this exclamation.

"Why, yes. You see, they were such rot. The things I wanted to write about, the things I had seen and was seeing, the—the fellows like Mike and their pluck and all that—well, it was all too big for me to tackle. My jingles sounded, when I read them over, like tunes on a street piano. *I* couldn't do it. A genius might have been equal to the job, but I wasn't."

Mrs. Fosdick glanced at her husband. There was something of alarmed apprehension in the glance. Madeline's next remark covered the situation. It expressed the absolute truth, so much more of the truth than even the young lady herself realized at the time.

"WHY, Albert Speranza," she exclaimed, "I never heard you speak of yourself and your work in that way before. Always—*always* you have had such complete, such splendid confidence in yourself. You were never afraid to attempt *anything*. You *must* not talk so. Don't you intend to write any more?"

Albert looked at her. "Oh, yes, indeed," he said simply. "That is just what I do intend to do—or try to do."

That evening, alone in the library, he and Madeline had their first long, intimate talk, the first since those days—to him they seemed as far away as the last century—when they walked the South Harniss beach together, walked beneath the rainbows and dreamed. And now here was their dream coming true.

Madeline, he was realizing it as he looked at her, was prettier than ever. She had grown a little older, of course, a little more mature, but surprisingly little. She was still a girl, a very, very pretty girl and a charming girl. And he——

"What are you thinking about?" she demanded suddenly.

He came to himself. "I was thinking about you," he said. "You are just as you used to be, just as charming and just as sweet. You haven't changed."

She smiled and then pouted.

"I DON'T know whether to like that or not," she said. "Did you expect to find me less—charming and the rest?"

"Why, no, of course not. That was clumsy on my part. What I meant was that—well, it seems ages, centuries since we were together there on the Cape—and yet you have not changed."

She regarded him reflectively.

"You have," she said.

"Have what?"

"Changed. You have changed a good deal. I don't know whether I like it or not. Perhaps I shall be more certain by and by. Now show me your war cross. At least you have brought that, even if you haven't brought your uniform."

He had the cross in his pocketbook and he showed it to her. She enthused over it, of course, and wished he might wear it even when in citizen's clothes. She didn't see why he couldn't. And it was *such* a pity he could not be in uniform. Captain Blanchard had called the evening before, to see mother about some war charities she was interested in, and he was still in uniform and wearing his decorations, too. Albert suggested that probably Blanchard was still in service. Yes, she believed he was, but she could not see why that should make the difference. Albert had *been* in service.

He laughed at this and attempted to explain. She seemed to resent the attempt or the tone.

"I do wish," she said, almost pettishly, "that you wouldn't be so superior."

He was surprised. "Superior!" he repeated. "Superior! I? Superiority is the very least of my feelings. I—superior! That's a joke."

And, oddly enough, she resented that even more.

"WHY is it a joke?" she demanded. "I should think you had the right to feel superior to almost any one. A hero—and a genius! You *are* superior."

However, the little flurry was but momentary and she was all sweetness and smiles when she kissed him good-night. He was shown to his room by a servant and amid its array of comforts—to him, fresh from France and the camp and his old room at South Harniss, it was luxuriously magnificent—he sat for some time thinking.

His thoughts should have been happy ones, yet they were not entirely so. This is a curiously unsatisfactory world sometimes.

The next day he went shopping. Fosdick had given him a card to his own tailor and Madeline had given him the names of several shops where, so she declared, he could buy the "right" sort of ties and things.

From the tailor's Albert emerged looking a trifle dazed; after a visit to two of the shops the dazed expression was even more pronounced. His next visits were at establishments farther down-town and not so exclusive.

He returned to the Fosdick home feeling fairly well satisfied with the results achieved. Madeline, however, did not share his satisfaction.

"But dad sent you to his tailor," she said. "Why in the world didn't you order your evening clothes there? And Brett has the most stunning ties. Every one says so. Instead you buy yours at a department-store. Now why?"

He smiled. "My dear girl," he said, "your father's tailor estimated that he might make me a very passable dress-suit for one hundred and seventy-five dollars. Brett's ties were stunning, just as you say, but the prices ranged from five to eight dollars, which was more stunning still.

"FOR a young person from the country out of a job, which is my condition at present, such things may be looked at but not handled. I can't afford them."

She tossed her head. "What nonsense!" she exclaimed. "You're not out of a job, as you call it. You are a writer and a famous writer. You have written one book and you are going to write more.

"Besides, you must have made heaps of money from 'The Lances.' Every one has been reading it."

When he told her the amount of his royalty check, she expressed the opinion that the publisher must have cheated. It ought to have been ever and ever so much more than that. Such *wonderful* poems!

The next day she went to Brett's and purchased a half-dozen of the most expensive ties, which she presented to him forthwith.

"There!" she demanded. "Aren't those nicer than the ones you bought at that old department-store? Well then!"

"But, Madeline, I must not let you buy my ties."

"Why not? It isn't such an unheard-of thing for an engaged girl to give her fiancé a necktie."

"That isn't the idea. I should have bought ties like those myself, but I couldn't afford them. Now for you to——"

"Nonsense! You talk as if you were a beggar. Don't be so silly."

"But, Madeline——"

"Stop! I don't want to hear it."

She rose and went out of the room. She looked as if she were on the verge of tears. He felt obliged to accept the gift, but he disliked the principle of the thing as much as ever.

WHEN she returned, she was very talkative and gay and chatted all through luncheon. The subject of the ties was not mentioned again by either of them. He was glad he had not told her that his new dress-suit was ready-made.

While in France, awaiting his return home, he had purchased a ring and sent it to her. She was wearing it, of course. Compared with other articles of jewelry which she wore from time to time his ring made an extremely modest showing. She seemed quite unaware of the discrepancy, but he was aware of it.

On an evening later in the week Mrs. Fosdick gave a reception.

"Quite an informal affair," she said, in announcing her intention. "Just a few intimate friends to meet Mr. Speranza, that is all. Mostly lovers of literature—discerning people, if I may say so."

The quite informal affair looked quite formidably formal to Albert. The few intimate friends were many, so it seemed to him.

There was still enough of the former Albert Speranza left in his makeup to prevent his appearing in the least distressed or ill at ease. He was, as he had always been when in the public eye, even as far back as the school dancing-classes with the Misses Bradshaw's young ladies, perfectly self-possessed, charmingly polite, absolutely self-assured.

And his good looks had not suffered during his years of imprisonment and suffering. He was no longer a handsome boy, but he was an extraordinarily attractive and distinguished man.

Mrs. Fosdick marked his manner and appearance and breathed a sigh of satisfaction. Madeline noted them. Her young friends of the sex noted them and whispered and looked approval. What the young men thought does not matter so much, perhaps.

One of these was the Captain Blanchard, of whom Madeline had written and spoken. He was a tall, athletic chap whose face was that of a healthy, clean-living and clean-thinking young American.

He and Albert shook hands and looked each other over. Albert decided he should like Blanchard if he knew him better. The captain was not talkative; in fact, he seemed rather taciturn.

Maids and matrons gushed when presented to the lion of the evening. It scarcely seemed possible that they were actually meeting the author of "The Lances of Dawn." That wonderful book! Those wonderful poems!

"How can you write them, Mr. Speranza?"

"When do your best inspirations come, Mr. Speranza?"

"Oh, if I could write as you do I should walk on air." The matron who breathed the last-quoted ecstasy was distinctly weighty; the mental picture of her pedestrian trip through the atmosphere was interesting. Albert's hand was patted by the elderly spinsters; young women's eyes lifted soulful glances to his.

IT WAS the sort of thing he would have reveled in three or four years earlier, exactly the sort of thing he had dreamed of when the majority of the poems they gushed over were written.

It was much the same thing he remembered having seen his father undergo in the days when he and the opera-singer were together.

Continued on page 114

Grandma Knows Musterole Is Best

Remember the time when you had that dreadful congestion of the lungs—and Grandma slapped a stinging, messy mustard plaster on your chest? How you writhed and tossed and begged Grandma to "take it off"?

That was many years ago. Now, Grandma gets the jar of Musterole, for now she knows Musterole is *better* than a mustard plaster.

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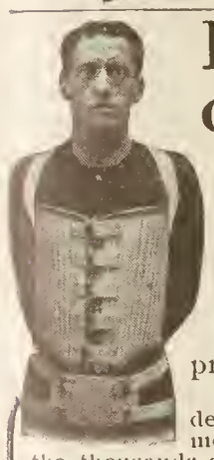
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BLACK FLAG, Baltimore, Md.

GOOD NEWS OF A BAD SUBJECT

BY FRANK J. OSBORNE

Executive Secretary, American Society for the Control of Cancer

Every Woman! This hopeful message about cancer is meant for you. We have still more information on this life-saving subject. If you want it, send me a stamped, addressed envelope, care of the Butterick Building, New York City.
Carolyn Conant Van Blarcom.

WHAT do you know about cancer? Of course you have known of cases among your friends, perhaps even in your own family, because one-tenth of the deaths occurring in this country after forty years of age, are due to this disease. But do you know that death from cancer is avoidable?

Cold, heartless statistics tell us that after forty years of age one woman in eight dies from cancer, and in spite of the fact that these deaths might be prevented by those who are afflicted.

Since cancer seems to occur most commonly in the special organs of the female, it is particularly important that women should know and understand the few essential facts, which if heeded will undoubtedly prevent much suffering and loss of life.

This does not mean that this disease is preventable in the ordinary sense that a contagious disease can be prevented, by carefully avoiding exposure to infection. Cancer is not caused in this way; nor can it be prevented, so far as is known, by any system of hygienic living, diet, exercises or injection of vaccines or serums.

Contrary to the rule with all contagious and most other diseases the beginning of cancer is not indicated by plain signs. A person may have a malignant growth for several weeks or months, without knowing that anything is wrong.

NATURE appears to be taking a mean advantage of her human children in not providing a terrific fever, intense pain, loss of sleep and appetite, or some other evidence that the body has been attacked by one of the most dangerous of all diseases. But she seems disposed to issue her warnings in this instance in a quieter, more subtle way—in a way requiring eternal vigilance on the part of each individual; and when discovered she insists on quick decision, sane judgment and determined, fearless action as the price of life.

While there are no obtrusive symptoms, there are definite danger signals of cancer. A lump in the breast, a wart or persistent sore on the lips, or in the mouth, unusual or irregular discharges, continued indigestion with loss of weight and change of color—are all signs that you have urgent need for the immediate attention and advice of a competent doctor, especially if you be within the so-called "cancer-age," that is, thirty-five or over.

Everybody has heard the long and woful tale about the hopelessness of cancer—how operations did no good, how the disease returned and eventually caused the death of the patient. It is true that at the present day people seldom hear of successful cures for which there are two good reasons. In the first place many people who are fortunate enough to get into the hands of competent medical advisers early and obtain an actual cure of the condition, conceal the fact. In the second place, many of the cases we hear about are those in which the patient sought advice too late.

LET us get very intimate in this matter and look facts squarely in the face. There is no gainsaying the fact that many women have an instinctive dread of cancer. They believe that it is inherited and therefore unavoidable. They have known of so many cases which terminated fatally that they think the disease is always incurable and if they must die of it anyway, they will at least live in blissful ignorance as long as possible, and hide the truth, even from themselves. Such persons are losing priceless time, hesitating and wavering between hope and fear, trusting that the suspicious sign will disappear unaided. Again, many have an intense fear of an operation no matter how relatively simple it may be or how necessary to life itself. Early removal of precancerous conditions under present methods of anesthesia and asepsis is not to be compared to the certain suffering due to advanced cancer when the afflicted one gladly undergoes the most radical, though then often hopeless, operations as a means of temporary relief. Others neglect early advice and treatment from lack of knowledge of the few simple facts narrated above.

The two regions most likely to be attacked by this disease in women are: the breast and the uterus. Therefore any lump on the breast and any irregular or unusual discharge or bleeding should have the immediate attention of a competent physician or surgeon. Do not hesitate, or attribute the condition to "change of life." Make sure by insisting upon a thorough physical examination by one who knows.

IN EARLY recognition and treatment rests the hope of cure. You have now been told the essential facts concerning this disease—that it causes one death in eight among women at and beyond middle life; that it is always at some time a local, not a generalized disease and that during this brief period the few dangerous cells may be entirely removed, never to return in the majority of cases; that the disease is not contagious or hereditary, and that it presents certain warning signs which, if recognized and taken immediately to a competent doctor, will result in the saving of thousands of lives each year.

One last word—remember that no medicine can cure. No faith should be placed in the numberless advertisements of so-called "cancer cures," "cancer specialists," "institutes," and so forth. By "trying" them, valuable time is lost and nothing gained!

Cancer is by no means a hopeless, incurable disease, but safety lies chiefly in your own hands.



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Buy STANDARD Toilet Paper and buy it by NAME

These are the most called-for Toilet Papers in America because of their high Standard Quality and because each is the leader of its type. PURE WHITE is the Japanese Crepe that is softer than worn linen—FORT ORANGE is the Standard Medium Weight Tissue and A. P. W. SATIN TISSUE is the finest satin finish that costs less per sheet than the poorest paper you can buy. All are

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MADE *with* MILK

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Concluded from page 102

HAPPILY EVER AFTER

a softer note in the time-worn words: "It's just for this onee!"

So Rosamond went down upon the beaeh with him and waited to see the moon rise. The sea was still as a sea of dreams, with a sob in every little wave that touched the sand. Where the sun had slipped down, there was still a eoppery glow in the west, but over the vague, arehed blueness of the sky a greenish silver was spreading, and east to west, south to north, there was apparently nobody else in the world. Rosamond sat down upon the sand that was still faintly warm and silken to the touch, and Jeffreys threw himself down beside her, leaning on his elbows.

"I darc say it's real," he said, with a long-drawn-breath, "but—I don't believe it."

THERE was something shaken in his voiee, the echo of past suffering too eruel to be spoken aloud. Beeause Rosamond had a swift, almost stifling desire to put out her hand and smooth the bent, dark head, she sat exeeedingly still and linked her fingers tightly in her lap.

The uncanny radiance of the sky grew deeper. Even the wind was still. Only the little waves eame always farther up the beaeh.

"Look!" said Jeffreys suddenly.

Above the shadowy headlands swam the moon full-blown and white as the breast of Diana.

"Did you see it eome?" he whispered.

"No," said Rosamond, softer still.

There was a sudden path of silver on the sea.

Jeffreys put his head down on Rosamond's knee and shut his eyes.

"I wish," hc said very low, huskily too, and with a passionate sincerity, "that we eould stay here, like this, forevcr and forever—do *you?*"

Rosamond put her slender, sunburnt fingcrs lightly on his hair, ruffled it for one moment, thcn smoothed it again.

"And I wish," she said—eaught her breath on a sob, and went on bravely— "that there wasn't any girl in Franee——"

He got up and, taking both her hands, drew her to her feet.

"Do you mean that?" he asked her. Before she eould answer, he put both arms around her and held her tcrribly elose. "Beeause, if you don't," he said unsteadily, "we'll just swim out along that moon-track there, and over the edge of the world, together——"

THEN he kissed her, and Rosamond's heart broke within her, like a close green bnd in the sun, that she should ever have forgotten, for one moment, what the toueh of his lips was like.

After a time, she didn't know if it was long or not, she said: "But the other girl?"

Not that it mattered. The other girl, in any ease, would have to dree herself another weird. Rosamond knew no eompunction on that score.

"Isn't any," said Jeffreys blithely. "That was a lie—a very necessary little lie. Sweetheart, if you eould have seen the fright—the absolute, sick fright—in your eyes, when you opened that door to me this morning—I'd have lied a mueh blaeker lie than that, to eomfort you."

"But you wanted me," said Rosamond, "all along?"

"LORD knows I did!" said the man from Georgia.

He turned, and turned her with him, so that they stood, facing the low brown eottage, unreal now, in the moonlight; its windows, shadowy lines, enclosing a magic and mysterious gloom. He stooped, his eheek to hers and crushed it there, whispering:

"Home?"

"Home!" said Rosamond.

Continued from page 112

THE PORTYGEE

And his father had apparently rather enjoyed it.

He realized all this—and he realized too, with a queer feeling that it should be so, that he did not like it at all. It was silly.

Nothing he had written warranted sueh extravaganees. Hadn't these people any sense of proportion? They bored him to desperation.

The sole relief was the behavior of the men, particularly the middle-aged or elderly men, obviously present through feminine compulsion. They seized his hand, moved it up and down with a pumping motion, uttered some stereotyped prevarieations about their pleasure at meeting him and their having enjoyed his poems very mueh, and then slid on in the direetion of the refreshment-room.

AND Albert, as he shook hands and bowed and smiled and was eharmingly affable, found his thoughts wandering here and there until they settled upon Private Mike Kelly and the picturesque language of the latter when he, as sergeant, routed him out for guard duty. Mike had not gushed over him nor ealled him a genius. He had ealled him many things, but not that.

He was glad indeed when he eould slip away for a dance with Madeline. He found her chatting gaily with Captain Blanchard, who had been her most recent partner. He claimed her from the captain and as he led her out to the danee-floor she whispered that she was very proud of him.

The "quite informal affair" was the first of many quite as informally formal. Also Mrs. Fosdick's satellites and friends of the literary elubs and the war-work soeieties seized the opportunity to make much of the heroic author of "The Lances of Dawn." His soeiety was requested at teas, at afternoon as well as evening gatherings.

He would have refused most of these invitations, but Madeline and her mother seemed to take his aeceptanee for granted; in faet, they aeeepted for him.

A ghastly habit developed of asking him to read a few of his own poems on these oecasions.

"*Please*, Mr. Speranza. It will be sueh a treat, and such an *honor*."

Usually a partieular request was made that he read "The Greater Love."

Now "The Greater Love" was the poem whieh, written in those rapturous days when he and Madeline first beeame aware of their mutual adoration, was refused by one editor as a "trifle too sirupy." To read that stieky effusion over and over again became a torment.

There were oeeasions when if a man had referred to "The Greater Love" its author might have howled profanely and offered bodily violence. But no men ever did refer to "The Greater Love."

On one oeeasion when a sentimental matron and her gushing daugnter had begged to know if he did not himself adore that poem, if hc did not eonsider it the best he had ever written, he had answered frankly. He was satiated with eake and tea and compliments that evening and reeklessly truthful.

"You really wish to know my opinion of that poem?" he asked.

Indeed and indeed they really wished to know just that thing.

"Well, then, I think it's rot," he declared. "I loathe it."

Of course mother and daughter were indignant. Their comments reached Madeline's ear. She took him to task.

"But why did you say it?" she demanded. "You know you don't mean it."

"Yes, I do mean it. It *is* rot. Lots of the stuff in that book of mine is rot. I did not think so once, but I do now. If I had the book to make over again, that sort wouldn't be included."

She looked at him for a moment as if studying a problem.

"I don't understand you sometimes," she said slowly. "You are different. And I think what you said to Mrs. Baeon and Marian was very rude."

Later when he went to look for her he found her seated with Captain Blanehard in a corner. They were eating ices and apparently enjoying themselves.

HE DID not disturb them. Instead he hunted up the offended Baeons and apologized for his outbreak. The apology, although graciously aeeepted, had rather wearisome consequenees. Mrs. Baeon deelared she knew that he had not really meant what he said.

"I realize how it must be," she declared. "You people of temperament, of genius, of aspirations, are never quite satisfied; you can not be. You are always trying, always seeking the higher attainment. Aehievements of the past, though to the rest of us wonderful and sublime, are to you—as you say—'rot.' That is it, is it not?"

Albert said he guessed it was and wandered away seeking seelusion and solitude. When the affair broke up, he found Madeline and Blanehard still enjoying eaeh other's society. Both were surprised when told the hour.

Continued in the May DELINEATOR

ARAB CRADLE-SONG

THE MOLLAHS ARE CALLING THE FAITHFUL TO PRAYER,
SLEEP, LITTLE GULE, THOU FLOWER SO FAIR.
THE JACKALS ARE CRYING, THE EAGLES ARE STILL,
BABA IS COMING WITH WHEAT FROM THE HILL.
PADDIES WE'LL MAKE FROM THE GOOD YELLOW WHEAT,
PADDIES FOR GULE AND BABA TO EAT.

SLEEP, LITTLE LAMBKIN, THE NIGHT HAS GROWN STILL,
BABA IS HOME WITH THE WHEAT FROM THE HILL.
A HOURI THOU'LT BE IN THE GREAT PARADISE
AND JEWELS THOU'LT WEAR AS LARGE AS THINE EYES,
AND EARRINGS AND BRACELETS OF FINE GLEAMING GOLD,
AND THOU WILT BE WEALTHY WITH RICHES UNTOLD.

—*Joseph Koven.*



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AT YOUR DEALER

SPRING'S FIRST OFFERINGS

BY GLADYS BECKETT

ASPARAGUS WITH CHEESE

2 pounds asparagus
2 tablespoons butter or butter substitute
2 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup asparagus stock
½ cup milk
¼ cup grated cheese

WASH the asparagus, trim off the coarse, woody parts and tie in bunches. Using a deep kettle, cook the asparagus in boiling salted water, one teaspoon of salt to one quart of water, placing the bunches so that the tips are out of water. Partially cover the kettle and boil until the lower part of the asparagus stalk is tender.

Make a white sauce by melting the butter or butter substitute, add the flour and salt and stir until smooth. Add the asparagus stock gradually, stirring after each addition, add the milk and cook for five minutes. Place the asparagus in a greased baking-dish, pour the white sauce over it and sprinkle the cheese over the top. Bake in a moderate oven till the cheese melts and browns.

ASPARAGUS HOLLANDAISE

2 pounds asparagus

WASH the asparagus, trim off the coarse, woody part of the stalks and tie in bunches. Cook in boiling salted water, one teaspoon of salt to one quart of water, for twenty minutes, leaving the tips out of the water for the first ten minutes. Cook until the asparagus is tender. Drain, remove the string, place in a hot vegetable dish and pour over it the hot Hollandaise sauce.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

4 tablespoons fat
2 egg-yolks
1 tablespoon lemon-juice
½ teaspoon paprika
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ cup asparagus stock
1 tablespoon chopped parsley

MELT fat in the upper part of the double boiler, add the egg-yolks, lemon-juice, paprika, salt and pepper. Beat well and add the asparagus stock. Stir over boiling water until the sauce thickens. Add parsley.

ASPARAGUS SALAD

1 pound cooked asparagus
6 radishes
1 head lettuce

PLUNGE freshly boiled asparagus into cold water, drain and let stand till cold. Wash and scrape six radishes and cut them into thin slices. Arrange the sliced radishes on crisp lettuce leaves and place the asparagus tips in groups on top. Serve with Thousand-Island dressing.

THOUSAND-ISLAND DRESSING

2 tablespoons boiled salad dressing
2 tablespoons chilli sauce
1 tablespoon chopped onion
1 tablespoon catchup
1 tablespoon oil
1 tablespoon vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika

MIX the ingredients in the order given, beat thoroughly. A hard-cooked egg, chopped fine, may be added.

CURRIED RADISHES

SELECT young, tender round radishes, remove the tops and roots and put in cold water to crisp. Drain from the cold water and put them into a large quantity of boiling salted water, adding one teaspoon of salt to each quart of water. Cook rapidly, with the cover off, until the radishes are tender. Place the radishes in a vegetable dish, and to two cups of cooked vegetable pour over one cup of the following sauce:

CURRY SAUCE

2 tablespoons butter or butter substitute
2 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon curry-powder
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 cup milk

MELT the fat, add the flour and the seasonings, stir until well blended, add the milk gradually, allowing the sauce to boil up between each addition.

GREEN ONIONS WITH DRAWN BUTTER

SELECT little green onions with crisp tops. Wash thoroughly and trim off the roots. Trim the tops down to a uniform length of six inches. Tie the onions in small bunches and cook in a large quantity of boiling salted water, cooking with the cover off. When tender, remove from the water, drain, untie the string and serve with drawn butter. The tender tops are delicious.

DRAWN BUTTER

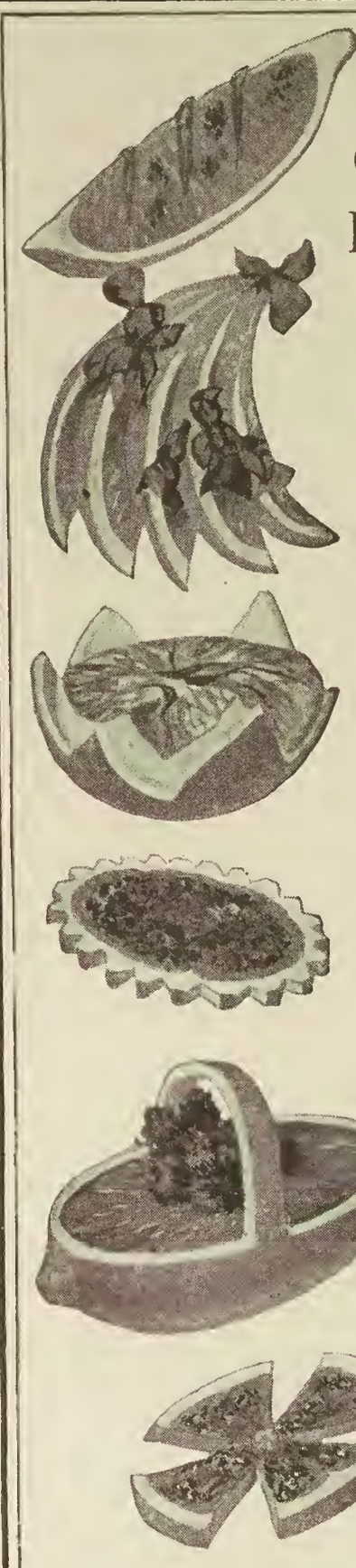
⅓ cup butter or butter substitute
3 tablespoons flour
Dash of pepper
½ teaspoon salt
1½ cup hot water

MELT one-half of the fat, add the flour with the seasonings and stir until smooth. Add the hot water gradually and cook for five minutes, stirring frequently. Add the remaining fat and serve.

SPINACH TIMBALES

2 cups cooked spinach
4 eggs
4 tablespoons melted butter or butter substitute
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon paprika
½ cup milk

RUB the cooked spinach through a coarse sieve. Beat the eggs slightly, add the melted fat, seasonings and milk, and combine with the spinach pulp. Pour the mixture into a greased baking-dish or ramekins, place in a pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven till firm. Serve with white sauce.



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Continued from page 14

HILLS OF HAN

front of the rifle-pits, just to the left where the upper machine gun commanded a defile.

He had allowed two hours for the journey through the lines, but it consumed nearly four. At one point he lay for an hour behind a stone trough, while a squad of Lookers built a fire and brewed tea. A recurring impulse was to walk calmly in among those yellow men and go down fighting. It seemed as good a way as any to go. He found it necessary to hold with a strong effort of will to the thought of his fellows in the compound: that to save them, and to save Betty, he must carry through.

Toward one o'clock in the morning, now well to the eastward of the besieging force, he swung into his stride. It seemed, in the retrospect, absurdly like the play of children to be hiding and crawling about the hillsides. But he was glad now that he had somehow, painfully, kept his head. Barring the unforeseen, the diplomatic gentlemen up at Peking would find the news awaiting them when they came to their desks in the morning. After that, nothing that he might do would greatly matter. He could follow these powerfully recurring impulses if he chose; let the end come. That was now his greatest desire. Life had become quite meaningless. Excepting for Betty.

SHAU T'ING was but another of the innumerable rural villages that dot northern China. Though there was a railway station, and sidings, and a quaintly American water-tank set high on posts. The inns were but the familiar Oriental caravansaries; no modern hotel, no Astor House, had sprung up as yet to care for newly created travel.

As he approached the stream that ran through a loess cañon a mile or more west of the village, he glimpsed ahead a group of soldiers seated about a fire. Just behind them were stacks of rifles; this much he saw and surmised with the help of the firelight. And the first glow of dawn was breaking in the east. He left the highway and swung around through the fields, passing between scattered grave mounds from whose tops the white joss-papers fluttered in the gray twilight like timid little ghosts.

He crossed the gorge by the old suspension foot-bridge, with the crumbling memorial arches at either end bearing, each, characteristic inscriptions suggestive of prosperity and long life and peace. Looking down-stream he could dimly see that the railway bridge lay, a tangle of twisted steel, in the stream, leaving the abutments of white stone rearing high in the air with wisps of steel swinging aimlessly from the tops.

He half-circled the village, and waited outside the eastern gate until the massive doors swung open at sunrise.

He went to the leading inn, and gave up an hour to eating the food in his knapsack and cleaning his muddied clothing. The innkeeper informed him, when he brought the boiled water, that another white man had been there for three days. After this Doane went down to the station. A solitary engine was puffing and clanking among the sidings, apparently making up a train.

A NUMBER of the blue-turbaned military police stood sentry-go here and there about the yard, each with fixed bayonet. Within the room that was at once ticket office and telegraph station sat the Chinese agent cheerfully contemplating a slack day.

Doane wrote out his messages and stood over the man until they were sent. Then walked slowly back toward the inn. His task, really, was done. He would wait until night, of course; there might be replies. But at most his only further service would lie in carrying hopeful messages to the beleaguered folk at Ping Yang. Beyond that he would be but one more human unit to fight and to be fed. Debit and credit, they seemed just about to balance, those two items. Fastening his door, he stretched out on the *kang*.

He was awakened at the close of day by the innkeeper bringing food. The man set out two plates on the dusty old table. Doane sat on the edge of the *kang* and drowsily wondered why. He had slept heavily. He stood up; moved about the room; he was only a little stiff. Indeed his strength was surely returning. He felt almost his old self, physically.

There was a knock at the door. In Chinese he called, "Enter!"

The door slowly opened, and a drab little man came in, walking with a slight limp, and stood looking at him out of dusty blue eyes. He carried a packet of papers.

"Grigg!" he exclaimed, softly.

"Henry Withery!" cried Doane, "What on earth are you doing here?"

WITHERY smiled, and laid hat and packet on the table.

"I've arranged to dine with you," he explained. "You won't mind?"

"Of course not, Henry. But why are you here?"

"My plans were changed."

"Evidently. Do sit down."

"I came back to find you. I've been waiting here for a chance to get through. We've worried greatly, of course. A rumor came from the Chinese that you were killed."

"I nearly was," said Doane quietly. A cloud had crossed his face as he listened. At every point, apparently, at each fresh contact with life, he was to be brought face to face with his predicament. It would be pitiless business, of course, all the way through, for the severest judge of all he had yet to face dwelt within his own breast; long after the world had forgotten, that judge would be pronouncing sentence upon him.

"You got through to Shanghai?" he asked abruptly.

Withery, touched by his appearance, a little disturbed by his nervously abrupt manner, inclined his head.

"Well, it's out, I suppose. What are they saying about me, Henry? Really, you'd better tell me. I've got to live through this thing, you know. I may as well have the truth at once."

Withery lowered his eyes; fingered the chop-sticks that lay beside his plate.

"No," he said slowly, "no, Grigg, it's not out."

"But you know of it. Surely others do then. And they'll talk. It's the worst way. It'll run wild. I'd rather face a church trial than that." He was himself unaware that he had been constantly brooding upon this aspect of his trouble, yet the words came snapping out as if he had thought of nothing else.

"Now, Grigg," said Withery, in the same deliberately thoughtful way, "I want you to let me talk. I've come way back here just to do that. Hidderleigh showed me your letter. Then in my presence, he destroyed it. I have promised him I would speak of it to no one but you. Neither you nor I could have foreseen just how Hidderleigh would take this. He is, of course, as he has always been, a dogmatic thinker. But like others of us, he has grown some with the years. He's less narrow, Grigg. He knows you pretty well—your ability, your influence. He respects you."

"Respects me?" Doane nearly laughed.

"Yes. He sees as clearly as you or I could that any human creature may slip. And he knows that no single slip is fatal. Grigg, he wants you to go back and take up your work."

Doane could not at once comprehend this astonishing statement. He was deeply moved. Withery by his simple friendliness had already done much to restore in his mind, for the moment, a normal feeling for life.

"But he feels, Grigg, that you ought to marry again."

Doane shook his head abruptly.

"No," he cried. "I can't consider that. Not now."

"AS HE said to me, Grigg, it is not good for man to be alone!"

Withery let the subject rest here, and asked about the fighting. The whole outside world was watching these Hansi hills, it appeared. The Imperial Government was already disclaiming responsibility. Troops were on their way from Hong Kong, from the Philippines, from Indo-China.

"It will be a month or so before they can get out here," mused Doane.

"Oh, yes! At best."

"Meantime, the compound will fall at the first really determined attack. They've been afraid of Pourmont's machine guns—I heard some of their talk last night, and the night before—but let Kang come to a decision to drive them in and they'll go. That will settle it in a day."

"Will they have the courage?"

"I think so. You and I know these people, Henry. They're brave enough. All they lack is leadership and organization. And this crowd have a strong fanaticism to hold them up. Their claim is that their incantations render them invisible to white men's eyes. Once let Kang appeal to their spirit and they'll have to go in to save face. For if they can't be seen, the only danger is of an accident here and there. And, for that matter, Kang may simply be waiting for Pourmont to use up his ammunition. It can't last a great while, not in a real siege, which this is."

"By the way," said Withery a little later, "here is a lot of mail for Pourmont's people. It's been accumulating. There was no way to get it to them."

"I'll take it in," said Doane.

"You? You don't mean that you're going to run that gantlet again, Grigg?"

"Yes." He untied the packet, and looked through the little heap of envelopes. One was a cablegram addressed to Jonathan Brachey. He held it in tense fingers; gazed at it long while the pulse mounted in his temples. "Oh, yes," he said almost casually then, "I'm going back in. They'll be looking for me." But his thoughts were running wild again.

WITHERY said, before he left: "I'm going to ask you not to answer Hidderleigh's request until you've thought it over carefully. My own feeling is that he is right."

"Suppose," said Doane, "my final decision should be—as I think it will—that I can't go back. What will they do?"

"Then I've promised him I'll go in and take up your work, as soon as this trouble is over."

"That knocks out your year at home, Henry."

"Yes, but what matters it? Very likely I shall find more happiness in working, after all. That isn't what disturbs me— Grigg, if you leave the church it will be, I think, the severest blow of my life. I—I'm going to tell you this—for years I've leaned on you. You didn't know, but I've made a better job of my life for knowing that you, too, were hard at it, just beyond the mountains. We haven't seen much of each other, of late years, but I've felt you there."

Doane's stern face softened as he looked at his old friend.

"And I've felt you, Henry," he replied gently.

"Your blunders are those of strength, not of weakness, Grigg. Perhaps your greatest mistake has been in leaning a little too strongly on yourself. What I want you to consider now is giving self up, in every way."

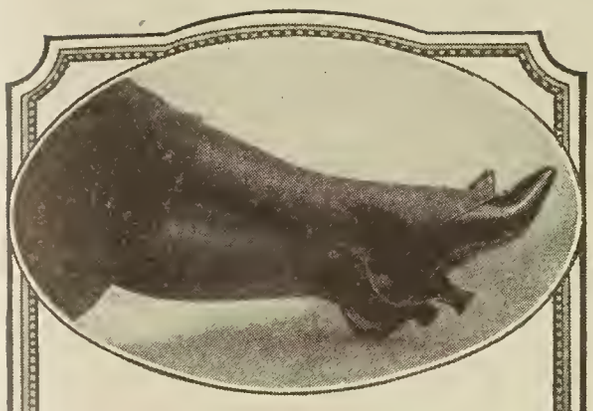
But Doane shook his great head.

"No, Henry— No! I've given to the uttermost for years. And it has wrecked my life——"

"No, Grigg! Don't say that!"

"Well—put it as you will. The trouble has been that I was doing wrong all the time—for years—as I told you back in T'ainan, I was doing the wrong thing. It led, all of it, to sin. For that sin, of course, I've suffered

Continued on page 118



BURSON

FASHIONED HOSE

Knit-to-Fit Without a Seam

The method of knitting Burson Hose is different—they're made by improved, patented machines that "knit-in" the proper shape and fit, without customary seams. No homely stitching up the back of the leg. No seams to walk on—just a soft smoothness that gives real comfort. The fit is snug and firm everywhere—no room for wrinkles. ¶ Burson Hose have a Narrow Hem Garter Top, of extra elasticity, that prevents the destructive runs so often caused by garter clasps.

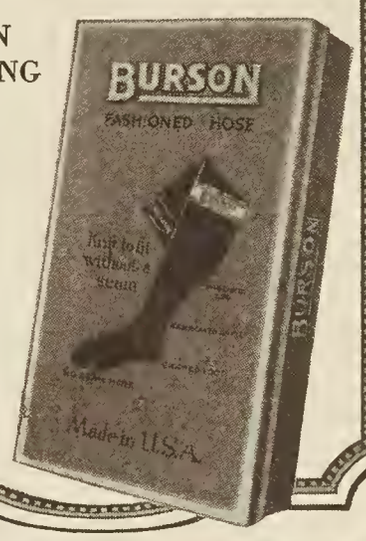
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Send us the name of your favorite store and we will mail you a copy of "Arden Hats for Spring."

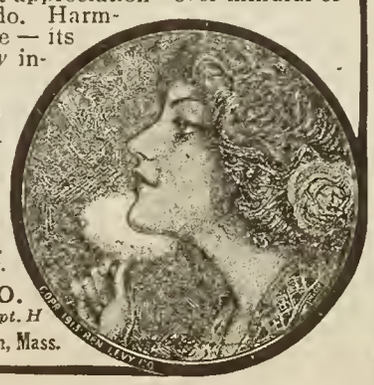
No. 4039. Lisere straw, faced with finely tucked silk and elaborated with small clusters of varicolored flowers $5.50

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They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream. 75c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send* 15c. *for a sample box.*

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French Perfumers, Dept. H
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

BOUQUETS

"THE FLAPPER'S MAGAZINE"

DEAR EDITOR: I have always wondered why you big magazines ignore the girls. After the eleven-year-old stage, nothing! They should have a whole magazine to themselves called *The Flapper's Magazine*. But if not, at least a department called "The Flapper's Department," which might contain many things of interest to them. M. L. R.

NOTE—That's just what we thought and just why the girls' page was started. *They* like it, too. THE EDITOR.

FLOWERET FOR "FLO FIELD"

Your "MISTER MONTAGUE" is the best find I've seen in many a day. I hope she can do more of the stories.

E. B. D.

ANSWER—She can, and she will.

MORAL THOUGHTS

GENTLEMEN: Just a word of praise to THE DELINEATOR for the high standard it maintains in all its stories, regarding the clean, moral thoughts in them all.

Yours truly,
O. F., Missouri.

SHE LIKES THE VERSE

GENTLEMEN: I have been a subscriber to your magazine for about four years, and, from time to time, have availed myself of the service of your various departments. From time to time I have also cherished intentions of writing you to express my appreciation of some certain article, but this I have always neglected to do.

However, I do want to thank you for your latest feature, consisting in a page of current poetry, which I believe is a good addition to the magazine.

I might also say that I appreciate that a grade of service very much above the average is being given by your departments, and THE DELINEATOR is certainly getting better all the time.

Yours very truly,
M. B., Arizona.

ENTHUSIASTIC HOUSEKEEPERS

DEAR MISS ORR: "Many Dishes from One Recipe," was very enlightening. Why couldn't you go all the way through cookery, classifying and clearing up for us too busy housekeepers?

THE DELINEATOR clientèle is an educated class of women and the more you can make cooking scientific, the more you can do for us.

My mother's cook-book read this way:
"Mrs. Smith's Short-Cake,"
"Mrs. Brigham's Gingerbread,"
"Aunt Eliza's Custard Pie," etc.
We have got past all that.

Classify all you can for us and *give us reasons*. Then the recipe sticks, even if we have mislaid our recipe-books.

Some time classify all the ways of cooking meat—especially *cheap meat*, which is what most of us depend on nowadays.

Yours truly,
MRS. I. B., New York.

GENTLEMEN: The October DELINEATOR excels all other numbers heretofore and just what a home magazine should be—excelling in "homey" articles.

The "short-cut" charts you're offering in this issue, the half-hour dishes, the household furnishing and the full-page "old house" (or new) done over, I like especially. The Judson Table Talks are O. K., entertaining and fine to those away from the art center of New York.

M. R., California.

MY DEAR MISS ORR: Thank you for your excellent recipe for baking-powder biscuit, and so forth, in July DELINEATOR. I was glad to find a recipe that didn't say "butter size of an egg," and "a pinch of salt." I followed your explicit directions and made biscuits almost as good as other women make!

M. E. K., California.

WORTH FRAMING

MISS FLORA G. ORR: Enclosed please find three cents in stamps for two copies of "Mastercake" recipes with variations for ten different cakes. I received one a few days ago and like it awfully well; had it framed in white-enameled wood and it hangs in my kitchen now. Two of my friends asked me to get one for them, so will be very much obliged if you will mail same. Thanking you for past favors, I am,

Yours truly,
MISS J., Canada.

MR. MERWIN'S MISSIONARIES

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DELINEATOR: I have been reading the story, "Hills of Han," in your magazine, and wish a word with you about it. You surely must know that it is very unfair to the missionaries.

Many of your readers will also know this. But some of them, who know little or nothing of the great missionary work, will be given an entirely wrong idea of it, and of the noble, self-sacrificing men and women who are devoting their lives to God and their fellowmen.

I know some of them and have heard many of them speak, and there seems to be not a trace of the spirit shown in that story—quite the reverse. And I sincerely regret that such a story has a place in your valuable magazine. I hope you do not agree with Mr. Merwin's views.

Yours very cordially,
J. M. W.

NOTE—Please reserve judgment as to Mr. Merwin's idea of missionaries till you have read the whole story. We think you will feel that the sum total of the novel is way over on the credit side of the ledger, with large items of sacrifice and heroism. THE EDITOR.



New for April

"DOVE" Night Gown No. 618, made of lustrous-finish, flesh-color Batiste of a new flowered pattern. Trimmed with blue hemstitching, shirring in front, with ribbon bow at neck. Matches "DOVE" one-piece Pajama No. 619 also illustrated here. We cannot fill mail orders but can tell you the nearest store that sells these and other new "DOVE" styles.

DOVE Under-garments
Beautiful Well-made Lingerie

Styles that charm you with their good taste, materials and trimmings that delight you with their fine quality and unusual durability—all these play their parts in the satisfaction which is assured you by the "DOVE" label in the under-garments you buy.

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D. E. SICHER & CO., *"World's Largest Makers of Lingerie"* 45-51 West 21st Street, NEW YORK

"DOVE" Porto Rican Lingerie—Hand-made in Porto Rico

The very finest cotton lingerie—the most beautiful hand needlework possible. Seams, hems, scalloping entirely by hand.

Trimmed with beautiful designs embroidered by hand—in Porto Rico. Some have fine Calado hand-drawn work.

Look Your Best at Easter



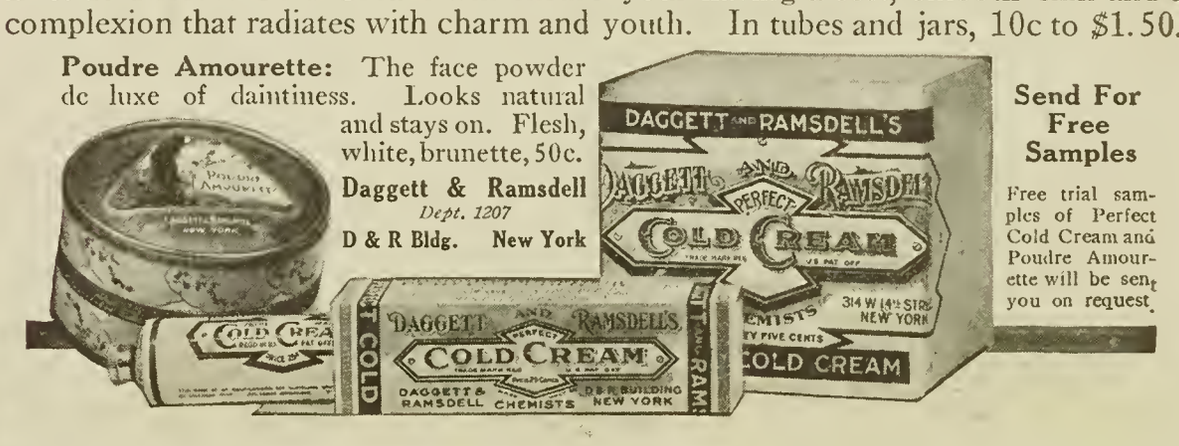
TIME has proved the merit and marked superiority of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. In its class, it compares with gold, because it is the accepted standard. So pronounced is the preference in favor of D & R Perfect Cold Cream that practically no dealer with proper regard for his customer's expressed desire would attempt to hand you a "just as good." He knows that the Red Band of Honor on every carton of

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PERFECT COLD CREAM
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is firmly fixed in the mind's eye of discriminating women, even if they have only tried this toilet necessity but once—so impressive and apparent is its quality and purity. To massage your face, hands, arms and neck every day with D & R Perfect Cold Cream will ensure your having a soft, smooth skin and a complexion that radiates with charm and youth. In tubes and jars, 10c to $1.50.

Poudre Amourette: The face powder de luxe of daintiness. Looks natural and stays on. Flesh, white, brunette, 50c.

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Send For Free Samples

Free trial samples of Perfect Cold Cream and Poudre Amourette will be sent you on request.



ONCE a frock is worn without proper protection under the arms—it never feels quite dainty and wholesome again. Aside from unsightly discoloration, it loses a bit of its freshness.

Fastidious women select dress shields carefully—and their choice is White Clover.

White Clover Dress Shields are made of the best materials. Soft and pliant, they slip gracefully into the curve of the arm.

In pink, white and black. Of silk or fine nainsook covered material. They're washable, too!

If you have difficulty in obtaining just the Omo Shields you wish, send for Booklet 7-A and name of nearest dealer.

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DRESS SHIELDS

BUTTERICK PATTERN PRICES

Buy patterns from the nearest Butterick agency. But if this is not convenient, they will be sent, post free, at 35 cents each for Ladies' or Misses' Dress or Coat patterns and 25 cents each for all other patterns, from the Main Office of The Butterick Publishing Company, Butterick Building, New York, or from the following branch offices:

CHICAGO, ILL., 2231-2249 South Park Avenue
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ATLANTA, GA., 79-89 Marietta Street
TORONTO, CAN., 468 Wellington Street, West
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Lady Dainty
SHELL HAIR PINS
Colonial Quality



"THOSE pins are just the right shape to set off your coiffure." "Yes—they're Lady Dainty Shell Hair Pins—and you can get the very newest shapes and sizes—all practically unbreakable, too!"

Long, even points with a smooth hand-finish are other desirable features of this Colonial Quality product.

Shell, amber, and gray—all shapes and sizes—25c a box at good stores everywhere.

SAMSTAG'S New York
1200 Broadway
Send for the Colonial Quality Booklet

Continued from page 116

HILLS OF HAN

and must suffer more. The best reason I could think of for going back would be to keep this added burden off your shoulders. But that would be wrong too. It's getting a little clearer to me. I know now that I've got to face my doubts and my sins, take them honestly for whatever they may be. Each life must function in its own way. In the eagerness of youth I chose wrong. I must now take the consequences. Good-by, now! There's barely time to slip through the lines before dawn."

Withery rose. "I'll go with you," he said.

"No. I won't allow that. You haven't the strength. You're not an outdoor man. We should have to separate anyway; together we should almost certainly be caught. No. You stay here and get word through to them from day to day if you can find any one to undertake it. It will mean everything to them to hear from the outside world. Good luck!"

He took the packet and went out.

AGAIN it was dawn. Griggsby Doane stood on the crest of a terraced hill looking off into the purple west. But a few miles farther on lay Ping Yang.

Beneath him, near the foot of the slope, four coolies were already at the radiating windlasses of a well, and tiny streams of yellow water were trickling along troughs in the loess toward this and that field, where bent, silent farmers waited, clod in hand, to guide the precious fluid from furrow to furrow. Still farther down, along the sunken highway, a few venturesome muleteers led their trains. No outposts in the Looker uniform were to be seen. And he heard no shots. It would be a lull, then, in the fighting.

He descended the hill, dropped into the road, and walked, head high, toward Ping Yang. As he swung along he heard, far off, the shots his ears had strained for on the hill; one, another, then a spattering volley; but he walked straight on. The Monols and Chihleans on the road gave him no more than the usual glance of curiosity. He passed through a village; Ping Yang would be the next. The railway grade—here an earthen rampart, there a cutting, yonder a temporary wooden trestle—paralleled the highway cutting into the heart of old China like a surgeon's knife, letting out superstition and festering poverty, letting in the strong fluids of commerce and education. He felt the health of it profoundly, striding on alone through the cool, clear morning air. It was imperfect, of course, this Western civilization that he had so nearly come to doubt; yet, materialistic in its nature or not, it was the best that the world had to offer at the moment. It was what the amazing instinct in man to push on, to better his body and his brain, had brought the world to. It seemed, now, a larger expression of the vitality he felt within himself, the force that he had so lavishly expended in a direction that was wrong for him.

HE FELT this, which could not have been less than the beginning of a new focus of his misdirected, scattered powers, and yet he walked straight on toward the red army that was sworn to kill all the whites. And though his brain still told him, coolly, without the slightest sense of personal concern, that he would certainly be slain within the hour, his heart, or his rising spirit, as calmly dismissed the report.

It might come, of course. He literally didn't care. Death might come at any moment to any man. The present moment was his; and the next, and the next, until the last one, whenever it should come. He walked with a thrilling sense of power, above the world. For the world, like itself, was suddenly coming back to him. He had been ill—for years, he knew now—of a sick faith. Now he was well. If the old dogmatic religion was gone, he was sensing a new personal religion of work, of healthy functioning, of unquestioning service in the busy instinctive life of the world. He would turn, not away from life to a mystical Heaven, but straight into life at its busiest, head up, as now on the old highway of Hansi, trusting his instinct as a human creature. No matter how difficult the start—at manual labor, perhaps! Why not?—he would plunge in and live his life out honestly. Betty remained the problem; he knit his brows at the thought; but the new flame in his heart blazed steadily higher. Whatever the problems, he couldn't be headed off now.

"What a morbid, sick fool I've been!" It was the cry of a heart new-born to health. It occurred to him, then, as he heard his own voice, that this new sense of light had come to him as suddenly as that other light that smote Paul on the Damascus road. It had the force, as he considered it now, of a miracle.

THE road was blocked ahead. Drawing near, he saw beyond the mules and horses and men of the highway and the curious, pressing country folk, a considerable number of yellow turbans crowding the road cañon. There must have been a hundred or more, with many rifle muzzles slanting crazily above them. It was a detachment of Lookers, evidently in confusion, nearly all shouting at once. After a moment the rabble broke toward him.

Doane did not wait for them to discover him, but raising his stick, and calling for room to pass, he walked in among them. He stood head and shoulders above them, a suddenly appearing white giant whom a few resisted at first, but more gave way to as he pushed firmly through. Emerging on the farther side, he walked on his way without so much as looking back. And not a shot had been fired.

The road wound its way between steep walls of loess, so that it was impossible at any point to see far ahead. He came upon other, smaller groups of the Lookers. Only one man, the largest of them, threatened him, but as the man raised the butt of his rifle Doane snatched the weapon from him and knocked him down with it; then tossed it aside and strode on as before.

He came at length to a scenic arch in a notch. Through the arch Ping Yang could be seen in its valley.

He stopped and looked. Near at hand were the tents of some of the Looker soldiery; beyond lay the village; and beyond that on the hillside, the compound of the Company, lying as still as if it were deserted. There were no puffs of smoke, no sounds along the village street, between the outlying houses small figures appeared to be bustling about, but they made no noise that could be heard up here. The scene was uncanny.

Doane, however, went on down the hill. None of the Lookers were in evidence now on the winding street, but only the silent, curious villagers; this until two soldiers in blue came abruptly out of a house; and then two others, firmly holding by the arms a man in red and yellow with an embroidered square on the breast of his tunic that marked him an officer of rank. Other soldiers followed, one bearing a large curved sword.

Doane stopped to watch.

Without ceremony the officer's wrists were tied behind his back. He was kicked to his knees. A blue soldier seized his queue and with it jerked his head forward. The swordsman, promptly, with one clean blow, severed the neck, then wiped his sword on the dead man's clothing and marched away with the others, carrying the head.

Doane shivered slightly, compressed his lips, and, paler, walked on. He passed other blue soldiers in the heart of the village, and a row of Lookers standing silently without arms. Emerging from the straggling groups of houses beyond the village wall, he took the road up the hill. Away up the slope he could see the men of the outposts standing and sitting on the parapets of the rifle-pits, going down toward the village. At the gate of the compound he called out.

THE gate opened and closed behind him. Within stood men of the garrison, and women, and behind them the Chinese. All looked puzzled. Many tongues greeted him at once, eagerly questioning.

With a quiet smile he looked about from one to another of the thin, weary faces with burning eyes that hung on his slightest gesture, and slowly shook his head. He could answer none of their questions. He was searching for one face that meant more to him than all the others. It was not there. He walked on toward the house occupied by the Boatwrights. Just as he was turning in there he saw Betty. She was running across from the residence.

"Oh, dad!" she cried. "You're back!" Her arms were around his neck. "How wonderful! And you're well—like your old self."

"Better than my old self, dear," he said, with a tender smile, and kissed her forehead.

"I can't stay, dad. I just ran out. Wasn't it strange—I saw you from the window! But what's happened? What is it? Everybody's so puzzled. Have the troops come?"

He shook his head.

"But it's something. Everybody's terribly excited."

"I don't understand it myself, dear. Though I walked through it, apparently."

"Oh look! They're opening the gate! What *is* it?" She hopped with impatience, like a child, and clapped her hands. "Oh, I mustn't stay! But tell me, do you think this dreadful business is over?"

"I believe it is, Betty."

She ran back to her post. And he returned to the gate.

An odd little cavalcade was moving deliberately up the hill. In front marched a soldier in blue, bearing a large white flag (an obviously Western touch, this). Behind him came a squad in column of fours, on foot and unarmed; then a green sedan chair with four polemen; behind this three pavilions with carved wooden tops, of the sort carried in wedding processions, each with four bearers; and last another squad of foot soldiers.

Just outside the gate they came to a halt. The soldiers formed in line on either side of the road. An officer advanced and asked permission to enter. This was granted.

AT ONCE the chairmen set down their burden. The carved door opened, and a young Chinese gentleman stepped out. He was tall, slim, with large spectacles, and moved with a quiet dignity that amounted to distinction of bearing. His long robe was of shimmering blue silk embroidered in rose and gold; and the embroidered emblem on his breast exhibited the silver pheasant of a mandarin of the fifth class.

On his head the official, bowl-shaped straw hat with red tassel was surmounted with a ball or button of crystal an inch in diameter, set in a mount of exquisitely worked gold. His girdle clasp also was of worked gold, with a plain silver button. The shoes that appeared beneath the hem of his robe were richly embroidered and had thick white soles.

Calmly, deliberately, he entered the compound. One of the engineers, an American, addressed him in the Mandarin tongue. He replied, in a deep, musical voice, with a pronounced intonation, that gave this mellow language to a casual ear something the sound of French.

The engineer bowed, and together they moved toward the residence, where a somewhat mystified M. Pourmont awaited them. But first the mandarin turned and signaled to the pavilion bearers, who still waited outside the gate.

These came in now, and it became evident that the ornate structures were laden with gifts. There were platters of fruits and of sweetmeats, bottles of wine, cooked dishes, and small caskets, some carved, others lacquered, that might have contained jewels.

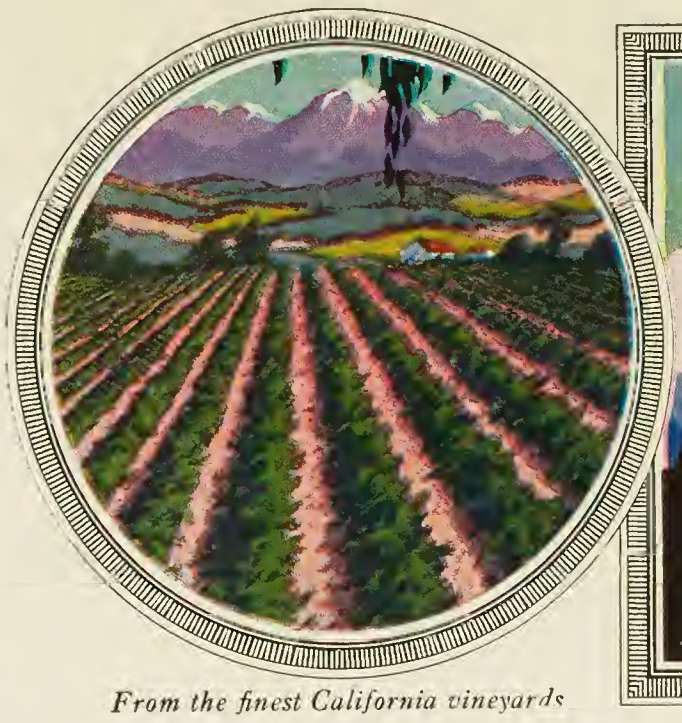
Doane, quietly observing the scene, found

Concluded on page 125

Clean, Sweet Raisins

From a glass-walled, sunlight plant

Every housewife wants this kind



From the finest California vineyards



The great glass-walled plant at Fresno, California where Sun-Maid Raisins are placed in sanitary packages

WHEN you buy raisins for home cooking keep these facts in mind: Sun-Maid Raisins, which cost no more than others, are made from the finest varieties of California grapes—famous for their lusciousness.

These grapes are served fresh in preference to others on most California tables. But the very delicate structure that makes them so delicious prevents their being shipped to distant points.

You may never eat them as fresh grapes, but you can have them as fresh *raisins*.

Clean, Sweet, Wholesome

THEY are packed in an immaculate new plant, constantly flooded with California sunshine through great walls of glass. California "*sun maids*" in spotless uniforms wrap the seeded raisins in waxed paper.

All seeded raisins are sterilized. So these raisins come to you ready to go straight into your foods.

They are 75 per cent pure fruit-sugar—concentrated nutriment in practically pre-digested form—so they are in themselves an energizing food.

Use them with boiled rice, in puddings, cakes, breakfast foods, cookies, pies, rolls and other breads. See how these raisins make the plainer foods rise to a higher plane.

Send for "Sun-Maid Recipes," a valuable free book containing 100 excellent suggestions for their use.



Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins (seeds removed), in the blue package, are excellent for all home cooking purposes

Ask your dealer for them

Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins (grown without seeds) in red packages



Put them on the children's cookies

SUN-MAID Raisins

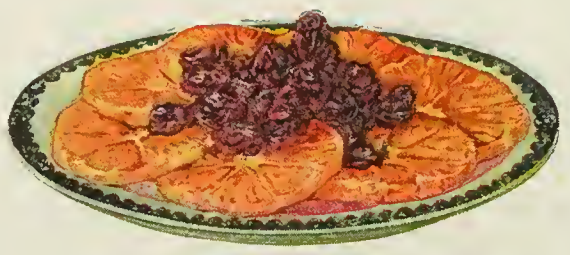
Three varieties: SUN-MAID SEEDED *(seeds removed)*; SUN-MAID SEEDLESS *(grown without seeds)*; SUN-MAID CLUSTERS *(on the stem)*.



Raisin Cornmeal Muffins

¾ cup cornmeal
1½ cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup SUN-MAID Seedless Raisins
4 teaspoons baking powder
2 tablespoons sugar
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons shortening

Sift dry ingredients together into bowl; add milk and melted shortening and beat well. Bake in greased muffin tins in hot oven for about 20 minutes.



Sun-Maid Raisins with Sliced Oranges

Wash Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins, soften slightly and combine them with an equal bulk of thinly sliced sweet oranges, using no sugar. This makes an excellent fruit dish for breakfast.

California Associated Raisin Co.
Membership 9,000 Growers
Fresno, California



Rolled Oats with Raisins

1 cup rolled oats
1 teaspoon salt
3 cups boiling water
1 cup SUN-MAID Raisins

Add rolled oats to the boiling water. Let boil for about ten minutes, stirring frequently; then add the raisins and cook ten or fifteen minutes longer. If a fireless cooker is used, simply let the rolled oats boil for ten minutes, add the raisins and place in the cooker over night.

Ask for Raisin Candy—Delicious, Healthful and Nutritious

A Few Hours

and the keg would be dry and soundless, and the raft and their rotting bodies would drift before the wind across the trackless sea! The chances of rescue were slight for the girl and

Regan

by Carl Clausen

If you like salty sea-stories you'll love "Regan," which is only one of the short stories that will be found in the April number of *Romance*, for there are

"The Tocsin"

by Robert Hichens

who selects the colorful Algerian setting that he is so well acquainted with and so able to depict. His people are delightful as usual. There's an English army officer, invalided. His mother schemes to save him from a woman. A nurse is persuaded to help her—in vamping him she gets vamped herself. If you've ever read any of Robert Hichens' novels you'll want to read this delightful short story.

"Terry for Trouble"

by Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.

Here's a story as brisk and amusing as a Douglas Fairbanks' movie. It's a Western story of a half-Spanish lady named Teresa, who scared her rough father and brother into kidnaping a husband for her.

"Fair Fatality"

by Agnes and Egerton Castle

The mystery of a beautiful actress in the time of the Georges. How the Prince of Wales uncovered the sacrifice and the tragedy of her life.

"Parisian Nights"

The Second Night

by Harris Dickson

The mysterious Ex-patriate tells some more fascinating tales of American soldiers.

"White Petunias"

by Harold and Helen Dwight Fisher

A touching New England romance of a little hill-woman and a strolling fiddler.

"Intentions"

by Agnes Brownell

A very human story of two daughters and their mother—how the mother's good intentions almost wrecked two love-affairs, and eventually saved them.

"Tempelton's Burglar"

by Walter F. Dyer

"The Spirit of the Pool"

by L. Patrick Greene

"Romance at El Molino"

by W. Townend

And the Serials:

The Rescue

by Joseph Conrad

The Tempering

by Charles Neville Buck

In the April

ROMANCE

On all news-stands

"STRANGE LIGHTS AND OUTSTRETCHED WINGS"

BY MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

AWED tales they tell, these men who have come back,
Of curious happenings their eyes have seen,
These men who have felt all the stress and wrack
Of the world's storm of hate; who have long been
The wall that held death from us. Now we hear
Incredulous, who have not known the fear,
The exultation, and the strain and pull
Of that great hour, terrible, beautiful,
That they have met, and somehow lived to tell
Us of in whispered words: "A miracle!"

Some tell us that they saw:
"Strange lights and outstretched wings!" Low in the sky
A host of angels mass and wheel and fly,
Their bright swords flashing as they lead again
The battle-wearied men,
And turn retreat into new victory.

Some picture this with awe;
Men rallying unafraid,
But doomed to be overthrown:
—There in the battle-smoke, Jeanne, the Maid
Leading her own!

And that lieutenant, who denies
That his wan eyes
At his command, saw his own dead arise?
"Debout les morts!" and from the trench where they
Who had died dearly, lay,

Out from their graves leap the unsleeping dead!
They fight again with the old eagerness,
Those who were lying in the earth
Huddled together brotherly,
How well they know a comrade's worth
(Better than we, better than we!)
And halt the swarming hordes that forward press.
Out of the trench rise the long-dead men
Charge and thrust and dash again,
And win to victory again!

Lance-corporal, wounded, what was it you saw?
Is it only a tale, not worth our awe?

In curious garb, the Archers, see!
Steady of eye, on bended knee,
Their bowstrings draw. The arrows flying
Are a strange sight to the dying.
The arrows' silence mingles well
With the whine of shot and shell.
Men stand bewildered at the sight.
The air is filled with arrows' flight.
Like blinding snow, and from the host pursuing
Come cries of wonder at their strange undoing.

* * * * *

"Strange lights and outstretched wings!"
What if these things
Were seen by the corporeal eye,
Or only by
The eye of faith?
A wraith,
A being, or a hope in a half-crazed brain
Made keen by infinite pain?

Tales, tales, all tales, we say——

But arrows from bright archers still prevail
Against the astonished enemy. None fail
Upon whose side the Archers' shafts are sped.
The little secret battles of the heart,
That no one knows, in these, too, they have part.
The shining Archers, and the trench of dead.

The dead arise to save us every day.
The dead arise to help us as we toil.
Still from the soil
Dead beauty rises living. Miracle
Of Spring in earth and soul!

They fought as we fight now, against our own
And others' baseness. Still not overthrown
Beneath the noisy sea, the sprouting sod,
The dead, a mighty company, fight for God.

They can not die, for they await
New frays; and in our wars with fate
They live again, who were the great.

In this our war called Life, the air is dim
With arrows, could our blind eyes see
As men saw, in their hour, mad things:
"Strange lights and outstretched wings——"

The great thoughts of the dead are each a grim
And firm and strong and dread reality.
The things they fought for then, they fight for still.
The world is molded to those dead men's will.
Their unseen hands, beside ours, build and turn
And fit and shape the world, and choose and spurn;
That it may be, each pillar and each beam,
Like to their dream.
The dead? They are the sailors and the crew
That steer the ship, our world, to harbors new
And fairer than our straining eyes can see.

Let us, for Life's fair things,
Stand firm, aright.
"Strange lights and outstretched wings——"
Be near, and help us fight!

May we prove ready earth
And fit to give them birth.

Hamilton Beach Carpet Washer

Wash Carpets Right on the Floor

and dry them—with this astounding new invention

Below is a picture of a rug being *washed!* not merely being surface-cleaned, or beaten and swept, as by a vacuum sweeper—but being actually and thoroughly WASHED.

The transformation thus made is startling and highly convincing. In front of the Carpet Washer, as you see it, is a deadened monotony of lack of color, a spiritless drab. Shoe-contact has stained the rug with street smut and grease; settling dust has dirtied and permeated it.

But, behind the Washer—as it moves forward, see how all the original rich color and exquisite design is being brought out! The charming color scheme that first delighted, reappears with refreshened vigor. Gorgeous colors spring to life with an irresistible newness. Bright yellow, rich blue, soft rose, all are made fair and taintless. It is remarkable—delightful—beautiful!

No present carpet cleaning establishment can clean your rugs like this. They wash floor coverings,—after a fashion. And for two weeks your rooms are made unsightly and cheerless while they have your carpets. But now—all this discomfort!—and the greater part of the expense of this proceeding is entirely unnecessary.

Because the Hamilton Beach Carpet Washer washes rugs and dries them right on the floor. With an action just like the human hand, two sponge-rubber brushes, rotated electrically 500 times a minute, scrub the H-B compound deep down into the fibres of the rug. The mud and dirt and grime are instantly dissolved, and suctioned back into the receiver-pan. And in twenty minutes the immaculate rugs are ready for immediate service.

A Big Paying Business of Your Own

Wives: Help your husband or son to financial independence. Show him this.

With the Hamilton Beach Carpet Washer it is easy to make from $30.00 to $50.00 a day. Only 30 minutes is needed to clean a 9 x 12 rug, which at only 3c a square foot pays $3.24 or better than $6.00 an hour. In all the large cities the cleaning establishments charge from 8c to 10c a square foot for cleaning Orientals for homes, clubs, and hotels and at these prices the machine would earn an immense income. And the Hamilton Beach Carpet Washer, that enables him to get into this well-paying business with its amazing profits, costs only $285.00.

The Carpet Washer is so simple in operation that women, too, should seize this business opportunity.

The complete facts are yours for the asking. For specific information about how to start in this big-money making business, check the coupon below and mail it today.

Hamilton Beach Carpet Washer Co.

114 Liberty Street, New York City



This coupon brings further information quickly

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HAMILTON BEACH CARPET WASHER CO., 114 Liberty St., New York City.

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☐ Further information for clubs and hotels.
☐ For establishing a rug-cleaning business.

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High above the ordinary, Blue Ribbon Peaches offer the opportunity of providing the table with a dessert that will win true appreciation from everyone.

Turned to a soft golden flush by ripening under the California sunshine, they add to the beauty of a well-planned meal. Rich in natural sugar they have a distinct and appealing flavor; and because of their high food value they possess a goodness which makes in all a dish that is supreme.

Health authorities advise a greater use of dried fruits. Blue Ribbon Peaches offer variety as there are so many different ways in which to serve them. They provide an almost endless list of tempting, appetizing and nutritious desserts.

Peach sauce and Peaches and Cream have long been favorites, and now because of improved methods of production these popular dishes are obtainable every day of the year. Your grocer can supply you.

Dried peaches are fresh peaches with only the water removed. When you replace the water, you restore them to their original condition. In Blue Ribbon Peaches all of the fuzz and most of the peeling is eliminated by our new brushing process. The fruit thus improved takes the place of the fresh fruit in any recipe.

Address Department H for a free Recipe Book showing many delightful ways of serving Blue Ribbon Peaches

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Continued from page 15

"GETTING THINGS DONE"

And you need to be pretty sure that you know what you feel about it, in your heart, before you chat casually with a little boy about building a bridge, because you are likely to run into things which startle you. Are you sure that you agree with his instinctive, simple, American conviction, which almost any one of our little schoolboy Walters would express, that "everybody's got to decide for himself what is *right*," and do you really feel that it is your duty to take a policeman's or a senator's word, *or that of the majority?*

And now I will warrant you are startled and a little scared. Well, I am myself; these are mighty matters. Let us go back to the bridge, and, loitering there with Walter, watching the workmen mixing concrete and wheeling their wheelbarrows, let us go on chatting with the child.

"Walter, here's a point. Suppose the very best place to build the bridge, in fact the only possible place, is to put one end of it right in somebody's nice old flower-garden, and the road leading up to it ran through somebody's old home?"

Walter looks sober at this, and no wonder, for we have touched there on the tragic, perplexing question of the rights of the individual against the best interests of the community. His first answer is: "But that's awfully hard on the people who live in the house."

"YES, Walter, it is one of the hardest things that can ever happen."

The little boy, out of simple, right feeling, fumbles his way toward the only conceivable way out:

"But they ought to try with all their might to *find* some other place where the bridge could go. They ought to look as hard, every one of them, as though it was his own home that would be knocked down. Even if it cost more and wasn't so handy, they ought to try to keep from hurting that home."

"Yes," you agree, "they ought to." (But, alas! How they never do put themselves in the place of the person sacrificed!)

"And then," Walter goes on sadly, "I suppose if there really and truly isn't any other place—only I just can't believe that—they would have to spoil that home; but they ought to make it up to the owner every way they could, pay him *well*, and help him find another, and show him how sorry they feel about it."

Ah, dear little Walter, if we could only help you to keep that simple freshness of human sympathy as you grow up and have to vote on questions of international relations! If you could only always feel that even if "it costs more and isn't so handy" human emotions are to be handled gently—why your grandchildren would feel less ashamed of you than ours are going to feel.

And now suppose you go on, and, with a heavy heart, show the little boy another of the dark perplexities which attend efforts to get things done in common (as they must be done) without warping the priceless individual sense of righteousness, without which nothing in the long run gets done rightly.

"But suppose one of the workmen thinks it's not right to spoil somebody's home even if there is no other way to build the bridge, and suppose he says he can't work on it because he mustn't do what he thinks is wrong?"

WALTER hesitates here, bewildered, as is all humanity, before that sad question; but I think our little American boy will answer finally: "Well, if he really thinks it is wrong, he oughtn't to do it."

You go on and ask him: "Now suppose that man, because he thought it was wrong, tried to keep the other men from doing it, and tore down every night what they did in the daytime?"

Walter does not find this a difficult question. "Oh, they'd have to prevent him from doing that, of course; shut him up somewhere till the bridge was done."

You ask him: "But isn't that hard on him, if he is only trying to prevent what he thinks is wrong?"

Walter sees it simply. "Yes, it is hard but he's got no right to keep all the great lot of men from doing what *they* think is right. If they think it right, they've *got* to do it, and there are so many *more* of them who'd have an awfully hard time earning their livings and getting to school and church and town if there wasn't any bridge."

You go off on another tack. "But suppose he didn't really think it wrong; suppose he was only lazy; and suppose other men went and joined him just to dodge their share of the work?"

Walter laughs. "Oh, if they were just lazy they'd get sick of being shut up and away from their families and they'd rather even work than stay. And, anyhow, they'd be ashamed to, with everybody else working. They'd know how it would be always thrown up to them afterward." (Walter knows all about the pressure of the herd instinct although he is only ten.)

YOU go deeper. "But don't you see, Walter, you shut up the man who *is* serious about right and wrong and let out the lazy ones." Walter looks anxious (who is not?) and says: "That's so; but I don't see any other way to do, if the rest are *sure* there ought to be a bridge; do you?"

"No, Walter; I don't."

"And of course you'd let him out as soon as the bridge was done," he adds; "and you'd treat him so's to show him you were sorry you had to shut him up for doing what he thought was right."

Well, perhaps when you grow up, Walter, you will. *We* haven't.

We could go on endlessly chatting about the bridge with Walter and leading him to consider the deep and sacred question of human relationships, which are, most of them, there in miniature as they are in any of the collective movements which come under a child's observation; but enough has been set down, I think, to show that there is no inherent difficulty in presenting intelligibly to a child's consideration the fundamental principle: that to get things done, men must work together, using mass action because that is the only way things can be accomplished; and that to decide what *is* to be done, men must take thought individually, because that is the only way thought can be taken.

How unsatisfactory a method of expressing oneself is writing! I have set down the words "action-in-common directed by thought-taken-individually," and I am dismayed to see that on paper the words look like any others. Whereas, if I were talking from a platform, I could shout them out at the top of my voice, and slap one hand into the other to emphasize the importance of the phrase, and make an impressive pause, and say it over again in a voice half an octave lower, driving home the point with an impassioned forefinger.

AND I would do all these things and more, too, if I could think of any way to show how intensely I am convinced that the distinction drawn there is vital. Mass action is a great force, a great natural force like the law of gravity, neither good nor evil in itself, although with perhaps a tendency to be evil if not carefully controlled. Who ever heard of a mob's getting excited and rushing off to split a poor widow's wood?

Mass action is neither good nor bad. But mass thought is almost without exception bad. What we need to teach our children is, in the first place, that this strong tendency of human nature exists, and next that it is a valuable force, *priceless in getting things done*. But they need to be warned, in every most picturesque way we can devise, that it is a great danger, too, and often leads to getting the wrong thing done just as efficiently as the right. It is a loaded gun that will go off equally well no matter in which direction it is pointed.

And we must teach them that the only thing which can control it and direct it, in the long run, is a keenly purposeful, brave and critical sense of what is worth doing; and that this sense can exist only in the individual brains of the individuals composing a crowd, capable, as many as possible of them, of criticizing intelligently and courageously the actions of their leaders and the result of the mass action.

Lord Haldane, that close observer of the German people, in speaking about them the other day reiterated what he had said before, the same old thing that everybody has said about them, that he did not think them in fiber inherently more brutal or wicked than other men, but that to obtain the great efficiency of their organization they had given up the habit of questioning the purpose of the authority to which they had submitted.

THIS is the danger from which it is essential to protect our children; but put in this abstract way no child could understand it as a danger. In fact, many American grown-ups do not.

Yet any child could easily see that the bridge-builders ought to limit their obedience to their superintendent to matters connected with bridge-building. He could easily understand that it is necessary for the workmen not only to stir their concrete mixtures industriously and to hammer and saw well, but to keep a bold, vigilant and alert eye on the general undertaking. If they do not, it is too easy for the superintendent to use their habit of obedience to him as a tool which might actually work injury to innocent people; for instance, he could put the bridge where it would inconvenience a personal enemy of his; he could build it of concrete because his brother-in-law gets a commission on the sales; or of wood because he dislikes the man who sells concrete. To prevent such action is not only the right but the duty of the men grouped together for making the bridge, who must not cease to be thinking citizens even though they are workmen obedient to a boss.

Once more, why need we train our children formally, consciously, *always to question the action of the majority before yielding to it?* First, because he has in his own nature an almost irresistible tendency to yield to it without questioning it, to rush simply because other people are rushing, to admire Sorolla, to buy Liberty bonds, to burn negroes, to build settlement-houses, to work for the Red Cross, to buy expensive cars.

NOW, individual thought and criticism applied as energetically as possible would never have turned one man away from helping load the gun of mass action when it was pointed toward comely and righteous things; and it would certainly have kept many thousands from foolish and base action when majority action was started in the wrong direction.

This is one of two all-sufficient answers to put in your children's hands to arm them for the inevitable encounter with the advocates of both mass action and mass thought, the upholders of mechanical unanimity of opinion. They will tell your children that criticism of the purpose of leaders is a hindrance to the complete efficiency of mass action.

It is! Everybody knows that for mere efficiency in getting things done at the present moment there is nothing like blind, unquestioning obedience to a single masterful will. What the child should learn from you, from his study of history, from his observation and thought, is that Americans believe with all their hearts that it is worth losing *some* mechanical efficiency in mass action in order to make sure that *all* efficiency is not directed to some bad end.

There is another answer to the advocates of forced, mechanical unanimity of opinion (and there are many of them, people who have been morally conquered by the Prussian idea). The second answer is, that the qualities of leadership so priceless in the life-in-common of humanity are certainly better fostered and developed in a society of thinking men than in a herd of obedient slaves, whether they are slaves to a czar or to the majority.

Concluded on page 124



For Every Room in the Home

THE comfort-theme of the living room is gained by one color treatment. The formality of the dining room by another. While still another is required for a "spick and span" effect in the kitchen.

All Liquid Velvet finished walls are beautiful, quiet in tone, clean looking and *washable*. They are subdued, velvety walls—and *remain in the background.*

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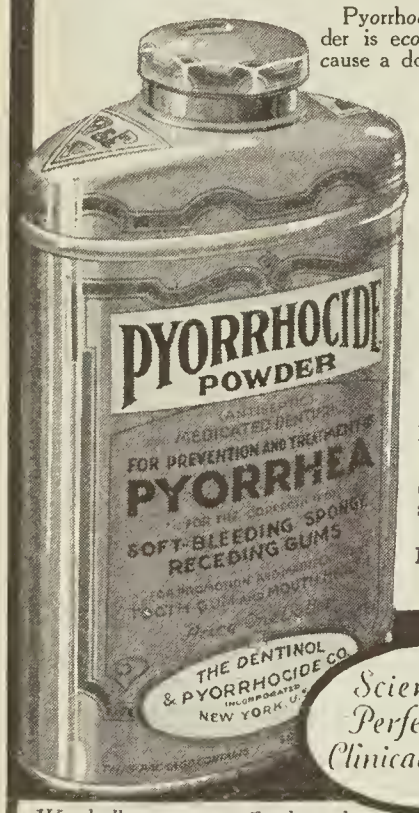


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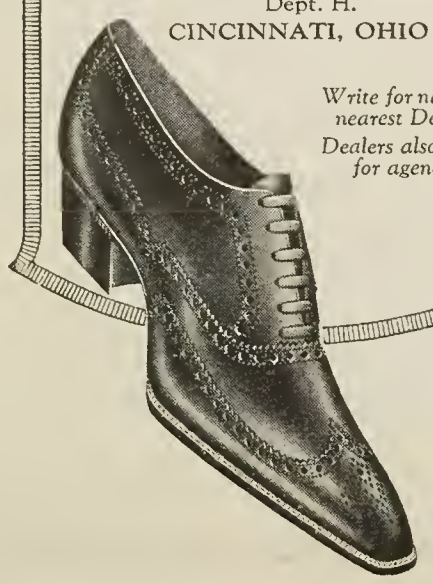
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Concluded from page 123

"GETTING THINGS DONE"

So far we have been considering the necessity of training children to see and accept their full share of the responsibility for deciding what is right for them to do, not to delegate that to any one else, not even the majority. We might as well fully understand that the acceptance of this principle means that life is going to be no rest-cure for anybody involved. As the child gets older and advances toward maturity, the principle will recoil more and more on "family authority."

People with weak nerves complain that continual questioning of authority makes an unquiet family, an unquiet government. They are right. It does.

What of it? Nobody but an undertaker has any grounds for admiring a quiet family. Nobody but a czar has any grounds for wanting a quiet government. Equilibrium is the condition of vigorous healthy life—not immobility.

WE NEED not, therefore, expect that somnolent tranquillity will result from teaching the children to decide questions for themselves, individually, and not blindly to rush along with every herd-movement started. We need not be surprised to see the decisions they make differ notably from ours.

And this will probably be a very good thing indeed. They are going forward into conditions singularly different from those which we have always known, and we can help them only by giving them great and eternally true principles to apply, not rigid rules of thumb which may or may not apply to the different circumstances.

If we had imaginations to be touched, we would be struck again and again by the close similarity of our position to that of our predecessors on this continent.

Take that group of fine-gentlemen Spaniards, left in the sixteenth century in Central America, while their ship went back to Spain for more supplies. We read how they loitered idly there in the most fertile region in the world, with no curiosity about the possibilities of the new country, using up the food brought from Spain, gaming and chatting and dozing, their ruffs and glittering swords reflected in the waters of a river teeming with delicious fish; and then, as the ship, delayed by storms, did not arrive, how they first went hungry and then literally starved, some of them to death.

And what do we feel? A scornful pity, of course, for such a stupid mixture of pride and incompetence.

But how about our apprehensions of a social organization which threatens to reduce steadily the accumulation of food brought from the "old country" (this means the past) and eaten without labor? (This means inheritance.)

Do we not feel the stupid notion that somehow it threatens our children with danger? Do we not feel the stupid impulse to protect them by somehow continuing to provide more accumulated food instead of leaving them free to develop the strength and capacity to pick the fruit from the trees and fish the fish from the rivers in the new country?

IT SEEMS to us almost incredible that those Spaniards should have "preferred" to starve, rather than to take off their brocaded cloaks and high-heeled jack-boots, apply their minds, and master the new conditions which in themselves were so favorable. But of course the truth is that it did not occur to them that there was any alternative.

Is it not possible that we face some of the problems of social reorganization (inheritance of property for instance) with imaginations as atrophied? Well, as parents we are forced to be aware of the fact that each new generation is born with imaginations perfectly fresh and flexible, no matter how stiff and cramped we have succeeded in making our own. At least we might try to let the children grow up with this priceless quality in good working order.

We cry out impatiently that if those Spaniards had been taught the homely old moral maxim that nobody can expect to live without exerting himself in some genuinely useful manner, their lives would have been spared. The thing for us to take to heart is that the Spaniards' parents probably were quite sure they had taught their sons that maxim.

But they had not. *What they had taught them was their own preconceived, fixed idea about what a useful occupation was.*

They sincerely thought that to carry a sword and be a gallant fighter was a genuinely useful thing to do in life. Perhaps it was, in Spain of that day. But it was a fatal doctrine for the new country where a sword was as useless as a powder-puff.

Every sign points to the fact that our children will live their lives in conditions different from those about us; let us try to be sure that we do not send them forward into those conditions crippled by any small, preconceived, rigidly limited ideas of ours.

THE parents and teachers of those Spaniards would have been afraid to teach them the deep fundamental principles of useful, worthy human life, and to tell them that *they alone* could decide how those principles should be applied in the life in which their generation found itself.

Are we so very much braver? Those men had been trained to a quick ingenuity, bold initiative and unquestioning courage! In life as a whole? No indeed; in the use of the rapier. They had been taught by precept, example, and the whole irresistible pressure of public opinion that quick ingenuity, bold initiative and unquestioning courage were not to be applied to matters which their elders considered unfit subjects for the consideration of gentlemen, such as tilling the soil and catching fish.

What do we do? We train our young men to quick ingenuity, bold initiative, and unquestioning courage. In life as a whole? Not much! In business methods and athletic sports. We exert upon them the whole irresistible pressure of general feeling against their applying those qualities to the fundamental questions of our society.

Does not the very idea of "quick ingenuity" applied to the institution of marriage make us feel very uneasy, although Heaven knows we realize that the institution is not perfect?

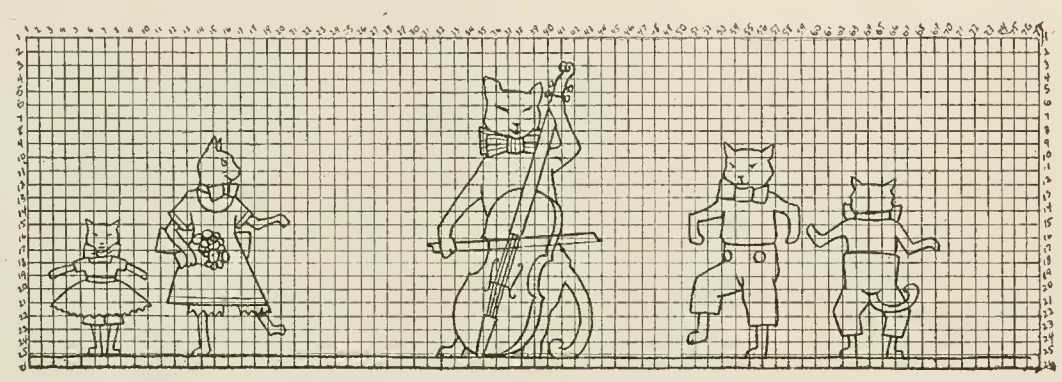
Do not the very words "bold initiative" if applied to a consideration of the institution of property give us a cold chill, although we have only to look about us to see that the institution as it is now run is far from having attained a golden perfection? And as to "unquestioning courage," it makes us absolutely sick with apprehension to think of its being applied to any one of the basic questions of our industrial society.

I do not know of a more salutary moral exercise, or one more tonic and useful, than continually to exhort oneself not to be like the Spanish parents of those men. Whatever else we do, let us avoid bringing our children up to a habit of such blind and total conformity, even to our ideas, that they will not be capable of flexible intelligence and energy in the "new country" where they are going to live. Whether they are little children or adolescents, we ought to start *now*.

ONLY by giving them intelligence enough to see what is good and what is bad; public spirit enough to want good to prevail whether or not it makes a personal immediate difference to them; and courage enough to undergo discomfort and unpopularity in order that right shall prevail, can they make any advance.

All this is asking the next generation to be wiser and better than we, and asking us to be wiser and better teachers than our fathers.

Well, we ought to try to be. What's the use of living if we're not?



ENLARGING "HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE"

THERE are delightful possibilities in the way of enlarging the "Hey Diddle Diddle" color-pictures on page 18 of this issue, simply and without difficulty, so that a girl or boy can carry out the process with enjoyment. The pictures can thus be adapted for use as decorations for furniture or for the walls of the children's rooms.

In order to do this, get a big sheet of paper and a foot-rule and rule off perfect squares of any size desired, twenty-six squares up and down and seventy-seven squares horizontally, as in the diagram here given. Then fill in each square in which a part of the drawing appears, with as much precision as possible, in accordance with the picture. When the pictorial squares have been filled out, on the larger scale, the complete picture appears.

This preliminary drawing should be made on thin, strong paper such as typists use for carbon copies. If the sheets are not long enough, paste them together neatly before drawing the squares. After the drawing is complete, take a soft lead-pencil and blacken the reverse side. Next take a hard, sharp pencil and go over the lines of the drawing, transferring them to the paper which you intend pasting on the wall or furniture. The drawing is now ready for coloring.

Ordinary water-colors may be used to copy the flat tones of the pictures as they appear in THE DELINEATOR. These colored drawings may be applied to the walls with paste, or the separate figures may be cut out and applied to furniture with thin glue. When dry, the subjects should be neatly varnished or shellacked so that when the surface is cleaned the picture will not be disturbed.

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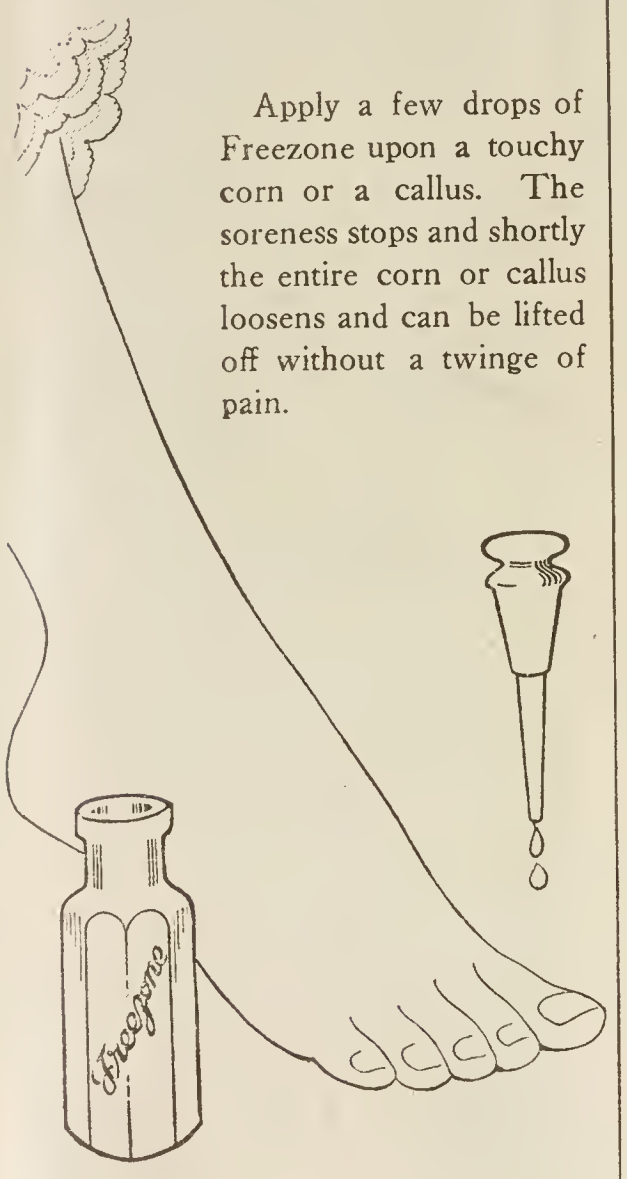


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Concluded from page 118

HILLS OF HAN

something familiar in the appearance of the envoy. Something vaguely associated with the judge's *yamen* at T'ainan-fu. Certainly, on some occasion, he had seen the man.

HE STOOD for a brief time watching the two figures: a white man in stained brown clothing, unkempt of appearance but vigorous in person, walking beside the elegant young mandarin, appearing oddly crude beside him, curiously lacking in the grace that marked every slightest movement of the silk-clad Oriental; and the picture dwelt for a time among his thoughts—the oldest civilization in the world, and the youngest. Crude vigor, honest health, contrasted with a decadence that clung meticulously to every slightest subtlety of etiquette.

And behind the two, towering above the heads of the ragged bearers, the curving, pointed roofs of the three pavilions, still gaily bizarre in form and color despite the weather-beaten condition of the paint; a childish touch, suggestive of circus day in an American village. Suggestive, too, whimsically, of the second childhood of the oldest race. Doane, reflecting thus, slowly followed them to the residence.

JONATHAN BRACHEY sat moodily on the parapet. Down below, the compound (a crowded mass of roofs within a rectangle of red-gray wall), and below that the straggling village, stood out as blocked—in masses of light and shadow under the slanting rays of the morning sun. The scene was curiously peaceful, as if a spell had fallen on the countryside.

A French youth, beside him, polishing his rifle with a greasy rag, looked up with a question.

Brachey shook his head; he had no information. He looked over toward the other pits. The Australian in command there (three nights earlier they had buried Swain) waved a carelessly jocular hand and went on nibbling a biscuit.

The thing might be over; it might not. Brachey found himself almost perversely disturbed, however, at the prospect of peace.

He had supposed that he hated this dirty, bloody business. He saw no glory in fighting; merely primitive blood-lust, an outcropping of the beast in man; evidence that in his age-long struggle upward from the animal stage of existence man had yet a long, long way to climb.

But from the thought of losing this intense preoccupation, of living quietly, with the emphasis again placed on personal problems, he found himself shrinking. What a riddle it was!

He spoke shortly to the French youth, took up his own rifle, and led the way up the hill to the bullet-spattered farm compounds. They were quite deserted. Only the huddled noxious dead remained.

He went on up the hillside, searching all the hiding-places of those red-and-yellow vandals who had filled his thoughts by day and haunted his sleep at night; but all were empty of human life. A great amount of rubbish was left: cooking-utensils, knives, old Chinese-made rifles and swords, bits of uniforms; he found even a jade ring and a few strings of brass cash.

Weary of spirit, he returned to the rifle-pits only to find these, too, deserted. From the upper redoubt a man was waving, beckoning.

Apparently the compound gate was open, and a group of soldiers standing in line outside; but these soldiers wore blue. Through his glasses he surveyed the moving dots near the village; none wore red and yellow.

The man was still waving from the redoubt. The French youth, he found now, was looking up at him, that eager question still in his eyes.

He nodded. With a sudden wild shout the boy ran down the hill, waving his rifle over his head.

SO IT was peace—sudden, enigmatic. Brachey sat again on the parapet. Griggsby Doane was doubtless there (Brachey knew nothing of his journey; he had not seen Betty for days). What could he say to him—to the father whom Betty loved?

This wouldn't do, of course. He rose, a set, dogged expression on his long, always serious face, and went slowly down the hill; and with only a nod to this person and that got to his tent. Once within, he closed the flaps and sat on the cot. He discovered then that he had brought with him one of the strings of cash, and jingled it absently against his knee.

Voices sounded outside. Men were standing before the tent.

Then the flaps parted and he beheld the spectacled, pleasantly smiling face of Mr. Po.

"Oh," he said, more shortly than he knew. "Come in!"

Mr. Po stepped inside, letting the flaps fall together behind him. He made a splendid figure in blue and gold, as he removed the round hat with its red plume and crystal ball and laid it on the rude table.

"I'm glad to see you're still sound of life and limb and fresh as a daisy," he remarked cheerfully. "With permission I will sit here a bit for informal how-do chin-chin, and forget from minute to minute all ceremonial foolishness."

Concluded in the May DELINEATOR

STORIES TO LOOK FORWARD TO IN THE MAY DELINEATOR

The Man Who Was Tired of His Wife
By Lucille Van Slyke

Imitation Paradise
By Kay Cleaver Strahan

A Great Li'l' Old Town
By Sampson Raphaelson

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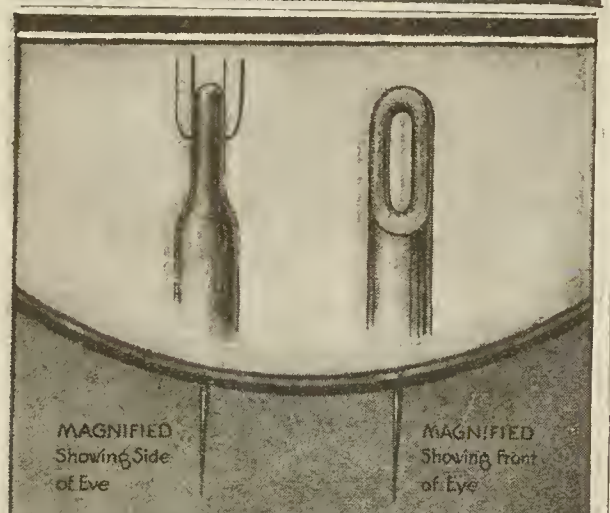
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LEAD THE CHILD INTO MUSIC

BY ALICE T. PRENTICE

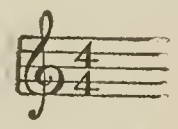


Figure 1

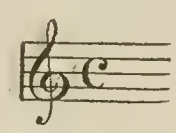


Figure 2

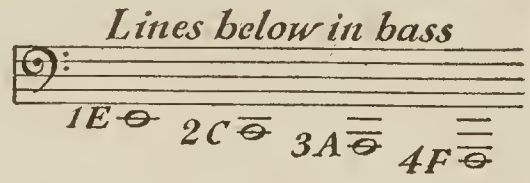


Figure 3

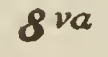


Figure 5

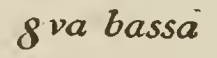


Figure 6

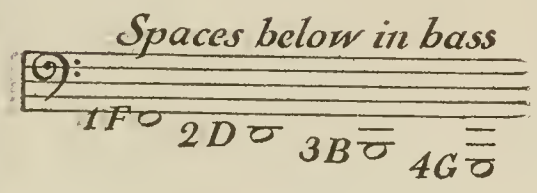


Figure 4

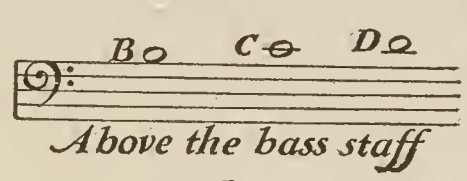


Figure 7

VERY soon now the child should be able to understand the principal signs he sees in printed music and to know the keyboard of the piano thoroughly. As a change this lesson may be begun with the game of circles in four-four time.

You may commence by saying: Now we will play our game of circles in another kind of time or rhythm called four-four. And that is the time that you can march to. First we will learn its sign, which is printed at the beginning of the music, like this (see Figure 1).

There is another way, too, that four-four time is printed, for sometimes at the beginning of the music there is a big C, this way (see Figure 2). It means the same thing as the four-four sign.

Of course you know that in four-four time the upper figure, four, shows how many to count, and the lower figure, also four, shows what to count. So this means that you should count four to each measure, and that each measure has four quarter-notes or their value in it. To play the game of circles in four-four time, we need, then, all four parts of the circle.

IN BEGINNING the game, have the child put the parts of the full circle together, taking first the halves, then the quarters, the eighths and sixteenths. After that, let him mix the various note-parts, always putting exactly enough parts in to make the whole circle complete. Have him name the parts thus used. Impress the fact that in four-four time, four must be counted, one to each quarter or its value, whether in notes or rests.

Finally, explain that in four-four time, the first count in a measure is played strong, the second softer, the third medium, and the fourth softer, like the second count.

After this game, the remaining notes in the bass may be taken up. Start in by saying:

You have learned the printed music signs, so now you can read all the notes up to the top of the piano. You have still to learn to read a few note-signs in the bass. These are easy to find.

You learned G on the first line of the bass staff, where the gentlemen sing, ever so long ago. Let us find it, and then do the skipping game down in the bass, that is, on the keys to the left. Touch G on the first line of the bass staff again.

Skip the key to the left, and there is E on the first line below the staff; skip another key, and we come to C, on the second line below; skip yet another and we touch A on the third line below; skip just one more and we find F on the fourth line below. Here they are on the music picture with their printed names and little lines. (See Figure 3.)

THE mother should make this drill thorough, first on the piano, requiring the child to touch the notes and sing them, and to look for them on any printed music.

Begin with the spaces by saying: Now we have only the spaces left.

Here is F, just to the left below G on the first line of the bass staff. This F is in the first space below the bass staff.

By skipping one key you touch D, in the second space below; skip another and you touch B, in the third space below; skip just one more note, and you come to G, the fourth space below in the bass. (See Figure 4.)

After repetitions of these notes have the child look for them on the piano, and in the music picture, and on any printed music.

THERE is a sign in the treble that we already know. That sign is 8*va*. (See Figure 5.) It comes again in the bass, and has after it the word *bassa*. Bassa means bass. It is printed this way, 8*va bassa*. (See Figure 6.)

So a sign written that way tells you to lift your left hand and play the printed note signs eight keys lower than they are written, that is, eight keys to the left.

There are three notes that we learned in the treble, the D in the first space below the treble staff; C on the first line below, that same middle C that helped us find things, and B in the second space below the treble staff.

Sometimes when we are playing with our left hand we have to play those three notes. So they are then printed this way (See Figure 7.) They are exactly the same notes as before, but printed that way in the bass to make them easier to read, as we are playing in the bass with the left hand.

IF YOU LUNCH OUTDOORS

BY BERTHA BELLOWS STREETER

THERE are a number of little electrical table conveniences that help to make outdoor meals pleasing if it is at all possible to use them. Coffee and toast can be made at the same time on a very inexpensive contrivance and, after the coffee-pot has been removed, any of many other hot simple dishes.

For those who can not use electricity, there are devices of almost as great value in the chafing-dish, the coffee-percolator, and the fireless cooker. Attractive little screens may be made to shield the flame of the alcohol lamp from drafts.

One of the advantages of Summer cooking is the desire for food that should be prepared some time beforehand. This makes it possible for the cook to finish almost all her cooking early in the day, so simplifying matters at meal-time that it is as delightful to her as to those who had nothing to do with the preparation for it.

FRUIT of any kind, and especially berries for breakfast or luncheon, may be made more than usually palatable by the use of the ice-cream freezer. Pack the freezer an hour or two before serving-time and put the berries into the can to become thoroughly chilled. If you have room, the bottle of thick cream, thoroughly washed, or the bowl of whipped cream to be passed with the fruit, may be put in too.

The result is a great improvement over the usual manner of chilling in the refrigerator.

Most meats can be prepared to advantage the day before they are to be served. Cold sliced meats, meat loaves and salads made from cheaper cuts or left-over meats are all practical Summer dishes.

Aspic jelly is a great boon to the home cook on the hot days, as it makes possible a great variety of appetizing cold meats, both fresh and left-overs.

FOR example, with aspic jelly a delicious salad may be made from sweetbreads. Make the jelly by simmering a knuckle of veal with the bones of a chicken, clarifying with the shell and white of an egg, seasoning with salt and pepper and lemon-juice and thickening with a tablespoon of granulated gelatin to every quart of the stock.

Cook two sweetbreads very slowly and blanch by dropping into ice-water while they are hot; cut the meat into tiny pieces, season and arrange in individual molds, then strain the aspic over them, pouring it through a flannel jelly-bag. Put on ice and the next day serve on lettuce leaves with a ball of cream cheese and mayonnaise dressing.

Another very attractive salad for out-of-door meals is made by peeling cucumbers, cutting them in half lengthwise and scooping out the centers. Fill these cups with equal amounts of the cucumber pulp cut into dice, minced veal and cold cooked peas bound together with mayonnaise. Chill everything thoroughly and serve on lettuce-leaves with mayonnaise dressing.

Tomatoes may be peeled and chilled, then cut into thick slices and put together with thin layers of American cheese spread with mayonnaise dressing. Served on lettuce-leaves with a spoon of mayonnaise on top, this makes an appetizing as well as dainty salad; chopped olives may be added to the mayonnaise when a little more elaborate dish is desired.

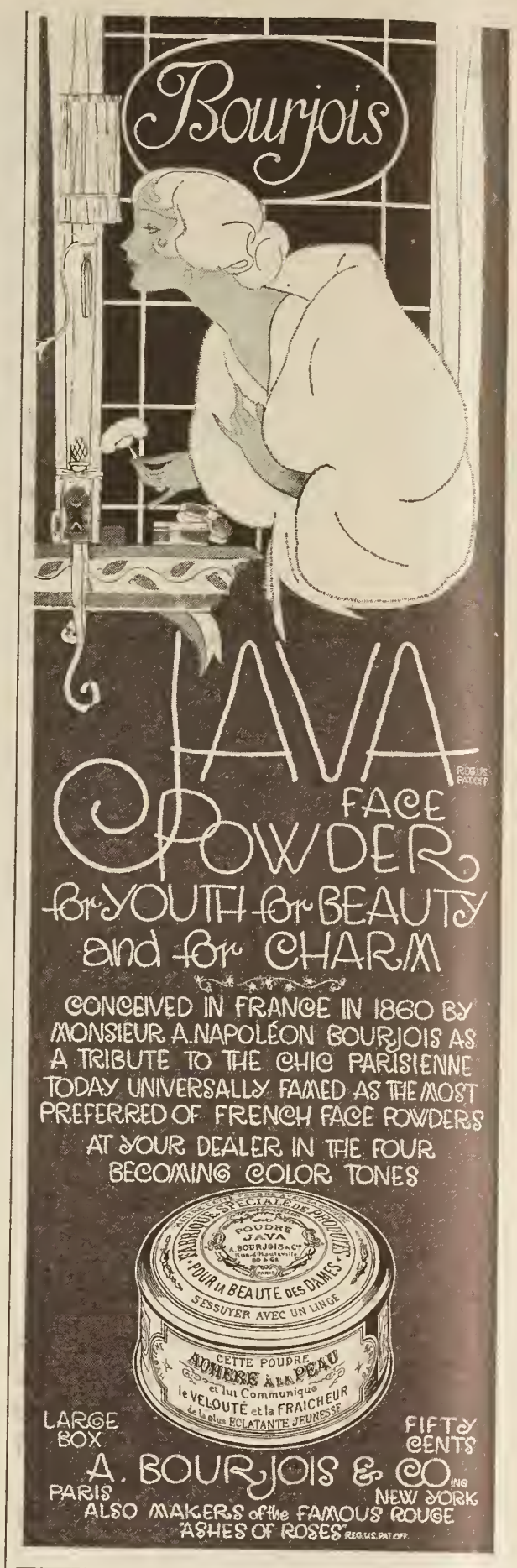
DAINTY desserts make simple dinners more than pleasing in hot weather. Some time during the strawberry days, when you have no heavy cream on hand, try serving these delicious berries with a plain boiled custard slightly flavored with vanilla and just as cold as you can make it.

Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, sweeten with about two tablespoons of sugar and pile lightly in individual servings of the chilled berries and custard.

A plain rice pudding becomes very appetizing when treated in this manner:

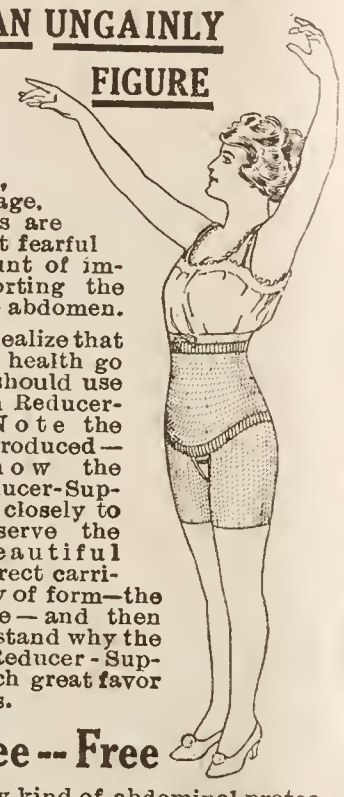
Bake slowly two tablespoons of rice, half a cup of sugar and half a teaspoon of grated nutmeg in a quart of milk for two hours, stirring frequently the first hour.

When the pudding is cold, remove any brown crust that may have formed and beat in half a pint of whipped cream. Serve just as cold as you can make it, with or without fruit.



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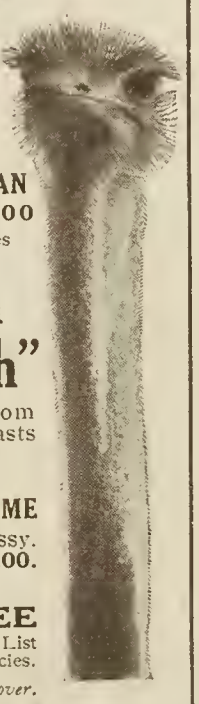
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Concluded from page 96

YOUR PLANT PETS

been made in connection with the heating service, this will not be necessary.

What has been said about foliage plants applies equally well to flowering ones. As a rule, the average living-room is kept too warm in Winter to give an ideal atmosphere for producing flowers. Begonias seem to be less particular in this regard and consequently often thrive where everything else fails. Geraniums, too, cheerfully adapt themselves to the artificial conditions imposed on them by modern heating systems and flower abundantly even when the temperature is allowed to run up into the eighties. But they all do much better if the temperature runs from fifty-five degrees to seventy degrees, about sixty-two degrees being a good average. Primroses, gloxinia, cyclamens and azaleas are perhaps the most common gift plants found on sale at the florist's. The first three will continue to blossom through quite a long flowering season if care is taken to remove the flowers as fast as they fade and they are not allowed to dry out. The azalea usually comes into the house in full bloom, and after the buds have all opened and faded, its term of beauty is over for that season. If one has a garden or even a back yard to which it may be retired, a single plant of azalea may serve for many seasons.

WHEN blooming is over, put it down-cellar or into a closet where there is ventilation, and water it often enough to prevent the root from drying out. When frost is no longer to be feared, set it out-of-doors in a shady spot, and keep it watered. It is a good plan to sink the pot in the ground, as this helps to prevent drying out, but do not depend on the rainfall to supply moisture.

When cold weather approaches, bring the azalea inside and put it in a cool place—an upstairs room that is not heated, but protected from freezing, is ideal, but a light spot in the cellar can usually be made to serve. In the late Winter or early Spring, if watering has not been neglected, the buds will begin to swell and the azalea can then be placed in full light (but not much direct sun) in a temperature of about sixty-two degrees and should come forth almost as beautiful as when it first reached you fresh from the hand of the florist.

The other flowering plants mentioned may also be salvaged for next year, but often they hardly seem worth the trouble and time required to accomplish this. Geraniums may so readily be propagated from slips that it usually pays to do this, besides being, for one who loves flowers, a very fascinating occupation in itself. March or April is the best time to take the cuttings. If you wish a large number of plants, you must prepare a propagating-box, but for a half-dozen, six cute little two-inch pots will serve your turn.

Select a healthy growing tip, where the stem below is fairly hard, but not really old, and make a clean cut with a sharp knife just below a joint. Take off the lower leaves so as to have about an inch of free stem to insert in the soil. Use light sandy loam without any manure of any kind. The sand will provide its own drainage, so no thought need be given to that. Place the cut end of your slip about an inch below the surface of the soil, firming it well about the stem, water copiously, and cover with an inverted jelly-glass or tumbler.

This cover is to keep in as much moisture as possible. Lift up the glass at least once a day to give the cutting air. Put in a light window, but avoid direct sunlight. As soon as the cuttings are well rooted, pot them according to the florist's method, using the same pots in which they were rooted or slightly larger ones, say three inches, not more. Such plants should be ready to give you an abundance of flowers by the following September, and there is a certain satisfaction from the I-did-it-all-myself plant, that one never gets from the finest florist's specimen.

IF PLANTS have been obtained from a well-conducted greenhouse, you are not apt to be troubled with insects, but as these occasionally appear, and are very likely to cause the complete destruction of one's most cherished darlings, a word or two concerning them is not out of place. In my personal experience I have encountered only two insects on house-plants: aphids or plant-lice—the green kind—and the minute and highly pestiferous red spider. Plant-lice are sucking insects and are usually found on the tender growing tips. The most useful substance I have found for exterminating was recommended to me by a twinkling-eyed old Scotchman, "Juist snuff—'twill fix 'em." And it did. Put the snuff in a powder-blower and give each infected tip a thorough but gentle powdering.

If your plants are washed from time to time the red spider is not likely to place your name upon his calling-list. Not the least of his Bolshevistic tendencies, is his dislike of water generously applied. Where baths are plenty, there he is not. The red spider is so small that his presence is not likely to be noticed until the clan is so numerous as to form a red mass, which is always covered with a fine shining web, forming a comfortable blanket under which the ever-increasing family can feast undisturbed. These patches can be washed off with the spray, using as much force as the character of the foliage will permit. Insect powders or emulsions will have no effect whatever.

The various kinds of scales which may appear on house-plants can usually be controlled by washing the plant with a strong suds made from common yellow soap.

I have seldom found it necessary to fertilize plants which have been purchased at the florist's. The subject of proper fertilization is a large one, and can hardly be taken up here. If a plant appears sickly, you will usually find the cause of the trouble is other than need of fertilization. Most of the large seed concerns put up a general plant food which I have found satisfactory for use toward the end of the Winter if I had reason to believe some of the plants had need of stimulation. It should be applied according to the manufacturer's directions.



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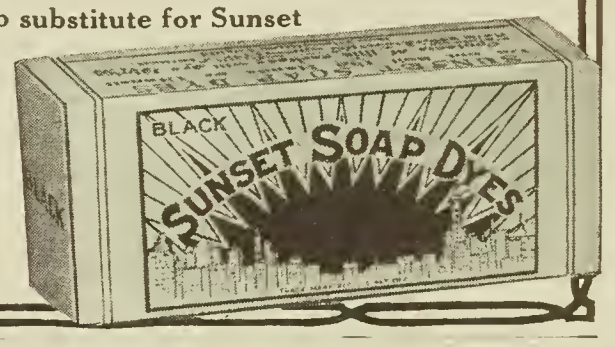
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See the exclusive, patented Ventilo section, up and down the back. Insures ventilation; prevents pressure on the spine.



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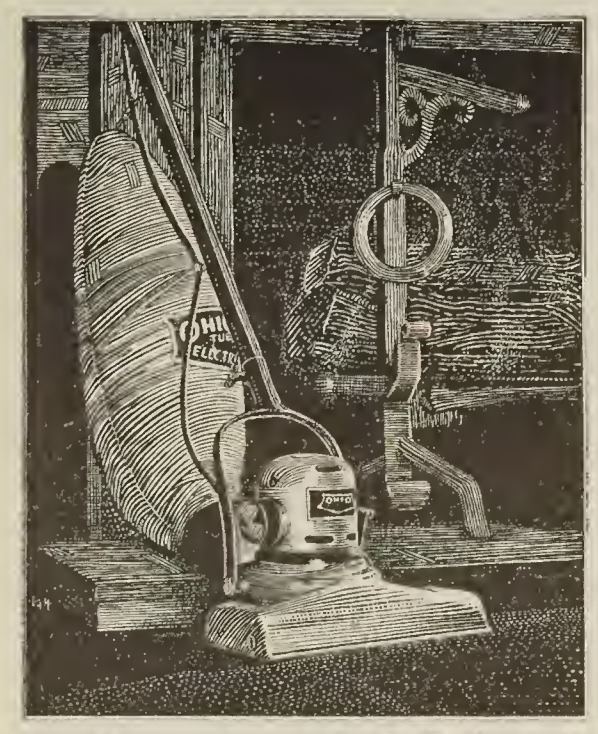
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Continued from page 24

GRAMPA

"If she goes, we go, me 'n' Grampa." There was so much finality in the statement that Jason did not refer to the matter again.

When Claire was sixteen, Gramma suddenly went away. She would not have gone had she been consulted in the matter, and her modest theology, which conceived of heaven as adorned with golden streets and gates embedded with stones, after the manner of the homely pudding-stones Grampa sometimes picked up in the fields, scarcely served to reconcile her to the loss of her cheerful old kitchen and Claire and Grampa.

WHEN Gramma had gone, Grampa and Claire kept house. On Monday mornings Grampa dragged his wooden tubs round to the back porch, donned one of Gramma's ample gingham aprons and got scandalously sudsy. Claire strung the pillow-slips up daintily by their corners, but Grampa hung the sheets. While Claire studied her lessons by the checkered red-and-white-clothed table beneath the globular crystal globe that Grampa polished daily after the similitude of that crystal file that had stood at parade in Gramma's time, Grampa kneaded down the loaves.

"Wouldn't you'd ruther I'd do it, Grampa?" Claire sometimes inquired tardily, after the loaves were shaped.

"I'd ruther!" persisted Grampa.

Claire never finished school. The Summer she was eighteen she had a sick spell. Grandma Gardner prophesied a decline, and spoke darkly of too much schooling and coddling, pointing with meaningful pride to Celia and Delia with their thick bodies and their round, firm cheeks of a downy crimson, like fine clingstone peaches.

When Claire was about again, a wonderful chance offered. The Mudges were old neighbors of Gramma and Grampa, who had moved to California some years before. Now their married daughter was going out for a visit, and she proposed to take Claire with her. The Mudges extended the most urgent welcomes. The married daughter took things at once in hand. There was a little sewing to be done. But after Claire's little trunk, bought new for the occasion, had been packed, and the new dress, made expressly for traveling, had been donned, with its black-ribbon belt outlining the delicate squareness of her waist, Claire said: "But, Grampa, maybe you'd ruther I didn't?"

"I'd ruther you did!" lied Grampa.

ON EVERY Sunday afternoon Claire wrote a letter home to Grampa. But Grampa had a letter daily, for he kept the old ones. Also he wrote daily, setting down cramped paragraphs with a rusty old pen that sputtered ink, till between the suds and the flying grease from his breakfast pancakes and the ink from his old pen, Grampa's old faded gingham shirts acquired new and strange patterns.

The Mudges had a daughter who was some years older than Claire. She was a big-boned girl who had been spare in her gangling youth, and was now putting on healthy pink flesh. She had round, brown eyes, with sharply curling lashes, crinkly hair, reddish at the crown, and little sparkling gold freckles when one observed closely her round, symmetrically modeled face. When Claire appeared in the midst of these golden-hearted folk, even Gramma, in the abode of the blest, must have felt some slight, jealous qualms.

Nell Mudge was very gay. When she had company, Claire, in her gravely smiling way, with her parted hair in its childish scallop revealing her round forehead, her dropped lashes, her frail roses, wearing daintily the carefully sewed clothes that could not hide the delicate, square outlines of her little body, sat among them—as bright and silent as a patch of sunlight through a door. The other girls good-humoredly patronized her, the boys saw little in her.

There was one, however, who came persistently back to the problem presented by this little Easterner. This one was Godfrey Moore. He had aforetime paid some attention to Nell, who, he had about decided, was the wife for an ambitious, thrifty, prosperous young contractor like himself. She was good, if a trifle loud, healthy, industrious, and "no mean looker," in their simple, outspoken phraseology.

IT IS not improbable that had not the Mudges' married daughter brought Claire out with her to the coast, Nell would have been given the opportunity to bestow these unquestionable advantages upon the young contractor; for, considered from a standpoint of prudence and good business ethics, a better all-round match could not have been devised for either.

Sometimes she caught Godfrey's gaze fixed upon this little, smiling, unconscious face—that face which was incomprehensible to Godfrey also, and yet the more alluring for that. And when Claire lifted her dark eyes like still, fringed pools, and met his gaze, and saw Nell watching sidewise, no shadow of wonder nor quickened feeling registered itself upon her mobile face.

One Sunday afternoon they trooped off to the arroyo. Nell wore a ruffled dress, much beflowered. The married daughter, a shade too stout, was trussed up in spotted foulard.

Claire wore her black skirt with its ribbon belt loosely confining the delicate squareness of her waist, and a Quakerish bodice of white that crossed beneath the hollow of her throat. Godfrey looked at her exultantly. He could not keep his eyes off her. He thought her like a flower—not the gaudy California kind—a windflower on a prairie, or a gem. Godfrey had never seen a gem of the sort he meant—he only felt what such a stone must be.

His mother and his sister Sarilla were of the party His mother and Mrs. Mudge leaned their two merry old heads together and were shaken with prophetic laughter. His sister Sarilla tossed her head. She was older than he, and was not now keeping company with any one.

When they had come to the chosen spot, they spread cushions and shawls. Godfrey spread Claire's shawl. It was a thin old gray shawl that had been Gramma's.

Claire sat upon her gray shawl. There was no color about her, barring those fragile roses, more delicate than the painting on a miniature. Yet to Godfrey she was like a gem or a flower.

They ate the picnic lunch, and he served her, and the heads of the two old women rolled meaningly together, and Sarilla tossed ceaselessly and Nell good-naturedly received the none too delicate badinage of the youngsters.

The married daughter was at first too busy filling sandwiches and serving cups to observe to what extent her rash transplanting of this prairie windflower had affected her younger sister's chances for a suitable match. But there was no mistaking the manner in which Godfrey, having assisted Claire to her little laced feet, carefully arranged the shawl about her childish shoulders, till nothing of her was left but a little gray-and-black shadow, except for the pearl-like luminosity of her face. And still he repeated exultantly to himself out of that queer inner vision of his: "Like a gem—like a flower!"

"I COULD shake myself!" observed the stout married daughter contritely at bedtime. She and Nell shared the same room.

"You needn't!" flung out Nell good-naturedly. "What is to be will be."

Having delivered herself of this obvious bit of philosophy, Nell set to work combing out her crinkly mane. After a time she inquired out of a purely natural curiosity: "What you s'pose he sees in her?"

"She looks just like her mother looked at her age. What you s'pose Jason Gardner saw in her?" Nell was much the younger; still she remembered plainly the Summer Jason Gardner and her sister Effie, the stout married daughter, had kept company.

"Them little still kind is the very dickens!" offered stout sister Effie out of this old experience. "It ain't nothing they do—for they don't do nothing. I guess that's it—it's what they don't do— But I wouldn't 'a' done you that way, Nell, if I'd 'a 'known."

"No matter!" returned Nell, in a slightly muffled voice.

"His mother's real pleased, but his sister ain't. She says Godfrey needn't bring no lady-folks for her to wait on!" contributed Effie.

"I guess Godfrey can put him up a house of his own!" stated Nell. "Do let's go to sleep—I'm dog-tired!"

After a long time Effie turned lumberingly and gazed up on her sister's face, wherein the eyes were screwed a shade too tightly shut.

"And yet you can't blame the child," groaned the stout Effie. "She never done a thing but let herself be brung. Wonder how Grampa will take it?"

GODFREY'S love-making, once he had given himself to it, had no shilly-shallying about it. His manner was at once possessive and reverential. He called upon Claire, and they sat together upon the sofa in the parlor or the settle on the porch.

Sometimes he took her on careful sight-seeing trips, and he brought her back unwearied and unruffled by so much as the frond of a feather or the loop of a small, stiff bow. Doubtless he held her little, slender wrist, where the veins crossed like pale grass-blades.

Sometimes the pelting dimple came out to meet him. But her little girl's forehead was a little girl's forehead still.

One day he brought the gem—a gem of the sort to which he had likened her—set in a ring that, small as it was, was too big for her. That Sunday Claire's letter held a bit of news, but at the end, bethinking herself, she inquired anxiously: "Oh, Grampa, maybe you'd ruther I didn't get married?"

"I'd ruther you would!" lied Grampa, vehemently. And either forgot to eat, or burned his meager dinner, which amounted to much the same thing.

Godfrey hastened the wedding. At first he had intended to build first. Now he saw an opportunity to secure a comfortable cottage. He took Claire over the cottage.

All its rooms were pleasant, but there was one that reminded her of Grampa's room at home. The windows faced the same way.

Of course Godfrey knew about Grampa. She had often spoken of him; but naturally lovers' conversations do not run overmuch to the discussion of their grandparents.

The wedding was small, and as quiet as Nell and her vivacious friends would permit. The bride was shyly lovely, like a snowdrop that had got into a big garden bouquet by mistake.

AND after the feast, while they sat in the porch, Godfrey quite boldly and publicly held her hand, which had his gem upon it. And afterward they went away to their own house with its slender, dainty furnishings in which all of them had had a part.

The next Sunday Claire's letter was not a letter, but an invitation: "You gave me a home," wrote Claire, feeling very proud and matronly, "and now you shall come and live in my home." And at the end she inquired roguishly (the first spark of humor that could thus far be chronicled of her): "Or would you ruther not?"

To this query Grampa replied in no uncertain terms, and impractically set about at once offering his place for sale. So eager he was, he even disposed of it at a sacrifice. It was not the last sacrifice he was to make for his Lady.

Grampa's first evening in Claire's home

Concluded on page 130



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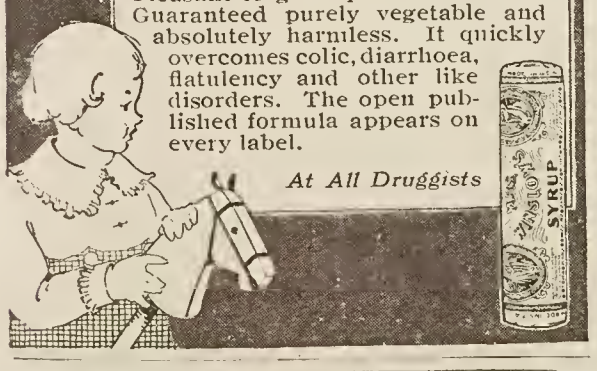
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All druggists; Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50. Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."

Concluded from page 51

A DINNER-TABLE GARDEN

half as large, but make two. The result of the single planting is that there is almost always much more fruit than can be used for a while; and then for two to four weeks at the end of the season, after they've gone by, you have none at all. A second planting, well along in June, will provide against this.

Of peas, sweet corn and melons there is seldom likely to be a surplus. In the case of the first two, however, it should be kept in mind that they pass the stage of good table condition quickly. To be at its best, corn should be planted every two to three weeks if a single variety is used; and every three to four weeks if two varieties are planted each time.

PLANTING may be continued with an early variety such as Golden Bantam up until the first part of July. Of peas the same is true, except that there is little use in planting after the first part of June, until the latter part of July, when an early sort may be sown again.

Winter squash, onions, parsnips and salsify there is no danger of overplanting, except as the size of the garden may be limited, because they all keep through the Winter. Part of the parsnip and salsify crops may be left in the ground, as freezing does not injure them.

Now, as to the equally important point of what to grow for Winter. Your garden, if it is large enough, should be planned definitely to help supply the dinner-table from October to April. This will be accomplished partly with vegetables to be stored, but more especially if you care for variety, with things to be canned.

The easiest, quickest way, and the way to attain the best quality, with vegetables to be canned is to grow them for canning. Make plantings for that specific purpose.

Beets and carrots, peas and sweet corn, beans, tomatoes and spinach should all be planted so as to be ready late in the season, after the most severe heat is over. It's much more agreeable to do the work then; the vegetables are of better quality than during the dry weather of midsummer, and there's less danger of having them spoil after being put up. Moreover, these late plantings may be made where Summer vegetables have been removed.

Where any of these things may be wanted for drying, however, it is well to plant them a little earlier; conditions for drying are not so good in the late Autumn as they are late in August and September.

IT MAY be noticed that I have not included potatoes for either Summer or Winter. Almost every home gardener is bound to try her hand, or his, at potatoes. As a matter of fact, potatoes should be about the last vegetable for the home gardener to try. First, because they require special preparation for the soil; second, because they can't be grown economically without the use of special machinery which isn't practical on a small scale; third, because they are one of the most difficult of all vegetables to succeed with; and fourth, because they may be bought, without any serious depreciation in quality—and usually at a lower price than they can be grown for at home.

You can, if you desire, buy a complete garden ready-made, with seed in the right proportions for planting a given area to get the maximum results, with a planting plan and full directions all complete; but, if you want fun as well as utility from your garden, you will probably prefer to make up your own.

The important thing is, *before* you begin planting, to make a plan showing where every row is to go.

A mistake that is usually made is ordering seeds recklessly. Most gardeners can not resist the temptation to go on a regular seed spree when the new catalogs arrive.

This inability to resist the enticing allurements of the seed catalogs is by no means restricted to new gardeners.

Another extravagance in seed-ordering is the habit many persons have of buying every loudly praised novelty they can find in the seed-books.

This article has made no attempt to give information about planting-dates, depth to cover different seeds, and so forth. If you would like directions for planting, a home-garden plan, or time-table for planting for Winter, write to F. F. Rockwell, Garden Editor, THE DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City. Enclose stamped, addressed envelope.

GARDEN-PLAN KEY

PLANTING ARRANGEMENT	VARIETIES NEEDED
Onion-sets	1
Lettuce (plants)	2
Beets (plants)	1
Peas, smooth	1
Peas, wrinkled	2
Cabbage (plants)	3
Cauliflower (plants)	1
Spinach	2
Kohlrabi	1
Lettuce	4
Turnips	2
Beets	2
Carrots	1
Beans, dwarf	2
Beans, pole	2
Tomatoes	2
Eggplant and peppers	1 each
Sweet corn	2
Cucumbers	1
Melons	2
Squash	2
Onions	3
Parsnip	1
Salsify	1
Swiss Chard	1



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Little Peggy's love for *Wheatena* is no different from that of other children. They all say it tastes good and mothers think of the strength and nourishment it gives, building a foundation of health and vigor in the little ones. Father loves it too, because of the well nourished, satisfied feeling that follows a steaming dish of *Wheatena* for breakfast. It always

Tastes Good

You can't resist the appealing flavor of *Wheatena*—so different. It contains all the nourishment of Nature's golden wheat kernels and is a delicious treat to those who want a breakfast food that pleases.



***Wheatena* is cooked and ready to serve in three minutes.**

The Wheatena Company,
Wheatenaville, Rahway, New Jersey.

Has Charm



Gives Charm

THE MAKING of fine face powder has been carried on for seventy years by Henry Tetlow, his father and his grandfather. The first harmless and safe face powder produced anywhere in the world was invented by the older Henry Tetlow.

The care and skill of American manufacturers have enabled the women of the United States to live better than those of any other nation. This same skill has been put into Henry Tetlow products for years.

Because of these long years of making the best, Pussywillow Face Powder is all that a face powder should be and all that you want a face powder to be. It stays on. It beautifies. It gives charm. 50 cents a box in white, flesh, pink, cream or brunette.

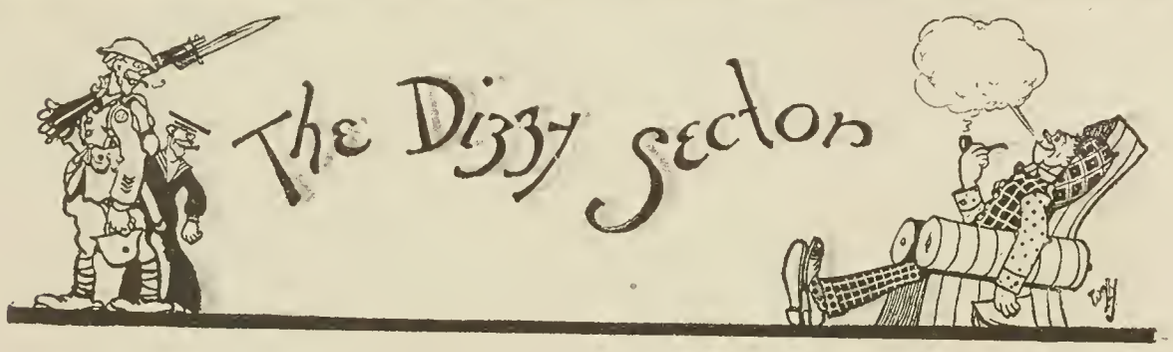
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or miniature box for a dime.
(State shade wanted.)

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HENRY TETLOW CO., *Established 1849*
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Face Powder



JUST a bunch of funny stories, hilarious cartoons, catchy rhymes—all the clean, cheerful humor that brightened the grim days for him, *your* ex-buddy, over there—that's The Dizzy Sector. These smile-provoking pages will recall to him the sunny-side of his service days—the side he never wants to forget; while the quips and jests of his new civilian life will keep him laughing over each issue of

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A WEEKLY FOR THE NEW CIVILIAN

CONDUCTED BY THE FORMER EDITORIAL COUNCIL OF
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Fifteen cents a copy on all news-stands every Wednesday

Write now for special introductory offer

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Concluded from page 19

THE TREE OF JOY—X

AT THE VILLA DE LA GAIETÉ

"IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE"

Aren't you glad you helped to make it so, Alice Phelps, out in Wyoming? And here is the letter which Marie Blangeois wrote from the hospital to you:

DEAR BÉNÉFACTRICE:

It is after tho baptism of my dear little Louis that I write to thank you with all my heart for the beautiful layette which you made with your charitable hands and your maternal heart. I wish that you might have seen my baby dressed in his pretty white dress when he was baptized. He was so pretty. Like yourself I am also mother of a little boy of two and a half years, who along with his father and myself has already passed through many miseries in our country occupied by the Germans. Now, thanks to the help of our American brothers and sisters, we have been saved. That our French hearts will never forget. I wish that I might know you, my dear and good bénéfactrice. But America is so far away. I cannot find any words capable of thanking you for all your kindness. May God return to you in happiness the good that you have done me.

Please receive, my dear bénéfactrice, my sincere thanks.

From your grateful little friend,
MARIE BLANGEOIS,
Louilly-sous-Coucy,
Aisne, France.

Oh, yes, and I told her, Alice Phelps, that Ledlie has nine teeth. She smiled and nodded. Evidently an achievement like that means the same in the hills of the Aisne as in your sunset cañons of Wyoming.

LOVE IN THE RUINS

BY MABEL POTTER DAGGETT

PLEASE, all Americans, take notice! There is one place in the devastated district for you all not to be sorry about.

It looks like a ruin, I know. But that's wrong. There is more here than many a stately mansion or a prince's palace may boast. The climbing pink rose that has survived the war I am sure blooms radiantly and purposely against the broken doorway.

Right around the corner of the heap of débris that you must clamber over, you come to a room that has been picked up and put together out of the fallen stones of the house. It is a real room with a window and a roof and a door, which is an achievement in the village of St.-Paul aux Bois in the Aisne.

Laurent Étienne Marlin has made it, as also the bed in the corner, the lumber for which he found in the trenches. On the bed is a wonderful crocheted cover that was made by Marie Félice Albertine Perin. And they had just been married. Though you would not need to be told. A radiance as unmistakable as that of the rose at the door illuminates the beautiful youth of their shining faces.

Seven years they were "fiancéed." You see, there has been the war. Laurent Étienne was a soldier. Marie Félice was a prisoner at work in a German airplane factory.

All through her exile she carried with her in a flour sack the crocheted bedspread, the only treasure left to her out of the housekeeping outfit she had prepared for her marriage. And all through the years that they were separated, they did not forget, these two who were waiting at war and at work.

Now that they have found each other, even a world in ruins can be quite forgot. Just a little resurrected room shuts it all out along with all of its grief and all of its pain. When you walk in and Marie Félice offers you the other chair and Laurent Étienne takes a seat on the bed, all the death and destruction you know is suddenly gone, vanished like a damp mist, in the warmth of life abundant that pulses here.

They are keeping house with the kitchen outfit purchased with the five dollars contributed for French relief by William Henry Bishop of Brooklyn, Connecticut. They have a little red-framed mirror on their whitewashed wall. They have the china cups which were buried in the washtub in the back yard through all the years of the bombardments.

In these the wedding-guests drank their health, at the feast that was spread in this room. Laurent Étienne had his new civilian clothes. Marie Félice had a white dress with a tiny orange-blossom at her throat.

She has red, red cheeks. Laurent Étienne's hard brown fingers can not keep from caressing the curve of her red cheeks. He can not come near her but his arm slips around her waist. This, oh, this is not merely a room with a window and a roof and a door. This is a castle of dreams. Somebody loves somebody here.

Let not the rest of the world be troubled for them.

HOW TO REMIT—Contributors to the relief of France should make out all checks and money-orders to the French-Relief Editor, THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York. Unless otherwise designated, these contributions will be devoted to the Town of the Golden Book.*

Concluded from page 128

GRAMPA

and in the little room which had the windows facing the old way, paid for all the loneliness of the time when he had had only letters.

Grampa went happily about renewing old friendships with the Mudges and Effie, the stout, married daughter, who had been responsible for all this good luck. But he never remained away long, though sometimes he and Claire waited a long time for Godfrey, and finally had to eat alone.

Or sometimes, though Godfrey ate with them, he ate silently, and rose and went away without explanation. Grampa's peering blue eyes looked childishly troubled, and Claire's rounded forehead puckered over her dainty, meager round of work. She wondered what ailed Godfrey.

Sarilla told her, dropping in one afternoon for a sisterly visit.

Sarilla watched her brother, and could hardly restrain a knowing toss when he rose silently after tea and went out. When Grampa, still with his troubled blue childish gaze, went across to the Mudges' for his evening pipe and chat, she burst out vigorously:

"I declare—I wouldn't 'a' thought it of Godfrey!"

"Jealous of Grampa!" scorned Sarilla. "I always told mother she'd spoil him, an' now you see!"

"He's tired," defended Claire. "He's working too hard. He wants to get ahead and build our house."

"He's plain selfish!" charged Sarilla.

"Sarilla!" cried Claire.

"'Sarilla!'" mocked her sister. "That's what mother always says. When there ain't no other answer, she always says, 'Sarilla!'"

"We won't talk about it," said Claire with her prim, grown-up air that was so tantalizing to the great, overblown Sarilla.

"I ain't afraid to tell Godfrey Moore what I think of him!" boasted his sister. "Selfish, jealous, overbearin'——"

"HE IS my husband, Sarilla, and this is my house," said Claire; and her cheeks were red enough. "I want you should feel free to come, but I'll ask you to remember that."

"Well, I never!" said Sarilla.

Sarilla did not remember in other houses; and, too, it was quite plain to be seen, even in the brief social visits and the neighborly exchange of teas. In the Mudges' household it was exhaustively discussed with a rich accompaniment of epithet and characterization.

"Seems like there ought to be some way," worried good Mrs. Mudge, "without Claire hurting Grampa, or Grampa hurting Claire."

It appeared there was a way. Grampa found it. Grampa announced casually about a week before the stout Effie's departure, that his time was so near up, he reckoned he'd go along. They'd be company for each other.

Every one gasped; but no one mentioned the sale that had been in effect a sacrifice, nor the home Grampa had so happily come out to.

EVEN Claire did not seem to notice when Grampa began to use the word "visit." But when she had packed his lunch for him (Grampa had the materials for his lunch brought up in a basket marked "Paid," for he had suffered many things for conscience' and his Lady's sake, but he had his pride) and had folded a housewifely napkin over the top, she asked in the old, sweet, tardy way: "Oh, Grampa, would you ruther?"

"I'd ruther," answered Grampa gently.

The next year, Effie, the Mudges' stout married daughter, writing from home, had some news of Grampa: He had spent the intervening time in Indianny, among those relatives to whom it had been Gramma's custom to write on those old Sunday afternoons. But now he had come back home on a visit.

"He's with us now," wrote Effie, "and more than welcome, but every Saturday night he pays his board. He says, and goodness knows I hope so, he feels at home. Sometimes, though, he talks of going."

All through that year Grampa continued to talk of going; and punctually every Saturday night he paid his board. It was not until the Spring of the third year that he went. Effie wrote it to Grampa's old neighbors:

". . . Grampa was up and around, but feebler, you could see. He wasn't to say sick but two days. Just wore out. Homesick, I expect.

"The last afternoon, sitting by him, we thought he might say something—give some testimony—a good old man like him. But all he said was, real bright and clear all of a sudden, opening his eyes on us, 'I'd ruther.' And that was every word!

"Mebbe, after all, it was his testimony. He was always an awful willing old man. . . ."



You can buy the loveliest the decorators have to offer

"DO you like this soft gray chintz scattered with sweet old-fashioned nosegays? Or this silk from China?—very 'different', with its large vivid birds on queer boughs. And for your own boudoir, madame, these filmy lengths of mauve and rose chiffon—"

Be sure that you choose just the fabric you like. No material is too exquisite, none too delicate to wash the gentle Lux way. The ravages of the laundry, the cleaners' bills that loomed so monstrous, are but silly fears of the past. You can trust to Lux any material that pure water alone will not hurt.

Cretonnes, silks, satins, the merest clouds of chiffon come from these wonderful suds unharmed. There's no hard cake soap to rub in. And no rubbing to get the soap and dirt out. Just pure bubbling suds that whisk the dirt away and leave the colors clear and bright.

Never let a fine fabric really get soiled

Don't think of leaving your fine curtains up for a whole season collecting dust and grease. This dirt that is allowed to stay in—month after month!—actually cuts the tiny fibres. The whole fabric weakens and you wonder why your curtains fall apart so soon.

If you even *suspect* that striped taffeta slip cover or those yellow silk hangings of looking less bright, don't wait a minute. Slip them into a big bowlful of the pure Lux suds. Let Lux take care of all your beautiful draperies and find out how long they *can* last.

Your grocer, druggist, or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

How to wash silks and colored fabrics

Use one tablespoon of Lux to a gallon of water. Whisk into a rich lather in very hot water, then add cold water till lukewarm. Colors should be washed quickly to prevent running. Dip the fabric up and down in the foamy suds. Squeeze the suds through the soiled spots—*do not rub.* Rinse in three lukewarm waters. When possible, roll silks in a towel to dry. If colored fabrics are hung up to dry, they should be hung in the shade. Press with a warm iron.

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ETHEL BARRYMORE talks of her children, her brothers, her histrionic heritage, her work and her ambitions. It is just about the latter that she takes the readers of *The Delineator* into her confidence. Rarely does this talented actress give an interview, but when she does, she is as wholehearted and generous as when she pours out her soul in creating a part.

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—a story of a New England country school, written by *Ruth Boyle,* a clever young woman who recently taught there. It is the first of a series of stories that reveal conditions in the public schools throughout the country.

Facts *versus* Education

by Dorothy Canfield

presents the other side of the parents problem—that of their share in the education of their children—at home.

The Man Who Was Tired of His Wife

by Lucille Van Slyke

When he was bored with her, she would order a new hat or make the dessert herself. Just when "things" were getting under his skin, the "other woman" came along. What the other woman did will hold your attention to the very last word, and Lucille Van Slyke knows how to do just that.

Besides the splendid presentation of Spring fashions, these are only a few of the features of the

May Number of

The Delineator

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The names of big-hearted DELINEATOR readers who have given, between November 1, 1919, and January 1, 1920, to shattered France, through this magazine, for the American Committee for Devastated France and the Town of the Golden Book.

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Whether it be to restore some dainty shade or to brighten some special bit of apparel—pajamas, corsets, negligees, stockings, silk underwear or washable frock—RIT is dependable always.

In one simple operation it washes and "RIT-s." And will not injure the daintiest fabric.

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Fine, fluffy flakes of pure, white soap that cleanse dainty garments and won't shrink woolens.

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Powdered RIT—for boiling heavy materials

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Makers of OZOL—the Superior Antiseptic, Disinfectant and Germicide

Never say "dye"—say "RIT"
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The Soap for the "all-over" care of your skin

DO you know that an "oily skin"—a "dry skin"—a "dark, sluggish skin"—cannot exist if the pores are kept healthfully active?

And this activity does not mean the activity of the face-pores alone. The pores *of the entire body* need the care of an *easy*-rinsing, pure, responsive soap.

Fairy Soap helps to make and keep the skin healthful and beautiful—it helps to overcome many unfavorable skin conditions—because it so perfectly *takes care of pores.* It removes excess oil, salts and acid matter which come to the pores from the *inside.* It cleanses away the soil and dust which lodge in the pores from the *outside.*

When you cream Fairy's pure, active lather into the tiny pores, it "creams itself out" again. Not the tiniest particle remains in the pores to obstruct their beautifying activity.

For a soft, supple skin "from head to foot"—for a clear, glowing complexion—let this *pure,* this *active,* this *easy-rinsing* Fairy Soap daily take its place in your bath—in your toilet.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

Both Toilet and Bath Sizes

FAIRY SOAP

"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"

Continued from page 20

THE BAD BOY

his sleeve brushed the fork with which he had been eating from the table and it fell to the floor. He stooped and picked it up, and was instantly aware of its unusual weight. Simultaneously with that realization came the action of slipping it into his pocket, and directly he had done so the brother and sister appeared at the door of the pantry. He wished intensely that he had not put the fork in his pocket. The gesture had been almost a subconscious one.

"Full up?" inquired the host cheerfully.

THE other nodded, his ears crimson again, stooping to retrieve his hat, which he had thrown on the floor beside his chair.

"And you have your lunch?" said the girl. There was a warm and vibrating kindness in her voice. "I wonder—" She turned uncertainly to her brother. "If he wants work—there's always something in the garden——"

"I'm leaving town," said the bad boy gruffly, one arm held steadily against the pocket which lodged the fork.

He made for the door of the screened porch and, as before, he halted, with the knob in his hand.

"Much obliged," he said, with a good deal of odd fervency. "I——"

He looked back at the two young things standing beside the table with the diminished roast, once of heroic size, and the half-eaten cooky on his plate, with their shining eyes and hair and their smart, easily worn clothes, and their air of intense, shy benevolence.

"Much obliged," he said again, and went swiftly down the steps into the kitchen garden and through the pretty green alleyway to the street. Once there, however, he forced himself to walk very slowly. He felt that they might be watching him from a window—as indeed they were—and that at any moment the theft might be discovered.

He meant to turn at the first corner and quicken his pace, but it was a very long block, and it seemed to his unhappy imagination even longer than it was. He was strangely and acutely miserable. His unconsidered theft of the fork after the decent treatment he had received violated something in his dim and tarnished ethics.

Once he even halted with the intention of taking it back, but he shook himself impatiently and went on again. It was done. It was cold. It wouldn't hurt them, anyhow. They could lose a hundred forks and never feel it. They could——

HIS angry and remorseful reflections were interrupted by a shout behind him.

"Hi, there! Hold on!"

It was the voice of the brother, and the bad boy threw a swift glance over his shoulder to see him running across the lawn, and instantly he broke into a run.

The brother halted, and the other remembered that he was wearing the soft Indian moccasins on his feet and that he limped a little.

"Hold on, there!" he called again.

The bad boy sprinted for the corner, turned it, and darted down a quiet residence street. In an incredibly brief time the pursuer had rounded the corner, too, and was making after him, running lightly and easily on the balls of his feet, his lame ankle apparently not troubling him at all.

The bad boy found the pace very difficult on account of the enormous meal he had just eaten, and because of his weakness, but he held desperately to it. His shame and remorse were gone now, and there was a definite sense of relief in being chased. It put things back on a normal, natural basis. It was life in the terms which he knew.

Flying round a second corner, he looked back at his late host. The boy was running like a trained athlete, elbows back, fists lightly closed, and he seemed to be wearing his unfailing grin, and he called out as he caught the other's glance.

"Wait—a shake—you—poor—boob!" The words came jerkily along the breeze.

"Fat chance!" sneered the other.

He had a thought of throwing the fork away, and then submitting to search, but he dismissed it. The chase had set his mind to functioning along its regular lines.

He wanted that fork. It meant meals and a bed.

HE DARTED up another street, recklessly, because the boy was gaining on him. It was a livelier street; there were three automobiles in one block. He cursed himself bitterly. His pursuer would yell, "Stop, thief!" and the crowd would take him.

In the second block there were more motors, half a dozen at least. In the middle of it a tiny narrow street was cut through to the next one parallel.

Desperately the bad boy dashed for it, dodging two oncoming motors, reaching its left-hand narrow sidewalk with a sense of sanctuary. Just as he leaped onto the curb he heard behind him a shrill, high-pitched scream, the rasping, grinding sound of suddenly applied brakes; confused shouts.

Devoutly grateful for the diversion, he kept on his way without a backward glance, but before turning the corner of the little street he allowed himself a brief look. The boy was no longer following him. On that section of the main street which was visible to him there was an amazing number of men and motors, an air of hectic excitement.

He had gone a block at right angles before the possible explanation of his pursuer's defection occurred to him. Without doubt the boy, in his soft moccasins, with his lame ankle, had tripped before one of the motors which he had so narrowly dodged.

A sudden, sick curiosity seized him. He made a wide detour and approached the scene of the accident from the opposite direction.

"What happened?" he asked a man on the edge of the crowd.

"Man run over. Young feller—pretty bad, I guess."

The throng swayed and shifted a little and the bad boy found himself looking into the heart of it. In a smart, maroon-colored machine an elderly woman lay limp against the cushions, her eyes closed, and a younger woman stood up on the driver's seat, gesticulating wildly with her gauntleted hands.

"I'm perfectly certain he isn't dead," she was saying shrilly. "It's just a faint. He *couldn't* be dead—it was so quick—such a great, strong boy!

"Please feel his heart again. I tell you he can't be *dead!*"

A man's voice answered, gruff and shaken.

"Yes, ma'am, he is. Yes, he is, all right—poor young feller."

"You can't know," said the woman. "Wait till——"

THE ambulance roared up, its gong clamorous, and the crowd gave way before the slim young doctor. There was a brooding hush as he knelt on the street.

"Well, I knew he was," said the man's voice again, with a tinge of melancholy satisfaction. "I told the lady——"

Now the woman gave up her persistent hope and began to sob and moan and wring her smartly gloved hands.

"I won't live! I won't live!" she said, over and over.

The crowd, touched by her grief and horror, veered round from its expectant, conventional attitude.

"'Twasn't your fault, lady," said some one. "I see it happen. You wasn't comin' fast. He run right——"

"Hush!" cried the woman, harshly. "Hush! What do I care whose fault it was! He's dead, isn't he? That great, strong boy is dead!

"I'll never drive another machine as long as I live. I'll never ride in another machine. I won't live! I *won't* live!"

The bad boy turned and walked rapidly away, but he could hear her shrill voice for a long while. Even after he could no longer hear it, he remembered it.

He made his way steadily toward a part of the city where he was at home. It was some time before he realized that he was still carrying the compact parcel of lunch, and that his arm continued to press against the pocket which lodged the fork.

He was passing a vacant lot, and he stopped and looked furtively about. Then he took the fork from his pocket and flung it far into a clump of dusty weeds. After that he walked with a freer air.

Nevertheless, he was not free. He found old haunts and old acquaintances, and in the days which followed he had ample opportunity for taking up his former sort of existence, but he found himself oddly unable to do so.

He tried to get work, and when that failed he tried to get drunk, but it could not be compassed on the finances at his command. He kept largely to himself and was observed to be quarrelsome and steeped in gloom.

Once, in the back room of a saloon, he saw a newspaper with glaring head-lines—"WEALTHY YOUTH MEETS DEATH BENEATH AUTO"—and there was a wretched picture of the boy who had fed him and then pursued him. He got up and left the room, and when he reached the street he began to run, as if some one were chasing him.

THE next afternoon, haggard with hunger, he made his way to the vacant lot where he had flung the fork, located the clump of weeds and went feverishly to work to find it. There was a sharp wind, but he worked so furiously that the sweat dripped from him and his face was red and mottled.

In less than an hour he found it, soiled and dim, with a bit of ground-spider's filmy web clinging to it. He rubbed it bright on his sleeve and took it to a pawnbroker whom he knew. After long dickering he got a dollar and a half for it. With this he bought himself an enormous meal, a bath, and a bed, leaving just enough for a slender breakfast.

He fell asleep instantly. Some hours later he was wakened by the intense brightness of the moonlight which bathed his cot in an eery, silver brilliance. At least, he told himself that was what had wakened him, but as a matter of fact he had distinctly heard the voice of the woman in the maroon-colored motor.

"What do I care whose fault it was! He's dead, isn't he? That great, strong boy is dead!"

He sat up and swung his feet over the side of the bed, and on the box which stood beside it lay a torn newspaper. Very black and white in the moonlight, it stared up at him:

FOOTBALL HERO MEETS TRAGIC DEATH BENEATH AUTO'S WHEELS.

He caught up his hat and ran out of the room and out of the building, and on and on, up the silent street.

AT TEN o'clock on the morning of the following day a gentleman whose chief joy was in Chinese prints and potteries looked up impatiently to tell his servant that there was no work for an extra man that day. He returned happily to his reading, but an instant later the door of his study was rudely wrenched open and a youth with wild, red-rimmed eyes and hollow cheeks stood before him.

"I gotter earn a dollar 'n' a half!" he said, hoarsely. "I *gotter earn a dollar 'n a half!*"

The gentleman removed his reading-glasses and methodically put them into their case. Then he put on what he called his "far-away glasses" and looked gravely at the intruder. After his scrutiny he nodded.

Concluded on page 136



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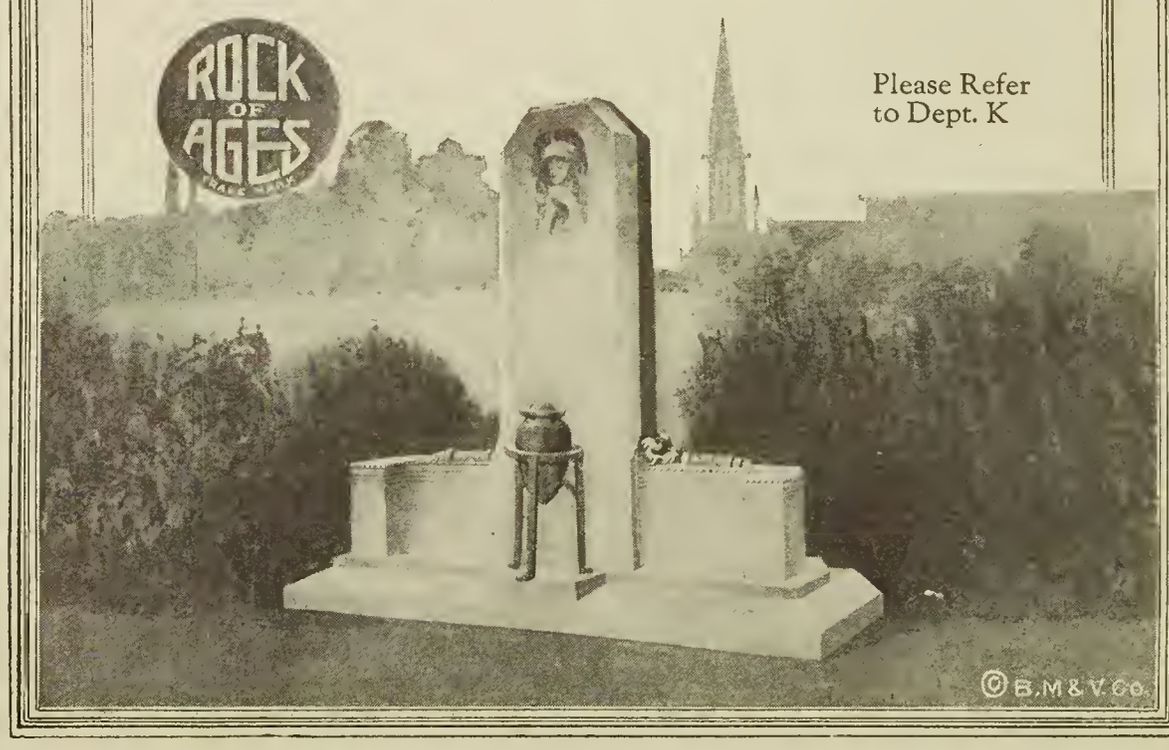
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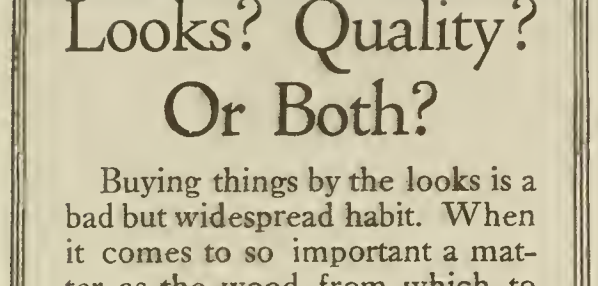
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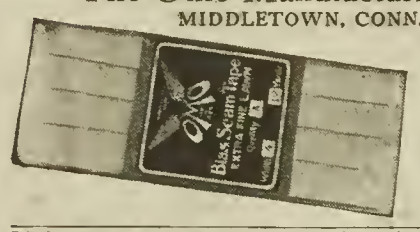
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Concluded from page 135

THE BAD BOY

"I believe you have. Quong, let this young man work in the garden."

The bad boy turned to follow Quong from the room.

"When I've worked a dollar 'n'a half's worth, you come out'n tell me."

The gentleman nodded absently, putting on his reading-glasses again and returning to his book. At three in the afternoon he roused from his post-luncheon nap and went into the garden, as was his invariable custom, to observe his anemones.

"Dear me," he said, startled at sight of the youth on his knees upon the lawn. "I must have forgotten you! Quong, bring my purse."

THEN, coming nearer and looking closely at him, he said amiably:

"You look fatigued. Should you like a little light refreshment? My luncheon is not a heavy one, but——"

"I want my money," said the bad boy, doggedly.

"Very well, very well," said the gentleman. "Thank you, Quong. I think I will pay you two dollars. It was longer——"

"I want a dollar 'n'a half," said the youth.

He snatched a bill and a fifty-cent piece from the gentleman's hand and dashed out of the garden, and went on up the street, running.

Two hours later, still more haggard, he turned into the pretty avenue as he had done on that Sunday. One arm was held hard against his side. As he approached the house he went more and more slowly, but he did not halt until he reached the green alleyway. He heard voices then, and he stood still, screened by the hedge.

On the sunny side porch, in a wicker reclining-chair, sat the girl. If she had looked that other time uncertainly frail and tender, now she seemed in her pallor and transparency to be hardly there at all. He could not be sure that it was not merely his memory of her. Presently, however, she answered the nurse.

"Please go, Miss Manning! You must have your walk. I'm perfectly all right. Auntie'll be back soon, and the maids are here. *Please!*" Her voice sounded oddly light and thin.

HE WAITED until he saw the nurse go down the avenue, an ulster over her crisp whiteness. Then he made his way to the side porch and stood waiting.

"Oh!" she said, her voice rising and falling again. "*You!*"

He thought she was going to faint; he thought she might even be going to die, and he took hold of the railing of the steps to steady himself.

"Listen," he said huskily, "I brought it back."

He took the fork from his pocket, and, coming timidly nearer, laid it on the gaily plaided steamer rug across her knees.

"What is it?" she asked dully.

He stared. "It's your fork I stole. You remember—*he* was chasing me."

The girl's eyes opened so wide that it seemed as if they would flow out of her white face, and her mouth fell open, slackly. "Oh!" she gasped. "You thought—that's why you ran! You thought Buddie was trying to catch you because——"

She swayed so alarmingly that she almost slipped from the chair, but she righted herself sternly and held to the wicker handles with her pale little claws of hands.

"Then—then why—" he groped.

She leaned toward him.

"To give you money! To give you *money!* Just the minute you went, he said— Buddie said——"

She began to cry now, a bitter, broken crying.

"Buddie said, 'Gee, I never thought—he must be flat—I'll give him something!' And I said: 'Oh, yes, Buddie! Hurry! Run, *run!*'"

THE memory of that seemed to take from her the last vestige of resistance. Her grasp on the chair-handles relaxed and she crumpled together, crying as he had never seen any human being cry. Sometimes snatches of speech came through the weeping: "And you thought—" "when all he wanted was—" But in the main her grief and rebellion were wordless.

He wanted, more than he had ever wanted anything in his life, to go away, but he stood still, holding fast to the railing as if to anchor himself.

When at last she was quiet, drenched and sodden with tears, he bent nearer.

"I wisht," he said hoarsely, with a terrible earnestness, "I wisht there was something I could do to square it."

For an instant she seemed not to have heard him. Then she opened her eyes and looked at him, at his hollow cheeks and his red-rimmed eyes, and his shaking hands, and she caught her quivering lip in her teeth.

"There—there is," she said. "You must—it can't be all for nothing! There *has* to be a reason."

She reached frantically for her faith and took firm hold of it.

"Something has to *come!* You——"

She fixed him with her fearfully clear, rapt gaze and held out her hands.

"You must be a good boy!"

SHE bent nearer, imperious, a pale prophecy and promise.

"Do you hear? *You must be a good boy!*"

The bad boy loosened his hold of the railing and came toward her, stumbling. He saw her very dimly. "I'm—I'm goner try," he said.

Concluded from page 37

IDEAL KITCHEN ARRANGEMENT

a few conveniently located shelves, even an ordinary kitchen-table becomes an excellent mixing-center.

OPEN SHELVES USEFUL

ONE of the main resources under the new plan of grouping is the "open-shelf system." With a few feet of four-inch, six-inch, and twelve-inch shelving one can accomplish wonders in a short time and provide storage space at each center just where it is most needed. The width of the shelf is adapted to the size of the containers or equipment to be placed on it.

Bottles, or other small containers for spices and baking-powder, require shelves only four inches wide. Larger containers or average package groceries require six-inch shelves. The twelve-inch shelf is for such large apparatus as the bread-mixer, bread-box, and so forth.

RULES FOR SHELF CONSTRUCTION

1. Adapt the width of the shelf to the use it is to serve, allowing for only one row of containers or equipment.
2. Shelves should be at a convenient height; none lower than twelve inches from the floor and none higher than one can easily reach.
3. Thirty-four inches is the best average height from the floor for the wide shelf which is to be used as a work-table.
4. Plate glass may be used for storage shelves, but is, of course, much more expensive than wood.
5. Black japanned and nickeled brackets may be used to support shelves. They can be purchased in a wide range of sizes.

AS SOON as shelves for any center are completed, one can begin to place the small equipment, suspending anything that is hangable from small cup-hooks, screwed to the under surface of the shelf. Sufficient space between the hooks should be allowed to avoid crowding.

Medium-sized screw-eyes, screwed into the ends of dish-mops, bottle brushes, and so forth, enable one to hang up anything with a wooden handle. Medium-sized cup-hooks are better than small ones for average use, and square-shanked hooks are best for hanging up the larger utensils, such as stew-pans and egg-beaters. These hooks should be four to six inches apart.

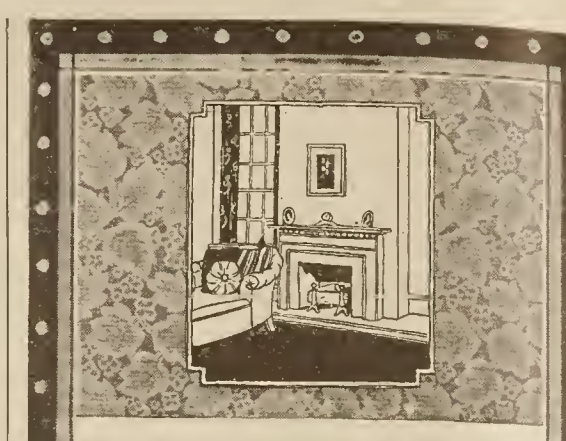
Another important device often used for hanging up utensils is the "cleat." This is a narrow strip of board three or four inches wide nailed or screwed to the wall surface at any desired height. Nails or square-shanked cup-hooks fastened to cleats make convenient places from which to hang part of the stove equipment and cleaning devices. The cleat, like the shelf, enables one to *group the equipment where it is needed in use.*

Both cleats and shelves may be used to render effective the walls of kitchen and closets. In country houses they are often convenient at the right of the cellar landing or on the back of kitchen doors to supplement deficiencies in closet room. If placed five or six feet from the floor in the back hall with coat-hooks, they provide a place for wraps. Another cleat fastened to the wall in the back hall makes a good place to hang the broom and brushes and dust-pan.

A narrow cleat, one and one-half inches wide, scored with slots of different sizes, makes an excellent place in which to keep the sharp kitchen knives. A small hammer and a screw-driver for kitchen use may be kept in such slots. The device is particularly good for sharp knives because they do not lose their cutting edge as soon as when kept in cutlery drawers, and one can quickly select the particular knife one wants to use. The best screw to fasten these cleats with is a long thin screw called the "telephone screw." These are sold in two sizes, one and one-half and two inches in length, respectively. These screws make a small hole in the plaster, hold well, and do not split the lath.

ANOTHER useful idea is the plate-rack. It can be made to fit any available space, such as the back of cupboard and closet doors. In such racks large platters and plates which are awkward to store in the china-closet are kept. Large plate-racks on the kitchen walls are good homes for the trays, smaller one near the stove for the pot-covers. These racks are one of the most useful of the kitchen devices and when well designed are likewise decorative.

There are many resources in labor-saving devices for the kitchen and many ideas are of the greatest assistance in planning the work. These will be given in a later article. Meanwhile the reader is cordially invited to write and ask me for the elucidation of points in this article. Enclose stamped envelope.



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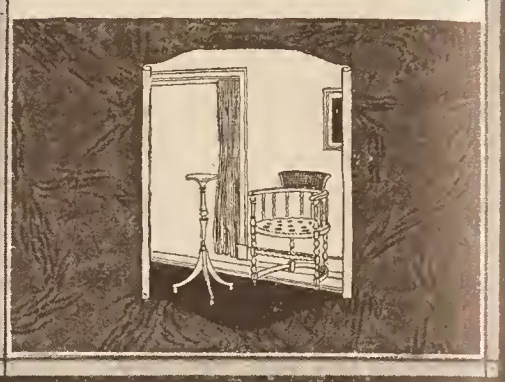
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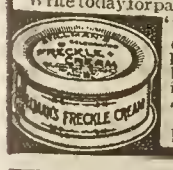
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Concluded from page 21

"POOR LITTLE SARA"

taking pace, stopping unexpectedly now and then to snatch a mouthful of clover. Sara clung valiantly to the end of the rope. Her hat hung down her back and both shoes camo untied.

"Why, Sara West, whatever in the world have you got there?" exclaimed Althea Hedges, running out to the gate as Sara and the calf raced by. "Did Mrs. Adams buy it?"

"No, it's mine," panted Sara.

"What in time— Where in the world did she get it? Mrs. Adams'll never let her keep it. Poor little Sara!" And Miss Hedges returned indoors.

Sara had always been spoken of as "poor little Sara." Begun in pity, the phrase had become a habit.

Mrs. Adams was vexed, dismayed, but withal a bit interested when Sara appeared on the scene with her surprising purchase.

"For the land's sake, what is that?"

"A calf," replied Sara promptly.

"BUT whose? What'd you bring it here for?"

"It's mine."

"*Yours!* Whoever gave it to you?"

"I bought it."

"Sara, answer me straight or I'll spank you."

"I did. It was going to the butcher, and a Summer boarder offered to lend me the money—ten dollars—to buy it off Mr. Evans."

"Ten dollars! Land o' Goshen, you can't ever pay that back! Why, your quarter a month pin-money'd take years."

Mrs. Adams took great credit to herself for that monthly allowance of twenty-five cents.

"I mean to earn more, picking berries. And when the calf grows up and gives milk she'll more'n pay for herself."

"A heifer and goin' to the butcher. There's a nigger in the wood-pile somewhere," mused Mrs. Adams.

"Where?" cried Sara, taking a stranglehold of her new pet. "Oh, Mrs. Adams, whatever shall we do? He sha'n't steal my calf!"

"Whatever is the child talking about?"

"I mean—' Sara lowered her voice and glanced anxiously toward the shed—"I mean the 'nigger' you said was in the wood-pile."

"Oh, massy me!" exclaimed Mrs. Adams, and went off into a gale of laughter. "He won't."

Sara stared. She could count on the fingers of one hand the times she had seen Mrs. Adams laugh.

"What I meant," explained Mrs. Adams when she had got over her laugh, "was that there must be something wrong with that calf."

"THERE is," answered Sara promptly. "It's got a wrong mark somewhere, but *I* don't mind that; do you?"

"Oh, blooded stock," observed Mrs. Adams, more interested than ever. "Well, Sara, tie her in the orchard till we see what's to be done."

"I've named her 'Dorinda,'" answered Sara dreamily.

After the dishes were washed, the room tidied, the calf moved to another tree and the water-bucket replenished, Sara disappeared. Mrs. Adams was roused from forty winks over her mending by the approach of an automobile, and stared in amazement to see a runabout, driven by a woman, advancing slowly up her rough, narrow driveway.

With a hasty call in the direction of the orchard for Sara, Mrs. Adams snatched off her apron and gave several quick pats to her hair. By the time the driver of the car had alighted she was holding the front door hospitably.

"It's Sara's Summer boarder!" thought Mrs. Adams. "She's come to see about collecting the ten dollars." Her manner stiffened.

"Aren't you Mrs. Adams? How do you do?" said the visitor, holding out her hand.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Adams briefly. "Will you walk in?"

Miss Pembroke glanced from the broad porch, sun-flecked through springing vines, to the lowered parlor-shades.

"Mayn't we sit out here? It is so warm and sweet. What is that delicious, spicy odor?"

"That's my pineapple shrub," answered Mrs. Adams more graciously. Her flowers were her hobby.

"I AM Sophie Pembroke, and I have taken a house in Elmfield for the Summer," began Miss Pembroke in a businesslike way, as soon as they had seated themselves in companion rockers. "And I should like to know all about Sara."

"About poor little Sara? Is it the ten dollars? She hadn't any——"

"No, no; it is about Sara herself. Perhaps you will understand better if I explain. Sara has never known it, but I have been watching her for some time, down at the post-office and other places. She is quite a wonderful little girl, Mrs. Adams."

"Poor little Sara, wonderful? She's wonderful absent-minded and shiftless! Her mind is never on her work, and nobody knows what I put up with from her mooniness. I took her from the orphanage on the understanding that if I clothed and fed her, she'd pay me for a home by helping with the work. But I declare, sometimes I'm drove nearly to the end of my patience with her. But having given her a taste of a real home, I don't like to send her back to the orphanage."

"It is in connection with the orphanage that I have come."

Mrs. Adams stiffened. Her temper was easily ruffled.

"Have they been complainin' to the directors? I may be a bit short with Sara now and then, she is so moony and wool-gathery, but I've always done right by her."

"I think we are talking at cross-purposes. I have nothing to do with the orphanage. That is, I am not a director. But a very dear friend of mine, who died, was a director, and left a small legacy which I have been asked to bestow."

"Oh, more money for the orphanage."

"This legacy is not to go to the orphanage, but to somebody in it," explained Miss Pembroke. "I was to visit the institution, try to become acquainted with the children and their dispositions, and to learn something of their histories—what sort of fathers and mothers they had. Then I was to pick out the most promising and take her——"

"YOU mean adopt her?"

Miss Pembroke hesitated.

"In a way, yes. I am to look after the child's education and—and future. Now, will you tell me what you can about Sara?"

"There's really nothing to tell 'cept what's on the orphanage books. Her folks were strangers here; he was a city man who got hurt, so that he couldn't follow his trade, and they settled here to do truck-farmin'. They was both took off in the big epidemic. Sara was only a mite, and there was nothin' for her but the orphanage."

"I see. And how did you happen to hire her?"

"Well, she is a cute youngster—always sayin' funny things. I thought she'd liven me up, living alone. But I admit she's a trial to my patience. I don't know where she is this minute. I thought she was in the orchard with the calf, and I called her when I saw you comin'. But she hasn't turned up.

"She's always playin' odd games with herself, and looks queer and miles away when I go to fetch her. It is sort of creepy sometimes."

"The child is poetic! She has a vivid imagination, Mrs. Adams, but—I am afraid she is not very practical."

"I should say not!"

"Then, would you be willing to give her up? To take some other child from the orphanage?"

"Well, I've just about got used to Sara's ways. I don't know as I'd care to make a change."

"But you wouldn't stand in the way of her education? Of learning to develop her mind? Oh, I know her very well, Mrs. Adams, by observation. I've seen her eyes when she was 'far away,' as you express it. I've heard her quaint talk with Captain Hobart, and I've heard her telling fairy-tales to the children."

She watched Mrs. Adams's stolid, set face for a moment, and wondered if she had found out why people called the child "poor little Sara." Then all at once the old face softened, puckered up into thousands of tiny wrinkles, and she began to sob.

"You all think I've been mean to Sara, just because I've tried to do right by her. I knew from the time she was a baby—poor, lonely mite—that she wasn't like the other children in the orphanage.

"But I thought she ought to be like 'em. I thought she ought to be trained. I took it she was to spend her whole life among us folks, hirin' out to one or another, and—and I knew how unhappy she'd be if she didn't change while she was young."

"Dear Mrs. Adams! I see now. I understand."

"I'm glad," and Mrs. Adams tried to check her tears, "I'm glad she's to have a chance—though it'll be mortal hard to give her up."

SUDDENLY the two women saw Sara approaching across the meadow. She was hatless, and her pale-brown hair, drawn into two tight pigtails, was loosened and roughened by the wind. Over one arm she carried a small basket, carefully covered, and she was crooning a tuneless little song. They saw her climb the orchard fence and knew that she had sought her new pet.

Mrs. Adams blew her nose and hastily excused herself as Sara, having spied the motor-car, rushed around the corner of the house.

"Oh, Miss Pembroke, you've come to see us! See what I've brought you. I was going to carry them over to your house this evening."

Lifting a covering of leaves, Sara revealed a basket half-filled with vivid red berries.

"Wild strawberries! And so many! Where did you get them, Sara?"

"I know a place. They are to begin my paying you back for Dorinda. I've named her Dorinda, you know."

"And why Dorinda?" questioned Miss Pembroke, laughing a little.

"I don't know. It seemed to suit. It goes well in poetry too. I've made up a verse about her and I'll tell if you like," and she repeated shyly:

"Dorinda, Dorinda, I love you so well,
I'll lead you to feed on the blooms in the dell."

"That is very good, Sara, for a beginning. How would you like to go to school and learn all about making verses—and about other things?"

"I'd love it, if Mrs. Adams could spare me."

"I think she could, by Fall."

"And I could take care of Dorinda before I left and when I got home."

Sara seated herself on the steps, her arms clasped around her thin knees.

"I'D STUDY hard, Miss Pembroke—all the every-day things Mrs. Adams is so surprised I don't know. But perhaps there'd be time for poetry too? Only Mrs. Adams says too much poetry makes me forget to dry the dishes."

"The school I had in mind is far away, dear."

"But I couldn't leave Dorinda!"

"By Fall we'll find some one to look after Dorinda. It is vacation-time now."

Sara sat silent for a long time pondering.

"I'd like to learn in vacation, too," she said. "There's so much to know. Miss Pembroke, could you explain, please, why Mr. Evans's selling me Dorinda should make Mrs. Adams think there was a nigger in the wood-pile?"

And Miss Pembroke explained.



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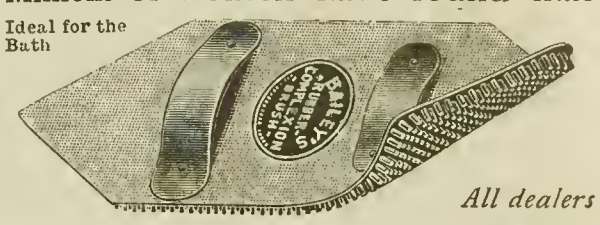
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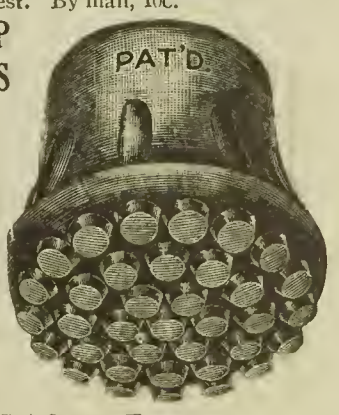
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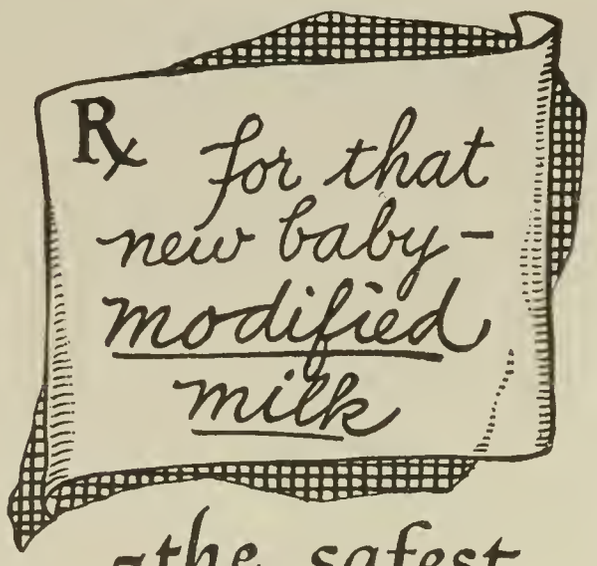
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Concluded from page 22

CONCERNING COSMOPOLITAN COOKERY

the letter of the law; but they are wanting in understanding of its soul.

III

I HAVE sought to show that if the Parisian despises the cookery of the Londoner, it is because he has failed to appreciate its peculiar excellence—that is to say, its simplicity. And it would not be more difficult to explain that the Englishman is in error when he condemns the cookery of the American. There is bad cooking a-plenty in the United States, as there is also in Great Britain, often due to an ignorant effort to imitate the inimitable art of the French.

But just as English cooking is good when it conforms to its own traditions, so American cookery can be excellent in its own way. Is the *bouillabaisse* of Marseilles really more alluring than the clam chowder of Cape Cod? Is *poulet à la Marengo* actually a more delightful dish than fried chicken Maryland?

Of course if the French and British travelers in the United States expect to get their own special culinary successes, they are foredoomed to disappointment. We can not set before them either fried sole or *sole Mornay*, because unkind fate has deprived us of the sole itself.

But we can proffer to them the planked shad—"and what better dish can there be?" We may go further and ask if any venturesome alien has really the right to look down on one of the humblest of our dishes, corned-beef hash, when it has been compounded by competent hands?

And who shall decry the equally humble codfish ball, when its flattened globe is the work of a born cook? It is our misfortune now that we can no longer rest our case on the canvasback duck of sainted memory, departed and deeply mourned and so nearly forgotten that the tale is told of a Londoner, at his first dinner in a New York hotel, asking for "the celebrated canvasback clam."

I doubt if any one has yet done justice to the variety and to the merit of our sweet dishes. Has any other country in the world anything to compare with the strawberry shortcake, when it is truly shortcake and not sponge-cake, when it is deluged with real cream and not camouflaged with whipped cream? And consider for a moment that invention of the Puritans and the Pilgrim Fathers, baked Indian pudding, with its indigenous flavor enhanced by hard sauce.

The Pilgrim Mother who originated that abiding delight deserves a monument more enduring than brass; and yet, sad to relate, this truly American invention is unknown to the benighted Britons—that is, if we may believe the possibly apocryphal tale of the English lady who protested when she first heard of this dish—"Baked Indian? How horrible! I knew you Americans were savages—but I didn't suspect that you were cannibals!"

Then there are our pies, unhonored and unsung—except by Eugene Field, who once rimed a lilting lyric in praise of "Apple Pie and Cheese":

Full many a sinful notion
  Conceived of foreign powers
Has come across the ocean
  To harm this land of ours;
And heresies called fashions
  Have modesty effaced,
And baleful, morbid passions
  Corrupt our native taste.
O tempora! O mores!
  What profanations these
That seek to dim the glories
  Of Apple Pie and Cheese.

The American apple pie is not the British apple tart—far from it. In fact, the British apple tart is closely akin to what we know as the "deep-dish apple pie." Nor is the American apple pie at all like the French *tourte aux pommes*, which is a thin circular disk with a raised rim and no upper crust.

The American lemon-meringue pie has been degraded and disgraced by base and fraudulent imitations, seemingly concocted out of glue and soapsuds and shoe-leather; but when it has been created by an inspired ebony artist with kinky curls bound up in a bandanna it is indeed a good creature. And pumpkin pie, scorned by the highbrow no doubt, but none the less welcome when it also is due to the deft touch of a sable craftswoman. A friend of mine long deprived of this delicacy, dear to his New England boyhood, recently saw it upon the bill of fare of one of the fashionable hotels of New York; and he was about to order it when he hesitated in doubt whether its adequate preparation was a possible feat for the probably French pastry-cook of that sumptuous hostelry. He was promptly reassured by the head waiter: "We have an American to make our pumpkin pies, and, what's more, she's a coon!"

I confess that I wish I knew which pie it was, pumpkin or apple, lemon meringue or mince, that Emerson ordered on his trip to California, evoking from a young lady in the party the surprised question, "Why, Mr. Emerson, do *you* eat pie?" To which the benignant philosopher is recorded to have respondcd, "My dear young lady, what is pie for?"

We do not often pause to recall the variety of the foodstuffs unknown to Europe until after Columbus had returned from his venturesome voyage across the western ocean. There is tobacco, if that can be called a foodstuff (which may be doubtful); no European or Asiatic or African could smoke until the Nicotian weed had been acclimated. There is the sugar-cane; no Greek and no Roman could put sugar in his beverages until after a method had been discovered for making it out of the juice of the cane; and the Roman and the Greek could enjoy only the sweet dishes which might be sweetened by honey.

Even to this day maple-sugar is almost unknown in Europe; indeed, it is so little known that Thackeray in the first edition of the "Virginians" did not hesitate to describe it as being garnered in the Autumn! There is the tomato also, and the potato and the turkey (falsely believed to have come from the country from which it borrowed its name).

There is maize, which we call Indian corn and which is our most important food-crop, more important even than wheat. It is used by the English only rarely, under the name of "corn-flour"; and it is so unfamiliar to the Irish that when cargoes of it were sent over from America during the famine the peasants died because they did not know how to make bread from what they termed "yellow meal."

Only in Italy has Indian corn been made as useful as in its native land. Apparently the Italians have never learned how to prepare corn-bread; but one of the most popular dishes of the peasantry is *polenta*, which is their equivalent for our hasty pudding. When Joel Barlow was wandering around Europe a century ago, he recognized our homely American dish; and he sang its praises in his unpretending poem, the "Hasty Pudding," which lingers now in many a memory ignorant of his ambitious epic, the "Columbiad":

The sweets of Hasty Pudding. Come, dear bowl,
Glide o'er my palate, and inspire my soul!
The milk beside thee, smoking from the kine,
Its substance mingle, married in with thine,
Shall cool and temper the superior heat,
And save the pains of blowing while I eat.

. . . . . .

But man, more fickle, the bold license claims,
In different realms to give thee different names.
Tnee the soft nations round the warm Levant
Polenta call; the French of course, *polente*.
E'en in thy native regions now, I blush
To hear the Pennsylvanians call thee *Mush!*
On Hudson's banks, where men of Belgic spawn
Insult and eat thee by the name *Suppawn;*
All spurious appellations, void of truth;
I've better known thee from my earliest youth—
Thy name is *Hasty Pudding!* Thus my sire
Was wont to greet thee, fuming from his fire!

IV

CHRISTMAS cheer comes once a year, so the old saying asserted. But will it come even once, now that we are in the fell clutch of prohibition? Will Christmas be as cheerful as it used to be, when the mince pie lacks its full flavor and when the blue flame will never again flicker about the base of the plum pudding?

If our island ancestors had voted England dry a century ago, Washington Irving could never have written his appetizing account of the Christmas dinner; and Charles Dickens would not have been able to take the hint from his American predecessor and interlard his bold and broad narratives with incessant descriptions of eating and drinking. How many hearty feasts Dickens set before his readers with unfailing gusto!

Doctor Holmes declared that we could gage the rate of respiration of the poets by noting the meters they severally preferred; the writers of octosyllabic verse being swifter breathers than their brethren who chose the stately and straight-backed pentameter.

Perhaps we can guess at the relative digestive apparatus of the novelists by the frequency with which they deal with foods and feeding. Who can doubt that Dickens had a stout stomach and that he was a trencherman to be compared only with Rabelais? And Thackeray was the author of "Memorials of Gormandizing." The records of the repasts we find in many an English novel make our mouths water; and even the poets have left us carols of cookery and recipes in rime—of which latter the most famous is Sidney Smith's recipe for a salad, with the sublime assurance in its final quatrain:

Then though green turtle fail, though venison's tough,
And ham and turkey are not boiled enough,
Serenely full the epicure may say,
"Fate can not harm me—I have dined to-day!"

Yet we can not disguise the fact that there is monotony in the menu, that our meals lack variety whatever the skill of our cooks, that we are confined to the flesh of bipeds and of quadrupeds—except when we prefer the footless fish. A new dish is as great a rarity as a new sin. There are now no new worlds for the gastronomic traveler to explore.

We do not crave the blubber, dear to the dwellers near the North Pole; nor can darkest Africa provide us with the baked elephant's foot, which I have longed to taste ever since my early boyhood, when I read about it in Ballantyne's "Gorilla Hunters." And in those same youthful years I wanted a slice of buffalo-hump, a delicacy now impossible of attainment, although it was an every-day dish for the heroes of Edward S. Ellis's dime novels, which delighted the hearts of the lads of my time.

Here in America we have lost the canvasback duck; and we have never had the sole. We may read about them; we may peruse the text-books which prescribe the proper methods of cooking them; but we can not hope to feed on them. Still, there is comfort of a kind in the cook-books themselves. Age can not stale them nor custom wither their infinite variety.





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Concluded from page 26

WHAT EXTRAVAGANCE DOES

fur that cost twenty-five, forty-five, *three hundred and fifty* (sable-trimmed!) dollars each! *Does any one believe that American men love American women more because they waste half a billion dollars a year on ridiculous hats?*

And women's shoes!

What a tragic absurdity! Lovely young girls, future mothers, with spines bent from walking out of balance on two-inch heels, with feet deformed—please telephone for the pedicure at two dollars an hour—because they must be in fashion.

A public-school teacher whom I know, recently saw some shoes in a New Haven shop at nineteen dollars a pair—high heels, fancy tops—and asked the clerk what class of women were rich enough to buy these.

HE SMILED. "What class? The working class. Factory girls. We sell these shoes faster than we can get them."

"But how can factory girls afford it? I can't pay nineteen dollars for my shoes."

"It's because these girls live at home and pay no board," the man explained. "They make good wages and they spend everything on themselves." And shoe prices accordingly keep to a high level.

Perhaps the greatest need in America today is that the sound and sensible "middle class" of the nation shall learn to practise economy and to frown upon vanity and waste. Were all of us every-day people to refuse to pay exorbitant prices, there'd soon be a tumble among them.

We can all economize in numberless ways, if we will, even those of us in the fixed-income class, the moderate-salaried class, who have been harder hit proportionately by rising prices than the laboring class. We can order half as much (and benefit both in pocket and health) when we patronize restaurants.

Any housewife can get groceries, vegetables, meats at favorable rates if she will search out advantageous markets, possibly at a distance, and visit these herself instead of lazily telephoning.

Many of us submit to extortion because we will not take the trouble to combat it, just as thousands of hotel patrons pay five cents for a newspaper that they could get on the street for two, or ten cents for a telephone call that costs only five cents in any drug-store. I know a man who forced his landlord to make a reduction of six hundred dollars on a seventy-five per cent. profiteering rent raise simply by a little publicity.

I know a woman who is wearing a smart-looking three-hundred-dollar coat trimmed with fur that cost her a little over one hundred dollars because she made it herself. She *had* to make it, or put up with some cheap abomination that came within her means. Never in her life had she made a coat, nor had she any clear idea how to make one; but this was a case of *must*, and she went ahead intelligently and did the thing.

IT WAS simpler than it seemed. She got the pattern from a magazine. She bought five yards of silk velvet at nine dollars a yard, taupe color, and got fur to match for the collar and cuffs.

Then she bought wool for the lining and, finally, taking her courage in both hands, she cut the stuff and fashioned it into a warm and beautiful garment *because it was necessary for her to do so!*

American women could save a billion dollars a year and be just as well dressed—better dressed—if they would learn to sew. It is a national disgrace that sewing is not taught in every public school.

If our girls insist on wearing silk stockings, as they do, even working girls, let them at least learn to darn these stockings and not simply wear them out and throw them away when they are full of holes. This single item of darning stockings would save millions.

The most disastrous extravagance in America is found in the laboring class, those who live in tenements or workingmen's houses and who, in spite of high wages, have nothing left at the end of the year. The trouble here is ignorance and the same love of show that is found elsewhere.

Many poor women (like their richer sisters) have never learned to cook, nor have they any idea of wise marketing. They buy the most expensive meats and prepare them badly. They waste millions in delicatessen shops to save themselves trouble. They buy expensive butter, scorning wholesome nut butter. They buy expensive fresh eggs, refusing the storage variety.

"Eating is one of our few pleasures," they will tell you, and if you give a whole ham to a destitute family they will probably finish it in a day—and then starve. Sane, careful buying on their part would operate like magic to bring down prices.

An experienced social worker told me recently of a case known to her where a tenement woman, who had earned high wages during the war, went into a department-store and asked to see fur coats. They showed her several that were not good enough, and finally this woman, who was very shabbily dressed, selected a chinchilla coat and, to the great amusement of the saleswomen, insisted on trying it on.

"The price of this coat is a thousand dollars," she was informed.

Undismayed, the tenement dweller continued her examination of the garment.

"I'll take it," she decided presently, and proceeded to write out a check for the amount.

The manager, being informed of this unexpected development, told the purchaser that she could not have the coat until they had made sure that her check was good.

"All right," agreed the customer. "You can call up the bank. I've got the money."

This proved to be true. She had a thousand dollars in the bank *and a very little more*, this representing her three years' savings. She told the manager that she had longed all her life for a fine fur coat and now she had one.

I heard of a longshoreman's wife who had a similar longing for real lace curtains to hang in her plain home. She wanted three pairs, and one day, venturing into a fashionable shop, she came upon a wonderful bargain, so the clerk assured her—four pairs of lace curtains marked down to fifty dollars a pair!

THE poor woman needed three pairs of curtains, but the clerk told her he must sell either two pairs or four pairs. She asked if the curtains could be put aside until late that afternoon when her husband would come to the shop with her. To this the clerk agreed, not expecting to see the woman again; but just before closing time she returned with her longshoreman, who appeared in rough clothes and flannel shirt, carrying his dinner-pail.

The curtains were again produced and it was explained to the man that they must take either two or four pairs.

"Do you want them very much?" he asked his wife.

"I want them more than I ever wanted anything," she sighed.

"That settles it. We'll take the four pairs," he decided, and, drawing forth a huge roll of bills, he stripped off two hundred dollars and handed it to the clerk.

I know a young couple in the prosperous working class who about a year ago conceived a great longing for an automobile. They had already bought and furnished a modest suburban home on the instalment plan, and they had a two-year-old child, so already their responsibilities were great enough; nevertheless they decided that they *must* have an automobile—it would be such a fine thing for little Gracie to take her for a run into the country every Sunday.

So finally they bought an automobile, also on the instalment plan, and for a few months all went well; but when Winter came and the cost of living increased, they found it harder and harder to meet expenses, and at last, to save the situation, the young wife took a position as day worker in a New York family that had no automobile, where she did washing and general housework; and morning and evening she journeyed back and forth on the trolley and little Gracie came with her.

Here was the brave American spirit, no doubt, but I could not help reflecting, as I saw this comely *ambitieuse* bent over the wash-tubs or scrubbing the kitchen floor (in white kid boots with high heels!) that it would have been better for all concerned if she and her enterprising husband had been willing to climb the ladder of social importance a little more slowly.

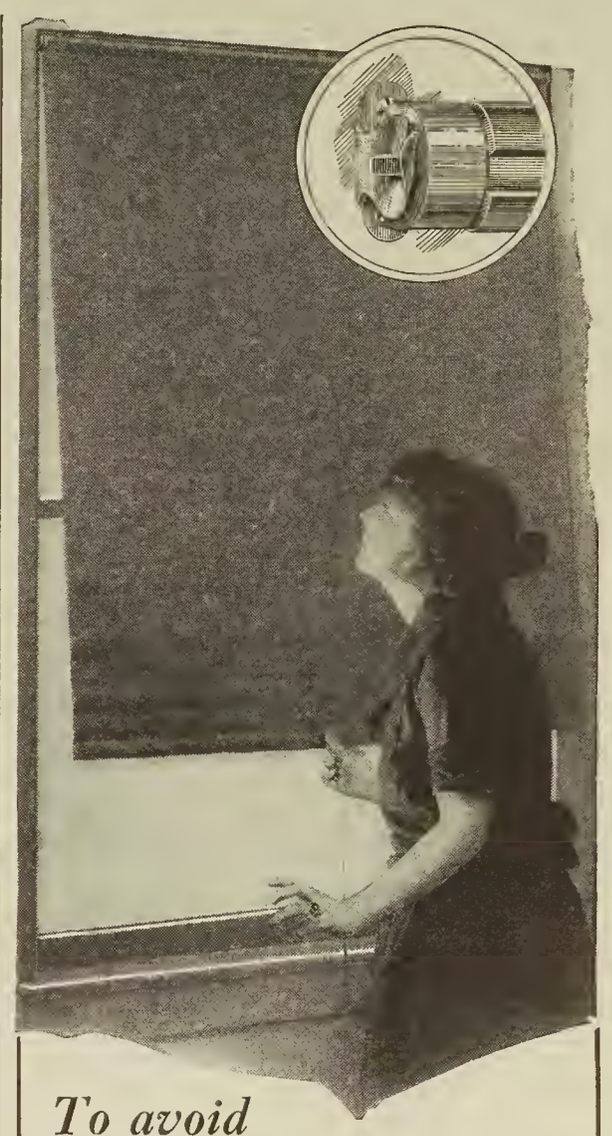
MANY tenement families where several children are working have a joint income of eighty dollars or one hundred dollars a week (more than most professional men), but they fritter this away on cheap food, cheap furniture, cheap jewelry, cheap pleasures. They might get three times as much permanent good from their efforts and their earnings if some one would teach them how to live in accordance with higher ideals.

Further than this, the upward trend of prices would be checked; it is this unthinking extravagance, this orgy on the part of new and inexpert buyers, that is largely to blame for the high prices.

In all our schools and churches it should be taught that waste, whether among rich or poor, is a sin; that extravagance is a proof of bad citizenship; that false pretense should be branded with general detestation. False pretense sets a demoralizing example.

It is through false pretense that debts accumulate and difficult conditions become hopeless. False pretense and extravagance march hand in hand, sowing the seeds of jealousy and hatred, riveting the fetters of poverty, giving a show of justification to sinister enemies of this republic who are preaching and plotting revolution.

It should be taught that extravagance, wasteful and careless buying, inexpert and ignorant buying, are a large factor in the high prices that now prevail.



To avoid a shade that runs crookedly—

make sure the *roller* is a Hartshorn. For on a Hartshorn roller a shade must run straight! The roller parts are of heavy metal, with clean-cut edges. They are assembled with watch-like precision.

Smooth action and a well-wearing shade results—the shade hangs right and runs right, with no slipping, or wobbling.

Specify HARTSHORN when you order shades—it will eliminate all your shade troubles. Look for the name Hartshorn on the shade wrapper.

Stewart Hartshorn



The spring is the Heart of the Roller. Hartshorn is the only Roller Manufacturer with his own wire mill; he can thus make the product up to Hartshorn quality throughout.

STEWART HARTSHORN CO.
250 Fifth Avenue New York

New 35¢ Size



TALCUM
FRAGRANT WITH PARFUM
Mary Garden
Rigaud
PARIS

Write for "*L'art de la Toilette*" to

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO. NEW YORK

YOUTH

MY YEARS are like the dim blue hills
That stretch before me shadow-wise,
Here on the slope where sunlight spills
I only have to lift my eyes
To see the veiled line of hills
That are my years in dim disguise.

They lie so small against the sky
That is infinity, so far,
I cannot see if they are high,
I cannot tell where shadows are—
But shining on them from the sky
Shall ever be his service-star.

HILDA MORRIS.





Photographs by Abbé

MISS WILDA BENNETT

The much-married bride of "Apple Blossoms"

The delightful musical comedy in which she is playing with John Charles Thomas and a notable cast

FOR A MARRIAGE À LA MODE

GETTING married is something that every American girl does at least once, but Wilda Bennett has been married between two and three hundred times. Every one who has seen "Apple Blossoms" has carried away with him the unforgetable picture of this charming young bride, who promises to love, honor, and obey with a question-mark.

But if Miss Bennett is ultra-modern in her marriage vows, she has followed the old tradition of white satin and lace in her gown. Brides who wish to dance at their own weddings would do well to copy Miss Bennett's detachable train and semi-detached veil. The lower part of the veil is fastened with the train to the shoulders, and when it is removed there remains a delightful cap-shaped arrangement of lace and orange-blossoms, and a short veil that comes just below the shoulders.

Miss Bennett's dress is white satin embroidered in silver, with a lace-edged tunic over a short skirt of plaited chiffon. For a very young bride—and Miss Bennett is just out of the first-act schoolroom—such a dress is more suitable than a more stately gown of silver or damask brocade. Her bridesmaids wear ruffled frocks of tulle of the same pale pink as their armful of apple-blossoms.



The DELINEATOR

APRIL
1920

A PREFACE TO THE SPRING FASHIONS

Sketches by Soulié

MODES as well as morals are a favorite topic with well-meaning reformers who offer vigorous protest against sudden and violent changes in style. They might just as intelligently launch a crusade against a twenty-five-hour day.

For women are fundamentally conservative, and so-called changes in style, far from being abrupt and revolutionary, are really only modifications and logical developments of accepted modes. French dressmakers may offer startling designs and exploit them by means of paid manikins at the races and public *réunions*, but it must be remembered that it is not the offering of a new style, no matter how famous the creator, that makes it a fashion, but its acceptance by fashionable women.

For this Spring the new styles show their usual rational progress toward a definite goal. For some time past the tendency has been to get away from very narrow, attenuated lines. But since fabrics are still dear and not too plentiful, the effect of greater ease is achieved by certain clever devices rather than by an actual increase in the amount of material used. For example, the waistline has been dropped to a subnormal line, often with a drapery or a soft blouse, or there is a broad sash resting on the hip, knotted low in Oriental fashion at one side. One gets the Eastern note again in the new boleros and in the Oriental hem caught up to a shorter underskirt, not changing to any great extent the soft straight skirts we have been wearing, but giving them a turn at once new and refreshing.

Bodice of Shantung over printed Shantung skirt

SOULIÉ'S TWOFOLD TALENT AS DESIGNER AND ARTIST

Original Styles that Concede to the Accepted Lines of the Spring, But Which Show the Master Hand of the Foremost Fashion Artist of France

THIS is the season when Paris settles for the coming six months the size of your hips, the position of your waistline, the length of your sleeve, and whether your neck shall bend to the yoke of a high collar or continue to enjoy the almost lawless freedom of the collarless blouse and the topless, backless décolletage. This Spring those who can—and many who can't but don't know it—will follow the Pompadour fashion of the hip widened by draperies, umbrella loops, side tunics, side loops and hip pockets. On a pretty figure nothing is more charming, while for the woman who needs the help of longer, narrower lines there are straight skirts, accordion plaits and long tunics. The polonaise—a new version of the redingote—is to be very fashionable, and it is a style that shows the utmost kindness to figures that vary from the small, dainty proportions of the chic French silhouette. Soulié in his original designs has shown three of the well-defined silhouettes of the Spring: the widened hip, the straight skirt and the polonaise.



Soulié has turned to the period of the Second Empire in a dress of gray kasha with a delicate tracery of braid on the bodice and wide satin diabolos on the hip



Slightly under the influence of the sweater vogue is the easy drapery of a serge bodice worn over a plaited tunic of fancy checked serge. Collar and cuffs match the tunic while the underskirt is of plain serge like the bodice



Recalling the polonaise is a bodice and Directoire habit of rose wool over a skirt of white djersaria trimmed with insertions of rose raffia

A bodice with fulness raying out from a small round collar is a new note this Spring. Here Soulié has used it for a dress of blue kasha trimmed with yellow braid



Fine accordion plaits are a Spring revival that Paris has accepted with more than its customary enthusiasm. The goffered frills above and below the tunic of plaited "cendra" are altogether charming. Plain cendra is used for the draped bodice and narrow hem



Soulié has by no means abandoned the short sleeve, but the lovely modeling of the arm that one gets in a long close sleeve appeals to the artist as well as the designer in him. It is at its graceful best in a draped polonaise of navy Croésus satin over pointed petticoat of lace





Worthy of the elegance of Paris of former days is a coat and underskirt of "serge hindone" worn with ruffle-like tunics of fine embroidered lawn



An overdress of black net embroidered in velvet flowers is looped up into a short peplum by the arrangement of the velvet ribbon sash

Paris is experimenting with high cup-like collars that settle into a soft loose drapery on the neck. Two of the new Spring materials are used in this dress—plain diafine over flowered kashaflor

"EN PLEIN AIR" THE COSTUME REQUIRES HATS OF A DISTINCT TYPE

Photographs from Underwood & Underwood



Copied from an East Indian turban with its jeweled aigrette is a smart hat of dark, highly varnished straw. By Blanchot







For Spring and Summer a bowler of straw bound with black grosgrain ribbon is good style with a well-cut habit. From Delion



In place of the bowler one may wear a sailor or some version of the tricorne or panama for riding, either in town or in the country. From Rosson et Delion



A small hat of draped silk with the sharp downward sweep of its wing is correct with a tailored suit. By Blanchot

For motoring the Parisienne uses a small close hat draped with a veil. Jet chains and pendant ornaments give the effect of earrings. By Yerlés



A soft hat of braided silk or straw is an excellent thing on a woman for traveling, sports or the daily promenade. By Charlotte Henard

"ON WITH THE DANCE!" SAYS PARIS, AND "ON WITH THE SMALL HATS," ECHOES THE FRENCH MILLINER

Photographs by Underwood & Underwood



Paris has devised nothing smarter than the small hat that fits the head and frames the face. From Blanchot

Like crushed silk is a new soft straw. Jet hatpins like the antennae of a new and lovely dragonfly are the only trimming. From Blanchot



The eternal question of why fine feathers make fine birds is answered for all time by a small hat of fine black straw. From Yerlés









A frock of quaintly ruched taffeta laces down the back of its bodice and is worn with a small hat for informal restaurant dinners. By Robert Leplay

With full evening dress, such as this frock of black tulle and ostrich feathers, by Robert Leplay, the Parisienne rarely wears a hat, but keeps to a simple coiffure, often with a bandeau

Waxed materials, copied from the fashionable oilcloth, are used for hats as well as coat collars and dress trimmings. By Blanchot

THINGS OF INTEREST TO THE DISTAFF SIDE OF THE HOUSE



Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild

Mary Pickford, whose blond beauty is at its best in dark colors, makes the Parisian choice of black or dark blue for many of her day dresses



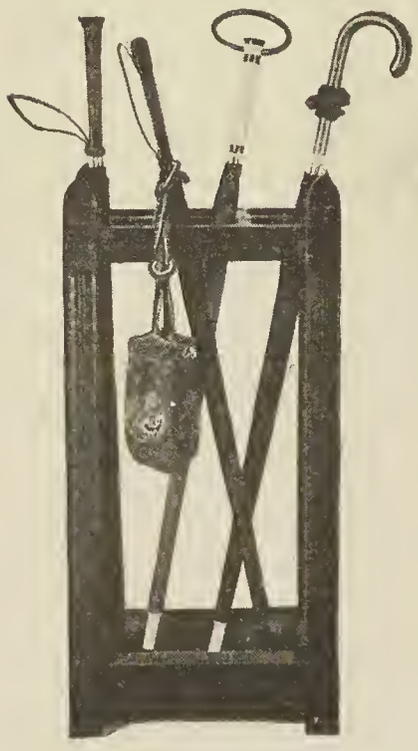
Photograph by A[illegible]

Natalie Talmadge, the youngest of three famous sisters, wisely keeps to an almost little-girl style in her frocks and the arrangement of her hair

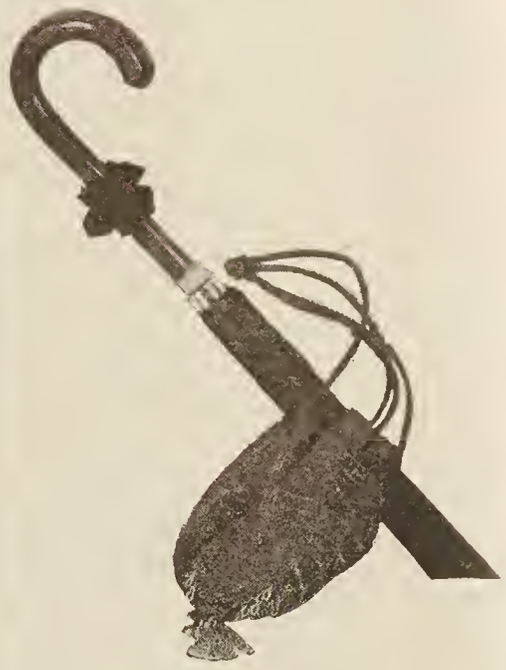


Courtesy of Paramount Pictures

Mrs. Castle, who, in addition to her other vocations and avocations, is rapidly becoming known as a designer



The new umbrellas are short and smart-looking and in many cases match the color of the suit. The handles are of tortoise or amber with the ivory-like bacalite, or of polished wood or carved teak-wood



Tobacco brown, dark blue, snuff color and purple are favorite umbrella colors, often with a two-inch border of self-colored block checks. Well-dressed women consider a smart umbrella as important as a correct hand-bag



A draped evening hat of green waxed cloth embroidered in gold



A boudoir cap of mist-blue net trimmed with silver lace

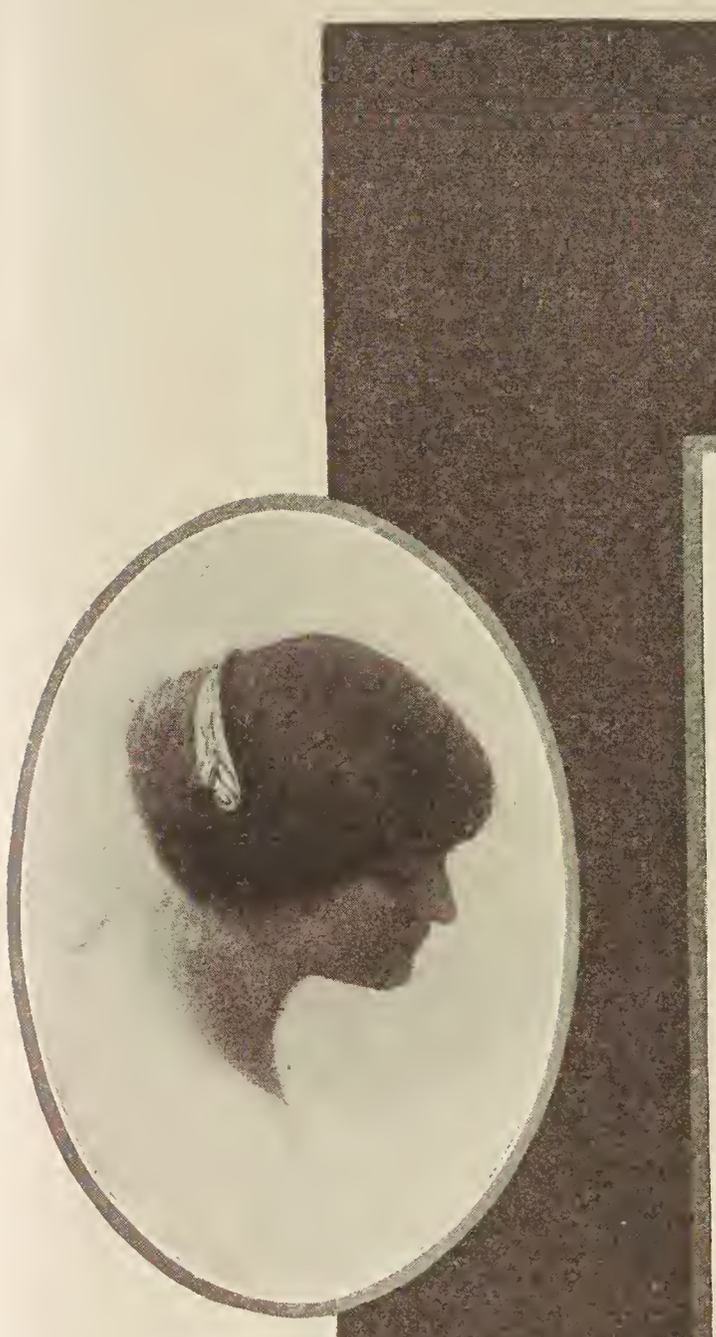


A French hat of original—one might say aboriginal—style

COIFFURES THAT RECALL AN INDIAN LOVE LYRIC:

"She is young and very sweet,
From the silver on her feet,
To the silver and jewels in her hair."

Photographs by Underwood & Underwood



After the coiffure of an Indian princess, the lovely young daughter of the Gaekwar of Baroda, is this hair dressing by Bonoz



A dancing-dress that makes one think of flowers and butterflies is made of taffeta, with the fashionable sleeveless corsage. By Redfern



In another Eastern hairdressing by Bonoz, the dark hair is cut across the forehead, braided over the ears, and held with lotus-flower ornaments



With the hair dressed low on the head, Desfosse uses a bandeau of crystal sequins and aigrettes



A rarely beautiful Greek head with the hair lightly waved, and bound with leaves and grapes. By Desfosse



A Liberty head-dress carried out lightly in feathers. Bandeaux, hair ornaments and carved combs are used in Paris for evening coiffures. By Desfosse

A WAIST IS DRAPED, AND FLOUNCE, TUCK AND BLOUSE ARE YOUTHFUL



Dress 2271



Dress 2262
Embroidery
design 10812



Dress 2275

2271—The Parisienne is calling attention to the waistline by draping her bodice above so that it follows the lines of the figure in quaint fashion, and widening the hip below in contrast. This frock is pretty in the Spring silks such as taffeta, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, foulard or satin. Fine serge will also be used and for Summer there is gingham, chambray, cotton voile or dimity. The straight skirt has the side drapery inserted at each seam and a blouse body lining which can be cut like a camisole can be used.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards faille 40 inches wide, ¼ yard silk voile 18 or more inches wide for gathered chemisette. Lower edge measures 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

2262—Flounces are a characteristic French way of acquiring the desirable ease of line. This frock could be of radium, satin, charmeuse, foulard, crêpe meteor or crêpe de Chine. For summer use cotton voile, etc. The closing comes at the left shoulder and under the arm and there is a straight skirt beneath the two flounces. The blouse body lining can be cut with a camisole top.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards taffeta 36 inches wide, ¾ yard extra material 36 inches wide for plaitings, 1⅜ yard material 32 inches wide for upper part of skirt. Lower edge measures 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2275—A tuck breaking the length of the skirt is a new idea of fashion and very effective in a street frock of foulard for Spring. The waist has that soft full effect in front gathered to the back where it comes over the shoulder like a shallow yoke. The skirt is in two pieces and a blouse body lining could be cut with a camisole top. Taffeta, foulard, Georgette crêpe and crêpe de Chine can be used. For Summer use tub silks, batiste, etc.

36 bust requires 4⅝ yards foulard silk 36 inches wide, ⅝ yard plain silk 36 inches wide for vestee and a sash. Bottom 2 yards.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 52 bust.

2281—To the distinction of being made in overblouse style a new tricolette frock adds the fashionable stand-out pockets. It is that youthful type of dress made with the straight gathered skirt that is becoming to young girls, too. A blouse body lining is offered. Use taffeta, satin, tricotine, serge, gabardine or checks, and for Summer tub silk, linen, cotton poplin, gingham, chambray or repp.

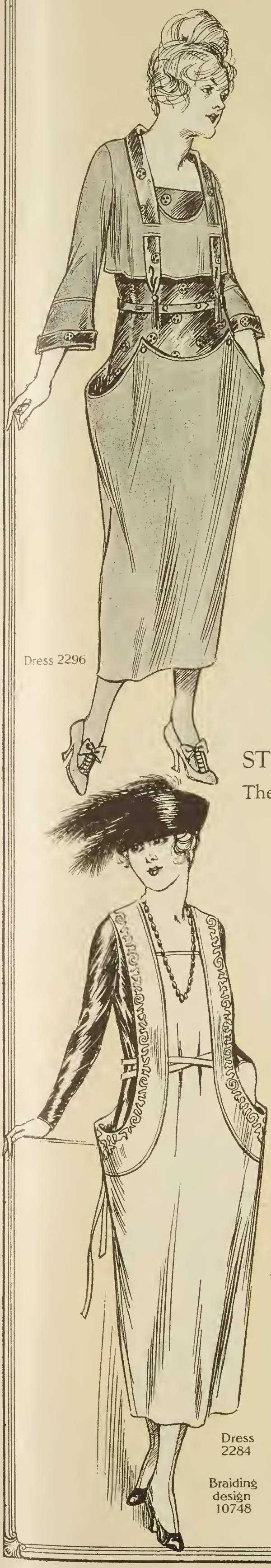
36 bust requires 4¼ yards tricolette 36 inches wide, ¼ yard Georgette 18 or more inches wide for vest. Embroidery design 10812 is used for the bunch of cherries. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

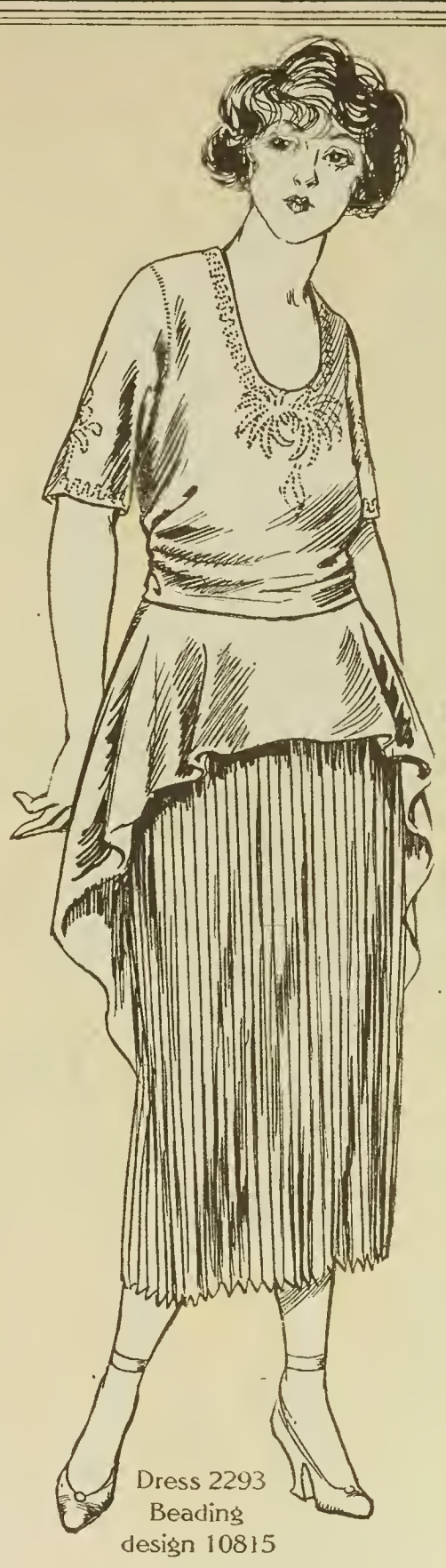


Dress 2281
Embroidery design 10812

Other views of these garments are shown on page 168



Dress 2296



Dress 2293
Beading
design 10815



Dress 2287



Dress 2302

STREET FROCKS AND SOFT AFTERNOON MODES

The Polonaise Suggests the Suit, Tunic and Extended Hip Vary the Line

Dress
2284

Braiding
design
10748

2296—An unusual outline is resorted to when a straight lower part has to compete with the smart bolero. The emphasized hip below the bolero is becoming to a young girl also. The long body is effective and a blouse body lining is offered. Use tricotine, gabardine or soft twills with satin, crêpe meteor, etc., or checks with satin.

36 bust requires 2 yards foulard 36 inches wide for trimming piece, front, back and turnup portion, 1⅞ yard serge 54 inches wide. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

2293—What goes up in front must go down at the back is the Parisienne's rule for the tunic. In this frock it is combined with a draped waist that closes on the left shoulder and under the arm, and an accordion-plaited straight skirt. Use taffeta, crêpe meteor or crêpe de Chine alone or with plaid or foulard, or combine taffeta with Georgette or crêpe de Chine. Beading design 10815 is used for the trimming.

36 bust requires 4¾ yards crêpe meteor 40 inches wide. Lower edge 2¼ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2287—Paris centers activities on the skirt. The waist closes on the left shoulder and under the arm. The Oriental hem of the straight skirt is caught to a short, straight foundation. Draperies are attached at each side. Use crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, satin, foulard, tricolette, Georgette crêpe or silk voile.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards taffeta 40 inches wide, 4 yards ribbon to trim, 2 yards material 36 inches wide for foundation skirt. Lower edge falling free 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2302—Wide silk braid at interesting intervals marks the side closing of a one-piece duvetyn frock. The youthful round neck and soft simplicity of the dress make it a pretty model for a young girl also. A blouse body lining is offered. Tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, checks, taffeta, satin and pongee would be smart.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards duvetyn 54 inches wide (with nap), 2¼ yards braid. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

2284—To the front of the Spring fashion ranks comes a dress in contrasting fabrics. The two-piece lower part extends up over the long body, which only appears at the sides and back. The widened hip is becoming to a young girl, too, and the blouse body lining is optional. Use tricotine, serge, soft twills, etc., alone or with satin.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yard satin 36 inches wide for side front, back and sleeves, 1¾ yard gabardine 54 inches wide. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

2290—A polonaise model with an effective one-sided collar makes a splendid frock for street wear. The straight skirt is in one piece and the use of the blouse body lining is optional. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills or checks alone or combined with satin. Taffeta or satin can be used alone. For Summer use pongee, etc.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards tricotine 54 inches wide, 2¼ yards charmeuse for collar and skirt. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for ladies 34 to 48 bust.



Dress 2290

Other views of these garments are shown on page 168

VARIOUS ARE THE WAYS OF THE BLOUSE

Drapery, Slashed Belts, Jumper and Tucked Effects



Overblouse and jumper 2291
Blouse 2218
Embroidery design 10766

2291—2218—An embroidered jumper is effective draped in the new fashion over a simple blouse. The jumper could be made of the same material as the skirt and worn with a blouse of silk crêpe, etc. The blouse slips over the head and closes on each shoulder.

36 bust for blouse and jumper requires 1⅛ yard crêpe meteor 40 inches wide, 1⅛ yard Georgette 40 inches wide. Embroidery design 10766 is used to trim the jumper.

Jumper, 2291, is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses; blouse, 2218, is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Blouse 2279
Beading design
10815



Blouse 2313

Blouse 2311
Embroidery design 10812

Blouse 2276



Blouse 2261
Beading design 10768

2313—A French blouse that gives the fashionable low waistline has ribbon run through the belt in interesting checked effect and tied in sashes at each side. It is made in kimono style and slips over the head. Tricolette, Georgette, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, foulard, batiste, cotton voile and handkerchief linen are used.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard tricolette 36 inches wide, 2⅛ yards narrow ribbon, 5 yards of wider ribbon.

This blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.

2311—To the simple charm of the kimono blouse are added loose front and back panel. It slips on over the head. Use Georgette or silk voile with crêpe de Chine, tricolette, crêpe meteor, flowered silk or foulard panels. Georgette, crêpe de Chine and silk voile are used alone or combined in two colors. Batiste, etc., is used alone or in two colors.

36 bust requires 1⅛ yard crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide for blouse, ¾ yard Georgette 36 inches wide for panels and belt. Embroidery design 10812 is used on the panels.

This blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.

2276—One of the longer blouses of the style that is worn outside of the skirt has the fashionable hip drapery in the new umbrella fold effect. The blouse slips on over the head. Georgette, crêpe de Chine, silk voile, crêpe meteor, taffeta, satin, foulard, tricolette, pongee, or cotton voile, batiste, linen, chambray or cotton poplin can be used.

36 bust requires 2 yards taffeta silk 40 inches wide, ⅝ yard contrasting taffeta 27 or more inches wide.

This blouse is for ladies 32 to 42 bust; also for misses.

2279—A band of wide tucks worn over the skirt is at the bottom of the success of a new blouse. The side body and sleeves, made in kimono fashion, are joined to the front and back of the blouse, giving the effect of a jumper which is pretty for a girl too. Use Georgette, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, silk voile, satin, pongee, batiste, cotton voile, handkerchief linen or net. White and colored material can be combined.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide.

This blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.

2261—Draped to follow the lines of the figure is one of the new blouses worn outside of the skirt. Wide tucks go all the way around and trim it prettily. The blouse slips over the head and fastens on the shoulders. Crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, crêpe meteor, satin, silk voile, fancy silk, foulard, taffeta, radium, cotton voile, batiste, cotton crêpe or dimity can be used. Embroidery makes these simple blouses very effective.

36 bust requires 1½ yard crêpe meteor 40 inches wide. Beading design 10768 is used.

This blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2308—Slashed at the side seams to the beltline is a long overblouse embroidered in a new French outline design. The short kimono sleeve is the type so loved by the Parisienne, and the soft rolled collar is becoming to young girls too. The blouse slips over the head and can be made of Georgette crêpe, silk voile, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, tricolette, foulard, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, etc. Embroidery design 10802 is used.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards Georgette 40 inches wide, including a sash.

This blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.



Blouse 2308
Embroidery design
10802

Other views of these garments are shown on page 168

PARIS CENTERS HER INTEREST ON HER HIPLINE

Bolero and Draped Bodice Compete With Long-Bodied Frocks



Dress 2272
Embroidery design 10813



Dress 2250
Embroidery design 10760

Waist 2265
Skirt 2170



Dress 2264
Embroidery design 10806



Dress 2241
Braiding design 10762
Bag 10810

Dress 2229

2272—*Looped extensions leave an opening for the appearance of the widened hip in a long-bodied frock with a straight lower part and a blouse body lining. Use gabardine, serge and soft twills alone, or with foulard or satin; or use satin, taffeta and charmeuse alone.*

36 bust requires 1⅜ yard tricotine 54 inches wide, 1 yard contrasting tricotine 54 inches wide for lower part and to underface. Bottom 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

2250—*The new draped vestee is particularly smart in a fashionable bolero frock. The vestee could have a suspender top. The gathered skirt is straight. Use satin, charmeuse, tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, etc.*

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards taffeta 40 inches wide, ¾ yard contrasting taffeta 40 inches wide for vestee. Bottom 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

2265—2170—*Over the easy, French lines of a straight accordion-plaited skirt a draped bodice in jumper effect is tied. Use satin, taffeta, charmeuse or crêpe de Chine with silk crêpe, or tricotine and gabardine with satin, etc.*

36 bust, 38 hip require 4¾ yards taffeta 36 inches wide, ¾ yard Georgette 24 inches wide for side body and sleeves. Bottom 2⅞ or 2¼ yards.

Waist, 2265, is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; skirt, 2170, is for ladies 35 to 42½ hip.

2264—*Buttons gladly take the responsibility of upholding a straight lower part looped below the long body of a Spring frock. A blouse body lining is offered. Use gabardine, serge or soft twills alone or with foulard or satin; use satin, taffeta and charmeuse alone. Use plaids, etc., with satin.*

36 bust requires 2¾ yards tricotine 54 inches wide, ⅜ yard satin 18 or more inches wide. Lower edge measures 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

2241—*Cut on the new lines that follow the figure is the long body of a frock with a two-piece tunic. The gathered skirt beneath is straight and there is a blouse body lining. Use tricotine, serge, etc., or satin, taffeta, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine and foulard. Bottom 1⅜ yard.*

36 bust requires 3¾ yards gabardine 50 inches wide, ⅜ yard Georgette 40 inches wide. The bag is 10810. Braiding design 10762 is used.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2229—*Here a loose panel ties in sash-ends over the long body. The lower part is straight, with emphasis on the hip. A blouse body lining can have the camisole top. Use gabardine, checks, etc., alone or with charmeuse.*

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards satin 36 inches wide for body, 1⅞ yard tricotine 54 inches wide. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 168



Dress 2278



Dress 2239
Beading design 10715



Dress 2266



Dress 2269



Dress 2207

Dress 2248

FRENCH EASE OF LINE

Oriental Hem, Tunic, Ruffles and Draped Effects Fall Softly

2269—Where the new accordion-plaited ruffles stop the contrasting panel effect begins in an afternoon frock. The waist is made in kimono fashion and it can have a blouse body lining with the camisole line. The skirt beneath the ruffles is in two pieces. Use silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, satin or crêpe meteor, or use lace, silk voile, Georgette or net with a satin or taffeta panel. With gathered ruffles use cotton voile, batiste, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards Georgette 40 inches wide for side, back, sleeves and ruffles, 1⅛ yard charmeuse 27 or more inches wide for panel, 2¼ yards material 27 inches wide for back of skirt. Bottom 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

2278—Foulard marks the youthfulness of a frock with a long-bodied overdress. The tunic is straight and the foundation skirt beneath is two-pieced. Use taffeta, satin, charmeuse, radium, crêpe de Chine or crêpe meteor.

36 bust requires 4 yards foulard 36 inches wide, ½ yard material 18 inches wide for vestee, 6 yards lace edging, 2¼ yards material 36 inches wide for foundation. Bottom 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2239—The umbrella-fold loops show a new way to widen the hipline. The draped waist follows the figure in smart contrast to the skirt drapery. The use of the blouse lining is optional. The skirt is two-pieced. Use faille, radium, charmeuse, satin, crêpe de Chine or crêpe meteor with lace, silk voile, etc. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards taffeta 40 inches wide, with 1⅛ yard Georgette 40 inches wide.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 inches bust.

2248—The Oriental hem is delightful with the simple French type of waist made in kimono fashion and with a surplice closing. The straight skirt is caught to a short foundation. Use taffeta, charmeuse, foulard, figured silks or satin. Bottom 2 yards.

36 bust requires 3½ yards crêpe meteor 40 inches wide, 2¼ yards ribbon 6 inches wide, 2⅛ yards material 32 inches wide for foundation.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust.

2266—There is a distinctive line to the surplice closing of a new bodice draped easily to the figure. The straight skirt has a pointed tunic on each side and the blouse body lining can be cut like a camisole. Taffeta, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine or foulard can be used alone or with tunics of silk crêpe or silk voile.

36 bust requires 4 yards faille 40 inches wide. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2207—A large bow at the side of a new model securely ties down fashion's approval to the draped waist. The waist is made in kimono style. The two straight flounces are gathered over a straight skirt. The blouse body lining can be made with a camisole top. Use taffeta, faille, radium, satin, charmeuse, crêpe de Chine or crêpe meteor, or combine the first three with lace, Georgette, silk voile or net.

36 bust requires 4¾ yards foulard 36 inches wide, ¾ yard satin 36 inches wide for pipings and to line sash, 2¼ yards material 32 inches wide for foundation skirt. Bottom 1⅜ yard, lower flounce 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 168



Dress 2309



Dress 2307



Waist 2285
Skirt 1699



Cape 2319

THE NEW SEASON FAVORS SILK AND WOOL

Wraps Show Draped Collars and Frocks Acknowledge The Hip

2309—Satin is draped to give the fashionable widened hip. The waist of the frock is made in simple French style. It has the becoming surplice closing and the short sleeve cut in kimono fashion. A blouse body lining that can be cut like a camisole is offered. The skirt is in one piece and the new Oriental hem is caught to a short foundation skirt. Use charmeuse, taffeta, satin, foulard, crêpe de Chine, serge, gabardine or tricotine. For Summer there is cotton voile or cotton crêpe.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards satin 40 inches wide. Lower edge when falling free 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2307—A vest front goes to great length, in fact, to the very hem, to distinguish a street frock with a new line. It is a one-piece model, and has a broad collar that turns into pockets when it arrives below the belt and continues to the bottom in trimming-band effect. The use of the blouse body lining is optional. Tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, checks, stripes, duvetyn, velours, satin, taffeta or faille can be used, and for Summer, linen, cotton poplin, repp, gingham or chambray would be good. It is a smart frock for a young girl too.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards serge 54 inches wide. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 46 bust; also for misses.

2285—1699—Buttons mark the way to the soft hip extensions of a frock made with a new draped jumper and girdle over the kimono side body. The blouse body lining is cut in camisole effect and the skirt is two-pieced. Use taffeta, satin or charmeuse with silk voile, etc., or serge, gabardine. tricotine, etc., with satin, crêpe meteor or transparent materials.

36 bust and 38 hip require 4½ yards figured foulard 36 inches wide, 1⅛ yard Georgette 40 inches wide for body, ⅝ yard material 27 or more inches wide for under section for skirt. Bottom Lower edge of skirt 1⅜ yard.

Waist 2285, is for ladies 32 to 46 bust; skirt 1699 is for ladies 35 to 45 hip.

2319—Reports from abroad tell us how the Parisienne plans to face the fresh Spring winds in her beloved cape. It is a rather soft, feminine thing, with the new draped collar that frames the face prettily, a deep round yoke and a gathered lower part with all the French ease of line in it. The collar continues in sash-ends that cross in front and tie around the waist. It is a very smart wrap for the young girl as well. Serge, tricotine, gabardine, velours, soft twills, taffeta, faille, satin or charmeuse are the materials used.

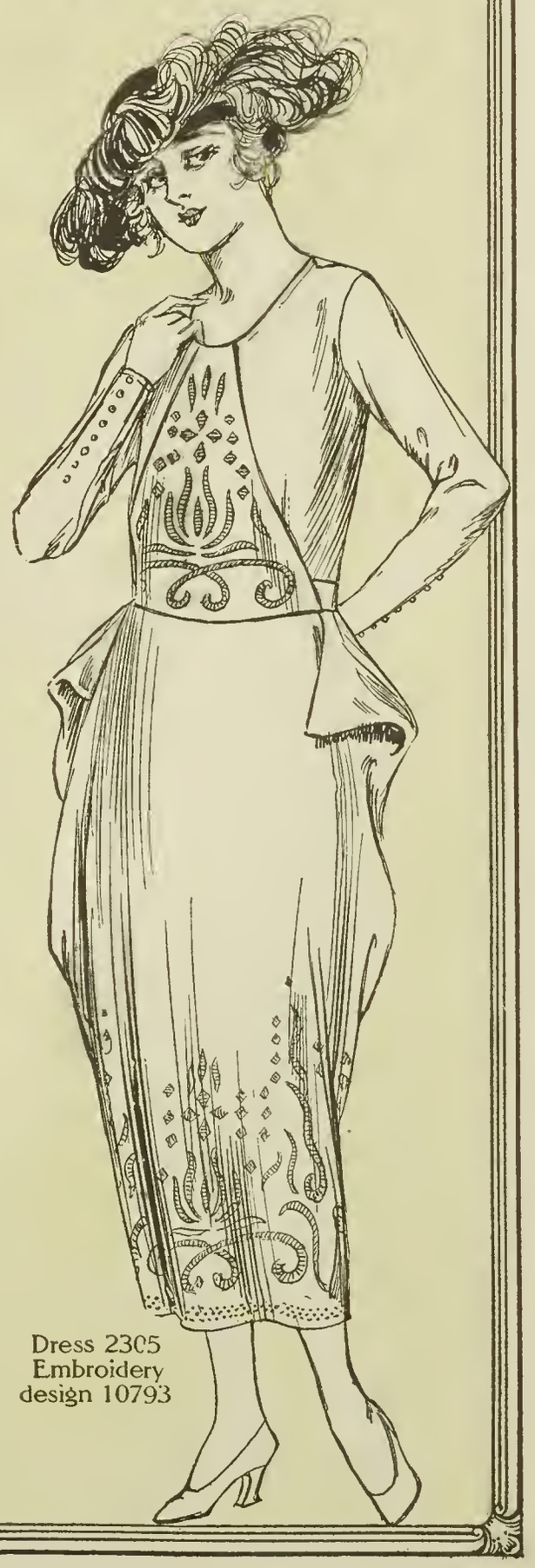
36 bust requires 2¾ yards tricotine 54 inches wide.

This cape is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.

2305—An embroidered bib is used on a Spring frock that is smart in its tailored effect. The one-piece skirt is draped at the hips and the waist which closes at the back is joined to the skirt, but it all looks very much like a one-piece dress. A blouse body lining with a camisole top is offered. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge or soft twills alone or with satin, foulard, charmeuse. taffeta, etc.; or use satin, taffeta, charmeuse, faille or foulard alone.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards gabardine 54 inches wide. Embroidery design 10793 is used to trim. Lower edge of skirt 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Dress 2305
Embroidery
design 10793

Other views of these garments are shown on page 168



Coat 2251
Skirt 1917



Cape 2256



Coat 2258
Skirt 1668



Coat 2260
Skirt 1733

SUIT AND WRAP READY FOR SPRING WINDS

Styles Vary from Eton Jacket to Full-length Cape

2251—1917—To make up for the shortcomings in length of the new Eton, fashion adds a straight peplum to the suspender vestee. This peplum is cut straight. The skirt of the suit is two-pieced. Use gabardine, soft twills, serge, light-weight duvetyn, or satin or faille.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3⅜ yards tricotine 54 inches wide (without skirt belt), ½ yard tricolette 18 or more inches wide, 2¼ yards braid. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

Coat, 2251, is for ladies 32 to 42 bust, also for misses; skirt, 1917, is for ladies 35 to 49½ hip.

2256—One wraps the approval of a fashionable world about her when she chooses the new cape for her Spring wardrobe. The cape is a garment lovely in its youthfulness and this particular model is very becoming to young girls as well. The soft fulness falls in pretty contrast to the deep yoke. Satin, taffeta, faille, tricotine, gabardine, light-weight velours and serge are the materials used for capes. The yoke is made in one with the panel effect.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards charmeuse 40 inches wide. Lower edge 2 yards.

This cape is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

2258—1668—The new short jacket, although persistent in closing distinctively at the neck, parts farther down to show the draped sleeveless vestee. This type of coat is becoming to the young girl too. The skirt has shallow plaits in box-plait effect. The lower edge is straight. Use serge, gabardine, tricotine, soft twills, charmeuse, taffeta, faille, satin or foulard.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3⅛ yards tricotine 50 inches wide, 1 yard foulard 36 inches wide, 4¼ yards braid. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

Coat, 2258, is for ladies 32 to 42 bust, also misses; skirt, 1668, is for ladies 35 to 49½ hip.

2260—1733—The new French ease of line comes in a suit that has a bloused coat with a straight plaited peplum. It is a youthful style, becoming to a young girl also. The skirt is two-pieced. Serge, tricotine, soft twills, gabardine, satin and taffeta are the materials used.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3⅜ yards serge 50 inches wide, ¾ yard satin 36 inches wide. Lower edge measures 1½ yard.

This coat, 2260, is for ladies 32 to 42 bust, also for misses; skirt, 1733, is for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

2077—1974—The soft-gathered fulness at the sides is new and therefore emphasized by the panel arrangement front and back. The adjustable collar is very convenient for this season of the year and the three-pieced skirt has a kick plait at the back to allow a comfortable width for walking. Tricotine, serge, gabardine, duvetyn, soft twills and velours, satin and faille are the favorite materials for Spring suits of this type.

36 bust and 38 hip require 5⅝ yards faille 40 inches wide. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

Coat, 2077, is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; skirt, 1974, is for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.



Coat 2077
Skirt 1974

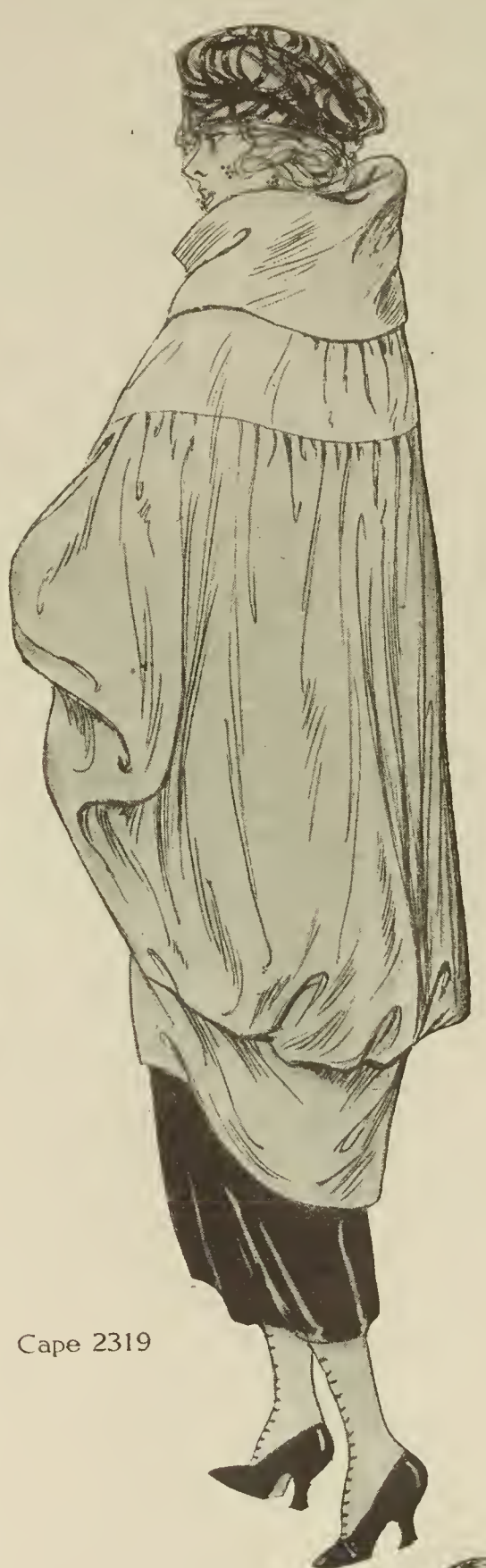
Other views of these garments are shown on page 168



Coat 2330
Skirt 2188



Coat 2326
Skirt 2329



Cape 2319



Coat 2328
Skirt 1668

ADVANCED RUMORS OF THE SEASON

The French Kimono Sleeve and Draped Collar

2328—1668—With the suggestion of Paris in its easy lines a new suit has the kimono sleeve and a plaited skirt. The plaits are shallow, giving the effect of box plaits. The lower edge is cut straight. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills or cloaking satin.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3⅝ yards gabardine 54 inches wide, including a sash, ⅝ yard satin 36 inches wide. The lower edge measures 1¾ yard.

Coat, 2328, is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses; skirt, 1668, is for ladies 35 to 49½ hip.

2326—2329—Eton jacket and Oriental hem are combined for a youthful suit made with a draped collar, kimono sleeve and suspender vestee. Use tricotine, etc. The straight one-piece skirt is caught to a straight foundation. Bottom when falling free 1¾ yard.

36 bust, 38 hip require 3⅞ yards satin 40 inches wide, 1 yard contrasting satin 36 inches wide, 3 yards ribbon for sash, 2 yards material 32 inches wide for foundation skirt.

Coat, 2326, is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses; skirt, 2329, is for ladies 35 to 45 hip.

2330—2188—Long revers and a belt that merely crosses the vestee are used in a Spring suit cut on lines that follow the figure. The two-piece skirt has a plait at each seam for ease. Use tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, serge, satin, taffeta and faille. The vestee, collar and cuffs are good-looking in contrast.

36 bust and 38 hip require 4 yards tricotine 54 inches wide, ⅝ yard broadcloth 44 or more inches wide. The lower edge measures 1⅞ yard.

Coat, 2330, is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; skirt, 2188, is for ladies 35 to 49½ hip.

2319—One is tempted to turn her back on the whole world when a mere trick of the hand drapes her new wrap so gracefully. The fulness beneath the deep round yoke is smart and puffs prettily over the wide band at the bottom. The large collar is softly draped in the new way and ends in a sash arrangement. Both women and young girls use serge, tricotine, gabardine, velours, soft twills, taffeta, faille, satin or charmeuse.

36 bust requires 3 yards duvetyn 54 inches wide.

This cape is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

2136—2327—Hip draperies turn toward the front in an afternoon frock. The jumper is draped over a blouse body lining and side body made in kimono fashion and the two-piece skirt has the Oriental hem caught to a straight foundation. Use crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, etc., with silk crêpe, etc. Lower edge when falling free 1½ yard.

36 bust and 38 hip require 4⅛ yards foulard 40 inches wide, 1 yard Georgette 40 inches wide for side body, 2 yards material 32 inches wide for foundation skirt.

Waist, 2136, is for ladies 32 to 46 bust; skirt, 2327, is for ladies 35 to 45 hip.



Waist 2136
Skirt 2327

Other views of these garments are shown on page 168

THE DISTINCTIVE NOTE OF VARIOUS COSTUMES



Bolero 2321
Braiding
design 10762



Collar 2318



Bolero 2321



Coat 2273

2273—Indispensable for such activities as motoring, traveling or general wear is the new top coat with its smart, easy lines. It is splendid for Spring and Summer wear as it is worn open all the way down the front. The large collar which is the fashionable draped style extends below the belt to the bottom of the coat and the sleeve is made with one seam. Velours, duvetyn, camel's hair, serge, gabardine, mixtures and cheviots are the materials used.

36 bust requires 4 yards tricotine 54 inches wide. Lower edge in full length 1¾ yard.

This coat is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

2315—2170—So French a blouse deserves a sash at each side and the new accordion-plaited straight skirt for an accompaniment. The blouse, made in kimono fashion is draped. Use silk voile, Georgette, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, foulard, tricolette, cotton voile, cotton crêpe or batiste for the blouse and satin, taffeta, charmeuse, plaid silks, checked silks, Georgette crêpe, chiffon or crêpe de Chine, or, gabardine, etc., for the skirt.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1⅝ yard Georgette 40 inches wide, 3½ yards satin 36 inches wide. Lower edge 2⅞ or 2¼ yards.

Blouse, 2315, is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; skirt, 2170, is for ladies 35 to 42½ hip.



Blouse 2315
Skirt 2170

Blouse 2226
Dress 2288
Braiding
design 10808

2318—The new collar is a soft affair slightly draped at the back so that it frames the face becomingly. It is very smart on coats or capes and can be made of the same material or in contrast.

Ladies' size for view A requires ½ yard duvetyn 36 inches wide, for one section; view A-2 requires ½ yard corded silk 36 or more inches wide for one section; view B requires ⅜ yard broadcloth 54 inches wide for one section; view C requires ⅜ yard taffeta 36 or 40 inches wide; view D requires ¼ yard tricotine 50 inches wide.

These collars are for ladies and misses.



Coat 2323

2323—Many of the French coats show the plain front and back, that carries a suggestion of a panel with the softly gathered sides in contrast. It is a particularly pretty model for the Spring silks such as taffeta, satin, charmeuse or faille. The large draped collar in shawl effect is new and becoming to women and young girls alike. Of the wool materials duvetyn, velours, tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, serge and checks are the smartest for this season.

36 bust requires 5¼ yards charmeuse 40 inches wide. Lower edge of coat in full length 2¼ yards.

This coat is for ladies 32 to 44 bust. also for misses.

2226—2288—It's a woman's privilege to change her blouse if her one-piece frock is made in the new jumper style. Women and young girls use tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, wool jersey, satin, charmeuse, taffeta, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, foulard, pongee or tricolette over Georgette, crêpe de Chine, etc., blouses. Both blouse and dress slip over the head.

36 bust for blouse and dress requires 1⅜ yard Georgette 40 inches wide, 2⅞ yards tricotine 44 inches wide. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

Blouse, 2226, is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; dress 2288, is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 168



Camisole 1452
Petticoat 2294

Pajamas or Lounging Robe 2055 Embroidery design 10749

Undergarment 2233
Embroidery design 10627

Rest or Tea Gown 2316 Embroidery design 10812

Rest or Tea Gown 2235

THE PERSONAL AFFAIRS OF THE SMART WOMAN

A New French Rest Gown Slips Over the Head

House Dresses Follow the Season's Fashions



Dress 2299

2316—The Frenchwoman slips her Empire tea-gown over her head and rests secure in the feeling that she is completely though quite simply costumed. It is a delightful affair that can be made of Georgette, crêpe de Chine, silk voile, crêpe meteor, wash silk, wash satin, or cotton voile, dotted swiss or mull. The soft kimono body is pretty and an elastic or drawstring arranged in a casing is used. The two-pieced skirt is gracefully draped over the hips.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards dotted swiss 36 inches wide, ⅜ yard plain swiss 36 inches wide for plaitings, 3 yards ribbon for sash. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

This rest or tea gown is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

1452—2294—A camisole and straight petticoat slip over the head. The one-piece petticoat can be made with shadow-proof panels in front and back. Use crêpe de Chine, Georgette, wash silk and satin, lisle silk or batiste, etc., for the camisole and satin, soft taffeta, wash silk, wash satin, foulard, printed silks, messaline or silk jersey with a satin flounce, nainsook, etc., for the petticoat.

36 bust, 38 hip require 2⅜ yards crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide, 8½ yards lace edging, 1¼ yard lace banding for camisole. Lower edge of petticoat 1⅜ yard.

Camisole, 1452, is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; petticoat, 2294, is for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

2055—A lounging-robe made in pajama style may be said to have the fashionable overblouse of the season. The blouse slips over the head. Both the young girl and the woman can use this type of garment for either pajamas or lounging-robe. Wash silk, crêpe de Chine, satin, printed silks, China silk or cotton crêpe, dimity, nainsook or long-cloth can be used. The silk materials can be used for either garment. The cotton materials are usually used for the pajamas only.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards wash satin 36 inches wide, 1 yard ribbon for bows. Embroidery design 10749 is used.

These pajamas are for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

2233—A surplice corset cover is combined with circular closed drawers that are made with extra length in the body and width in the leg. This garment is smooth fitting over the hips and good for wear under tailored costumes. The drawers could be made as a separate garment. Long-cloth, nainsook, batiste, crêpe de Chine and wash satin are the best materials to use.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards batiste 40 inches wide, 9½ yards lace edging, 1 yard lace beading, 2½ yards ribbon for bows. Embroidery design 10627 is used. Lower edge of each leg measures 55 inches.

This undergarment is for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

2235—Chiffon arranged in accordion plaits and worn under a long coat effect of all-over lace is used for a new tea-gown. The plaited skirt is joined to a sleeveless underbody at the Empire line. A gown of crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe or silk voile can have a coat of satin, taffeta, flowered silk or lace. Or crêpe de Chine, Georgette, chiffon cloth, messaline, dotted swiss, lawn, mull or cotton voile can be used alone.

36 bust requires 4 yards chiffon 40 inches wide for underbody and skirt, 2⅛ yards all-over lace 40 inches wide, 3½ yards ribbon. The lower edge with the plaits drawn out measures 2⅞ yard.

This rest or tea gown is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2299—Fashion's method of lightening a woman's household duties is by offering a most becoming dress for just such work. This original model was made in figured calico with a contrasting vest and trimming. The extended pockets are not only smart but useful in such a garment and the back, which comes over the shoulders like a shallow yoke, has the soft full front gathered to it. The skirt is cut in two pieces. Gingham, chambray, percale and cotton poplin make good-looking serviceable house dresses.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards figured calico 36 inches wide, ¾ yard plain calico 36 inches wide. Bottom 1¾ yard.

This house dress is for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 168

Dress 2272

Coat 2069
Skirt 1530

Coat 2131
Skirt 1436

Coat 2257
Skirt 1372
Embroidery
design 10809

Coat 2297
Skirt 2173

GIRLS DIVIDE ATTENTIONS BETWEEN SUITS AND FROCKS

2272—April showers now bring the umbrella-fold loops in a new long-bodied frock. The widened hipline that these loops give is fashionable for women as well as young girls. The lower part of the frock is straight and the use of a blouse body lining is optional. Use satin or charmeuse; or combine tricotine, gabardine, serge or soft twills with foulard or satin, or use them alone; or combine checks with satin. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

34 bust or 17 to 18 years requires 3¼ yards taffeta 36 inches wide including plaitings.

This dress is for misses 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies.

2069—1530—A fitted coat has its ease of line in the ripple of the pointed peplum. The large converted collar and flared sleeves are smart and the skirt, cut in two pieces, is very simple. Both small women and girls like this type of suit. Velours, duvetyn, Oxford, camel's hair suiting or checks would be good.

16 years for coat and skirt requires 3 yards tricotine 54 inches wide, ⅜ yard satin 27 or more inches wide for inlaying collar. Lower edge measures 1⅜ yard.

Coat, 2069, is for misses 14 to 19 years, also for small women; skirt, 1530, is for misses 14 to 19 years, also for small women.



2272

2264

Dress 2264

2264—A large check accentuates the new line used in a frock where the straight lower part is attached to the long body. Inside pockets put the emphasis on the hip. A blouse body lining is offered. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge or soft twills alone or with foulard or satin, or use checks or plaids with satin, or use satin, etc, alone.

32 bust or 15 to 16 years requires 1⅞ yard satin 36 inches wide, 1¼ yard checks 50 inches wide, ⅜ yard contrasting satin 18 or more inches wide for vestee. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for misses 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies.

2131—1436—Three ripple peplums are the outstanding note of a gay little suit. The panel effect of the front is in smart contrast to the fulness of the hip. The wide shawl collar can be worn closed and the sleeve is made with two seams. The skirt is cut in three pieces. This type of suit is very becoming to small women as well as girls. Velours, duvetyn, tricotine, serge, soft twills, checks, satin, taffeta and faille are splendid materials to use.

17 years for coat and skirt requires 3⅞ yards gabardine 50 inches wide. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

Coat, 2131, is for misses 14 to 19 years, also for small women; skirt, 1436, is for misses 14 to 19 years, also for small women.

2257—1372—Fashion, knowing the demand of youth, not only produces a suit with the fashionable Eton but adds a deep peplum which is cut in one with the suspender vestee. The straight skirt is all in one piece and can be worn by a small woman too. The Eton coat is a becoming style for a woman as well as a young girl and both the coat and skirt can be made of satin, charmeuse, taffeta or foulard and tricotine, gabardine, serge and soft twills.

32 bust and 16 years for skirt require 4⅜ yards faille 36 inches wide (without skirt belt) including a sash, ⅜ yard contrasting faille 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1¼ yard.

Coat 2257 is for misses 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies; skirt 1372 is for misses 14 to 19 years, also for small women.



2281

Dress 2281

2297—2173—French in its contrast of lines is the youthful Spring suit with the new accordion-plaited skirt and the hip-widened coat. The collar is softly draped. The skirt is straight and can be cut in either of two different widths. Tricotine, gabardine, duvetyn, velours, soft twills, faille, shantung, satin and taffeta are the materials to use for the coat, or a plain coat could be worn with plaids, stripes or checks. Gabardine, tricotine, satin, taffeta, charmeuse, etc., can also be used for the skirt.

16 years for coat and skirt requires 5⅛ yards taffeta 36 inches wide. Lower edge 2⅝ or 2⅛ yards.

Coat, 2297, is for misses 14 to 19 years, also for small women; skirt, 2173, is for misses 14 to 19 years.

2281—Pockets never seem to go unnoticed this season. On a Spring frock made with an overblouse they are emphasized by diagonal machine-stitch trimming. The straight skirt is gathered and a blouse body lining is offered. It is smart for a woman also. Tricotine, gabardine, checks, tricolette, taffeta or satin can be used. For Summer tub silks, linen, etc., are good.

34 bust or 17 to 18 years require 2½ yards serge 50 inches wide, ⅛ yard crêpe de Chine 18 or more inches wide for vestee. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for misses 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies.




Dress 2325
Dress 2268
Dress 2322

2310—Springtime, youth and checks are synonymous and particularly attractive when the small girl selects a ripple style of top-coat for the checks. It has the very simple lines that are so becoming and smart for children. The ripple effect gives the fashionable French ease of line and the softly draped collar is the new thing of the season. It frames the face prettily. Velours, serge, cheviot, broadcloth, gabardine, checks, faille or taffeta, satin and pongee are splendid materials for Spring coats.

10 years requires 2 yards shepherd's check cloth 44 inches wide, ⅝ yard satin 36 inches wide.

This coat is for juniors and girls 4 to 15 years.

2243—The hoop she follows may go around in circles, but the little lady herself arrives at a very definite fashionable conclusion when she selects her new Spring coat. It has a most individual touch in the unusual outline of its Empire line. The attractiveness of this joining line may be emphasized with rows of machine-stitching. The shawl collar is very smart and together with the wide cuffs it makes a pretty trimming in contrasting material. Faille silk, broadcloth, serge and velours can be used for this coat.

6 years requires 1⅜ yard serge 50 inches wide, ½ yard broadcloth 54 inches wide.

This coat is for girls 2 to 12 years.



2298—Fashion says that the bolero is youthful, so the girl rightly claims it as her own special style for the new season. In this frock there is a blouse beneath the bolero and a separate straight skirt that is very smart either plaited or gathered. A dress of serge, checks or plaids can have a blouse of crêpe de Chine, pongee or wash materials, or a blouse of lawn, batiste, dimity or Swiss can be worn with a linen, repp, cotton poplin, chambray or gingham frock.

12 years requires 1¾ yard serge 44 inches wide, 1½ yard batiste 36 inches wide for blouse including frills, 1⅞ yard silk ribbon for sash.

This dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

2306 — Not that her extended pockets can't stand out for themselves, but she emphasizes them by putting them on her coat and outlining them with darning-stitch for trimming. The wide cuffs and the softly draped collar are trimmed in the same manner. The Empire line is very good for little girls. The skirt of this coat has the fashionable full effect and the draped lines of the shawl collar are new. Simple coats of this type are smart made of serge, light-weight velours, broadcloth, gabardine, checks, faille, taffeta or satin. Contrasting collar and cuffs are smart.

6 years requires 1⅞ yard light-weight velours 54 inches wide.

This coat is for girls 3 to 12 years.



YOUTH PREPARES FOR AN OUTDOOR SEASON

2113—Surely a bag of peanuts together with a coat like this will attract a whole flock of squirrels. This simple type of coat with its decided ripple and flare is what the smart, small daughter of the Parisienne wears. The long sleeve is cut in one with the coat in kimono fashion. Cashmere, serge, Bedford cord, henrietta, corded silk, corduroy and velours are the materials usually selected.

4 years requires 1⅜ yard broadcloth 50 inches wide, ¼ yard satin 36 inches wide for inlaying collar and cuffs.

This coat is for girls ½ to 5 years.

2317—Even the small, timid squirrel stops to get another look at this adorable faille coat. The smocking coming below the round yoke is very pretty and the use of it at the top of each sleeve is distinctive. The soft, easy lines below the yoke are very becoming to a little girl. It would be pretty made of serge, broadcloth, cashmere, henrietta, taffeta, crêpe de Chine or pongee.

6 years requires 2⅛ yards faille 40 inches wide, ⅜ yard Georgette 40 inches wide to veil collar and cuffs and for frills.

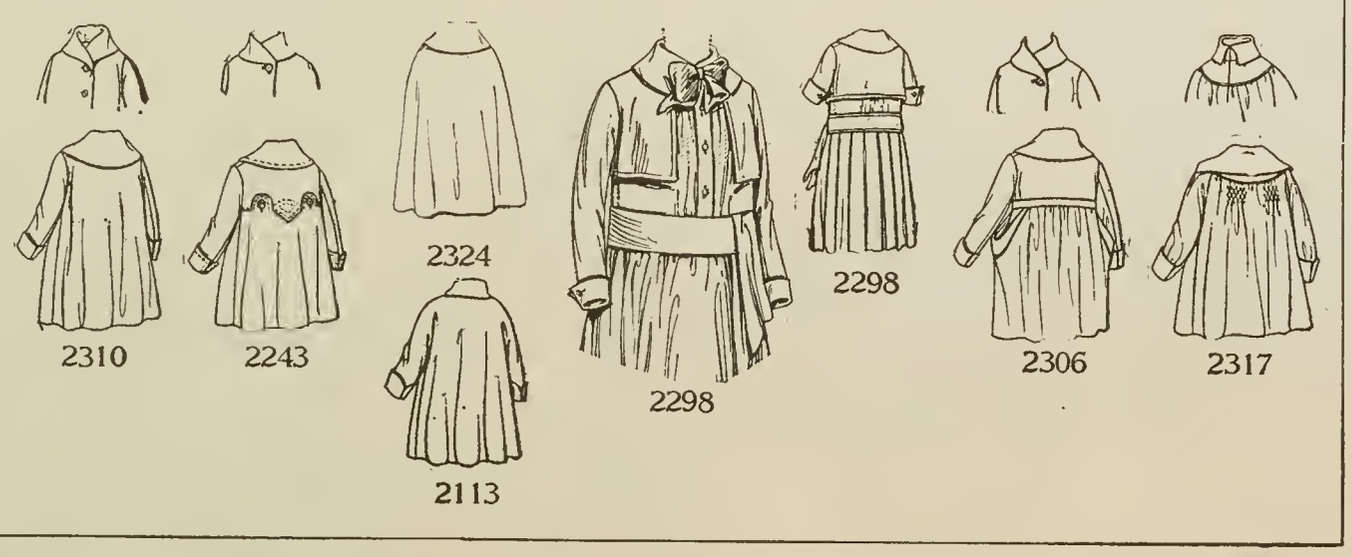
This coat is for little girls 1 to 10 years.



2324—A small sister to take care of and a fashionable cape coat to live up to does give one a poised air, even at an early age. Cape coats are very smart for Spring and the lines of this model are new. The draped collar has a new look and the effect of a vest is given if the sleeves and coat back are omitted. Serge, gabardine, tricotine, checks, velours, taffeta, pongee and satin are splendid materials to use for this type of wrap. This cape is very pretty made with a coat back and sleeves underneath.

12 years requires 1¼ yard serge 44 inches wide (cape cut on crosswise fold without back or sleeves).

This cape-coat is for juniors and girls 4 to 15 years.



2320—The new, softly draped collar is used in shawl effect, coming to the belt, on a girl's Spring top-coat. The simple belted lines are particularly becoming to a girl and the inside pockets give the smart hip extension of the season. The braid trimming is good-looking. The soft collar could be rolled up and fastened with a button, if desired. Serge, gabardine, tricotine, checks and velours make attractive Spring coats and taffeta, pongee and satin are pretty for the latter part of the season.

11 years requires 2¼ yards gabardine 54 inches wide, 3 yards braid for one row.

This coat is for juniors and girls 4 to 15 years.



EVERY-DAY FROCKS AND MORE FRIVOLOUS AFFAIRS

2267—On land and fashion duty is the new sailor frock for the little girl. It is made in one piece and slips on easily over the head. The box plaits, coming from the deep yoke are attractive and allow plenty of freedom for youthful activities. It is a very good-looking dress made in dark blue trimmed with white or *vice versa*. Rows of narrow braid and the embroidered navy emblems are usually the finishing touch. A removable shield is offered and the use of the yoke is optional. Serge, cotton poplin, repp, piqué or chambray are the materials used for this type of dress. It is splendid for school wear.

8 years requires 2⅛ yards linen 44 inches wide, ½ yard contrasting linen 36 inches wide, 6¾ yards of braid.

This dress is for girls 4 to 14 years.

2277—There's not much to it, but what there is is made of percale and lawn in a most up-to-the-minute fashion. The underbody and sleeves in contrast give the very smart jumper effect to the waist, which buttons down in good-looking tab style over the ribbon sash. The pretty little straight skirt is gathered and joined to a plain underbody at the becoming Empire line. Use gingham, chambray, linen, repp, cotton poplin or cotton prints alone or with an underbody of lawn, batiste or dimity; or use serge with pongee, or checks or plaids with taffeta.

7 years requires 1⅝ yard percale 36 inches wide for front, back and skirt, ⅞ yard lawn 36 inches wide including material for frills, 1¾ yard ribbon 4 inches wide for sash.

This dress is for girls 4 to 12 years.

2289—She acquires a French accent to her frocks early in life when she selects one of crêpe de Chine with the new accordion-plaited skirt and a delightfully simple waist. The soft, full waist with its bud-trimmed round neck and quaint puff sleeve is very becoming. It has the straight accordion skirt joined to it at the Empire line. The skirt is also very pretty gathered. This type of dress is sweet made of Georgette crêpe, China silk, net, silk mull, crêpe de Chine, taffeta or flowered silks. If the gathers instead of plaits are used, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, batiste, lawn, organdy, swiss or flouncing can be selected. A double row of shirring could give the effect of a deep yoke.

12 years requires 3¼ yards crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide.

This dress is for juniors and girls 4 to 15 years.

2286—No doubt the little folk inside of the sugar egg find this small girl and her dainty frock very interesting. The fichu collar is pretty. The straight skirt is gathered and could have ruffles, ribbon, etc., in place of the plaitings. Use crêpe de Chine, net, Georgette crêpe, organdy, swiss, batiste, lawn, mull, cotton voile, handkerchief linen or China silk.

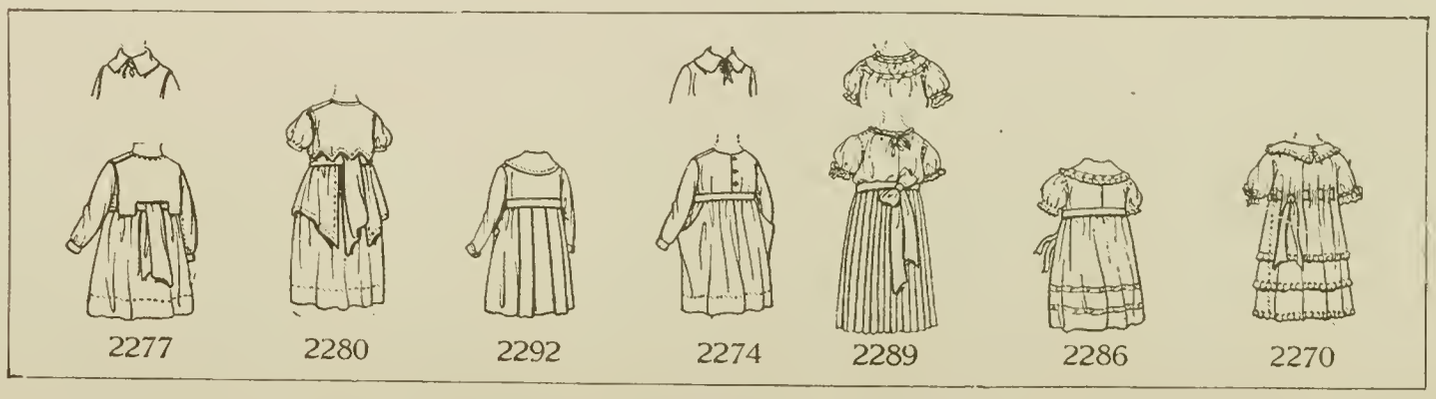
10 years requires 1⅞ yard cotton voile 40 inches wide, 1¼ yard organdy 40 inches wide for collar and frills to trim.

This dress is for girls and juniors 3 to 15 years.

2270—The one-piece frock now comes to parties and makes very interesting use of its simplicity by merely distinguishing it with clusters of tucks at the Empire line. The puff sleeve in kimono effect is new. Batiste, mull, nainsook, lawn, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, Georgette crêpe, crêpe de Chine, net, organdy or handkerchief linen would be dainty.

10 years requires 2¼ yards of batiste 36 inches wide, 5¼ yards of lace edging, 7 yards of lace insertion.

This dress is for girls 3 to 12 years.



2280—As fresh as Springtime itself is the dainty frock of lace-edged and embroidered batiste. The new bolero, unusually youthful and becoming to a little girl, has an adorably different outline, and the side tunics give the fashionable easy line to the frock. At the Empire waistline the skirt, which is a straight, gathered one, is joined to an underbody. The short open sleeve is pretty and the quaint puff one is also offered. This type of dress could be made of batiste, lawn, cotton voile, swiss, net, Georgette crêpe, crêpe de Chine, all-over embroidery or lace flouncing and taffeta.

13 years requires 3⅜ yards batiste 36 inches wide, 10⅞ yards of lace insertion, 11¼ yards of lace edging. Embroidery design 10677 is used.

This dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

2292—This very young lady needn't be afraid to pet him, because even a timid bunny would be charmed by such a delightfully simple little frock that has an attractive broad surplice collar crossed in quaint fichu effect. The dress has the Empire line which is so becoming to little girls of this age. The skirt is cut straight and has two box plaits both in front and at the back. The idea of the collar buttoning just over the plait is pretty. The skirt could be gathered all the way around instead of plaited. Gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, repp, linen, lawn, dimity, taffeta, serge, plaids or checks are the best materials to use for this type of dress.

8 years requires 2⅛ yards gingham 32 inches wide, ½ yard lawn 36 inches wide.

This dress is for girls 4 to 12 years.

2274—Fashion chooses a brilliantly checked gingham to proclaim the smartness of a new frock with most attractive stick-out pockets. The widened line of the hip is in pretty contrast to the simple body of the dress. The broad round collar is most becoming and effectively trims a frock like this. The skirt, which is gathered at the Empire line, is cut straight. Gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, linen, serge, checks, plaids or taffeta are all suitable materials for this type of dress. A leather belt or one of the same material as the dress can be worn and the inside pockets are pretty piped with the same material used for the collar and cuffs.

9 years requires 2¾ yards gingham 32 inches wide, ½ yard chambray 36 inches wide.

This dress is for girls 3 to 12 years.



ONE of the joys of girlish frolics in the mind of every young girl is the satisfaction of knowing that she wears an appropriate and becoming negligée. That any girl would refuse such an invitation is nearly an admission that she does not possess one of these alluring patterned garments.

Serpentine Crêpe, the soft, crinkly, cotton crêpe obtainable in a wide range of artistic patterns and colorings on different colored backgrounds, is most appropriate for kimonos, dressing-sacks, and negligées for either young or old, and never fails to give complete satisfaction to every user of it.

In the twenty-six plain shades it is a material without a rival for a thousand and one purposes, the least of which is morning frocks for mother and the girls, or rompers and little dresses for the tiny tots. It is also largely used for undergarments, for it not only launders beautifully, but requires no ironing and wears indefinitely. Soft in texture with a permanent crinkle and delicate in tint, it is bound to meet with approval. Ask for

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FASHION GETS AN EARLY START

Up-to-the-Minute Rompers and Smart Simple Frocks

2301—One gets down to brass tacks on the fashion question when she insists on having the stick-out effect in her new rompers. This garment is very simple to make and an easy one to launder. It is the most practical and comfortable thing for a child to play in and at the same time one of the most becoming and attractive. These rompers can be made of gingham, chambray, dimity, handkerchief linen, cotton crêpe, cotton gabardine and seersucker.

2 years requires 1¼ yard percale 36 inches wide, ¼ yard chambray 32 inches wide.

These rompers are for children 1 to 5 years.

2295—The new woman at the age of three may abolish the skirt question but keep her femininity if she selects rompers that have the soft smart qualities of smocking and sash. The square-cut yoke with the body of the rompers gathered to it is pretty. Chambray, handkerchief linen, dotted Swiss, cotton poplin, dimity, cotton crêpe and cotton gabardine can be used. Gingham, seersucker and cotton gabardine can be used without smocking.

3 years requires 2 yards chambray 32 inches wide. Smocking design 10744 is used. These rompers are for children 1 to 3 years.

2263—At the age of three one retains her poise even high up in an apple-tree when her smartness of costume is such a simple affair. The frock is in one piece and is practically the easiest type of dress to make. Its very simplicity makes it becoming to the little girl. It would be unusually dainty made of nainsook, batiste, dimity, lawn, cotton voile, mull or net. Crêpe de Chine, China silk and Georgette crêpe could also be used for this frock.

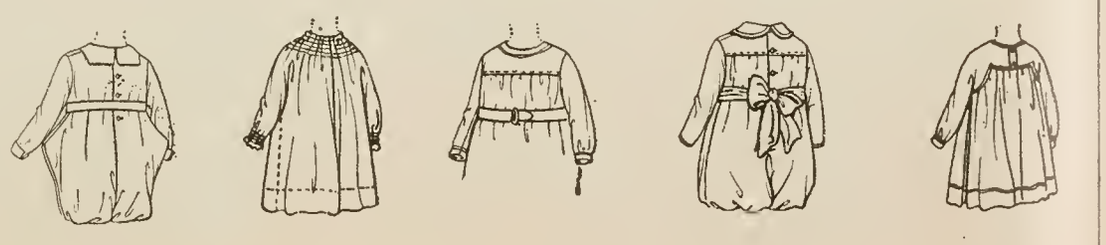
3 years requires 1½ yard nainsook 36 inches wide.

This dress is for little girls of ½ to 5 years.

2283—Sweets to the sweet is what all will say to the small girl in her dainty frock of embroidered batiste. The yoke is made in one with the sleeve in French kimono effect. The lower edge is straight and there is an inverted plait under the arm. Use nainsook, cotton voile, fine dimity, mull, lawn, swiss, crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe. Or combine gingham with chambray, batiste with gingham or white with colored cottons.

5 years requires 1¾ yard batiste 36 inches wide, 5½ yards of insertion, 5¼ yards of edging. Embroidery design 10732 is used to trim.

This dress is for little girls 1 to 10 years.





FROM THE BOY'S POINT OF VIEW

Suits Are Made in Contrast and Box Plaits Are Used

2312—Pockets are man's prerogative, anyway, so of course the small boy is interested in the new stand-out ones. This is a very good-looking simple little suit and would be smart with the blouse made in contrast to the straight trousers. Galatea, chambray, drill and cotton gabardine can be used alone. The blouse could be made of galatea or drill with serge, gabardine, worsted or cloth mixtures for the trousers. The use of the yoke facing is optional. The blouse buttoning over the trousers is new.

6 years requires 2¼ yards repp 36 inches wide, ⅜ yard contrasting repp 36 inches wide.

This suit is for little boys 2 to 6 years.

2304—High on the wall and high among the well-dressed men of his age is the four-year old with a suit in contrasting effect. The tiny frills of the blouse are smart and the outline of the top of the straight trousers is different. Linen, madras, galatea, chambray, poplin, serge, gabardine or piqué can be used alone, or a poplin waist is combined with serge trousers and crêpe de Chine with silk poplin or shantung. The combination of two materials is very good-looking for little boys.

4 years requires 1 yard linen 36 inches wide, 1 yard batiste 36 inches wide for waist and plaitings.

This suit is for little boys 2 to 7 years.

1429—It's a foolish dog that doesn't give all his attention to his master's new suit, particularly when it comes in the smart Springtime combination of checks and plain material. This model has a distinctive touch with the tabs of the straight trousers buttoning on the box plaits of the waist. A madras, linen, repp, dimity, poplin or galatea blouse can be combined with serge, linen, drill or gabardine trousers; or repp, poplin, piqué and chambray can be used alone.

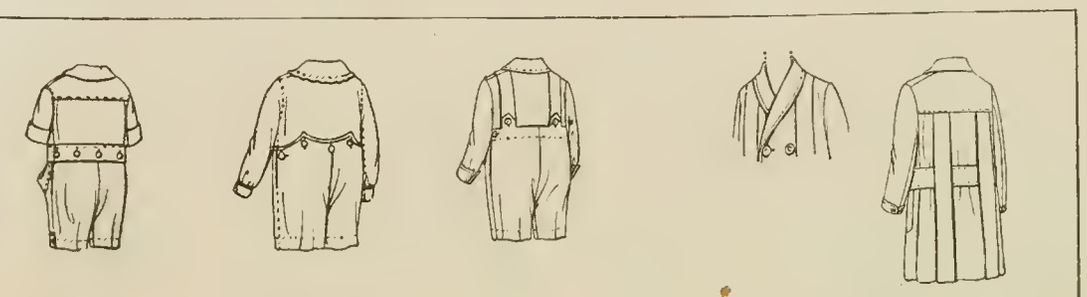
5 years requires 1¼ yard chambray 36 inches wide for waist, 1 yard gingham 32 inches wide for trousers.

This suit is for little boys 2 to 7 years.

7250—1940—For the early Spring there is a good-looking top-coat and becoming cap for the boy. The box-plaited coat has the notched shawl collar and is the popular belted type. It can be made of cheviot, mixed coatings, chinchilla or tweeds. Caps of this sort are very serviceable made of woolens, checks, serge, etc. This cap is very simple to make and is comfortable and serviceable for the boy.

10 years for coat requires 2½ yards serge 54 inches wide; 6¾ cap size or 21½ inches head measure requires ⅜ yard mixture 36 or more inches wide for hat.

Coat 7250 is for boys 2 to 12 years; cap 1940 is for boys and men.





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490 Main Street Fairfield, Illinois

FILET CROCHET RISES TO THE TOP AND COLLARS A BLOUSE

Spring Brings the Hand-Made Blouse Trimmed with Lace

BY MARIE ASHLEY

IN THE shops the exquisite hand-made blouses of the new season are made of batiste, cotton voile or net, etc., and trimmed with real lace which makes them exceedingly lovely but also necessarily expensive. For a blouse of this type that can be made very simply at home any of these materials can be used. A large collar and cuffs of filet crochet, which works up easily and quickly, can trim it effectively.

ABBREVIATIONS—St.—stitch, Ch.—chain, o.—open square, s.—solid square, Sl. st.—slip-stitch, p.—picot, s. c.—single crochet, d. c.—double crochet, d. tr. c.—double treble crochet.

No. 70 crochet cotton, No. 12 steel crochet hook. In the original crochet there were 8 squares to an inch. If you make fewer squares use a larger needle; if you make more use a finer needle.

COLLAR—One-half the collar is given in the diagram. Begin at the first row of diagram 3, ch. 15, Turn. Skip 8 sts. next the hook, 1 d. c. into the next st. to form the first o. 3 ch. skip 3 sts. 1 d. c. into next st. to form 1 o. 1 more o. 11 chain. (This chain is to add 2 o. at the beginning of next row.)

Second row — Add 2 o. at beginning of this row as follows. Skip 8 sts. next the hook 1 d. c. into next st. 2 ch. skip 2 ch., 1 d. c. into next st. 3 o. add 2 o. at end of row as follows. 2 ch. 1 d. tr. c. (thread 3 times around the hook) into base of last d. c. This will add 1 o. To add another o. 2 ch. 1 d. tr. c. into the center of last d. tr. c., 8 ch. turn.

Third row—Add 2 o. 7 o., add 1 o., 11 ch. turn.

Now follow the diagram making 1 o. for every white square and 1 s. for every black square. When the end of the 33d row is reached ch. 359. Turn and follow the 34th row of diagram beginning at the left-hand end. When the end of the 34th row on the diagram is reached turn and follow the same row back. Continue to follow each row of the diagram over and back until the last row is reached. Return to the 34th row and make the opposite side of front.

CUFFS—Begin at the third row of diagram 2 ch. 48. Turn skip 8 sts. next the hook work 1 d. c. into next st. to form first o. 2 ch. skip 2 sts. 1 d. c. into next st. to form 1 o. 12 more o. 5 ch. turn.

Fourth row—14 o., 5 ch. turn.

Fifth row—14 o. add 1 o. at end of row as follows. 2 ch. 1 d. tr. c. (thread 3 times around the hook into base of last d. c.) 8 ch. turn. (This chain is to add 1 o. at beginning of next row.)

Sixth row—Add 1 o. at beginning of row as follows. Skip 8 sts. next the hook 1 d. c. into next st. 15 o., 5 ch. turn.

Seventh and Eighth rows—16 o., 5 ch. turn.

Ninth row—15 o., skip last o. of previous row. Turn sl. st. back over last o., 5 ch.

Tenth row—14 o., 5 ch. turn.

Now follow the diagram to the end. Return to the 28th row, and follow every row back to the third row. *Turn and sl. st. back over last st. 5 ch. 5 o. skip last 8 o. of previous row. Turn, sl. st. back over last o. 5 ch. 3 o. Break thread. Join thread at opposite end of third row and repeat from*. Work these two uneven rows on the opposite end of cuff.

Work 3 s. c. into every open square all the way around working 3 s. c. 3 ch. p. 3 s. c. into every corner square.

VEST—Begin at first row of diagram 1. Ch. 51 turn. Skip 8 sts. next the hook 1 d. c. into next st. to form the first o., 2 ch. skip 2 sts., 1 d. c. into next st. to form 1 o., 13 more o., 5 ch. turn.

Now follow the diagram to the end working 1 o. for every white square and 1 s. for every black square.

Work 3 s. c. into every o. across the uneven edge and 3 s. c. 3 ch. p. 3 s. c. into every corner square.

EDGE FOR JABOT—Begin at first row of diagram 4. Ch. 12. Work 2 o. Follow diagram to fourteenth row. Return to first row and repeat until edge is long enough to extend across lower edge of jabot and up both sides.



Blouse 2155

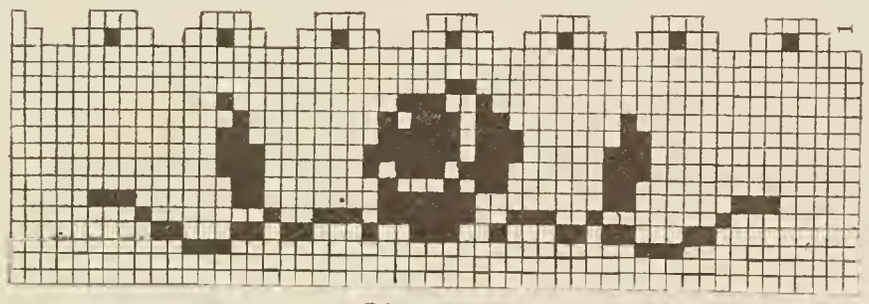


Diagram 1

Diagram 2

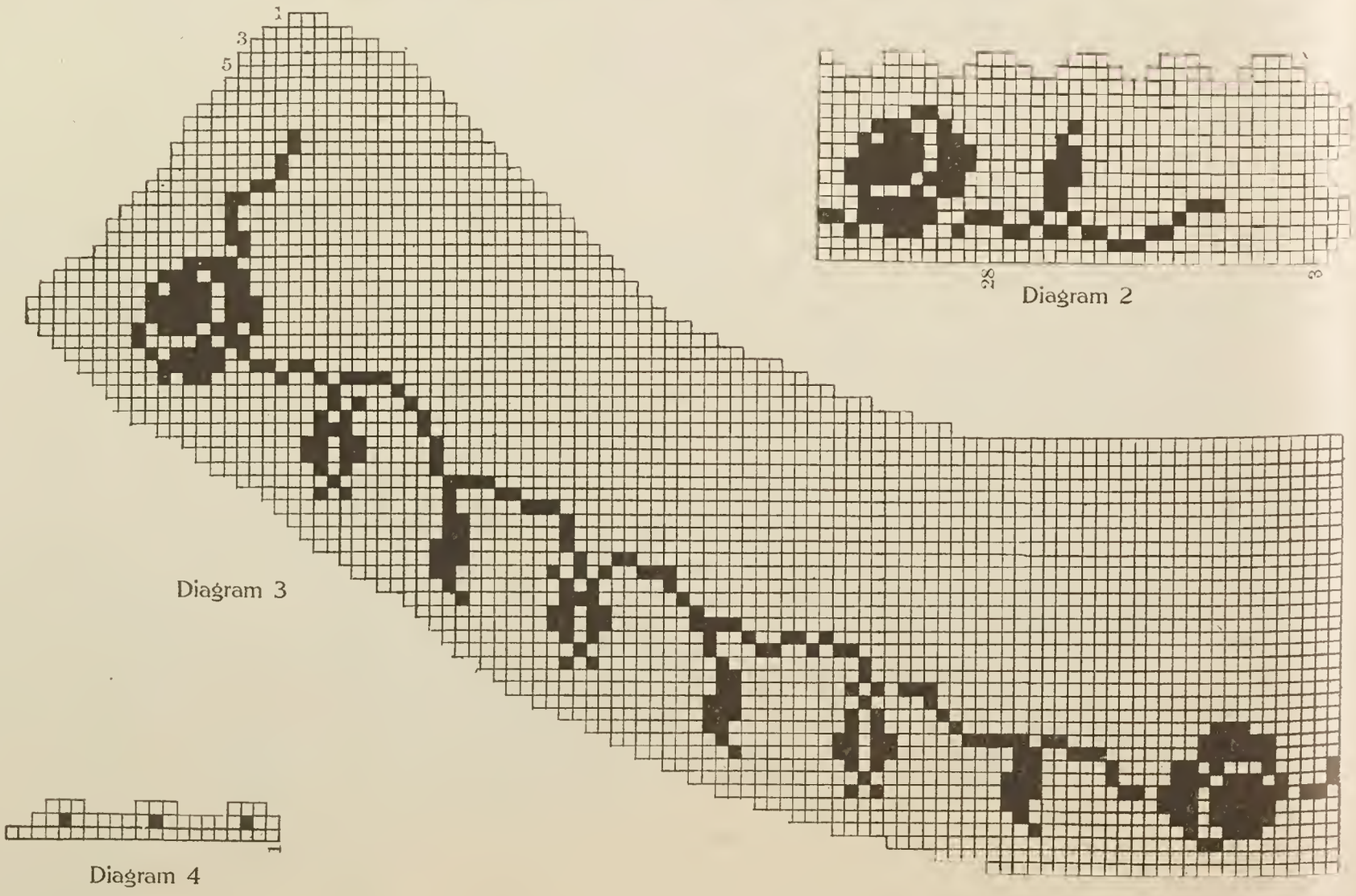
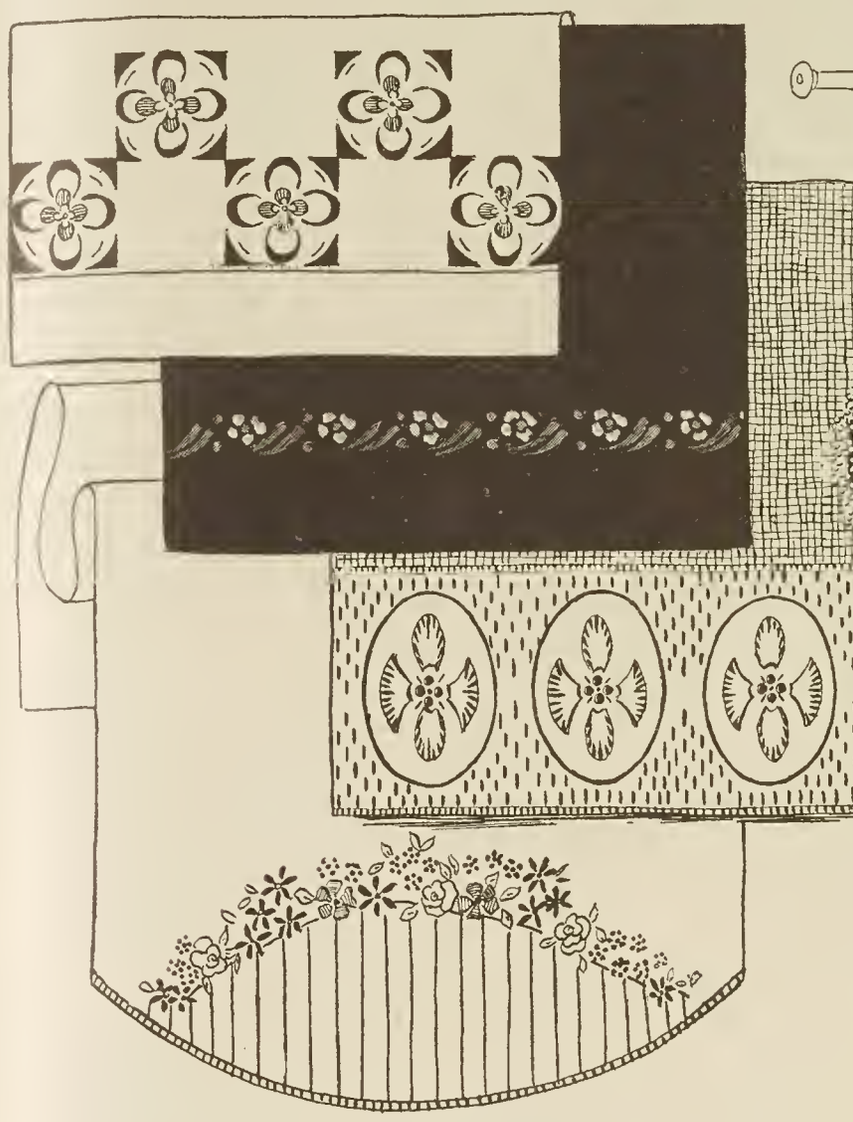


Diagram 3

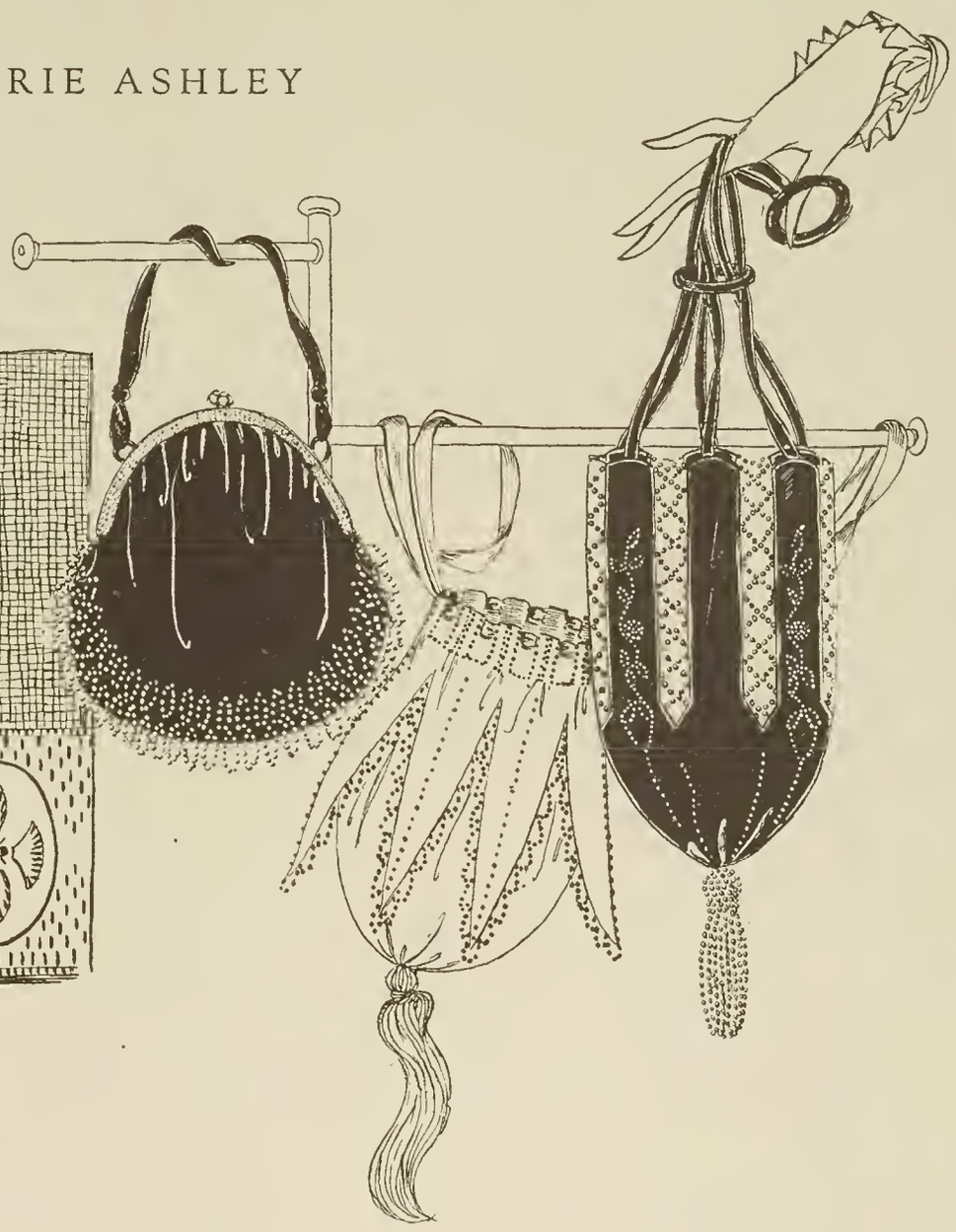
Diagram 4

EMBROIDERY TOUCHES ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS

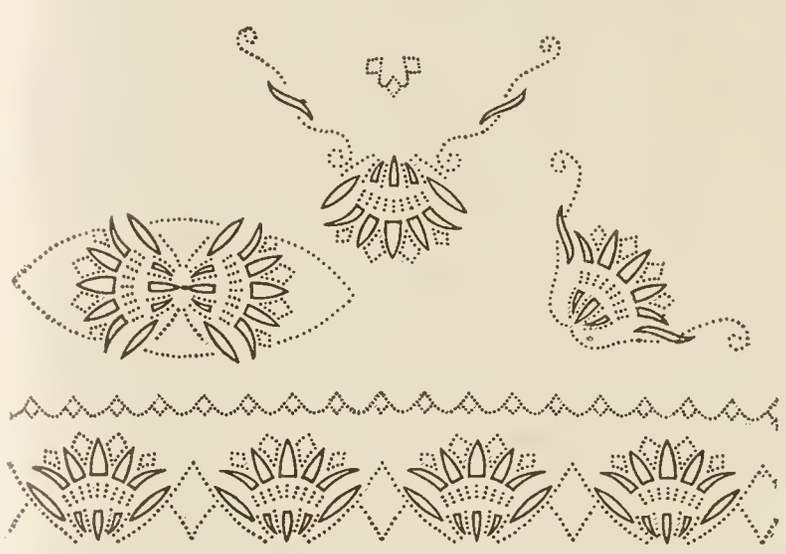
BY MARIE ASHLEY



10811—Needlework that will find a place on scarfs, pillows, etc., in the library, den, sun parlor or dining-room, has been arranged for two bands 20 inches wide and 10 inches deep, 2 bands 20 inches wide and 8 inches deep, and 2 bands 21 inches wide and 1½ inch deep, and two curved ends 20 inches wide and 9½ inches deep.



10810—New hand-bags have new conceits in narrow panels and loops worked in beads, in bead-trimmed Van Dyke points and the new uncut fringe use of beads. There are two fancy bags finished with drawstrings or the gathered bag can be mounted on a metal frame



10814—Egyptian in character and very lovely worked in the porphyry shade of Egyptian blue, terra-cotta, green, etc., is this design for motifs and bandings. It is adapted to 4½ yards of banding 3½ inches wide, 3⅜ yards banding ½ inch wide, 8 motifs 7¾ inches by 3¾ inches, 4 motifs 9¾ inches by 4¼ inches, 8 corners 2⅝ by 1¼ inches wide and 2 neck outlines. They can be worked in a combination of beads and French knots, embroidery or satin-stitch and outline embroidery. They are especially pretty for skirts, waists, coats, hats, etc.



10815—Chrysanthemums are particularly lovely worked in beads though in many cases you may prefer to use French knots, on dresses, skirts, waists, hats, etc. The design is adapted to 5 yards of banding ½ inch wide, 4⅝ yards of banding 4½ inches wide, 9 motifs 5½ by 4⅛ inches, 9 motifs 1¼ by 4½ inches and 3 neck outlines.



10813—The chemise dresses, blouses, etc., take their distinction from the use of braiding, couching, chain-stitch or outline embroidery combined with satin-stitch. The design is adapted to 2⅜ yards of banding 11 inches wide, 2¼ yards of banding 2½ inches wide, 12 motifs 6 by 3½ inches, and three neck outlines. Both these bandings can also be used on hats and skirts.



10812—One can do all sorts of charming things with the flowers, fruits and banding of this design which is arranged for 1⅝ yard banding 2¾ inches wide and 68 motifs in 15 designs and 6 each of 5 designs for embroidered buttons. The motifs are delightful on waists, dresses, underwear, household linens, etc. They can be worked in braiding or in outline or satin-stitch embroidery.





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SNAP FASTENER
Pat. Waldespring

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Fifth Avenue at 32nd Street, New York City
Factory at Long Island City, New York

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No. 1,128,341 and Others Pending



Courtesy of the Paramount Pictures

A characteristic picture of Mrs. Castle, who has become famous on the screen. For an early Spring street dress such as Mrs. Castle is wearing, Paris is using the long sleeve. Mrs. Castle's latest Paramount picture is "The Amateur Wife," by Nalbro Bartley

PARIS SHOWS AN INTEREST IN ACCESSORIES

IN APRIL it is delightful to stroll along under the arcade of the Rue du Rivoli. On the one side you have bazaar-like row of shop-windows of the tiny *boutiques* where one may find everything from post-cards of to-day, to priceless *objets de vertu* from other centuries, and also blouses, smart hats and beaded bags that are dreams of beauty, and French enamel in all its exquisite designs and colors. Across the way are the gardens of the Tuileries, and as you go in one direction you face the Louvre, but if you are bound for tea at the Ritz, you come in sight of the Place de la Concorde and the triumphant statue of Strassburg released after all these years from its mourning.

IN THE shops of the Rue du Rivoli one may find an endless variety of hand-bags. Many of them are embroidered and some are crocheted, often in alternating bands of dark blue and scarlet, with the colors marked off by rows of small steel beads. The great majority of the new bags are trimmed with beads and for Summer Paris is already showing some in light-colored silks and satins trimmed quite simply with crystal beads and tassels. One that is much admired is drawn up with a deep ruffle cut in narrow toothlike points and edged with a narrow loop fringe of beads. Another new bag that is cut away in a series of fine panels at the top, and with these openings filled in with a latticework of beads. A good many bags are mounted on frames of silver, tortoise-shell or amber, and if the top is handsome they only require a simple trimming of beads. Most bags at this season are made of silk or satin, but velvet and duvetyn are also used. French women like gray and beige for their handbags if they match their shoes and stockings, but use a dark blue, dark brown or black bag, matching their hat, with a beige frock.



NOUVEAUTÉS DE PARIS. THE BAGS ARE FROM WORTH

Paris plays with the long sleeve much as a well-fed cat plays with a mouse. She doesn't



Courtesy of Paramount Pictures

Mrs. Castle, whose clothes are always interesting, carries an ostrich fan notable for its size and exquisite color. Mrs. Castle is designing charming clothes for a large commercial house in the Middle-West

really want the thing, but she won't let it go. The long sleeve is being worn in Paris for a certain type of early Spring frock. Sometimes it is the long plain sleeve, but often there is a flare at the wrist or a fanciful arrangement of the cuff. These long sleeves are suitable for the coat dress, but as soon as the weather permits, the very short sleeve and sleeve-cap will reappear even for the street.

Time was when the average woman turned under the top of her best chemise before putting on a dinner-gown and felt that she had satisfied the most exacting standards of décolletée lingerie. *L'autre temps, les autres moeurs!*

From the turned-in top of a fine nainsook chemise we progressed logically to the topless camisole of Georgette and lace held with narrow braces of lace or ribbon.

ALL went merrily until the Parisian designers demolished the old saw that there are two sides to every question by creating evening bodices which were all front and no back.

At any rate, backless evening gowns mean backless lingerie and the chemise which Dartey has sketched for this page is the result. The chemise itself is of black silk voile hemmed with black Chantilly lace and held in place by the narrowest of shoulder straps.

Paris has shown a rather morbid taste of late for black underwear. The habit of the almost universal mourning of war days apparently is hard to break. Certainly there is little to it to recommend, for it is not pretty or dainty and under certain dresses would be most unsuitable. The vogue of colored underwear is easier to copy for the colors are charming even when they follow Poiret's *flair* for vivid hues. The shell pinks, azures, mauves, apricots and mist gray, delicate and infinitely lovely, are exquisite in Georgette, tinted net, crêpe de Chine and satins, especially when they are trimmed with a hoar-frost of lace and fine embroidery. Women who have not been converted to the charms of silk underwear keep to fine batiste in white or flesh color.

THE taste for color shows itself in other evening accessories as well as in lingerie—in ostrich fans, lovely plumed things mounted on sticks of amber, tortoise-shell and carved ivory, in jade or carmine satin slippers worn with evening gowns of black or white or silver, in the brilliant colors of brocado or duvetyn wraps or the softer pinks and blues of taffeta capes. In Paris many women wear an evening turban of a vivid color made of the new *toile ciré*, or waxed cloth, with a semi-toilette of a more sober tone for the theater or restaurants.

Even in their day dresses bright colors are used to embroider navy gabardine and serge and much gold and silver, subdued it is true to an antique tone, is used on wool frocks.



A BACKLESS EVENING CHEMISE FROM PREMET



Belding's

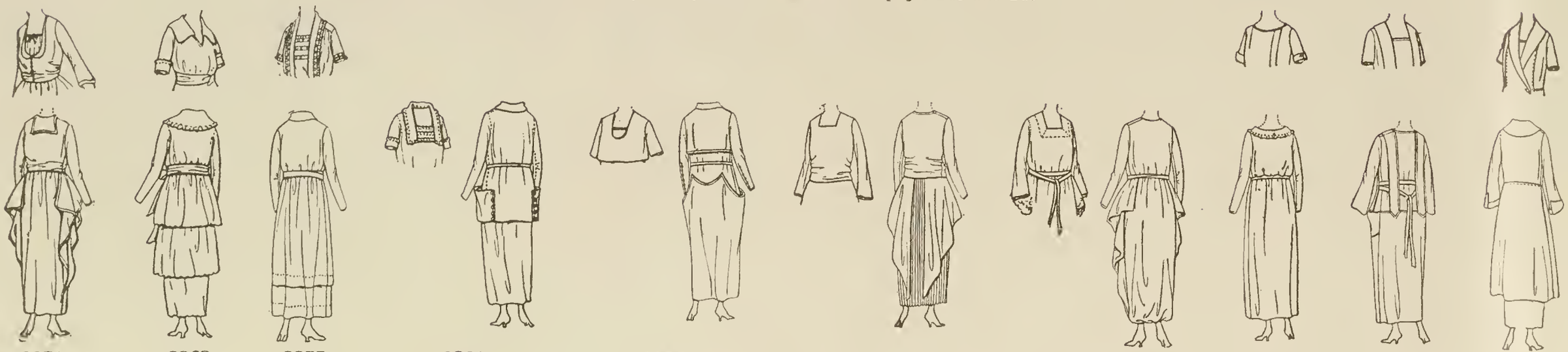
Silk Classics - Fabrics - Spool Silk

SHIMMERY sheen, a glint of color—it's a new silk—Belding's changeable Nancette. It was designed for that fast increasing group of women who have found in Belding beauty and durability a satisfying answer to their fashion needs.

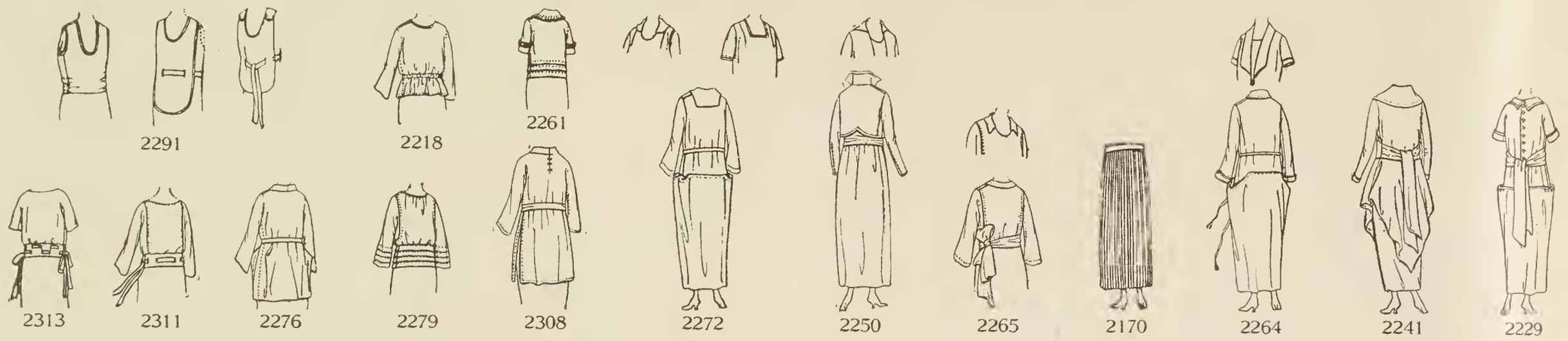
BELDING BROTHERS & CO.
New York

OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES ON PAGES 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156 AND 157

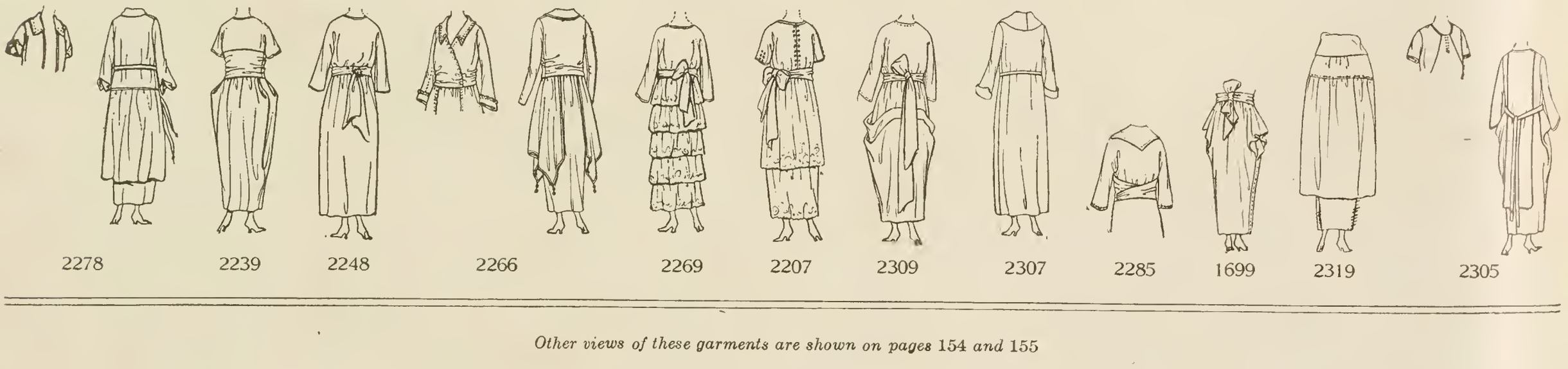
Other views of these garments are shown on pages 148 *and* 149



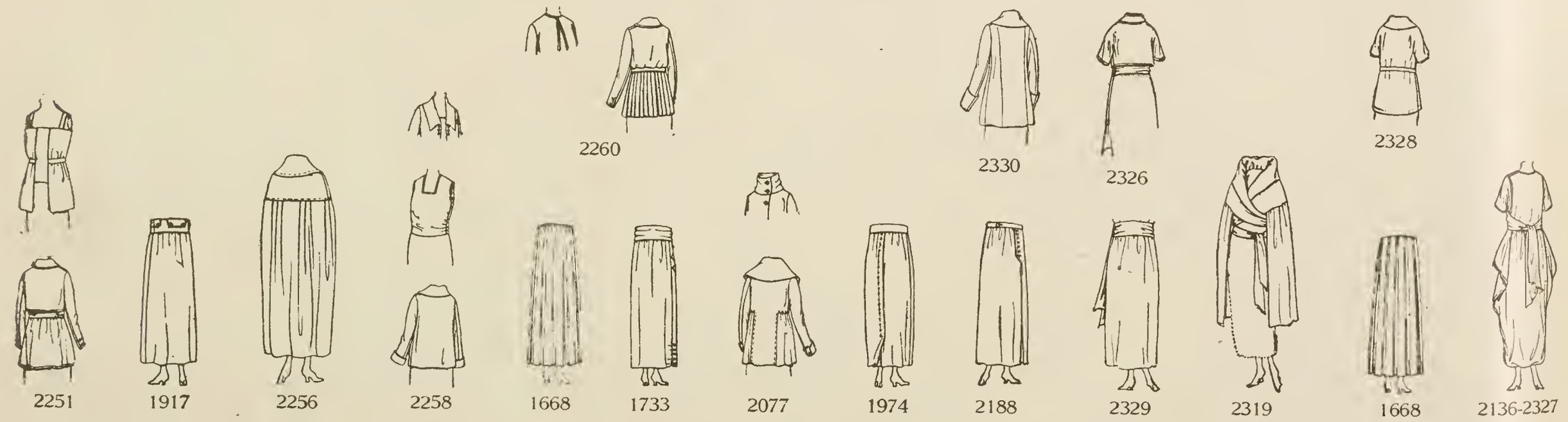
Other views of these garments are shown on pages 150 *and* 151



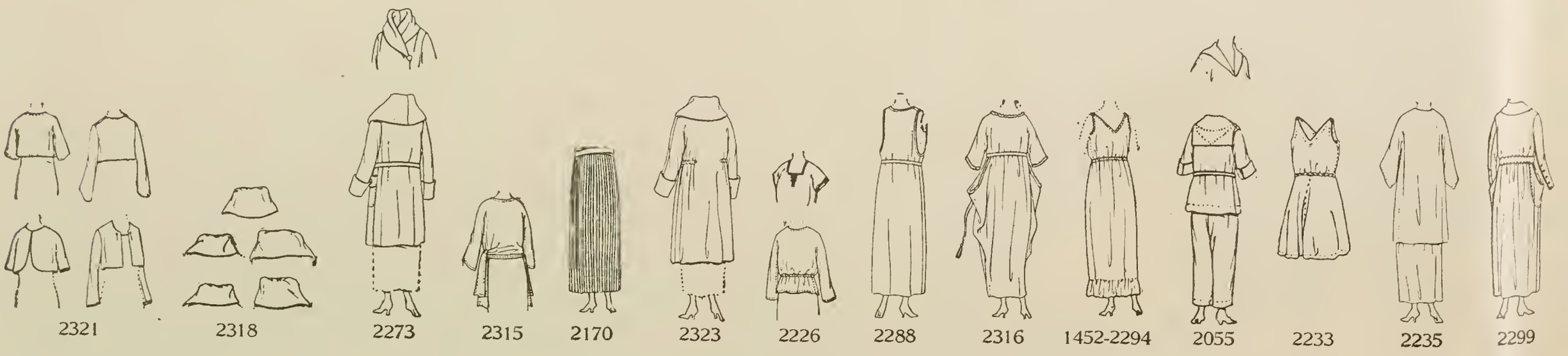
Other views of these garments are shown on pages 152 *and* 153



Other views of these garments are shown on pages 154 *and* 155



Other views of these garments are shown on pages 156 *and* 157



KALBURNIE ZEPHYR

Fast Color, 32 inches wide

Ginghams for Happiness

GINGHAM glows with color and vitality just as surely as the sturdy children and well-dressed women who wear it.

Kalburnie Zephyr is a gingham with patterns sure to please. There are plaids and wide stripes for street, beach and porch dresses, and vivid plaids or narrower stripes for children's frocks.

Kalburnie Zephyr changes its patterns twice a year to keep pace with fashion's varying color combinations. But the colors of these patterns do not change, for they are fast color. The plaid or stripe which pleases you on the counter does not dim for wind, sun, or water.

We will replace with an equal yardage of the same or similar pattern any piece of Kalburnie Zephyr in which the colors run or fade. Look for "Lancaster Kalburnie" on every yard of the selvage.

Mrs. Prentiss learned the value of the fast-color gingham. You will enjoy reading of her experiences in "Mandy on Ginghams," free upon request.

Amory, Browne & Co.

Dept. 14, Box 1206, Boston, Mass.

Nashua Woolnap Blankets

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Florient Talc

Flowers of the Orient

A New Colgate Powder



NOTE the color of this new Talc produced by Colgate & Co. To this color and to the charm of its thistle-down lightness there is added the graceful touch of a perfume now very much in vogue. Florient's fragrance won an unquestioned first place in a recent international perfume contest, and in this new Talc its rich refinement adds *le bon ton* to the toilette, as does the dainty box to the toilette table.

Please send us your request for an attractive miniature box of Florient (Flowers of the Orient) Talc or you may purchase at your dealer's the graceful tall box as photographed here.

COLGATE & CO., NEW YORK

THE DELINEATOR

VOLUME·XCVI — MAY 1920 — NUMBER·FIVE

JAMES EATON TOWER, Managing Editor
MABEL POTTER DAGGETT, Contributing Editor

THE SCHOOLS—A DESPERATE SITUATION

BY HELEN TAFT

Acting President of Bryn Mawr College

Editor's Note—The first of a series of articles by Ruth Boyle, picturing conditions in our public schools, will be found on page 22 of this issue

THE present crisis in education is really only an indication of what has been American policy toward education for many years. That the teacher in a school of good standing should be receiving considerably less per day than the average day-laborer can be the result only of a condition of things where the standing of the teacher in the community is a matter of little moment.

Twelve hundred dollars a year is considered a very fair salary whether for a public or private school; that is, one hundred dollars a month, a little more than three dollars a day. The great majority of teachers in the rural schools do not receive more than half that sum.

I was asked the other day in a questionnaire sent out by a small college whether I considered sixteen hundred and fifty dollars a sufficient salary for a full professor! Sixteen hundred and fifty dollars would be just a little more than the same man could earn breaking stones on a road.

America believes in education. If he had to choose between paying four hundred dollars a year in order to educate his child or letting that child grow up without schooling, the average American would probably sacrifice every comfort in order that his child might not be regarded as "uneducated." But owing to the fact that we have very wisely kept our education democratic by giving tuition in our public schools without charge, and in our privately endowed institutions for a sum far below the actual cost, the nation has forgotten what the cost of education really is. We have forgotten that its value depended not merely upon the quantity of education given, but upon the standard which was set.

That standard can only be set by the teachers. Unless the teaching profession can command the best ability and the best training in the country, the stamp of intellectual mediocrity or worse is necessarily placed on American education as a whole. The present crisis should awaken the country to the dire importance of the whole problem. With teachers dropping daily out of the public schools in order to find more remunerative work, with thirteen hundred teachers resigning in one year in the State of New York alone, with college professors accepting positions as experts in commercial work because, however much they may prefer the life of a teacher, they can not afford to face a future of constant retrenchment and financial anxiety, the country as a whole can not any longer fail to meet the situation unless it wishes to abandon all idea of educating the next generation and to turn our public schools into office-buildings and warehouses.

But while we are aroused to the situation, let us do more than merely offer salaries which will keep the schools from closing. There are, after all, a large number of men and women who have little hope of success in any other profession and can no doubt be tempted into teaching if a living wage is offered, but that is not the kind of teacher that this country needs to-day. Let us recognize once for all the preeminent importance of the teacher to the community, be he the rural schoolmaster or the professor in the great university. Let us never again allow him to sink either in the esteem or in the attention of the community until he is a fair object for patronage by the plumber or the electrician or the bricklayer.

We have talked much of programs for reconstruction, of the new world that we were hoping to build out of the wreck of the old. What kind of a program of reconstruction would it be that did not place education at the very head of the list of necessary measures? What kind of reconstruction would it be in this country which made no effort to combat the illiteracy which now engulfs a quarter of our population? No doubt we are all tired of appeals for money, but surely no one has thought that a new world is to be built up without effort or without sacrifice. We must help other countries, it is true, for they are starving and we have plenty, but not even the most internationally minded philanthropist would urge us to care for the children of Europe and neglect our own.

The greatest need in this country at present is for a broad and far-sighted program of national education. We must have support for the institutions which already exist, but we should have more than that—we should have support from all classes and from all parties for an extension and improvement of education throughout the country. And first and foremost we need a public recognition of the importance of the teaching profession to the community.

INTRODUCING NALBRO BARTLEY

SHE has started more discussion than almost any one we can think of—this young author of "A Woman's Woman" and "The Gorgeous Girl."

From learned authors to errand-girls, every woman we know a few months ago had her opinion of *Densie Plummer's* family difficulties and was obliged to talk about her. It was the same way with "The Gorgeous Girl." Every woman who had ever worked in an office, or had a husband in one, had her own ideas about *Mary Faithful*, her charming young employer and his extravagant, glamourous, gorgeous wife. All of which means that Nalbro Bartley knows how to put real people into a story.

Beginning in the June DELINEATOR, she is going to give our readers a story which is likely to start a good deal of family talk at dinner-tables and porch-parties this Summer. She calls it "Careless Daughters"—the story of three marriages in a typical small American town.

Bess Lyman is the pretty and spoiled only child of a small successful merchant. When she falls in love with *Jim Gainer*, and wants to marry him, her fond parents agree, but insist that the young people shall "just come home to mother's to live." *Jim* shall start in at the store with his father-in-law and have twelve dollars a week for himself. The business will belong to *Bess* (and himself) some day, anyway. It looks like a splendid plan, but it has its drawbacks when the second family begins to have its own problems. The Lyman problem is not so simple as it looks.

As *Aunt Willoughby* says, "It is cruel to these youngsters, keeping them children when they are man and wife! It is going to be like a puppy not being allowed to chew rubbers until he is middle-aged and then being shot dead for it instead of merely smacked."



NALBRO BARTLEY

Then there is quiet *Judith Shadworth*, who becomes engaged to *Kent Harlow* and is happily planning their tiny home. But her mother, who is "never well," begins to die for the seventh or eighth time since *Judith* has been engaged, and is only persuaded to remain on earth by coming to live with her daughter. Accompanied by a fleet of hot-water bottles, air-cushions, diet-sheets, and so on, her home broken up, she accepts "just a corner in which to die while the young people have their day"—so she tells her friends.

Of course, this reacts upon *Judith* and *Kent*. *Judith*, whose slaving as a child for her mother has resulted in a distorted and warped outlook upon life, soon becomes a jealous monopolist of her husband, just as her mother is toward her own child. The slightest incident arouses unfair suspicions, tears, hysteria resultant from fatigue, and the despair of having a "one-person crowd" on her hands and in her home!

As for *Zoe Conger*, still another Careless Daughter, whose own romance has been shattered—what a teasing delight she takes in egging others on to come to grief!

We recommend "Careless Daughters" without any reservations. Nalbro Bartley has that most rare and winning quality of being able to look on every one as a human being—not, for instance, as a rich man or a woman or a mother-in-law or a husband. That is why real folks everywhere will love this tale. With each succeeding chapter it grows more absorbing.

Supplementing this brilliant serial, in the June number of the magazine, will be a group of notable short stories, each by a fiction artist of national or international celebrity: Mary Brecht Pulver, Eden Phillpotts, Lucille Van Slyke, Fanny Heaslip Lea and Annie Hamilton Donnell.

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The May-Flower

By Alfred Noyes

I THINK some angel christened her,
Touched her black bows with dew and flame
And watched her through the sunset bear
The light of England's loveliest name;
But oh, the Mayflower's not a ship,
Though Heaven in one great hour let slip
Its bloom on one proud ship's renown,
That sailed, three hundred years ago,
From Plymouth town to Plymouth town.

A LITTLE fragrant stars of snow
That bloom in England, laughing May,
The sea-wind wafts your scent to-day
Across three thousand miles of spray.

FROM winding lane and dark sweet coombe
It wafts the breath of Devon bloom;
For fairer lands have fairer flowers,
But this one loveliness is ours—
This whitener of the hedge is Spring,
These hawthorn clouds where, drenched with dew,
The bullfinch and green linnet sing
When God makes Heaven and Earth anew.
And oh, the Mayflower's not a name!
It is a soul, a living flame,
Honey-hearted, white as foam,
The glory of the hills of home,
That blooms in all our songs and tales,
And broke into immortal sails,
When tyrannous, black-browed tempests freed
The starry-petaled, winged seed;
And, over the rough ocean blown,
It made new May-boughs of its own.

HARK! To-day the mother-stem
Whispers all her heart to them!
You who doubt her, hear the May
Whispering the wide seas away—
"I am England! I am she
Whose heart of heart is Liberty."
Only in such hours as this
Her own may tell of all she is.

ATHENS, Weimar, Rome have heard
Her children's glorifying word.
They have praised a hundred lands,
And still kept silence where she stands;
Or, if they turned to her, they said,
"England slumbers or is dead."

THEY have searched her soul with fire
Lest she fail of their desire;
They have lashed her with their blame,
And made a taunt of her own name.
Mockery, anger, careless wit,
With forkéd tongues have struck at it;
Till the stranger in her gate
Wondered at their seeming hate
And half-believed the thing they said—
"England slumbers or is dead."

WHAT is England? Now, at last,
Mightier from that tempering past,
She lifts a prouder head on high,
And her silent deeds reply:

I AM England, who first gave
Freedom and Justice to the slave;
Whose voice and sword and triumphing sea
First gave charters to the free;
Mother of parliaments, who first broke
Emperors with my thunder-stroke.
I am that land, I am that land,
Where Shakespeare's soul and Cromwell's hand,
With Newton's, Darwin's thought conspire
To teach what kings have never known,
And lead the peoples to their throne.

THOUGH my feet in evil hours
Failed of the heights where my soul towers;
Though I have sinned as ye have sinned,
There is no whisper of any wind
The wide world round, where men stand free,
But tells of my vast agony.
Where have I conquered and not given
Hostages to my free heaven?
Yes, with its first wild day-spring crowned
Mine equal foe, the wide world round;
Till, if again at a king I ride,
Mine ancient foes are at my side.

I AM England. I am she
Who crowned with law my liberty,
And taught my free-born sons to heed
What I taught kings at Runnymede;
Who, when my tyrants rose again,
Broke every link of every chain,
Flung my Mayflower to the seas
And sailed to the Atlandides.
There was England, in that hour,
The pilgrim soul of all my power,
Which rose like a triumphal flame
And made New England in my name.
Yes, though all souls that live on earth
May mingle in your mightier birth,
There is no senate of free men
But echoes my sea-speech again.
The sea that girds and guards my walls
Thunders in your own council-halls;
And my hand against strange kings
Loosed to heaven your eaglet's wings."

ACROSS *three thousand miles of spray,*
A ghostly ship sets sail to-day;
But oh, you living flowers of May,
Fresh with dew, and white as foam,
I hear your murmuring branches say:
"This is England. This is home.
This is England. This is home."



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TO hear the real Caruso—to hear all the greatest artists of the world in your own home just as they want you to hear them, it is as necessary that you should have a Victrola as that you should have their Victor Records.

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When you play Victor Records on the Victrola—and only on the Victrola—you really hear these great artists exactly as they themselves heard and approved their own work.

Any Victor dealer will gladly play any music you wish to hear. Victrolas $25 to $1500. New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 1st of each month.

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J.

VICTROLA



Poise and Charm

These are usually possessed by the woman who knows that in the careful execution of her toilet, she has left no opportunity for slighting comment. Every detail has had attention—particularly her complexion.

She is equally at ease in the witching candle light of the tea room and the bright sun-light of the busy street because she knows that her skin is smooth, soft—delicately lovely.

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Photo by Curtis Bell

MRS. RUSSELL COLT AND (LEFT TO RIGHT) ETHEL BARRYMORE COLT, JOHN DREW COLT AND SAMUEL COLT

MISS BARRYMORE TO OUR GIRLS

AN INTERVIEW BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

ETHEL BARRYMORE has all the charm and fascination of the old-time actress of romance. At her birth, the fairies made contradiction an added grace, and bestowed it upon her as one of her distinguishing traits. She can go on strike with her fellow actors one month, championing the cause of the downtrodden chorus girl; and she can dance with the Prince of Wales at the most coveted social functions. She can play in vaudeville, make excursions into the moving-picture, returning to the legitimate stage without losing prestige. She can draw the largest salary and yet be penniless through the largess with which she gives to others. The story is told that while she was on strike last year, she went to her manager, against whom she was fighting, and said, "If I'm to go on working for the success of the cause,' I must have some money." And the manager gave her what she wanted! The fact is, Ethel Barrymore is irresistible.

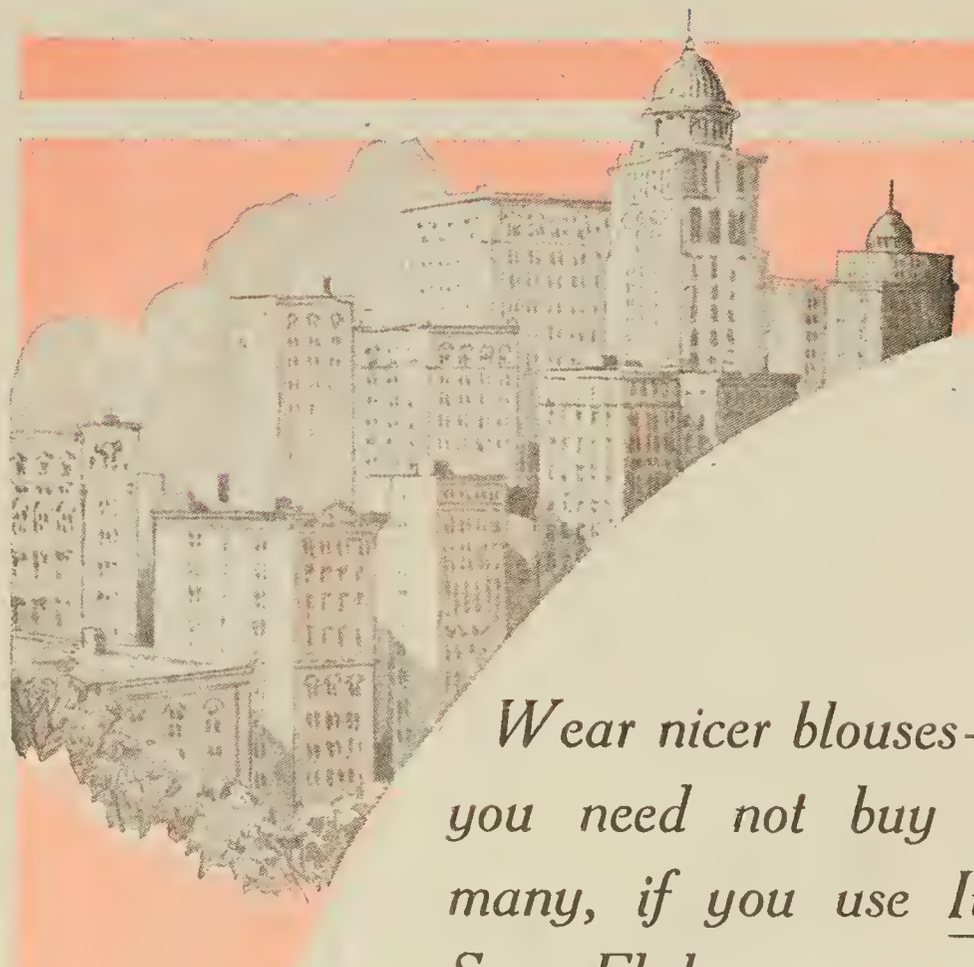
As I sat opposite her in her dressing-room at the Empire Theater, there flashed across my mind the numerous contrasting parts in which I had seen her: the filmy lightness of her *Madame Trentoni*, in Clyde Fitch's "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines;" the mundane tragedy of the *Charwoman* in John Galsworthy's "The Silver Box;" the pathetic boy spirit of her *Carrots*, and I realized that there was a *Cinderella* quality to this favorite of our stage. In rags or in laces, there burns a radiant personality. One must paint her in the most delicate pastels—brown for the hair, soft tints for the complexion, grace of line, yet the portrait would be incomplete without the witchery of the eyes, which have a haunting tragedy in them at the same time that they show abundant life. "She has life," wrote Horace Walpole of Peg Woffington. We can write the same of Ethel Barrymore.

Now, it's not an easy matter to get this daughter of theater fortune to talk for publication. She gives the public royal entertainment, and for them she gives the best she has. Which is saying much, for Ethel Barrymore has steadily advanced in her work. Her technique becomes richer as the years go by, and she knows how to carry the years with a lightness that makes her still the girl. The girls, and their mothers as well, find her message here set down of direct interest to them.

Before she was married, how many were the suitors described knocking at the stage-door! Her romances never staled; they read like the greenroom romances with which stage history is plentifully sprinkled. And then, when she finally married Mr. Russell Colt, she did not relinquish any of the romance which is hers. Her children came like princes and a princess, and Ethel Barrymore domesticated has all the fascination of Ethel Barrymore on the stage.

It was only after much maneuvering that she was persuaded to talk for the readers of THE DELINEATOR, a conversation that fluctuated from her home to her work, from herself to her brothers, toward whom she shows a large maternal feeling of protective pride and ambition. I had just seen the play in which she is now appearing—one of those middle-age turbulent tales in which she so often appears. I know of no actress who, from her early teens, so delighted in masquerading as forty or over. Recall "The Shadow," in which she was a paralytic, or "Tante," in which she delineated a matronly woman with the artistic temperament; or Pinero's "Mid-Channel." Can one ever forget the humorous gravity of her "Cousin Kate," or the poetic

Continued on page 96



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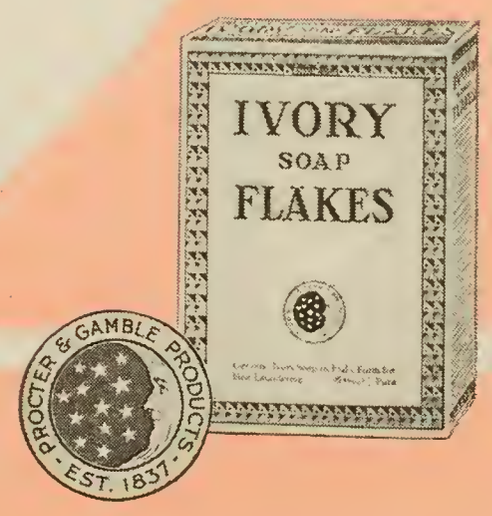
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A BLISSFUL, GOLDEN HALF-HOUR IN WHICH NEITHER OF THEM SPOKE

THE MAN WHO WAS TIRED OF HIS WIFE

BY LUCILLE VAN SLYKE

Author of "Little Miss-By-The-Day," etc.

"The key to yesterday I threw away,
And now, too late,
Before to-morrow's close-locked gate,
Helpless I stand. In vain to pray,
In vain to sorrow—
Only the key to yesterday
Unlocks to-morrow."

CHARLES SHIRLEY was forty-seven, but he prided himself on the consoling fact that he didn't look it. His wife Bertha was forty-one, but she didn't look it; she merely looked the careful little age-dodger that she was; always a shade too immaculate, a bit too carefully coifed, a whole lot more solicitous about herself than she had been in her prodigal and blooming thirties. She wore much more youthful clothes than she had been wont to wear then, her skirts were shorter, her hat-brims broader and her laughter more musical but less spontaneous. She prided herself that she managed her house and her husband with skill; he had years since decided on a peace-at-any-price policy. So that while outwardly all was serene, inwardly the two frequently contemplated each other with ironical condescension.

Occasionally a vague fear, as faint as the wrinkles at the corners of her eyes, crept into Bertha's thoughts.

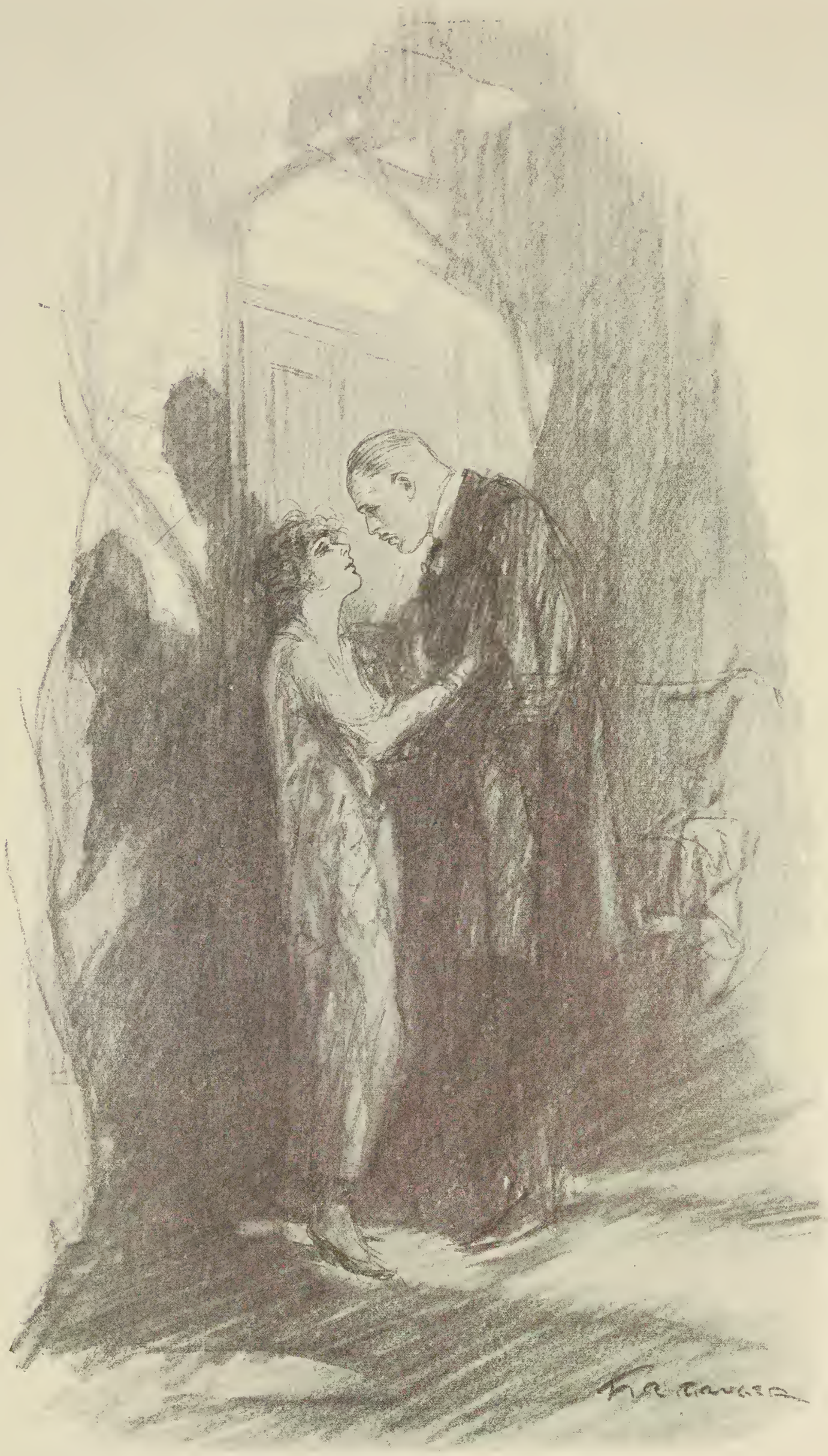
"He's bored with you." something whispered. A bit apprehensive, Bertha would order a new hat. Charles was always much concerned about hats. Or, if he were too apathetic, she would make the dessert herself. It was her one constructive accomplishment and never failed to win a word of praise from Charles. Or, if he seemed particularly restive, she would invite visitors. Visitors, whether he liked them or not, had towed them out of many a deadly domestic calm.

As for Charles, it was bitterness, not fear, that rankled in his soul. In the late afternoon—in those hours in which, prior to the triumph of prohibition, he had been wont to blot out the annoyances of the day in a mild high-ball or two—he would loaf restlessly, almost irritably, mulling over everything that had gone wrong in his small world. He was conscious of being very tired of everything that he did—tired of his successful tobacco brokerage, tired of the smug suburban routine, bored with bridge, even his once-loved billiard-table no longer held its former charm for him. But most of all he was tired of Bertha. He blamed himself for that: he really was still rather proud of her. He liked her well-groomed look, her confident air. He gave her credit for all that she was and more. Besides, he was a bit afraid of her. He regarded her very much as her dog—an elderly bored Boston bull—regarded her. They still, from force of habit, trotted obediently at her side. But that was all. Both of them often feigned sleep when she called.

But, in spite of all this vague discontent, things might have gone on just the same with Charles and Bertha for many years more—that is, if Spring hadn't come along, Spring and a husband-snatcher.

She was such an innocent-looking charmer that no wife could have guessed what she was until it was too late. She blew into Bertha's suburb in the most casual way. Some distant relatives of hers who were to travel that Summer loaned her their shabby cottage and antiquated roadster because they didn't want to lose their model maid. They were the sort of persons that Bertha and her friends never noticed, elderly folk who lived at the unfashionable end of the street. Their house was as insignificant as they were. But suddenly, overnight, it glowed with gay window-boxes and broad-striped awnings. Navaho rugs hid its ugly benches and hammocks, the impertinent strum of a banjo sounded behind the ancient honeysuckle, rose-colored lights gleamed from almost every window. Grown-ups didn't call on her, but everybody under twelve found some excuse to investigate the back yard. On perches gay with paint a dozen tropical birds belonging to a vaudeville performer, who was in a hospital, swung and whistled. Each had a clipped wing, but imagined he had a completer freedom.

The model maid from force of habit called her temporary mistress just what she had called her actual employer—Mrs. Dearborn. Which much amused the lady and awfully worried her dog. The dog was a rather disreputable-looking part-Airedale mongrel, a huge animal who roamed about at his own sweet will. How he escaped the dog-catcher was a miracle, for he wore no leash or muzzle. He was a frolicksome dog mornings. Perfectly sedate the rest of the day. Though long past puppyhood, he still dashed about mornings with his mistress's low shoes dangling by their strings from his mouth. She used to run after him in her stocking feet, laughing softly, and she would sit down unconcernedly wherever she caught up



JUST AS THE RAWSONS' CAR ROUNDED THE BEND OF THE ROAD——

with him and let him pretend to be afraid of her while she tied them on.

She defied all the rules of suburban dressing. Her shiny brown hair blew about in the wind, she ignored the existence of hair-nets. She walked with a youthful uncorseted swagger that was more boyish than alluring. When it was cold, she wore an atrocious plaid coat that was much too large for her; when it was warm, she appeared in ginghams as simple as a schoolgirl's. She seemed to find a great deal to laugh about in this world, yet her laughter wasn't pretty like Bertha's—it was a childish chuckle, as childish as her dimples. And she wasn't at all prepossessing. She was tanned, freckled; she walked with her hands in her pockets and wore a tam—when she wore any head-covering at all, which wasn't very often—and she wore it with a I-don't-care-where-I'm-going-it's-all-fun air.

She usually disappeared for two or three days a week, she talked a great deal "long-distance," and once a week a middle-aged clerk appeared with a bulky bag and a portable typewriter. Her neighbors had a mild curiosity about her, destined to be unsatisfied, and by the time she'd been living in the borrowed house for a week the community had forgotten her.

Bertha Shirley completely ignored her existence at first. Bertha was superintending a card-indexish housecleaning and having the billiard-room walls retinted that Spring—the billiard-room walls and her hair. The chauffeur had lumbago and Bertha had never learned to drive a car. She said it wouldn't hurt Charles for a few weeks to walk that brief mile to and from the station; that he was getting too much tummy anyhow. He was. And it didn't hurt him to walk.

Because the very second day he began walking the Dearborn roadster hummed by.

"Want a lift?" sang out a gay voice. "You look warmish!"

They were friends from the moment that she unconcernedly plumped a splint basket across his knees. A spicy odor wafted from the basket. Charles sniffed boyishly.

"Have a cooky?" she suggested. "Found an old dear down in the village who bakes 'em for me on the model maid's day out. I take 'em home hot and eat a dozen and drink a gallon of milk. Solves the dinner problem for me and the dorg—I put the basket on the floor when I'm done and he eats the rest. It's an orgy. A beautiful bat!"

Charles bit into one. He was on his fourth when she let him out at his own driveway. He created havoc by walking straight through to the kitchen and demanding milk. A maid brought him a thin, tiny glassful. There was no more. Merely some cream for after-dinner coffee.

"I need a gallon of milk," he announced petulantly.

"You ought not to touch a spoonful," Bertha informed him disdainfully. "It's frightfully fattening. You're getting as stout as your old Uncle Rodman."

He sulked on the end of the porch till dinner-time. He wasn't hungry for dinner. The whole world was out of joint. He slept badly. He growled over the breakfast-table about having to walk to the station and threatened to phone for a taxi.

"My dear boy," cooed Bertha ironically, "you act perfectly childish whenever you have to do anything you don't want to. Any one would think you were fifteen instead of fifty."

"Fifty!" he almost shrieked at her. "I'm not fifty!" He had never actually thought of the fifty idea and it cut like the devil.

"Only forty-seven!" she mocked him. "Please don't be late for dinner again. I'm going to get the workmen out of the billiard-room this afternoon and I want you to help put it to rights for the evening. The Haswells and the Rawsons and the Allens are coming over."

The very thoughts of the evening bored him inexpressibly. He sauntered listlessly toward his train. That is, he sauntered until staccato footsteps made him turn inquiringly. The lady who was living in the Dearborn house, basket on arm, looking about twenty-two of her thirty-two years, sang out a gay good morning. Charles couldn't remember a morning in ten years when Bertha hadn't been more or less grumpy. Getting down to breakfast was a disagreeable duty for Bertha; speaking to Charles at all a wifely martyrdom. The length of the porch was as far as she ever walked with him, pausing mechanically to present a cool cheek for his stereotyped caress. She had an irritating way of yawning and stretching whenever he chanced to look back. This Dearborn visitor couldn't seem to keep both feet on the ground. She bobbed along like an irrepressible kid.

"Doesn't a morning like this make you long to go fishing?"

He stopped abruptly. She had hit upon exactly the thing he wanted to do. He hadn't realized that he wanted to until she spoke. Because he hadn't been fishing in fifteen years. He hadn't been fishing since the time Bertha had hysterics in her efforts to make him understand that a man was a selfish brute to spend time and money on pleasures his wife could not enjoy.

"I'm pretty old for that sort of thing," he murmured glumly.

"Old!" she scoffed. "H'm. This is one of those mornings when every man in the world is just exactly as old as—" she interrupted herself to shout a "coo-ee" at a boy who was running down the road— "as *that!* Look at him! Isn't he a beautiful imp? I'll bet he looks very much as you used to! As if he felt like a shiny, shiny bubble and couldn't wait to burst for sheer joy."

He was the same boy that Bertha had nagged out of her rose-garden the evening before. She had told him severely that there weren't any worms there, that she had paid the gardener extra to spray things.

The boy came up to them panting.

"I got a whole canful! Are you really going?"

"You bet!" she enthused. "I've a canful myself—I'll be there ahead of you."

He was off like a flash, grimacing wildly over his shoulder.

"Might I ask where?" Charles was devoured with curiosity.

"Hist! Only four fellers know! We meet one minute after school. It's a quarter of a mile beyond the railroad track and—er—eight thousand miles from the wholesale coffee district—" her chuckle slipped out. He had a swift desire to pinch her dimpled cheek. "There's slues of mud-suckers and we're almost sure there's trout——"

He had to run for his train. He was home again at one o'clock, ate a hearty lunch, claimed a slight headache as an excuse for having lunched at home on a work-day for the first time in seven years, tumbled into some old clothes and told Bertha, with meticulous carelessness, that he thought a good long tramp would do him good. Bertha was dressing for a bridge. She had already told him plainly that his home-coming had much upset the domestic arrangements. She was adjusting a hair-net, always a nerve-racking process. She frowned as she spoke.

"If you'd told me this morning that you were coming home, I could have planned things. Harriet might have got a substitute. But of course at this late hour I can't leave her with a three-at-the-table. I'm perfectly furious when anybody plays me that shabby trick. I remember last Spring when Grace Rawson did it I treated her with decided coolness for some time afterward. But I must say I think it looks awfully funny for you to go wandering around, making it look as though I neglected you when everybody knows that everything I do is planned for your comfort. Don't you think it would do your head more good if you were to lie down quietly until I come home?"

He fled guiltily. He waited an hour and a half just below the schoolhouse. He had to bribe the boy to make him let him in. But they had a heavenly time, Charles and that Anderson boy and the Dearborn visitor. The two of them asked Charles a thousand flattering questions about where he had fished when he was a boy. They listened breathlessly to tales of his prowess. They leaped madly about the small stream, lost their bait, decided to spear frogs, neglected frogs for pollywogs—the woods rang with their laughter. And when the sun was beginning to cast long shadows, the Anderson shamelessly deserted them for a red-headed pal who appeared with an infant snapping-turtle. The redhead claimed he knew a place where he could catch fifty of them, easy. He was willing to bet on it. So was the Anderson. They didn't bother to say good-by; they simply tumbled over the nearest stone wall and disappeared.

A pensive silence fell between the two as the boyish voices receded. They found an apple-tree leaning over a rail fence; they perched themselves perilously on the fence. The little stream sparkled and sang, a robin reproached them, Charles whittled at a bit of willow while the lady watched him contentedly. A blissful, golden half-hour in which neither of them spoke cemented their friendship. Peace enwrapped Charles's fretted soul.

He presented her with the whistle and a smile. She puckered her lips sweetly, but paused with the toy halfway to her mouth.

"I'm 'fraid!" she whispered.

"'Fraid of what?" he scoffed.

"'Fraid to blow it for fear everything will vanish. Life is too good to be true just this minute." There were tears in her eyes and when she saw that he saw them she sprang down so quickly that she stumbled. He held her close for just the tiniest fraction of a second. His lips touched her shining hair. She pulled away from him quickly.

"What were you thinking about all that time?" he asked abruptly.

"You!"

"And what did you think?" He was too eager!

"That," a mocking twinkle shone through her tear-wet lashes, "I'd bet you couldn't run so fast as the Anderson—or me."

She had a good ten-yard start. He couldn't for the life of him catch up with her. She dodged behind birch-trees, hid herself in a clump of alders, and before he knew where she was hiding he found himself unexpectedly at the bend of the road that was visible from the station. The passengers from the five-sixteen were descending, two gay motor-loads of guests from Harriet's bridge whizzed past them.

Bertha was bitter and tactless at dinner. She had much to say about his having "picked up that woman that nobody knows anything about."

"In the circumstances," he retorted, "I think you owe Mrs. Dearborn an apology. You're insinuating a rather unkind thing. All the kiddies in the neighborhood know her; she was fishing with a couple of them and I happened along—" he ended tamely.

"She dresses like a perfect hoyden." Bertha snapped

Continued on page 78



Photo by Frances and Mary Allen

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

I'VE LEARNED MY CATECHISM WELL
AND MY VERSES FOR TO-DAY.
I THINK I'VE MEMORISED ENOUGH;
I'D LIKE TO GO AND PLAY.

BUT CHILDREN HAVE TO SEEK TO BE
CONTROLLED AND GOOD AND MILD.
AND I AM GLAD MY MOTHER THINKS
I AM A GODLY CHILD.

IMITATION PARADISE

BY KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN

FAUSTINE FORDYCE was the *nom de plume* (she'd lost her right name with her first molars) of the girl who bought the hat this story is about. Where she got the little piece of change isn't anybody's business. She worked in a manicuring parlor off a barber-shop, and she was the kind that the fellows who cover their yawns with three fingers describe as "*some* kid!"—a yellow-haired, blue-eyed little article that no honest woman would have hesitated to guarantee as strictly hand-painted. Pity, too, because when she was seventeen years old all she needed was a spanking to straighten her out; but by nineteen her morals were, as you might say, permanently waved; kinked up as crooked as a cannibal's wool.

Jerry Britt met her when she was going on eighteen. He had got a good job with the Government in Alaska, something to do with the railroads, and he was leaving the next day. Wishing to celebrate, he dropped into a barber-shop for a bay rum. He hadn't planned to be manicured, though. I'll say for Jerry that he never aimed to go that far; the points of his mother's scissors were good enough for him. But, being used to stropping his razor on the strop that hung beside the kitchen sink, and having to remember that the spot was on the looking-glass and not on his chin, he was kind of rattled when the fancy-work was finished, and wandering mid the maze of mirrors, white-tile bootblacking stands and florist's shops, he landed up, lost, in the manicuring *cul-de-sac*.

Faustine hadn't learned yet that the only way to smile was to curl the upper lip back real slow, so the smile she gave him met him and took him in; and the next thing he knew she was cuddling his hand in a pink palm that was about the size of one of his ears, and telling him that he had lovely nails but it was a crime the way he had neglected them.

By the time she was asking him would he have a high or a dull polish, he was about ready to ask her would she have a homely, long-legged fellow, with a good job and a few hundred put by in the bank, for life. But he remembered Mary Garrity just in time, and compromised by asking Faustine would she take supper with him at the Puss and Fiddle that evening at six o'clock sharp.

Another thing Faustine hadn't learned then, was how to get hundred-dollar hats on a salary of nine per and half the tips; so she pulled a little old blue tam-o'-shanter down over her yellow curls and met Jerry on the corner with another smile not made according to plans and specifications.

In the restaurant she told him the story of her life. It melted poor old Jerry's heart into a sticky pulp, like jelly that has too much sugar in it to jell; but, as far as letting him in on the truth of anything went, she might as well have told him the sad story of Little Red Riding Hood.

Then Jerry, by special request, told her the story of his life: all about the time he broke his leg; how his baby brother died at the age of two; what a kind heart his mother had; up to and through his dear old college days with a correspondence course, not forgetting his new job, and including what he had in the savings-bank. The only thing he didn't tell her was about Mary Garrity, but that wasn't because he had forgotten Mary.

He had a date with her for eight o'clock that evening. That was why he had tacked the six sharp onto his invitation to Faustine. A set of baby-blue eyes and a mass of golden curls might come to his attention, all right, but they wouldn't interfere with that sense of honor of his, any more than a butterfly would interfere with a Western Union clock if it should light on the face of it. If Jerry said eight o'clock, he meant it. He was, to put it another way, a whole lot like one of those clocks: not too slow, and not too fast, but just going along steady and sure in his own decent, honest, accurate way.

Mary Garrity was a lot like that, too. It isn't likely that her brain-maddening beauty would ever cause any man to hit the tiger-rug trails; but she had a complexion as pure and pretty as warm, new milk, and big gray eyes fringed around with black lashes, and a mane of black hair she could sit on without having to take it off her head to do it. She was a little heavy on her feet for dancing, and she didn't go around contributing to the Clarence Come-Hithers about their marvelous eyes, nor to the Percival Pinch-Backs concerning their strength and manliness; so was she referred to by the neighbors as a great home girl. Maybe so; but she was good and wholesome as a batch of fresh bread, and if things had been arranged so that kids could shop around for their mothers instead of having them handed out to them hit or miss, then Mary Garrity would have been the most popular girl in the country.

If she looked at you with those gray eyes of hers and told you anything, it was true. And she had been waiting for a number of years to look at Jerry and tell him that she would stick to him for better or worse, for richer or poorer, and the rest of it. But she and Jerry had played hop-scotch out on the front walk together; she'd laughed at him when he'd appeared in his first pair of long pants, and his mother thought the world and all of her; so you can see for yourself that the girl was up against a hard combination.

Not that Jerry didn't like, admire and respect her. He did. He always had. That was the heck of it. Instead of his feelings for Mary coming quick and sudden, they had kind of grown up with him until they were a part of him that he was so used to he never noticed.



THE MOUNTAINEER RETURNING IN SPRING

AM I IN TIME?
ARE THE FIELDS STILL BARE,
AND THE MOUNTAINS THE COLOR OF WINE,
DARK WINE,
DARK WITH OLD HEMLOCKS AND PINE?
IS THERE SNOW IN THE AIR
AND RIME?

I AM LATE, ALAS!
FOR A PURPLING TINT
OVER THE WOODS IS SEEN;
RIBBONS OF GREEN
LACE THE BROWN VALLEYS BETWEEN,
WHERE THE FRESHETS GLINT
IN THE GRASS.

—TOO LATE TO HEAR
SPRING STORMS OF SNOW
THE GORGES BURY AND BLIND WITH WIND;
TOO LATE TO BREAST THEM AND FIND
THE ARBUTUS IN BLOW,
THIS YEAR!

—*Sarah N. Cleghorn.*

Mary wasn't the kind to go habitually pining about unrequited love. She hoped she was sensible, and when a woman hopes she is sensible she generally is. But this evening when Jerry arrived at eight o'clock and left at ten-thirty and hadn't got rid of any warmer sentiments than that he'd miss her, and all the home-folks, a lot away off up there in drear Alaska's frozen wastes, Mary sneaked up to her room and had a good cry. She was sure in her own mind that Jerry loved her but that he was just too stupid to find it out. And she had it about right, at that.

Faustine had, by this time, soothed her nerves and feelings with a box of cigarets and was smearing cold-cream on her face. She was sure that the poor nut had been on the verge of inviting her to have a honeymoon with him in Alaska and that frozen feet were all that had prevented him from taking the final step. And she had it about right, at that. And was she sore?

Love at first sight? Yes. That is to say, she had fallen in love with herself the first time she had been held up to a mirror and told to "see the pretty baby," and she had been faithful and true ever since. With all of her maiden's heart, she yearned to be as good to herself as possible; a job with the Government sounded to her like acting as first lady of the land up there; and, if worse came to worst, she judged that the divorce laws in a wild, rough country like that wouldn't be exactly formidable. She'd taken her ideas of Alaska from the moving-pictures, shot mostly with the aid of plenty of corn-meal in California.

Jerry had derived his ideas from the same source, with a few of Jack London's books to the good; so when he arrived in a little town with flower-gardens in the front yards and vegetable gardens in back, a flourishing W. C. T. U., and the Methodist ladies giving a strawberry social that night, it was something of a shock to our hero.

The village reminded him of the one where his grandma lived in Pennsylvania. But he got used to it; and when his heart would ache like an abscessed tooth for Mary, he'd lay it to indigestion due to the fact that the cook at the boarding-house was one of those phonetic fanatics, cooking by ear, as it were, and not by rule; and when he'd remember Faustine and her cuddling hands and yellow curls, he'd decided chiefly that, shucks, he was a fool! and then go on about his business of trying to make good or better on his job.

I have always wondered how these motto-mongers got that way. But I suppose I'll have to own up that maybe Jerry's interest in his job may have had something to do with the fact that, fifteen months later, when the manager up there quit and came back to the States, on account of his wife's health, Jerry stepped into his place. Also, he stepped into the neat little bungalow which the manager rented to him friendly cheap, and furnished because of not wishing to ship his stuff at present.

Jerry hired an Indian woman to come in and keep house for him; but, though she was a fair-to-middling cook, his indigestion didn't improve. And he took to having queer attacks he called biliousness, due to a dizzy way that squaw had of starting into the dining-room looking like something strictly prohibited by the board of health and gently fading into Mary, in a blue gingham dress and white apron, before she'd get the biscuits set on the table; or of beginning to sweep the floor in the guise of two kegs in a pile, and finishing up the job as a golden-haired fairy with hands almost too small to hold the broom.

He got plenty of the drear Alaska's frozen waste stuff that Winter, and in the long evenings in the little house all by himself he gradually woke up to the fact that something was lacking; and, more gradually yet, it dawned on him that he had the time and extra to spare; that he had as jim-dandy a place as any one could ask for; but that without the girl, life was as novel, interesting, and generally joyous as the patent-medicine testimonials in the almanac which he had been reading on account of his bilious propensities.

What bothered him was that squaw's impartiality; she'd do the fade-away into Mary or into Faustine absolutely on the fifty-fifty basis. And even when she wasn't around, Jerry would no sooner get to twisting one of Faustine's yellow curls than he'd find himself looking into Mary's honest gray eyes; or he'd feel Mary's hand clasping his, strong and hearty, and discover that he was smashing Faustine's little tendril-twining fingers.

There weren't any girls in Alaska; not any that Jerry saw. A few of them saw him with his good job, his nifty house, and those big ears standing out from his head like the handles on a sugar-bowl, advertising his generosity better than if he'd hired a press-agent; and it is a wonder that, some time when he was waiting in the post-office for the window to open, somebody didn't step up and hang a "Pity the Blind" placard around his neck.

Of course he heard from Mary and Faustine right along. Mary used white paper and fountain-pen ink, and told him all the news around home, and what kind of weather they were having, and hoped he was well, and that she was, as always, his friend Mary. Faustine used pink paper, violet ink and violent perfume, and told him how hard she was working, and how she often thought of him, and was his for fun, or for better days, or something real cute like that, F. F. Mary wrote regularly every Sunday night, and Faustine wrote regularly every once in a while, but they had totaled up to about even by the time the third Winter was approaching and Jerry got notice that he was to be allowed a month's vacation.

When Faustine received his letter saying that he was coming to town (he hadn't needed anybody to tell him to see America first; he was the make of fellow that vacation meant home and the folks to, as sure as corned beef meant cabbage), and hoped she would spare him some of her time, she lit a cigaret and decided that she wasn't the kind of girl who would break a good man's heart by refusing to marry him; not while she was conscious and the good man had a government job in Alaska and a savings-

Concluded on page 132



FACTS VERSUS EDUCATION

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

HOW PARENTS MAY—AND SHOULD—LINK UP THE HOME WITH THE SCHOOL, AND MAKE MERE FACTS REAL AND VITAL EDUCATION, IS FASCINATINGLY SET FORTH IN THIS, THE THIRD, IN MISS CANFIELD'S BRILLIANT SERIES ON THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN FOR THE GREAT RESPONSIBILITIES THAT WILL SOME DAY CONFRONT THEM

ONE of the older members of my family is a doctor, resigned and pensively philosophic as to human nature as only elderly physicians can be, but in spite of his mild tolerance of the race, he has always maintained with some heat that a doctor has a moral right to kick out of his office the patient who arrives there at forty with a digestion ruined after years of eating and doing the wrong things, and who dumps himself into the doctor's chair demanding as his right, "Now cure me."

I have always thought that school-teachers must feel a somewhat similar resentment against parents. We wash the children's faces in the morning, see that they get dressed, give them oatmeal, and then with a virtuous certainty of having done all that could be expected of a parent, we dump them down on the school-teacher demanding as our right, "Now educate them."

The teachers come back at us with a loud, "Until you give us some help at home we can't educate them; all we can do is to teach them facts."

And in the meantime a distraught world cries out for educated inhabitants, with a more dire and bitter need for trained intelligences than it has ever known before.

Before we go further, what, precisely, do we mean by the difference between educating a child and teaching him facts; between educating him and informing him? Here's a small characteristic instance. You ask a couple of school children to tell you about the rivers of China, or of South Africa. They both are able to reel off a list of geographical names. You go on to ask them, casually, "Does it make any special difference to a country if it has lots of rivers or not?"

One child stares at you silently, astonished, disconcerted, aggrieved by a question which is not "in the book." The other answers with a slight accent of scorn, as though he found you thick-witted to ask about so obvious a matter, "For goodness' sake, of course it matters! Can't folks get things carried on water lots cheaper than on land? Can't they get great big loads of wheat or boards carried hundreds of miles without its costing them a cent if they have a river? Aren't river-valleys always rich land—lots of earth gets carried down on to them. Can't they use the water for irrigation if they want to? Can't they make the water turn mill wheels and work factories? I should say it *does* make a difference!"

It does not need a specialist to diagnose which of those children is educated on the subject of rivers and which one is only informed.

The teacher sees to it that the child knows many facts connected with Brazil, or the indirect objects of verbs, or the different settlements at Jamestown. But many and many a child acquires, through years of schooling, the most extraordinary quantity of facts on such subjects without ever having the least glimmering of an idea as to how they concern him, or why in the world he should learn about them instead of playing marbles as he would prefer to do. Under those circumstances it might be almost better to *let* him play marbles. To learn facts which have no real significance to him is almost as sterile a method of spending his time as to learn eenie-meenie-miny-mo. And he would at least have had a great deal more fun out of his games.

HE WOULD also have had more real education out of them. As a matter of fact, the living brain of a school-child who is being merely informed receives no training at all. During the school period of accumulating information it hides in a dark hole, yawning, and it bursts with a joyful whoop into activity as the child bursts out of the schoolroom into the free air of the playground.

I do not think this an unfair or exaggerated statement, and if you think so, stop the next ten-year-old school-child you happen to meet and ask him: "Look here, Pete, why do you have to study geography at all? What earthly good does it do you to know about the chief cities in Japan?" Or, "Barbara, do you see any sense in learning all about the different peoples who discovered America, or what happened in Massachusetts in 1763? What does it matter?" Or, "Honestly, Dick, why in the world *should* anybody know the difference between a noun and a verb?"

If you find that one child in a hundred has any reasonable answer, given with any appearance of spontaneity or sincerity, I shall be very much surprised. My impression is that you will find them, for the most part, genuinely astonished that any one should think that there might be a really truly sensible reason for learning about what happened in Massachusetts in 1763.

NOW kindly put your mind on the question and consider for a moment the light cast by this state of things on the subject of how much real training the child's intelligence gets in school. Can you think of any way of stultifying an intelligence more complete and thoroughgoing than to set it learning things for which it sees no use or necessity?

Nor ought we to blame the teachers. Teachers do not do it because they want to. They struggle despairingly against it; at their conventions and their teachers' meetings they take counsel anxiously together, considering how they can grow oak-trees in pots on the window-sills, an undertaking beyond the skill of the most conscientious gardener. The active, vital, human intelligence needs more room to spread out than the best teacher can give in the school conditions which as a rule we force on her, harried as she is by the Chinese rules of our average school administration, with the absurd bogy of "examinations" as her main scourge to effort, with overcrowded schoolrooms, with a rigidly fixed daily routine that must be carried out, no matter through what natural fluctuations of interest. I do not mention the horribly poor pay which we give her as a rule. But we put no greater obstacle in her way than our own inert, unimaginative attitude toward the whole thrilling, exciting subject of human intelligence, its discipline and its growth in the children of our own families.

Everybody who has ever observed school children has a collection of tragi-comic stories showing how inconceivable to the child is the idea that the information he accumulates at school has any significance in real life. This is the latest addition to my collection of such curiosities, a story I would not have believed if I had not heard it: A tiny girl, asked by an old-fashioned guest at table to spell "cat"

Continued on page 125



"I'VE BEEN KEEPIN' COMPANY WITH YOU FOR THE LAST TWENTY, FORTY OR SIXTY YEAR"

THE PORTYGEE

BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Author of "Shavings," "Cap'n Eri," etc.

FOR THE STORY TO THIS POINT, SEE THE END OF THIS INSTALMENT

TO THE first three weeks of Albert's proposed month's visit passed and the fourth began. And more and more his feelings of dissatisfaction and uneasiness increased. The reasons for those feelings he found hard to define. The Fosdicks were most certainly doing their best to make him comfortable and happy. They were kind—yes, more than kind. Mr. Fosdick he really began to like. Mrs. Fosdick's manner had a trace of condescension in it, but as the lady treated all creation with much the same measure of condescension he was more amused than resentful. And Madeline—Madeline was sweet and charming and beautiful. There was in her manner toward him, or so he fancied, a slight change, perhaps a change a trifle more marked since the evening when his expressed opinion of "The Greater Love" had offended her and the Bacons. It seemed to him that she was more impatient, more capricious, sometimes almost overwhelming him with attention and tenderness and then appearing to forget him entirely and to be quite indifferent to his thoughts and opinions. Her moods varied greatly and there were occasions when he found it almost impossible to please her. At these times she took offense when no offense was intended and he found himself apologizing when, to say the least, the fault, if there was any, was not more than half his. But she always followed those moods with others of contrition and penitence, and then he was petted and fondled and his forgiveness implored.

These slight changes in her he noticed, but they troubled him little, principally because he was coming to realize the great change in himself. More and more that change was forcing itself upon him. The stories and novels he had read during the first years of the war, the stories by English writers in which young men, frivolous and inconsequential, had enlisted and fought and emerged from the ordeal strong, purposeful and "made over"—those stories recurred to him now. He had paid little attention to the "making-over" idea when he read those tales, but now he was forced to believe there might be something in it. Certainly something, the three years or the discipline and training and suffering, or all combined, had changed him. He was not as he used to be. Things he had liked very much he no longer liked at all. And where, oh, where, was the serene self-satisfaction which once was his?

The change must be quite individual, he decided. All soldiers were not so affected. Take Blanchard, for instance. Blanchard had seen service, more and quite as hard fighting as he had seen, but Blanchard was, to all appearances, as light-hearted and serene and confident as ever. Blanchard was like Madeline; he was much the same now as he had been before the war. Blanchard could dance and talk small talk and laugh and enjoy himself. Well, so could he, on occasions, for that matter, if that had been all. But it was not all, or if it was, why was he at other times so discontented and uncomfortable? What was the matter with him, anyway?

He drew more and more into his shell and became more quiet and less talkative. Madeline, in one of her moods, reproached him for it.

"I do wish you wouldn't be grumpy," she said.

They had been sitting in the library and he had lapsed into a fit of musing, answering her questions with absent-minded monosyllables. Now he looked up.

"Grumpy?" he repeated. "Was I grumpy? I beg your pardon."

"You should. You answered every word I spoke to you with a grunt or a growl. I might as well have been talking to a bear."

"I'm awfully sorry, dear. I was thinking, I suppose."

"Thinking! You are always thinking. Why think, pray? If I permitted myself to think I should become insane."

"Madeline, what do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing. I'm partially insane now, perhaps. Come, let's go to the piano. I feel like playing. You don't mind, do you?"

That evening Mrs. Fosdick made a suggestion to her husband.

"Fletcher," she said, "I am inclined to think it is time you and Albert had a talk concerning the future. A business talk, I mean. I am a little uneasy about him. From some things he has said to me recently I gather that he is planning to earn his living with his pen."

"Well, how else did you expect him to earn it? As bookkeeper for the South Harniss lumber concern?"

"Don't be absurd. What I mean is that he is thinking of devoting himself to literature exclusively. Don't interrupt me, please. That is very beautiful and very ideal and I honor him for it, but I can not see Madeline as an attic poet's wife, can you?"

"I can't, and I told you so in the beginning."

"No. Therefore I should take him one side and tell him of the opening in your firm. With that as a means of keeping his feet on the ground his brain may soar as it likes; the higher the better."

Mr. Fosdick, as usual, obeyed orders and that afternoon Albert and he had the "business talk." Conversation at dinner was somewhat strained. Mr. Fosdick was quietly observant and seemed rather amused about something. His wife was dignified and her manner toward her guest was inclined to be abrupt. Albert's appetite was poor. As for Madeline, she did not come down to dinner, having a headache.

She came down later, however. Albert, alone in the library, was sitting, a book upon his knees, and his eyes fixed upon nothing in particular when she came in.

"You are thinking again, I see," she said.

He had not heard her enter. Now he rose, the book falling to the floor.

"Why—why, yes," he stammered. "How are you feeling? How is your head?"

"It is no worse. And no better. I have been thinking, too, which perhaps explains it. Sit down, Albert, please. I want to talk with you. That is what I have been thinking about, that you and I must talk."

She seated herself upon the davenport and he pulled forward a chair and sat facing her. For a moment she was silent. When she did speak, however, her question was very much to the point.

"Why did you say no to father's offer?" she asked.

He had been expecting this very question, or one leading up to it. Nevertheless he found answering difficult. He hesitated and she watched him, her impatience growing.

"Well?" she asked.

He sighed. "Madeline," he said, "I am afraid you think me very unreasonable, certainly very ungrateful."

"I don't know what to think about you. That is why I feel we must have this talk. Tell me, please, just what father said to you this afternoon."

"He said—well, the substance of what he said was to offer me a position in his office, in his firm."

"What sort of a position?"

"Well, I—I scarcely know. I was to have a desk there and—and be generally—ornamental, I suppose. It was not very definite, the details of the position, but——"

"The salary was good, wasn't it?"

"Yes, more than good. Much too good for the return I could make for it, so it seemed to me."

"And your prospects for the future? Wasn't the offer what people call a good opportunity?"

"Why, yes, I suppose it was. For the right sort of man it would have been a wonderful opportunity. Your father was most kind, most generous, Madeline. Please don't think I am not appreciative. I am, but——"

"Don't. I want to understand it all. He offered you this opportunity, this partnership in his firm, and you would not accept it? Why? Don't you like my father?"

"Yes, I like him very much."

"Didn't you," with the slightest possible curl of the lip, "think the offer worthy of you? Oh, I don't mean that! Please forgive me. I am trying not to be disagreeable. I—I am just trying to understand, Albert, that's all."

He nodded. "I know, Madeline," he said. "You have the right to ask. It wasn't so much a question of the offer being worthy of me as of my being worthy the offer. Oh, Madeline, why should you and I pretend? You know why Mr. Fosdick made me that offer. It wasn't because I was likely to be worth ten dollars a year to his firm. In Heaven's name, what use would I be in a stock-broker's office, with my make-up, with my lack of business ability? He would be making a place for me there and paying me a high salary

for one reason only, and you know what that is. Now, don't you?"

She hesitated now, but only for an instant. She colored a little, but she answered bravely.

"I suppose I do," she said, "but what of it? It is not unheard of, is it, the taking one's prospective son-in-law into partnership?"

"No, but— We're dodging the issue again, Madeline. If I were likely to be of any help to your father's business, instead of a hindrance, I might perhaps see it differently. As it is I couldn't accept unless I were willing to be an object of charity."

"Did you tell father that?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He said a good deal. He was frank enough to say that he did not expect me to be of great assistance to the firm. But I might be of *some* use—he didn't put it as baldly as that, of course—and at all times I could keep on with my writing, with my poetry, you know. The brokerage business should not interfere with my poetry, he said; your mother would scalp him if it did that."

She smiled faintly. "That sounds like dad."

"YES. Well, we talked and argued for some time on the subject. He asked me what, supposing I did not accept this offer of his, my plans for the future might be. I told him they were pretty unsettled as yet. I meant to write, of course. Not poetry altogether. I realized, I told him, that I was not a great poet, a poet of genius."

Madeline interrupted. Her eyes flashed.

"Why do you say that?" she demanded. "I have heard you say it before. That is, recently. In the old days you were as sure as I that you were a real poet, or should be some day. You never doubted it. You used to tell me so and I loved to hear you."

Albert shook his head. "I was sure of so many things then," he said. "I must have been an insufferable kid."

She stamped her foot. "It was less than three years ago that you said it," she declared. "You are not so frightfully ancient now. . . . Well, go on, go on. How did it end—the talk with father, I mean?"

"I told him," he continued, "that I meant to write and to earn my living by writing. I meant to try magazine work—stories, you know—and, soon, a novel. He asked if earning enough to support a wife on would not be a long job at that game. I said I was afraid it might, but that that seemed to me my particular game, nevertheless."

She interrupted again. "Did it occur to you to question whether or not that determination of yours was quite fair to me?" she asked.

"Why—why, yes, it did. And I don't know that it *is* exactly fair to you. I——"

"Never mind. Go on. Tell me the rest. How did it end?"

"Well, it ended in a sort of flare-up. Mr. Fosdick was just a little bit sarcastic and I expressed my feelings rather freely—too freely, I'm afraid."

"Never mind. I want to know what you said."

"To be absolutely truthful then, this is what I said: I said that I appreciated his kindness and was grateful for the offer. But my mind was made up. I would not live upon his charity and draw a large salary for doing nothing except be a little, damned tame house-poet, led around in leash and exhibited at his wife's club meetings. . . . That was about all, I think. We shook hands at the end. He didn't seem to like me any the less for— Why, Madeline, have I offended you? My language was pretty strong, I know, but——"

She had bowed her head upon her arms amid the sofa cushions and was crying. He sprang to his feet and bent over her.

"Why, Madeline," he said again, "I beg your pardon. I'm sorry——"

"Oh, it isn't that," she sobbed. "It isn't that. I don't care what you said."

"What is it then?"

She raised her head and looked at him.

"It is you," she cried. "It is myself. It is everything. It is all wrong. I—I was so happy and—and now I am miserable. Oh—oh, I wish I were dead!"

SHE threw herself upon the cushions again and wept hysterically. He stood above her, stroking her hair, trying to soothe her, to comfort her, and all the time he felt like a brute, a heartless beast. At last she ceased crying, sat up and wiped her eyes with her handkerchief.

"There!" she exclaimed. "I will not be silly any longer. I won't be! I *won't!* . . Now tell me: Why have you changed so?"

He looked down at her and shook his head. He was conscience-stricken and fully as miserable as she professed to be.

"I don't know," he said. "I am older and—and—and I *don't* see things as I used to. If that book of mine had appeared three years ago, I have no doubt I should have believed it to be the greatest thing ever printed. Now, when people tell me it is and I read what the reviewers said and all that, I—I *don't* believe. I *know* it isn't great — that is, the most of it isn't. There is some pretty good stuff, of course, but— You see, I think it wasn't the poems themselves that made it sell; I think it was all the fool tommyrot the papers printed about me, about my being a hero and all that rubbish, when they thought I was dead, you know. That——"

She interrupted. "Oh, don't!" she cried. "Don't! I don't care about the old book. I'm not thinking about that. I'm thinking about you. *You* aren't the same—the same toward me."

"Toward you, Madeline? I don't understand what you mean?"

"Yes, you do. Of course you do. If you were the same as you used to be, you would let father help you. We used to talk about that very thing and—and you didn't resent it then."

"Didn't I? Well, perhaps I didn't. But I think I remember our speaking sometimes of sacrificing everything for each other. We were to live in poverty, if necessary, and I was to write, you know, and——"

"Stop! All that was nonsense, and you know it."

"Yes, I'm afraid it was."

"You know it was. And if you were as you used to be, if you——"

"Madeline."

"What? Why did you interrupt me?"

"Because I wanted to ask you a question. Do you think *you* are exactly the same—as you used to be?"

"What do you mean?"

"Haven't you changed a little? Are you as sure as you were then—as sure of your feeling toward me?"

She gazed at him, wide-eyed. "*What* do you mean?" she demanded.

"I mean *are* you sure? It has seemed to me that perhaps—I was out of your life for a long time, you know, and during a good deal of that time it seemed certain that I had gone forever. I am not blaming you, goodness knows, but—Madeline, isn't there— Well, if I hadn't come back mightn't there have been some one else?"

She turned pale.

"What do—" she stammered, inarticulate. "Why, why——"

"IT WAS Captain Blanchard, wasn't it?"

The color came back to her cheeks with a rush. She blushed furiously and sprang to her feet.

"How—how can you say such things!" she cried. "What do you mean? How *dare* you say Captain Blanchard took advantage of— How—how *dare* you say I was not loyal to you? It is not true. It is not true. I was. I am. There hasn't been a word—a word between us since—since the news came that you were— I told him— I said— And he has been splendid! Splendid! And now you say— Oh, what *am* I saying? What *shall* I do?"

She collapsed once more among the cushions. He leaned forward.



ALL HIS EMBARRASSMENT WAS GONE. THEY WERE LIKE TWO CHILDREN

"My dear girl—" he began, but she broke in.

"I *haven't* been disloyal," she cried. "I have tried—Oh, I have tried *so* hard——"

"Hush, Madeline, hush! I understand. I understand perfectly. It is all right, really it is."

"And I should have kept on trying always—always."

"Yes, dear, yes. But it is better to know it now, isn't it, a great deal better for both of us. Madeline, I am going to my room. I want you to think, to think over all this, and then we will talk again. I don't blame you. I don't, dear, really. I think I realize everything—all of it. Good night, dear."

He stooped and kissed her. She sobbed, but that was all.

The next morning a servant came to his room with a parcel and a letter. The parcel was a tiny one. It was the ring he had given her in its case. The letter was short and much blotted. It read.

DEAR ALBERT:

I have thought and thought, as you told me to, and I have concluded that you were right. It *is* best to know it now. Forgive me, please, *please*. I feel wicked and horrid and I *hate* myself, but I think this is best. Oh, do forgive me. Good-by.

MADELINE.

His reply was longer. At its end he wrote:

Of course I forgive you. In the first place there is nothing to forgive. The unforgivable thing would have been the sacrifice of your happiness and your future to a dream and a memory. I hope you will be very happy. I am sure you will be, for Blanchard is, I know, a fine fellow. The best of fortune to you both.

THE next forenoon he sat once more in the car of the morning train for Cape Cod, looking out of the window. He had made the journey from New York by the night boat and had boarded the Cape train at Middleboro. All the previous day, and in the evening, as he tramped the cold, wind-swept deck of the steamer, he had been trying to collect his thoughts, to readjust them to the new situation, to comprehend in its entirety the great change that had come in his life. The vague plans, the happy, indefinite dreams, all the rainbows and roses had gone, shivered to bits like the reflection in a broken mirror. Madeline, his Madeline, was his no longer. Nor was he hers. In a way it seemed impossible.

He tried to analyze his feelings. It seemed as if he should have been crushed, grief-stricken, broken. He was inclined to reproach himself because he was not. Of course there was a sadness about it, a regret that the wonder of those days of love and youth had passed. But the sorrow was not bitter, the regret was but a wistful longing, the sweet, lingering fragrance of a memory, that was all. Toward her, Madeline, he felt—and it surprised him, too, to find that he felt—not the slightest trace of resentment. And, more surprising still, he felt none toward Blanchard. He had meant what he said in his letter—he wished for them both the greatest happiness.

And—there was no use attempting to shun the fact—his chief feeling, as he sat there by the car-window looking out at the familiar landscape, was a great relief, a consciousness of escape from what might have been a miserable, crushing mistake for him and for her. And with this a growing sense of freedom, of buoyancy. It seemed wicked to feel like that. Then it came to him, the thought that Madeline, doubtless, was experiencing the same feeling. And he did not mind a bit; he hoped she was, bless her.

A YOUTHFUL cigar drummer, on his first Down-East trip, sat down beside him.

"Kind of a flat, bare country, ain't it?" observed the drummer, with a jerk of his head toward the window. "Looks bleak enough to me. Know anything about this neck of the woods, do you?"

Albert turned to look at him.

"Meaning the Cape?" he asked.

"Sure."

"Indeed I do. I know all about it."

"That so! Say, you sound as if you liked it."

Albert turned back to the window.

"Like it!" he repeated. "I love it." Then he sighed, a sigh of satisfaction, and added, "You see, I *belong* here."

His grandparents and Rachel were surprised when he walked into the house that noon and announced that he hoped dinner was ready because he was hungry. But their surprise was more than balanced by their joy. Captain Zelotes demanded to know how long he was going to stay.

"As long as you'll have me, grandfather," was the answer.

"Eh? Well, that would be a consider'ble spell, if you left it to us, but I cal'late that girl in New York will have somethin' to say as to time limit, won't she?"

Continued on page 100

A GREAT LI'L OLD TOWN

BY SAMPSON RAPHAELSON

THAT a man like Gallegher should meet a girl like Fanny Sayre through a flirtation is unusual, but it can be explained. That they should have the same thought, the same attitude, the same whimsical desire at the same time is downright coincidence. There shall be no attempt to explain it. It happened. Having happened, it makes this story. Those who read sitting up rigidly in their chairs, pencil in hand, ready to scribble on the margin "Impossible!" or "Bosh!" had better wield their pencils now, and find refuge in a newspaper, where they will encounter truth, which is always satisfyingly dull, or facts, which are always satisfyingly startling.

Gallegher met Fanny Sayre. Technically, he "picked her up." That is, he thought he did, and Fanny let him think it. The truth is—and it is not a startling truth—that Fanny picked him up. It happened on Fifth Avenue on a Saturday afternoon in the Fall. Fanny was looking in the window of a fashionable millinery shop. Her sturdy gracefulness attracted Gallegher, and he was just sick enough of New York and New Yorkers to defy the honest American dictum that it is effeminate for men to be interested in women's apparel. He, too, looked in the window.

Fanny glanced at him sidewise. He wore, she noted, a soft hat, a Norfolk suit, and shell-rimmed glasses. "A nice college boy from the West!" thought Fanny. So she glanced at him again out of her brown eyes, this time so that he could see that she was doing it.

"Pretty hats, aren't they?" Gallegher remarked in a blasé tone, and blushed.

"Ah—why—yes, they are pretty!" stammered Fanny in a most composed manner. And the flirtation was accomplished!

Now Fanny was from a middle-sized town in Illinois. She had been to college and had specialized in dietetics. Two months as dietitian in a hospital at fifteen dollars a week had sent her headlong to a business college, and now she was secretary to the president of a correspondence school which taught people in their spare time how to be cartoonists and rich. For six months she had been faithful to the traditions of her kind. She had read all the magazines and the book reviews in the Sunday papers, and she felt very comfortably sophisticated.

The clever young man in the office who handled the advertising had taken Fanny twice to a cabaret. Each time they had established an intellectual exclusiveness by remarking with amiable tolerance that "most of these nifty men-about-town are probably cloak-and-suit buyers from out-of-town!" Although both of them danced without awkwardness, neither danced well, so they cemented their sacred circle of the cerebrum by sneering pleasantly at the skilful couples on the floor. "Dancing," they told each other, "is an art. *Only* those who devote *all* their time to it can achieve *mastery!*"

It is easy to see that Fanny, after six months in New York, had acquired satiety. In the evening, as she would pat her brown hair deftly into shape before going down to the boarding-house dinner, she would pause to sigh for the naive, frank, kindly, open-hearted, rugged, wholesome, healthy, horny-handed, cheerful, honest, homelike atmosphere of the country, or words to that effect. The smell of clover, she would muse; the moist aroma of Mother Earth, apple-trees in blossom—these were reality! How cheap, how tawdry, how garish was the glamour of the city! How sickening were these dapper lobby-hounds; these sleek haunters of cabarets! How anemic was their smooth patter of small-talk, how monotonous the pattern of their manners! As all this was based on two visits to a cabaret—and, oh, yes, on a trip to Chinatown and an hour at the Midnight Frolic—the absoluteness, the deadly sureness of Fanny's attitude must immediately become comprehensible.

"For instance," thought Fanny one night, as she braided her thick, glossy brown hair before retiring, "for instance, how thrilling it would be to meet a man who didn't know how to kiss. . . . Who—actually—did—not—know—how to kiss!" Just before she had stopped him rather suddenly, the clever young advertising man had attempted to kiss Fanny. Except for that, her experience had been confined to a rather unexplosive affair she had had at college with a near-sighted young instructor in inorganic chemistry, an affair of three chaste salutes and unending hours of faculty gossip.

There was something about Gallegher, Fanny decided, which was refreshingly simple. She liked the combination of grave eyes with a boyish mouth. And his conversation proved gratefully lacking in polish.

"Do you care if I walk with you?" he had asked.

Fanny smiled at him as if he were a promising protégé.

"I'd love to have you!" she said.

They walked along for a block or two.

As they turned on Broadway they made a pleasing couple to look at. You, who have traveled and have the cosmopolitan view-point, might have been inclined to size up Gallegher, from his clothes, as an English country gentleman, or a New York clubman suddenly called into town from a week-end party. To you his quiet deference might have been quite the natural thing. And, being cosmopolitan, you would have sized up Fanny in—no, not one, but three or four glances—and you would have liked her first, and smiled at her next, and suddenly liked her very well after that. And this would have tempered your amusement at the things she said and did, if you could have been there to see and hear, and you probably would have been almost as gentle and painstakingly tactful as Gallegher was.

Fanny indicated with her eyes the street-cars, taxicabs, people and other adjuncts of the metropolis. "How do you like it?" she asked.

"I think it's great!" responded Gallegher with enthusiasm. Fanny said nothing, and he looked at her. There was a kindly, amused smile on her lips. "Don't *you?*" he added.

"I used to," said Fanny, and tried to keep her tone from being too patronizing, "but I'm tired of it."

"How long have you lived in New York?" Gallegher asked ingenuously.

"A long, long time," Fanny said with a sigh. "Much, much too long!" They went on for a while in silence. The mother in Fanny flung a figurative protecting arm about Gallegher, and the maiden in her, slow to recognize the mother, took the feeling for a calmness which surely could come from nothing but true superiority, genuine *insouciance*, and so the maiden in Fanny exulted. Turning brightly to Gallegher, she said: "You're from the Middle West; aren't you?" She added gaily, "Des Moines, I bet!"

Gallegher opened his mouth to reply, but Fanny ran on. "And I'll put my last nickel on—economics!"

"Economics?"

"Yes—I'm betting that you specialized in economics at college. And—let me see—you're working in a bank. Am I right?"

Gallegher gasped. His expression might have been disquieting to any one else, but not to Fanny. These nice college boys from the West were easy to read! His gasp delighted her. "I've guessed it *exactly*. Haven't I?"

Gallegher blinked his eyes and nodded. "Ex—exactly!" he gulped. There was no mistaking the look with which he regarded Fanny this time. It was an even mixture of joy and awe.

They were pausing on a street corner, and a big Coney Island bus rounded its way and stopped beside them, the man with the megaphone shouting an unintelligible something about a round trip.

"Listen!" said Gallegher. "I've got an idea. Let's go to Coney Island!"

Glory upon glory! Delight after delight! What could be more rural than this proposal? Surely here was the true spirit of the R. F. D.; for what New Yorker, even in the throes of uttermost *ennui*, would ever *think* of Coney Island? It happens to be a fact that Fanny had never been to Coney Island, but facts never rise to disturb the *really* sophisticated.

They got comfortably settled in the bus, and as it trundled along, Gallegher looked about him with open-eyed interest. Fanny sat quietly enjoying him. His hands were strong, and tanned. The blue of his eyes was pleasantly pronounced against the tan of his face. How nice he was—how boyish! Fanny hardly blushed at the flitting thought that, probably, *he* did not know how to—kiss!

They literally romped through Coney Island. Fanny was having the time of her life. Never had she felt quite so superior, so confident, so mature. Gallegher was like a little boy being taken out by a big sister. Fanny loved his helplessness. They would stop in front of a merry-go-round. "Shall we go on?" Gallegher would say. Fanny invariably responded, "Sure!" And they would have a howlingly good time. They rode the chute-the-chutes three times, and each time Gallegher shouted with unrestrained excitement, like a boy; while Fanny screamed, not, as she told herself after the third time, with ecstatic

Concluded on page 128

NEVER HAD SHE FELT SO CONFIDENT—SO MATURE



HUGO FOLLOWED HER INTO THE TINY KITCHEN WITH UNCONCEALED CURIOSITY

TEN DOLLARS A MONTH

BY ETHEL CHAPMAN HARING

SHE WOULDN'T ASK HER HUSBAND FOR THE TEN DOLLARS A MONTH SHE HAD PROMISED. AND SHE HAD TO GET IT, IN SPITE OF THE BABIES AND THE HOUSEWORK. A THOUGHTFUL STORY OF A PLUCKY WOMAN'S STRUGGLE TOWARD SEVERAL KINDS OF INDEPENDENCE

A MONTH after Lloyd Andrews's death, his youngest daughter hastened home in the early Fall darkness from the conference of the heirs with her father's lawyer. The day had been chosen on her account, for Hugo was free from the office on Saturday afternoons, and could look after the children in her absence; but the hour had been set for the convenience of her sisters, who dined later and were served by others. Janet almost ran as she thought how Hugo hated not to have dinner ready at precisely half-past six.

The apartment was several blocks from the street-car, but the rent had been accordingly lower, and a difference in dollars was the chief factor in the Hortons' decisions. Janet was breathless when she reached the third-floor flat. Hugo let her in with a warning and a bit of information: "Careful—Margie's asleep. I've been nearly starved for the last hour."

As Janet kissed the baby and hurried off her hat and coat, she might have wondered why, being so hungry, Hugo hadn't advanced the dinner-hour by peeling the potatoes. But she didn't. Janet was naturally shy and self-effacing, and five years of marriage had taught her the futility of suggesting that her husband do anything outside his definitely charted masculine domain. His care of the children this afternoon had been an extraordinary concession. And to-night, fresh from the contrast of her dull self with her variously successful sisters, and shocked by the lawyer's revelations, she felt particularly humble. She *could* peel potatoes.

Hugo followed her into the tiny kitchen with unconcealed curiosity.

"Well?" he interrogated with some impatience, after Janet had put on a big apron and, taking the potatoes from a pan in the cupboard, had begun to pare them in silence. "Why don't you tell me about it?"

Janet's heart beat faster. She wasn't exactly afraid of her husband, except that she shrank from all harshness, and Hugo was sure to be disappointed.

"All three of us were there, at last," she said, speaking rather breathlessly and looking hard at the potato she was peeling. "Margot was late"—at once she appreciated that she should not have mentioned this; Hugo detested Margot for her bobbed hair and unwomanly independence—"she had an assignment to interview Senator Johnson, and he didn't begin to say anything important until just as she had intended to leave; and she couldn't miss her story. So it was half-past four when we were ready to listen to the lawyer. He said—well, a good deal of it I didn't understand, exactly——"

Hugo's interest in her story was deep, but deeper still was his love of saving. "In Hoover's name, Janet," he interrupted her sharply, "watch what you're doing. Potatoes cost money, and that peeling was half an inch thick. Go on—what *did* you understand?"

Janet reached into the cloudy water and retrieved the half-peeled vegetable which she had dropped in her embarrassment. It seemed that she couldn't even peel potatoes. She swallowed and got out the painful fact with effort:

"The lawyer says—he thinks—that father—that there isn't any estate." She waited, as if for an explosion, with knife suspended. But Hugo did not speak for a full minute, and with uncertain fingers she finished her peeling and set the potatoes over the gas-burner without venturing to look at him. Finally he spoke, in a hard voice that cut:

"Well, I'm not surprised. That's the result of throwing money around like water. Five hundred for this orphan asylum, five hundred for that cripples' home, lending to every friend in trouble without even taking a note for the loan—only millionaires can do that and have anything left for their families. If he wanted to enrich paupers and to pauperize his own flesh and blood, I suppose it's his affair—the money was his. But charity begins at home, in my opinion. The others won't mind—Margot seems to get along on her brains, and Myra's husband is rich. But it's pretty rough on us."

Janet wanted to cry out that she loved most in her father that very generosity which withheld his money no more than his time and his influence from the needy friend and the deserving cause; that the hardest part of her own poverty was her inability to give money, where she could not give time nor talent, to the works which touched her heart. In her own grief at her father's loss the minor fact that he had left no money was like a blow upon flesh already numb. But while she knew that Hugo had not married her for the money which she might some day inherit, he had certainly been aware that her father was reputed wealthy, and his disappointment must be keen. Besides, the new knowledge that her family was to prove a liability instead of an asset made it much easier to have patience with Hugo.

"Oh, we shall manage," she said with an attempt at cheerfulness. She was glad of the relief of movement from cupboard to stove, from table to refrigerator. "Of course things are high, but your July raise makes up for that. At any rate, we aren't in debt."

Hugo shook his head. He was tall and rather stooped in the shoulders, and he habitually carried his hands in his pockets; now he sagged against the door-jamb—the half-day with the children had fagged him more than the whole week's work. "Lord knows how long we'll keep out of it," he said gloomily.

The baby cried and Janet ran down the hall—it was always she who jumped to answer child or door-bell or dumb-waiter buzzer—and returned tugging the baby in the high-chair after her. She put the chair in a corner and gave the child an oven-dried crust which he took a fretful pleasure in gnawing.

Hugo had moved aside to permit his wife to enter with the high-chair, but he returned to his place in the doorway still pondering his father-in-law's affairs.

"What about that imbecile brother of his?" he asked suddenly. "Who's going to look after him?"

Janet's heart seemed to stop and then to race ahead. She might have known he would ask about it at once—Hugo had such a dreadful memory for unpleasant facts about his kin-in-law. She stood with her back to the wall beside the baby.

"He hasn't any imbecile brother," she said. "Uncle Stephen was thrown from a carriage when he was only twenty, and hurt his head. Before that he was considered the brightest of the family. Even now he reads Greek and Sanskrit to amuse himself, father said. He just can't work, that's all." She avoided the second question.

"But he isn't any use, to himself or to anybody else," he insisted, his bitter chagrin showing in his impulse to hurt her through whom the chagrin had come; "I suppose you'll grant that?"

"No, he isn't," she acknowledged.

"But who's going to take care of your uncle now?" went on Hugo. "Myra's husband or Margot's brains? Or perhaps there's a trust fund for him, your father having been so partial to useless people?"

It had come—so soon. Janet stopped short in the middle of the kitchen floor with the dreadful knowledge that she must tell him—now. There wasn't any use in subterfuge: she blushed too easily, even if she could bring her tongue to lie. The blood mounted painfully to her sandy hair; her small fingers interlaced.

"They are—we all are," she huskily managed to get out, her light lashes winking.

Hugo straightened away from the door-jamb and scowled incredulously at her. "You *all*—you don't mean *you* intend to help take care of that old man, I hope?"

"I—yes," Janet acknowledged. "I thought it would be nice if we three girls went shares—in what—father had done so long."

"Nice! But you must be crazy to put yourself on a money level with your sisters. Don't you know that it takes every cent I can scrape together to keep *us* going?"

Janet nodded, too close to tears to speak. No one knew better than she.

"Well," said Hugo with finality, "there's one thing you can take from me right now: not a cent of my money is going down that rat-hole."

She nodded again. "I never thought of your doing it," she said very low, trying to keep her lips from twitching. "I intended to get it myself."

Her husband gave a short laugh. "Well, without wishing to hurt your feelings"—Janet winced, for Hugo's least agreeable remarks were often prefaced thus—"if he waits for your earnings to feed him, he won't bother us long. You haven't had any commercial training, and I wouldn't have my wife go out to work, anyway. Will you be good enough to tell me what you had in mind?"

"Nothing," replied Janet sadly. "Nothing at all." To herself she added: "But I've got to think of something."

Continued on page 112



SHE RIGGED UP FOR THE TYPEWRITER A LITTLE TABLE

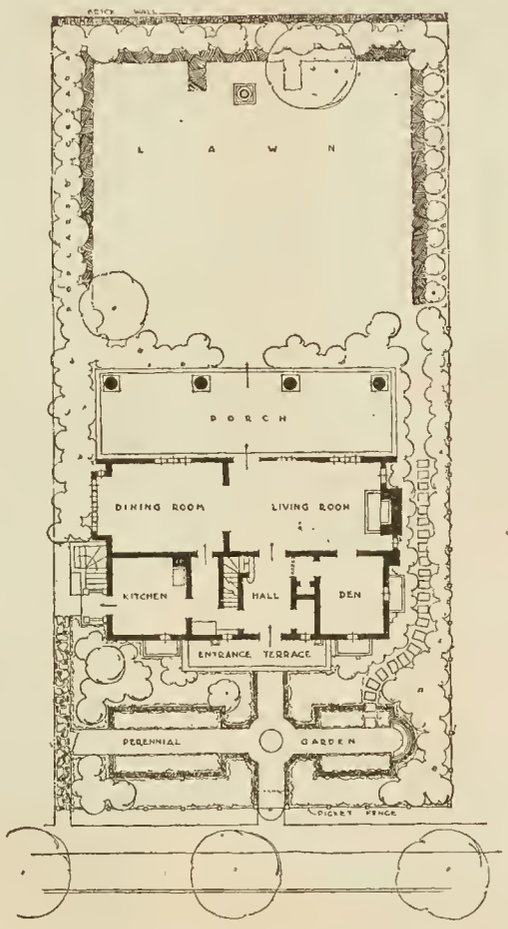


A SOUTHERN HOUSE

THE FOURTH IN OUR SERIES OF HOME-TOWN HOUSES

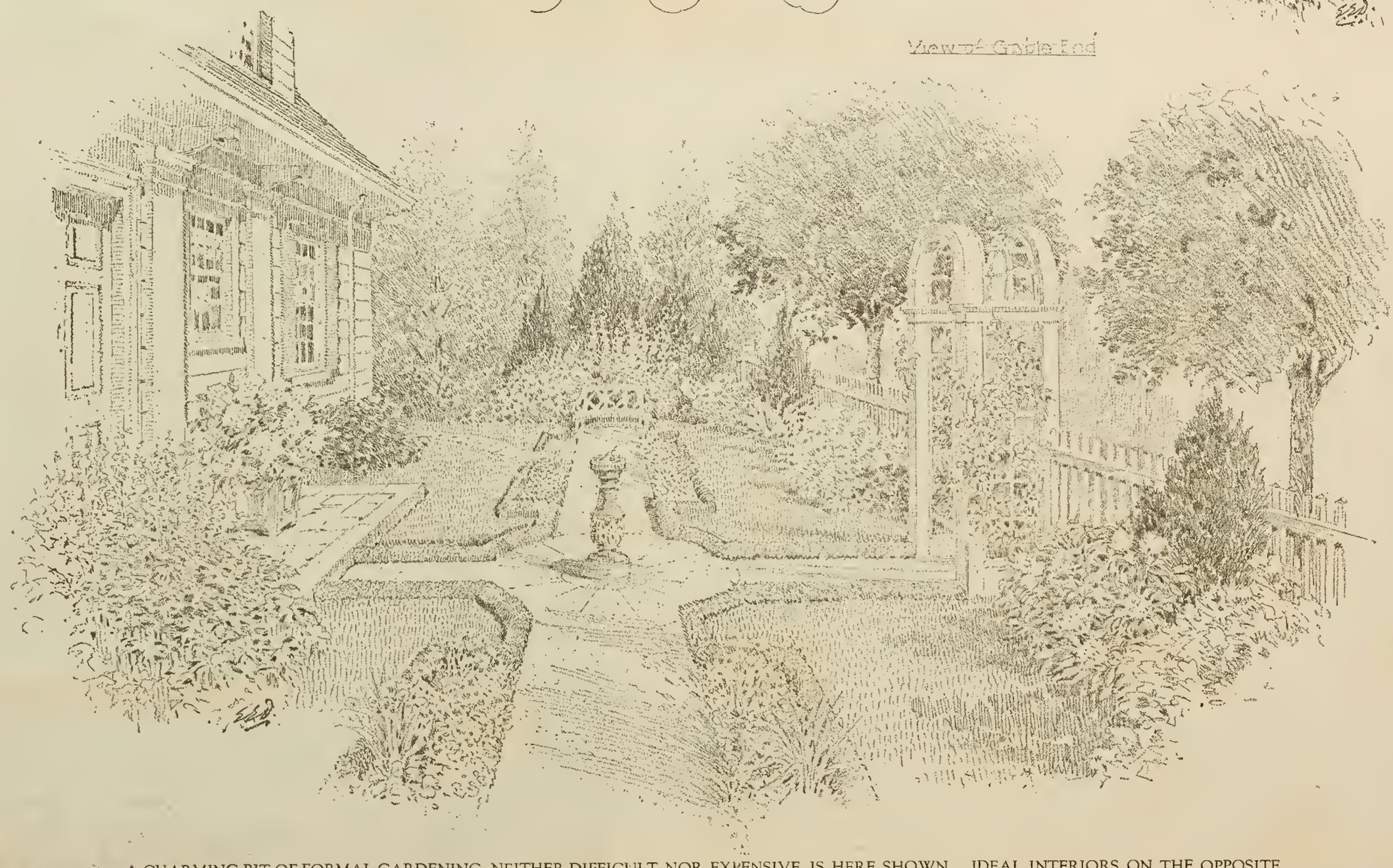
IN THE CENTER OF THE PAGE IS AN IDEAL GROUND PLAN FOR THE HOUSE, FOR A LOT FIFTY BY ONE HUNDRED, DESIGNED BY THE LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT

W. Duncan Lee, Architect
Raymond Ferguson, Landscape Architect,
Richmond, Virginia





View of Gable End

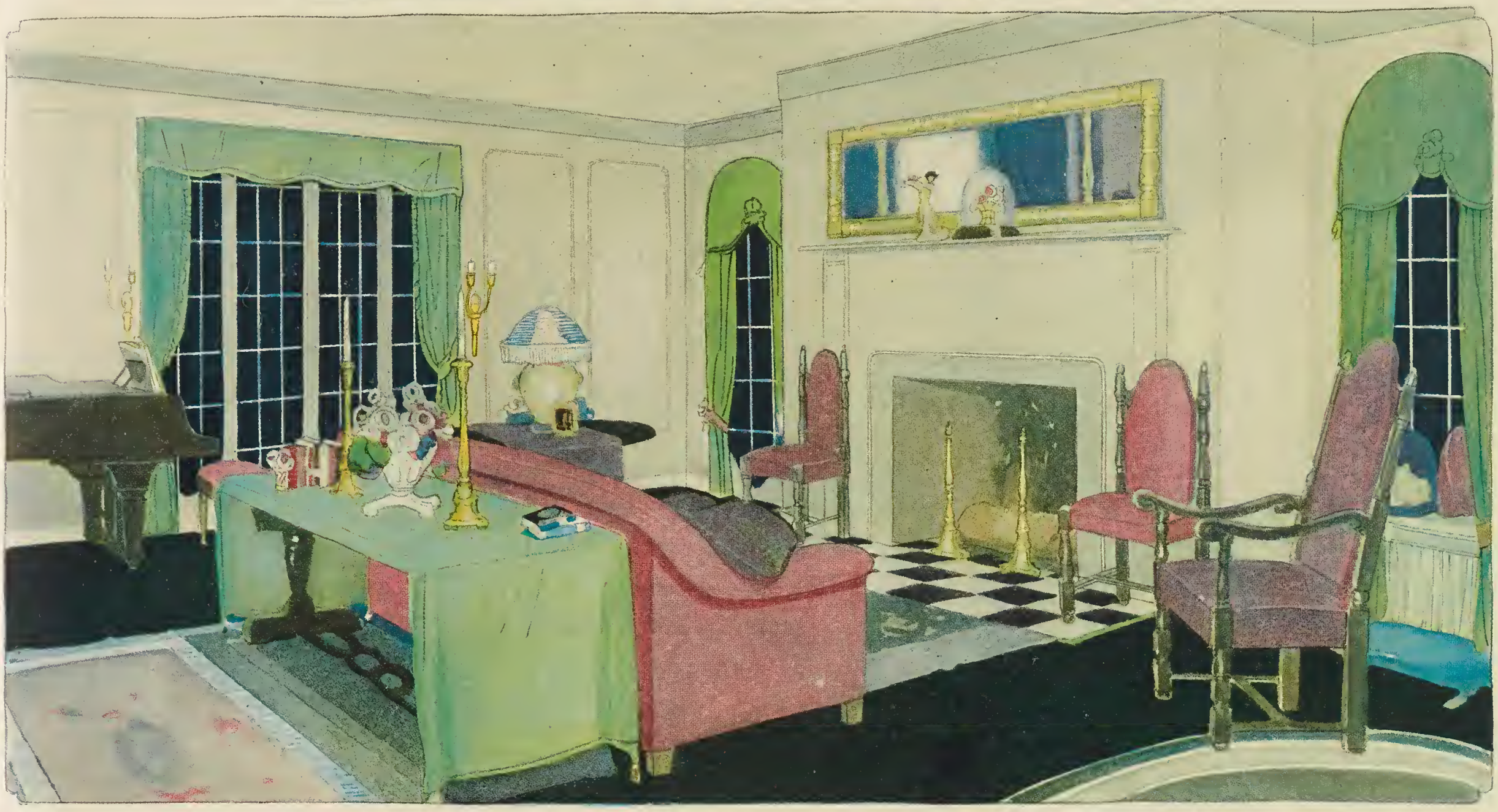


A CHARMING BIT OF FORMAL GARDENING, NEITHER DIFFICULT NOR EXPENSIVE, IS HERE SHOWN. IDEAL INTERIORS ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE. FLOOR PLANS AND DESCRIPTION ON PAGE 62 OF THIS ISSUE. FOR FURTHER INFORMATION SEND STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE TO HOME-TOWN HOUSES, *THE DELINEATOR*



INTERIORS SUITABLE FOR THE SOUTHERN HOUSE PICTURED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE, DESIGNED BY ALBERT HENCKE. THE HOUSE AS ACTUALLY BUILT IS OTHERWISE DECORATED AND FURNISHED

ABOVE IS PICTURED A SIDE OF THE BEDROOM; BELOW, THE LIVING-ROOM; AT THE FOOT OF THE PAGE THE DINING-ROOM IS SHOWN. SEE DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLE ON PAGE 62







HELP PLANT THE TREE OF JOY MEMORIAL

THERE is a great deal of misery in the world to-day that we in the United States may not be able to do anything about. International relations of which no man can tell the outcome hang in the balance. But there is a sector in Europe which so long as history shall last must hold for us a compelling interest.

Landres et St. Georges, adopted for the readers of this magazine as THE DELINEATOR Town of the Golden Book, is a little, shot-to-pieces village in the Ardennes. It is also the famous American battle-field where our gallant American Army broke the mighty Kriemhilde Line and changed the course of civilization. The most important spot on the map of Europe, we red-star it along with Bunker Hill and Gettysburg. We must also mark it along with Arlington to be set apart as sacred ground. For directly adjacent to the commune, at Romagne, is the great Argonne cemetery, where lie some thirty-seven thousand of our boys who will not come back from France.

You see why we feel that America will wish to focus future French relief on this particular village, to make it, as it were, a memorial to the boys who fell there. The honor roll of their five hundred names we shall publish in the June number of THE DELINEATOR. The homes thereby gold-starred and their towns and their country are herewith invited to contribute to the assistance of Landres et St. Georges.

It is not the whole burden of reconstruction there that we shall undertake. The French Government is now able to announce that with the fund secured through the German indemnity it is going to rebuild the homes. Our effort shall be to ameliorate present conditions.

After consultation with the village schoolmaster, who first appealed to the sympathies of the United States, three projects have been selected as meeting the most immediate needs. First: An automobile truck as a means of transporting supplies. Second: A gift of five thousand dollars as an endowment for meeting the communal taxes for the next five years. Third: A gift of ten thousand dollars with which to establish a health center for salvaging human lives broken by the hazards of war existence. All America, we believe, will wish to assist in this memorial. It is but casting our bread on the waters. Read in Mabel Potter Daggett's next story, "At the Inn of the Lion of Gold," to appear in the June DELINEATOR, what the village proposes to do in return for us.

Donors of one dollar or more will receive an illuminated certificate which will be stamped with the seal of the commune in use for two hundred years for the official signing of its public documents; the certificate will thus be not only a receipt, but a valuable souvenir of France. In addition, the name of the donor will be inscribed in the "Golden Book," to be kept among the communal archives. Contributions should be addressed Care French-Relief Editor, Butterick Building, New York. All gifts for France hereafter received, unless otherwise specifically indicated, will be applied to the relief of THE DELINEATOR Town of the Golden Book.

THE TREE OF JOY—XI

"DAVID IS NOT HERE"

"IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE"

BY MABEL POTTER DAGGETT

THE military number "59" is stamped black on the portal. It is a stain that stays, while everything around is crumbled away. Two front window-sashes and the outline of a front door, these are all that is left of what was a home. And it used to be *un grand logement*, Madame Bruneaux tells me.

It was as they have always made homes in France, sheltering, shielding, close-guarding the love-fire lighted on the altar there. To shut out the world about themselves and theirs they built a high yellow stone wall. In it they set a strong grilled-iron gate. And the gate locked. All within the enclosure were granaries and barns and sheds and shelters for the farm animals, as well as the house in which the family lived.

Snug and secure like this and treasured and sweet, David and Jeanne Bruneaux builded their home at Jumencourt in the Aisne in France. Neither had anything when they started but their love for each other. It is most unusual that a marriage in France is begun without a dowry. So Jeanne Bruneaux mentions this because it made what they did the dearer to both.

There were six hectares of land which had been purchased on the instalment plan. And at last it was all paid for. To stock the little farm they were able to borrow money from a distant relative. A part of the sum they still owed. But they did not worry. It would soon be paid off. One by one the babies had come. There were three of them, boys, with their mother's dark eyes. Their father was so proud of them.

In time it came about that David was made assistant mayor of the village where all his fellow townsmen looked up to and respected him. He was such a just man and kind, as every one in Jumencourt will tell you.

They were making a real success of life, these two. Such a dear little home they had. They loved it, not just calmly, joyously content, but with all the flame of their hearts. They loved it fiercely, for that is France.

Now all this happiness is over and done, as a dream. David Bruneaux is dead. Jeanne, his wife, is seared with a sorrow that has deep-scarred her soul. Her beautiful brown eyes to-day are brimming with the grief and the agony pressed down in her heart and now running over. In the rough shack which is all the shelter there is for her and her children, we sit, she and I, while she recounts to me her annals of the war.

Against the piece of the stone wall which was once the cow barn, Raymond, her boy of eighteen, has managed to put up this two-room shelter. It is made from boards picked up out of the débris of Jumencourt. There are cracks where the Summer's rain can come through and the Winter's cold.



JEANNE BRUNEAUX AND HER BOYS, AS THEY FACE THE FUTURE IN FRANCE TO-DAY

This story is another of Mrs. Daggett's heart-interest silhouettes from devastated Europe. It is a continuation of her graphic and vivid report on the investment of the money which readers of THE DELINEATOR sent over by her as our special commissioner to Europe.

For next month we announce a "Tree for Joy" story which is new and different in that it is no longer a report of past performances but a promise of the future. And it is not merely what America may do for France, but it tells what France, one little important corner of it, THE DELINEATOR Town of the Golden Book, pledges itself to do for America.

"At the Inn of the Lion of Gold," by Mabel Potter Daggett, to appear in our June issue, is, like the rest of the "Tree of Joy" series, a story which for its fine literary quality no reader of THE DELINEATOR can afford to miss. But more than this, it carries a message.

Is your boy among the 37,000 who lie under the sod in the great Argonne cemetery in France? Then our Town of the Golden Book speaks across the Atlantic to you. It is a colorful and thrilling account that is presented of the deliberations of the Municipal Council that was gathered at the Inn of the Lion of Gold. Accompanying it by way of illustration you will find a full-page color picture of our own white crosses against the blue sky-line of France in the Argonne.

To any American home that has a grave over there, Mrs. Daggett's next story will be of profound importance. Do not miss it.

This village the Germans at their departure in February, 1917, blew up with dynamite. In the spring of 1919 such inhabitants as returned found it a tumbled heap on the ground. Outside the rude doorway here the village *calvaire* lies broken. The cross is a twisted wreck of iron fallen across the shattered stone emplacement. The Christ, Jeanne Bruneaux tells me, she took into their house for protection at the last moment before they had to flee in the evacuation. And even the Christ, too, now is lost.

The years of their terror, the stricken woman who is speaking says, have been long. It was in August, 1914, that the Germans arrived in Jumencourt to occupy all the country round about. Her husband, called to the colors, had been sent home to await a recall. Men like this, of military age, the Germans were scarching for. David Bruneaux with ten others had to hide in the woods.

There were *bons de réquisitione* presented in payment by the enemy when they requisitioned French householders' possessions. Madame herself always signed as head of the house. They asked for her husband, and always she told them, "*Il est à la guerre.*" (He is at the war.)

All that year, as often as it was safe, he came to her by night for food. The house was at the edge of the village. He'd cross the fields very stealthily and climb the stone wall from the rear and drop down beneath a laurel tree by the kitchen door. There he'd wait for her signal that no Germans were about before he dared enter.

Once they came while he was there, and she hid him hastily in a pile of straw which miraculously they missed while they poked with their bayonets beneath the beds. They even searched the cellar, commanding her with a pistol at her head to lead the way. "If you've lied to us, you know, we'll shoot you," the German officer said.

"He is not here, I tell you," she insisted. And baffled, at last her tormentors left, clanging the iron gate after them.

Once afterward the enemy nearly discovered David Bruneaux. Two German officers one day appeared outside and looking through the grille caught sight of a man in the courtyard. "Open!" was the terse command.

There was no other way but to obey. But a year of anxious hand-to-mouth existence in the woods and quarries had turned the man's hair gray. So that he was unrecognizable now by any description the enemy had of him. "*Viellard*" (old man), demanded the officers, "what are you doing here?"

"Helping Madame Bruneaux about the place," was the quick rejoinder.

"Then hold our horses for us," they ordered.

Madame Bruneaux, returning from the *boulangerie* (the bakery), where she had been for bread, found the gate of her house ajar. And an amazing sight confronted her in the courtyard. David Bruneaux had only time to raise his finger in warning to his wife, when the Germans, coming from a vain search of the house, stood at the threshold. They addressed the woman with the frightened children clinging to her skirts. "Where, madame, is your husband?" was their demand. "We are looking for your husband."

David Bruneaux's life was hanging in the balance here before her very eyes. Steady now. Somehow without a tremor in her voice, the words came as cool and even as ever: "*Il est à la guerre.*"

It was the children's turn. Without so much as a glance where their breathless mother feared, Fernand, ten, and little Maurice, five, echoed her reply: "*À la guerre.*"

Gathering the reins from David Bruneaux's hands, the Germans jumped on their horses and rode off into the village. In a way it was better for a while after that. Since hardship and trouble had so well disguised him, he came out of the woods and stayed about home, Madame Bruneaux's man of all work.

A little later the entire population was carried off out of range of the bombardment, civilian prisoners in German-occupied territory. Maurice had to pick wild fruits to be made into jam for the German army. Fernand was sent into the fields to cut nettles of which the Germans made sacking. Raymond, aged sixteen, was put to doing kitchen work for the German army. David Bruneaux was set the task of picking up the bodies and identifying and burying the German dead.

This is the most ghastly and ghoulish occupation there is in war. It makes men ill, sick in body and soul. David Bruneaux was a kind and gentle man. It is worse for that sort. After a while he succumbed. When he became very ill, even the German officers gave consent that his wife should give up her work in the fields and nurse him. For five weeks she did not have her clothing off, as she stood over him night and day. And then he died.

He is buried in a distant grave. After the armistice they had to leave him there when the French were repatriated. But what did it matter now that they could go home to Jumencourt? The village itself is no more in ruins than is Jeanne Bruneaux's life since David is not here.

One day a woman standing in the road signaled the camion of the American Committee. She begged their pardon. It was most painful for her to ask aid, she said. And oh, it plainly was, in spite of all her destitution. Literally rags was what she herself had on. But it was not of these she spoke. Her children, she said, had no shoes. She had heard, she suggested timidly, that *les dames Américaines* gave shoes.

Like this the American Committee found Madame Bruneaux and her boys. You folks of the Coopersville, Michigan, French War Fund Committee who have sent through THE DELINEATOR one hundred and seventy-five dollars "to rehabilitate a French war family," will come, I think, to love this one. There was money enough so that they all have shoes now and some of the most necessary clothing.

In the shack in which we sit there is also the furniture they had to have—two beds and a stove and a table and some chairs. There is still one hundred dollars remaining. Madame Bruneaux is saving it as the beginning of a fund with which to buy a cow.

Raymond is eighteen and has now a place on the railroad, where he is earning twelve francs a day. But Raymond can not stay eighteen. He is going to be nineteen and of age for military service soon. Perhaps Madame Bruneaux may get a pension if it can be established that the death of her husband was due to the war. A friend of hers whose husband was shot is going to get eight hundred francs a year and two hundred francs for each child.

"Ah, well, it requires much courage to face the future," says Jeanne Bruneaux. "We do not quite know what we can do. We who have been repatriated, we are like birds who have been in a cage a long while. The Allied armies opened our door, but we still are dazed. We are looking around to see what we must do." Her gaze is on all the ruin of her home outside and the broken *calvaire* at her door.

The clothing and the furniture she so desperately had to have she accepted gratefully. It was difficult about the money. She drew back. "David and I," she said, "we never took charity."

Outside on a bench by the door, her boy Fernand sat absorbed in a book given him by the American Committee. He is so anxious to make up the school years lost in the war. He loves books. He had his arm about this one as a boy will, almost hugging it. It wasn't a book of adventure as you'd think. It was an arithmetic he was so eagerly devouring.

Jeanne Bruneaux's sad eyes had followed my glance. "If his father had lived we should have given him an education," she said softly.

I waited a moment. "For your children's sake," I urged, passing the Coopersville gift across the table. And that was the way it was done.

Tears came to her eyes. "Those friends in America they are so kind to have this interest in our misery," she said.

"David and I never took charity," she added. "But for the children's sake, since David is not here——"

Jeanne Bruneaux's voice choked.

HOW TO REMIT

CONTRIBUTORS to the relief of France should make out all checks and money-orders to the French-Relief Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York. Unless otherwise designated, these contributions will be devoted to the Town of the Golden Book.



THEY SAT LOOKING AFTER HIM AS HE DESCENDED TO THE HIGHROAD

HILLS OF HAN

BY SAMUEL MERWIN

Author of "The Passionate Pilgrim," "Temperamental Henry," etc.

"WELL," continued Mr. Po expansively, "I've certainly had a pretty kettle of fish about my ears."

Brachey filled and lighted his pipe and yielded his senses for a moment to the soothing effect of the fragrant smoke.

"Is the fighting really over?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!"

"But why? What's happened?"

Mr. Po indulged in his easy, quiet laugh.

"To begin at first blush," he said, settling comfortably back as if launched on a long narrative, "while out on scouting leap in the dark I stumbled plump on Lookers, and by thunder, it was necessary to trust broken reed of lying on stomach in open ground!"

"They caught you?"

"Oh, yes! For everlasting while I held breath, but with dust in nose it became unavoidable to sneeze. I would then have lost head promptly, but an officer of *yamen* entourage of Kang spotted me and said, 'What you doing here?' With which I explain of course that I escape by hook or crook from white devils. Then I appear before general and demand audience discussion with old Kang. Old reprobate received me and made long speech. Perfectly absurd! He said I must go to T'ainan-fu as his particular guest and speak to His Excellency Pao Ting Chuan his message, like this:

"'For many years I have known and respected your abilities as scholar and statesman of huge understanding ability. We have both seen, you and I, continuing unprincipled encroachment of foreign devil on preserves of our ancient and fruitful land, while the sorrow of our own Hansi Province under heel of foreign mining syndicate despot is matter of common ill repute to us both. Now as loyal friend and unswervingly determined on destroying evil influence of foreign devils, I invite you as guest to share with me pleasure of witnessing capture and utter destruction of foreign compound at Ping Yang. Omens agree on midnight of to-day week, following banquet of state and theatrical performance at my headquarters, at which favorite amateur actor Wang Lo Hsu will recite martial masterpiece, "The Song of Wun Hsing." And as my cooks are all wretched creatures, unworthy of catering to poorest classes, I beg of you bring delicately expert cook of Canton that I may again rejoice in delightful memory of sweet lotus soup.'"

Mr. Po paused to light a cigaret.

"So you went back to T'ainan?" asked Brachey.

"Oh, no; I was taken back against the grain as prisoner of large armed guard."

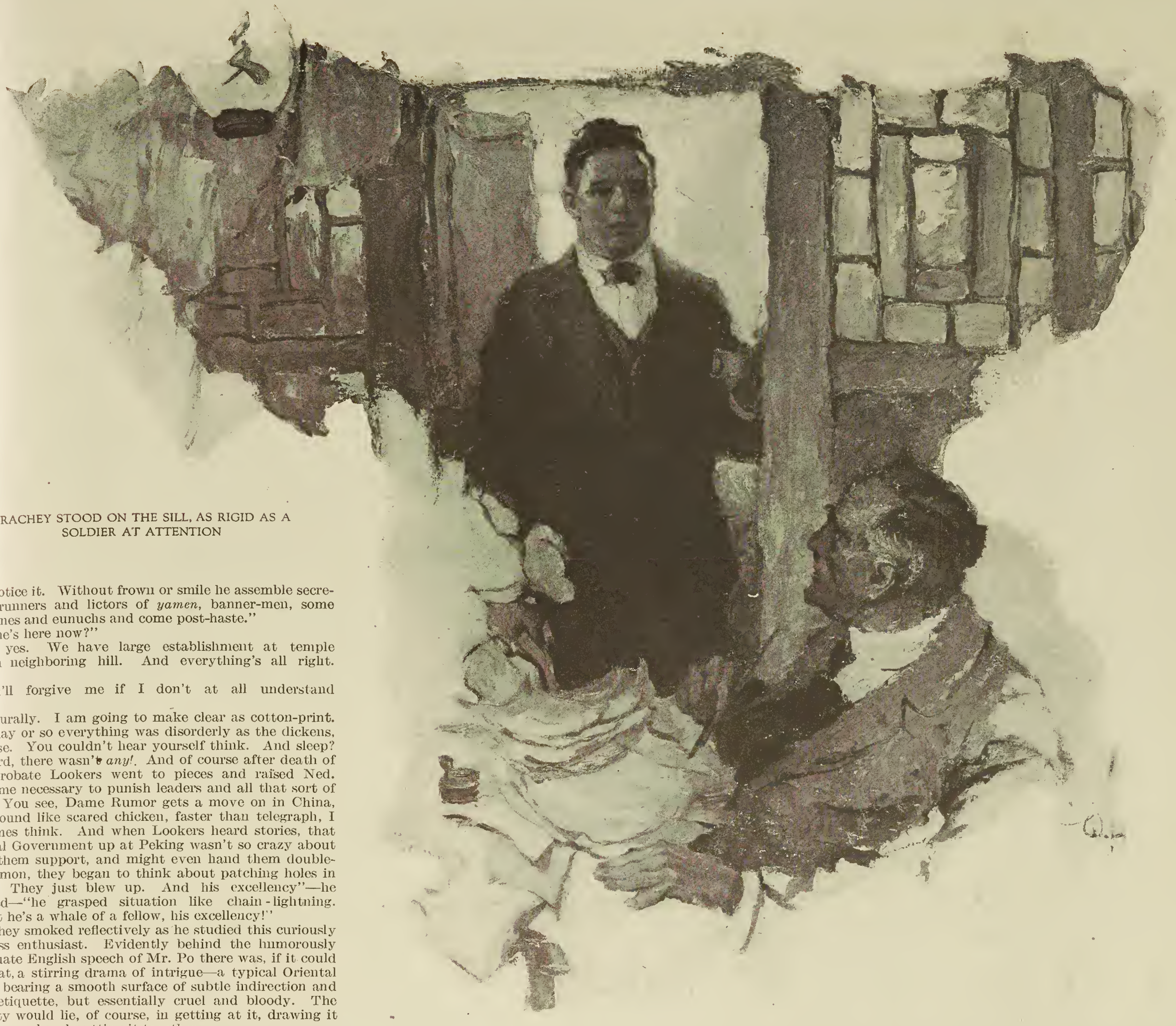
"And you delivered the message?"

"Oh, yes."

"Pao didn't accept, of course. Though I don't see how he could get out of it. He had no soldiers to speak of, did he?"

"Oh, yes; some. These he sent by northern road to region of Shan Tang, only thirty *li* away from Ping Yang. And then he accept, for his excellency is great statesman. Nobody yet ever put it over on his excellency, not so you

"*Hills of Han*," *copyrighted*, 1920, *by Samuel Merwin*



BRACHEY STOOD ON THE SILL, AS RIGID AS A SOLDIER AT ATTENTION

could notice it. Without frown or smile he assemble secretaries, runners and lictors of *yamen*, banner-men, some concubines and eunuchs and come post-haste."

"So he's here now?"

"Oh, yes. We have large establishment at temple over on neighboring hill. And everything's all right. O. K."

"You'll forgive me if I don't at all understand why."

"Naturally. I am going to make clear as cotton-print. For a day or so everything was disorderly as the dickens, of course. You couldn't hear yourself think. And sleep? My word, there wasn't *any!*. And of course after death of old reprobate Lookers went to pieces and raised Ned. It became necessary to punish leaders and all that sort of thing. You see, Dame Rumor gets a move on in China, runs around like scared chicken, faster than telegraph, I sometimes think. And when Lookers heard stories, that Imperial Government up at Peking wasn't so crazy about giving them support, and might even hand them double-cross lemon, they began to think about patching holes in fences. They just blew up. And his excellency"—he chuckled—"he grasped situation like chain-lightning. Oh, but he's a whale of a fellow, his excellency!"

Brachey smoked reflectively as he studied this curiously bloodless enthusiast. Evidently behind the humorously inadequate English speech of Mr. Po there was, if it could be got at, a stirring drama of intrigue—a typical Oriental drama, bearing a smooth surface of subtle indirection and silken etiquette, but essentially cruel and bloody. The difficulty would lie, of course, in getting at it, drawing it out piecemeal and putting it together.

"HIS excellency will now clean up whole shooting-match," Mr. Po went on. "No more Ho Shan Company!". And he waved his cigaret about to indicate the compound.

"Oh, that goes, too?"

"Oh, yes! His excellency has at once telegraphed agent-general at Tientsin for final show-down price on surrender of all leases, agreements, expenses, bribes and absolute good riddance. They say three million taels cash. To-morrow we shall throw it at their heads. And so much for that!"

"H'm!" mused Brachey. "Pretty quick work. Rather takes one's breath away."

"Oh, yes! But his excellency's a son-of-a-gun."

"Evidently. But I'm still in the dark as to how this rather extraordinary change came about. Did I understand you to say that Kang is dead?

"Oh, yes! Night before last."

"How did that happen?"

"Oh, well—it's just as well not to give this away—on arrival at Ping Yang his excellency made at once prepare a bowl of sweet lotus soup and send it with many compliments and hopes of good omens to old devil."

"You mean—there was poison in it?"

"Oh, yes! Pretty darned hard to put it over his excellency. After that it was no trouble at all to behead commanders of Looker troops."

"Naturally," was Brachey's only comment. He proceeded to draw out, bit by bit, other details of the story.

Some one stopped before the tent, and a strong voice called:

"Mr. Brachey!"

With a nervously abrupt movement Brachey sprang up and threw back the flaps; and beheld, standing there, stooping in order that he might see within, the giant person of Griggsby Doane.

BRACHEY bowed coldly. Doane's strong gaunt face worked perceptibly.

Brachey said:

"Won't you come in, sir? The tent is—" here was a pause—"the tent is small, but— You are perhaps acquainted with Mr. Po Sui-an of the *yamen* of his Excellency Pao Ting Chuan."

Mr. Doane bowed toward the Chinese gentleman.

"I think I have seen Mr. Po at the *yamen*," he said, speaking now in the slow grave way of the old Griggsby Doane. "You bring good news."

"Oh, yes!" Mr. Po lighted a cigaret. "We shall doubtless in a jiffy see you again at T'ainan-fu."

Doane looked thoughtfully, intently at him, then replied in the simple phrase, "It may be." To Brachey he said now, producing a white envelope, "I found this cablegram held for you at Shau T'ing, sir."

Brachey took the envelope; stood stiffly holding it unopened before him. For a moment the eyes of these two men met. Then Doane broke the tension by simply raising his head, an action which removed it from the view of the men within the tent.

"Good morning," he said rather gruffly. And, "Good morning, Mr. Po."

He was well out of ear-shot when Brachey's gray lips mechanically uttered the two words, "Thank you."

From a distant corner of the compound came the sound of singing; the fresh voices of young men—Americans and Australian and English—raised in crudely pleasant harmony. They were singing, "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean." As they swung into the rolling, rollicking refrain, women's voices joined in faintly from here and there about the compound. Brachey seemed to be listening. Then, again abruptly starting into action, he stepped outside the tent and stared across the courtyard after Griggsby Doane. Then, as abruptly, he remembered his guest and returned within the tent, with an almost muttered, "I beg your pardon."

"OH, GO on—read your cablegram!" said Mr. Po good-humoredly.

Brachey looked at him; then at the envelope—turning it slowly over. His hands trembled. This fact appeared to disturb him. He held one hand out before his face and watched it intently, finally lowering it with a quick, nervous shake of the head. He seated himself again on the cot; tore off an end of the envelope; caught his breath; then sat motionless with the bit of paper that meant to him everything in life, or nothing, hanging between limp fingers. A puzzling reminder of the strange man, Griggsby Doane, was the painful throbbing in his head. They were singing again, about the compound; it was the college song of his youth, "Solomon Levi."

He thought, with another of those odd little mental and physical jerks, again of his guest; and heard himself saying, weakly it seemed, like a man talking in dreams:

"You will think me—" But found himself addressing an empty enclosure of canvas. Mr. Po had slipped out and dropped the flaps. That he could have done this unobserved frightened Brachey a little. He looked again at his trembling hand.

Again he raised the envelope. Until this moment he had assumed that it could bring but one message to himself and Betty: but now he knew vividly better. Anything might have happened. It was unthinkable that he should want the courage to read it. He had foreseen no such difficulty. Perhaps if it had come by any other hand than that of Griggsby Doane——

His thoughts wandered helplessly back over the solitary life he had led—wandering in Siam and Borneo and Celebes, dwelling here and there in untraveled corners of India, learning the quaint folk-lore of the Malay Peninsula, studying the American sort of social organization in the Philippines—eight years of it! He had begun as a disheartened young man, running bitterly away from the human scheme in which he found no fitting niche. Yes, that was it, after all; he had run away! He had begun with a defeat, based his working life on just that. Apparently what others mistook for strength in him was in reality a wistful, even a timid, sensitiveness. The five substantial books that now stood to his name in every well-stocked library in America, as in many in England and on the Continent, were, after all, but stop-gaps in an empty life. They were a subterfuge, those books. All the hard work, the eager, close thinking, was now suddenly meaningless. That he had chosen work instead of drink, that he had been, after all, a decent fellow, pursuing neither chance nor women, seemed immaterial.

The curse of an active imagination was on him now and was riding him as wildly as ever witch rode a broomstick.

The very bit of paper in his hand was nothing if not the symbol of his terrible failure in the business called living. As he had built his work on failure, was he, inevitably, to build the happiness of himself and Betty on the same pitiful foundation? Even if the paper should announce his freedom? Bitterly he repeated aloud the word, "Freedom!" Then "Happiness!" What were these elusive things? Were they in any sense realities?

He nerved himself and read the message:

Absolute decree granted you are free.

He tossed it, with its unpunctuated jumble of words, on the table.

A little later, though he still indulged in this scathing self-analysis, the habit of meeting responsibilities that was more strongly a part of his nature than in this hour of utter emotion he knew, began to assert itself. The strong character that had led him, after all, out to fight and to build his mental house was largely the man.

He slowly got up and stood before the square bit of mirror that hung on the rear tent-pole; then looked down at his mud-stained clothes. Deliberately, almost painfully, he shaved and dressed. It was characteristic that he put on a stiff linen collar.

THERE was, to a man of his stripe, just one thing to do; and that thing he was going at directly, firmly. Until it was done he could not so much as speak to Betty. Of the outcome of this effort he had no notion; he was going at it doggedly, with his character rather than with his mind. Indeed, the mind quibbled, manufactured little delays, hinted at evasions. He even listened to these whisperings, entertained them; but meanwhile went straight on with his dressing.

As he emerged from the tent, sudden noises assailed his ears. A line of young men danced by in lock-step,

Continued on page 135



ROMANCE AND MISCHIEF WERE BUSY AT EVERY DESK

THE SCANDAL SCHOOL

BY RUTH BOYLE

IF YOU had seen it, as I first saw it, a lovely New England hamlet located on a sunlit lake, encircled by wooded hills, fragrant and colorful with the marvel of Autumn, you would have drawn a long breath, as I did, and have wondered with me how it ever could happen that such a bit of Eden should have to advertise for teachers.

And yet it was through the following advertisement, which I saw in the New York *Times*, that I became a teacher of the Melon's Lake school:

> WANTED, for rural schools in * * * * * teachers who care more for the good they can accomplish and their value to the community than they do for money, to teach district schools at salaries of approximately fifteen dollars a week.

I answered the advertisement, and almost at once came a reply from the district superintendent:

"We want you for rural school, twenty-seven pupils. American. Salary six hundred fifty dollars. Begin Monday."

It was my first sight of the New England countryside, and on the nine-mile ride up from the station on that curving, climbing hill road, the beauty of the stretches of meadow, the piled-up hills, the pines by the wayside were as blessed to my city-weary eyes as (to use the doughboy's superlative) a "letter from home." The prim, white-painted houses, offering outward promise of inner comfort, gave pleasure too—so homelike they seemed, so attractive, so remote from the soil and wickedness of great cities.

The young district superintendent, a slim, schoolish individual, fairly radiating the precepts of modern pedagogy, met me at the station, and drove me to Melon's Lake.

"School is a week late here now," he said. "We've been having an awful time this year to get teachers. Even with advertising, several schools are either closed or opening with substitutes who are not qualified. They tell me this isn't an easy school up here. I suppose I ought to let you find that out for yourself, but I feel I ought to warn you to begin with a firm hand."

It is odd, but the last remark is the common introduction to most one-room rural schools. They seem to take badly concealed pride in the lawlessness of the "big boys," or perhaps they merely wish to haze the new teacher! At any rate, having heard similar warnings before, I was not worried.

"You are to board with Mrs. Travis," said the superintendent, as the car stopped at the door of a large, elm-shaded house.

"I wisht I'd 'a' known you was comin'," said Mrs. Travis, opening the screen door and coming out to meet me. "I'd 'a' fixed up a little better, and I expect you're hungry, and I'm afeard there ain't a bite fit to eat in the house. Come right in, though, and take your things up to the front spare-room, and I'll try to git ye some victuals."

She was fourscore years, at least, I judged. Her glasses were pushed up on her white hair, which was parted primly in the middle and drawn back in a knot, and she wore the neat print dress and three aprons so characteristic of New England housewifery. I knew at first sight that I would like my landlady.

I set my traveling-bag down in the square front bedroom and looked out of its bright windows, enchanted at the white church and the tree-shaded road and the shining lake's rim. To spend Autumn and Spring in such a place ought surely to compensate even for four months of rigid Winter!

When I came down, Mrs. Travis had my supper of bread and jam, cookies, pie and tea ready for me.

"I should think you'd be homesick comin' from the city and so far from your folks," she said, after I had satisfied her curiosity as to my antecedents and my own previous history. (I have learned by this time that it is far better to own up at once to rural school patrons as to one's sins and accomplishments in the past. There's no hiding anything from them.)

"Ain't you afraid you'll be homesick?"

"No, not homesick," I answered, "but maybe I'll wish there was a little more excitement."

"Oh, you'll have plenty of that. They's plenty of things goin' on," she hastened to say. "They's a Circle of King's Daughters and a Circle of Red Cross meets and sews every week. Mabbe that won't keep up now the war's over, I don't know. And they's movies Friday nights, leastways in Summer, when the boarders are here. Next Friday's the last this year, I guess. Prayer-meetin's Tuesday, and wunst in a while they's somethin 'goin' on in the meetin'-house other days, but no dancin' sence it's under the church."

The people I met that Sunday evening before school began were cordial and kind.

"I hope you'll like it here," they all said, but there was an upward inflection, an accent of doubt, which somehow suggested their experience that teachers did not like it.

What was it, I wondered? Was it that teachers were daunted by the discomforts of Winter, or more probably by the deadly dulness of a society whose chief recreation was a meeting of the King's Daughters?

Continued on page 108

THE PLIGHT OF THE SCHOOLS

"THE Scandal School" is the first of a series of schoolteaching experiences of Miss Boyle in different sections of the United States during the past few months. As THE DELINEATOR'S *representative, she has thus studied conditions.*

At this writing the number of public schools in the United States closed for lack of teachers is estimated by the United States Commissioner of Education at twenty-eight thousand nine hundred and fifty.

Estimated number of persons teaching whose qualifications are below standard, sixty-one thousand two hundred and fifty.

A full third of all teachers and more than half of all rural teachers are below any reasonable minimum standard of qualifications in education, professional training and experience.

What does this mean with reference to our future citizenship?

Pitifully low wages are the main reason of this shortage. College graduates are teaching at thirty dollars a month, less than the janitors of the same schools receive. Day-laborers in many places are better paid than teachers.

Average salary of all public-school teachers increased within two years from five hundred and sixty-three dollars to six hundred and thirty-five dollars.

There are parts of the South where convict labor gets higher pay than the teachers.

But there are other reasons besides wages, why girls won't teach. These are dramatically shown in Miss Boyle's stories. In the June DELINEATOR *she will tell of her experience in the Tennessee mountains.*



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY ALMOST SPOILING MY PICTURE?" SHE STORMED

SAKES ALIVE!

BY MABEL L. ROBINSON

ANOTHER THRILLING TALE FOR YOUNG GIRLS ABOUT A RESOURCEFUL SCHOOLGIRL IN CONSTANTINOPLE

THE girls called her Sakes Alive because when she had first come out to Turkey from America she had greeted most of her new experiences with this concise and expressive term. Anyway it sounded much more like a name to them than Miranda Sarah Jane Armstrong, which represented as complete a collection of the female ancestry of Sakes Alive as her New England parents could devise.

She had been about thirteen then, long in almost all respects, legs, arms, braids, everything but skirts. These climbed higher almost as you watched them, and her poor aunt, the registrar of the college, felt that when she was not adding columns of figures, she was always trying to add a few inches to the length of the clothes of Sakes Alive. She had been settled in the preparatory school, if Sakes Alive could be called settled anywhere, and after a period of violent growth and reconstruction, had emerged at the end of four years, ready for college. She had long since lost the trick of saying Sakes Alive! and was now known as Sakes Armstrong, the origin of her name almost forgotten.

At seventeen she was still long, but she seemed to have caught up with herself in a very satisfactory manner. Her long brown braids were wound Bulgarian-wise around her head, giving her wide blue-gray eyes a Madonna-like look. She still flaunted the New Hampshire wild rose in her cheeks, but strangers, sightseeing at the college, always marked her for a saint and lowered their strident tones in response to her soft voice.

"They think you can't hear so well because you are foreigners," Sakes would explain in defense of her countrymen.

The girls enjoyed these tributes to Sakes's personality; such was the extraordinary cleverness of the Americans that only an American could fool them. They had tried and they knew how difficult it was.

Thus, for many and devious reasons, Sakes led the college about by its nose; that is, the student portion of it. The faculty, being mostly Americans too, were on the whole responsive to the activities of Sakes. Over her aunt, however, Sakes had quite complete control, and since, after all, final decisions lay in her hands, she was the most important member of the staff to subjugate. "I'll tell Aunt Jane," was Sakes's usual way of conveying the idea that she was asking permission about something she meant to do. For Sakes never concealed her purposes; she was as straightforward as her Yankee ancestors.

Although Sakes had lived for four years in Turkey, she still resented the restrictions which convention and Turkish law placed upon her freedom.

"I could do this if I were only in America," she always finished up her opinion of Turkey with, although as a matter of fact she didn't know at all what she could have done in America.

On her seventeenth birthday her aunt gave her a camera.

"It will be so pleasant for you in after life," said Aunt Jane with feeling, "to have souvenirs of these happy years with your girlhood friends."

Sakes always took her aunt's sentiments with reserves.

"Most of my friends are so homely that I'd hate to remember how they look," she said, "but I've always been crazy to run a camera and there are lots of nice old things about the city to take."

Her aunt looked alarmed.

"Now, Sakes, you know how most of these natives feel about the evil eye in a camera. You must *never* point it at them or their children. And as for the mosques—I don't know what would happen to you if you should try to take a picture inside one of the mosques!"

"It would be interesting to find out," reflected Sakes. "But don't you be scared, Aunt Jane," she reassured her terror-stricken aunt. "I haven't decided at all what I am going to take and anyway I've got to get my dark-room rigged first."

In spite of her disparaging remarks about the beauty of her companions, Sakes photographed them all; then she made a clean sweep of the college buildings inside and out, and at last she reached the campus walls.

"I *wish* I could get some pictures of Nightingale Valley," she said one afternoon to Hermine, who was trying to suggest appropriate subjects like the cypress grove, tennis players in action, et cetera. Nightingale Valley was a gipsy slum located along the edges of a very dirty brook, which served also as a sewer. "I think I'll get Miss Rodman to take us round that way to the *skala* (wharf) when we go to

Concluded on page 130

GENE STRATTON-PORTER

THE FOURTH IN OUR SERIES OF PICTORIAL AMERICAN ROMANCES



Mary Stratton, the novelist's mother. She was of Dutch descent, born in Beaver County, Pennsylvania, in 1816. She always provided space in her garden for a wild-flower bed for her little daughter and allowed her home to be turned into a menagerie.



This enlargement of a tintype, taken when she was ten years old, shows the marks of that sensitive power to develop later on in "The Harvester," "Freckles," "The Girl of the Limberlost," and other novels



At sixteen. Observe the "beaver-tail" coiffure. About this time she found out she could write. At school rhetoricals she declaimed a romantic story instead of an essay and every one liked it much better



At twenty. "This photograph," says Mrs. Porter, "was taken for the man I was engaged to marry. My father thought the dress a trifle low at the throat, so the opening was closed with a bunch of flowers, in the interest of modesty"



Mark Stratton, Mrs. Porter's father, was of British descent, and was born in Sussex County, New Jersey, in 1812. A man of vision, he sympathized deeply with his little daughter's ambitions, giving her the best literary and artistic education possible to him



© by Parrot

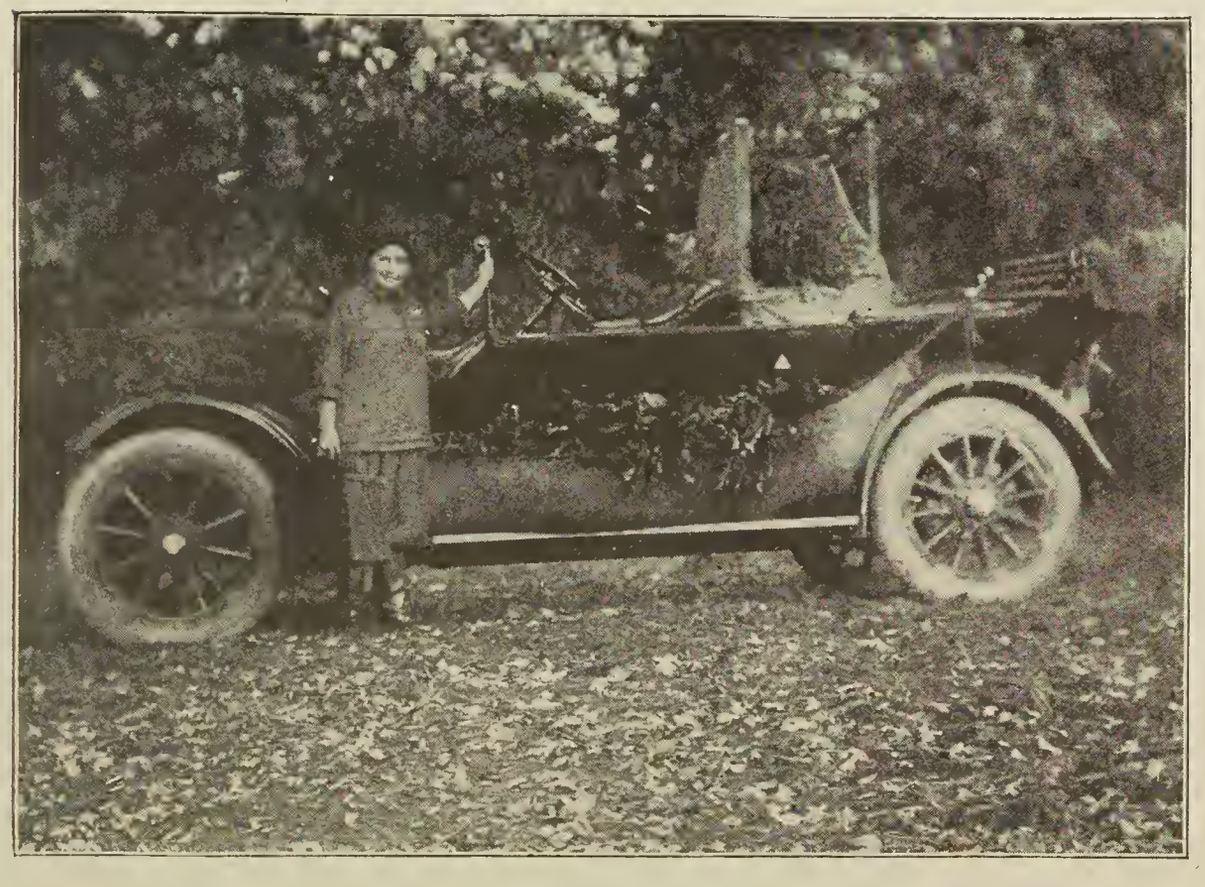
Look on this picture and then on that last one in the row above! And notice the difference in décolletage! She is now twenty-five, and has been away from home for five years—an independent young matron, who looks as if she thoroughly enjoyed a jolly party



As she looked at thirty, when her first book, "The Song of the Cardinal," was published. The dress in which she posed for her first real authoress portrait was "an imported apple-green linen, of French make, the blouse of embroidered white silk bolting-cloth"



The way her millions of readers think of her to-day—although probably Mrs. Porter would be quite willing to be known as she appears below in middy-blouse and boots rather than a proper afternoon satin. No one could call her an indoor person exactly



Her seven-passenger touring-car is none too large for the specimens that Mrs. Porter collects from the woods and swamps. At the right is a glimpse of the tree-hidden Limberlost Cabin, purchased with money saved from the earnings of her books



Limberlost Cabin, built after the design used in "The Harvester," stands in a one-hundred-and-twenty-acre tract of land, having a mile of winding lake shore, and about twenty acres of virgin forest. It is full of gifts sent from almost every country in the world



"On a rising scale like this
I scale the heights of bliss
And Campbell's fare which brings me there,
I could not bear to miss."



Every spoonful nourishes

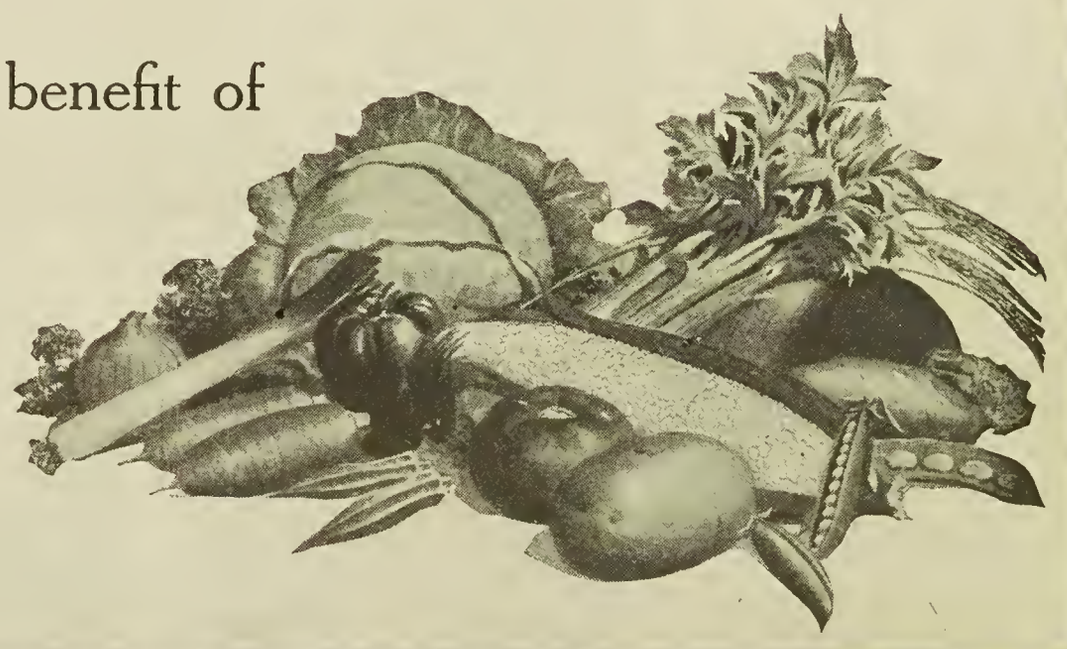
The food value of Campbell's Vegetable Soup is remarkable in a two-fold way.

It is not only free from waste in the ordinary sense—that is, there is no waste about it at the table nor in the kitchen, but it also is digested and assimilated very completely—transformed into a high percentage of solid flesh, muscle and energy.

It is such a well-balanced combination of needed "building up" materials that the system appropriates and uses every particle.

This makes it also one of the best foods for young people, invalids or any who are not quite up to the mark in physical condition.

Now is just the season to get the benefit of this delicious and strength-giving soup. Why not enjoy it today?

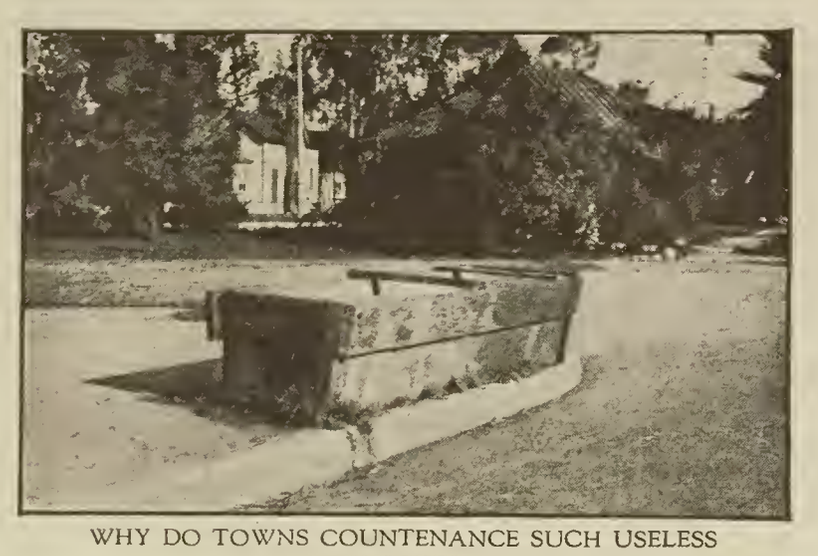


21 kinds **15c a can**

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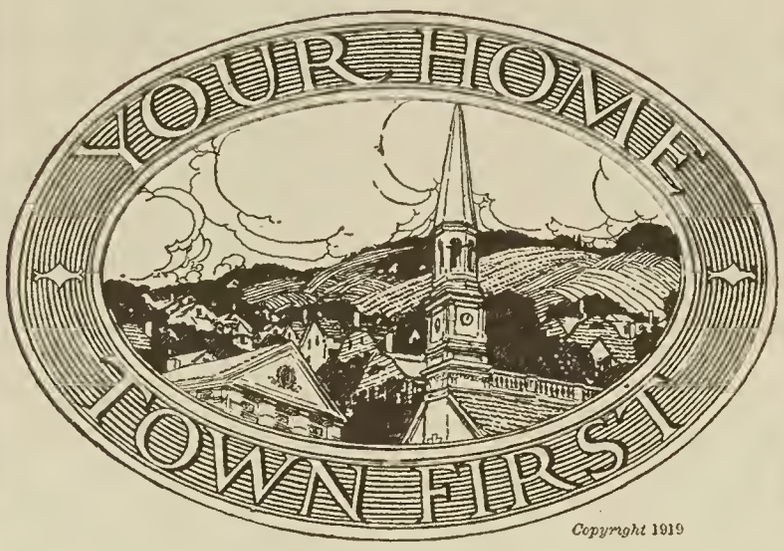
LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

BEAUTIFY YOUR TOWN



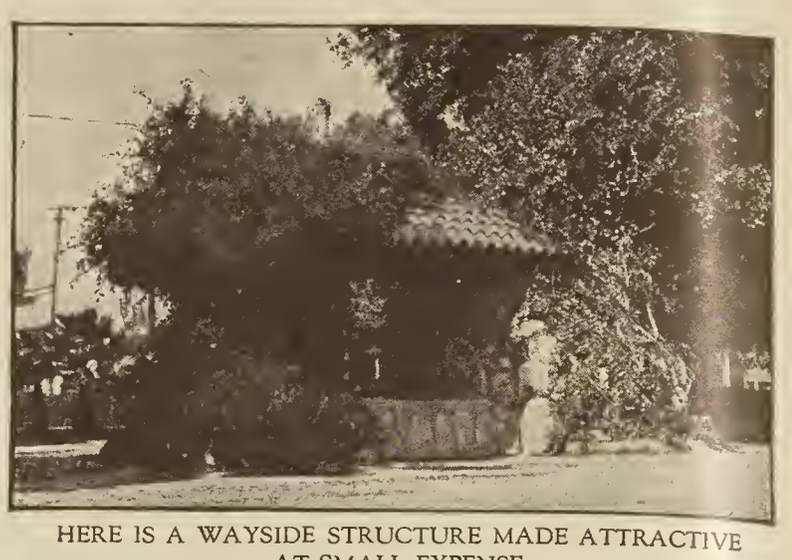
WHY DO TOWNS COUNTENANCE SUCH USELESS EYESORES?

WHEN a junction of streets or roads leaves a vacant space, it presents an opportunity for beautifying the town. Above is an old unused watering-trough that has been carelessly allowed to be an offense to the eye. A good, active woman's club or village-improvement society provides the best means for attacking such enemies of civic beauty.



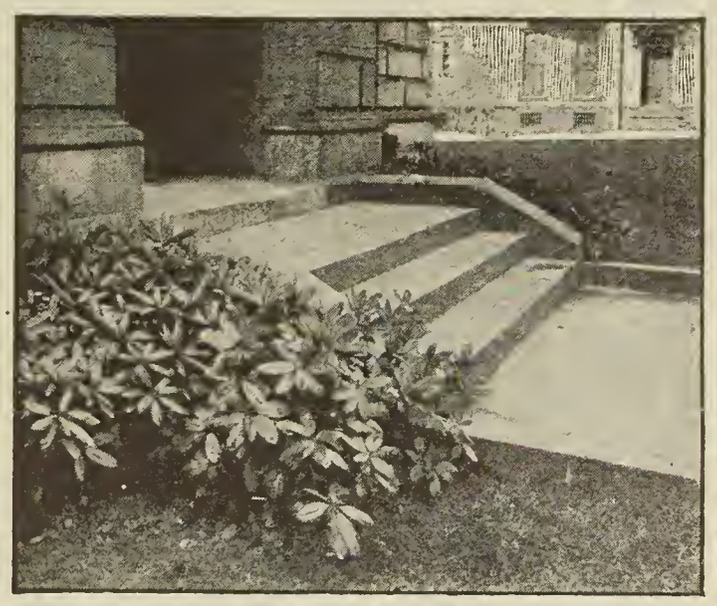
Copyright 1919

If your town has done a good thing to promote community betterment, other towns will be interested in learning about it. Pass the idea on to them through THE DELINEATOR. Address the Community Editor.

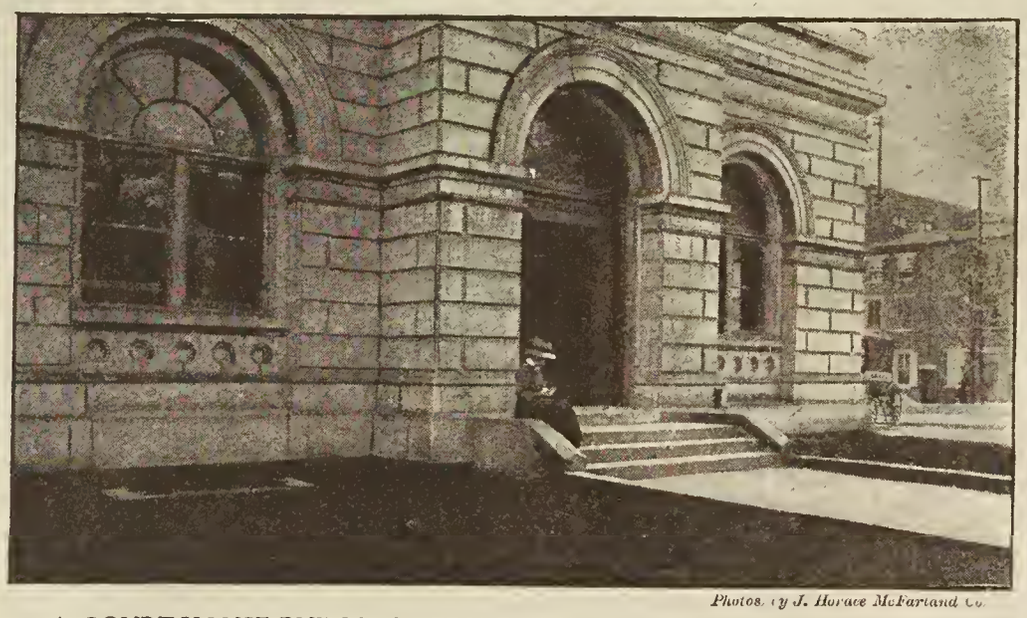


HERE IS A WAYSIDE STRUCTURE MADE ATTRACTIVE AT SMALL EXPENSE

THIS wayside structure is built of ordinary field-stone with the addition of an attractive red-tile roof. It shelters a fountain, and with its rustic stone seats affords a simple and attractive resting-place. Has your town any vacant spaces that can be beautified by a little park or a rustic seat or fountain?



THE COURT-HOUSE AT THE RIGHT AFTER IMPROVEMENT



Photos by J. Horace McFarland Co.

A COURT-HOUSE BUILDING BEFORE THE CITY BEAUTIFUL COMMITTEE TOOK HOLD



A BUILDING SHOULD APPEAR TO GROW OUT OF THE GROUND



Photo by J. Horace McFarland Co.

THE FAMILIES IN THIS BLOCK DECIDED THAT BACK FENCES ARE UNNEIGHBORLY AND UNSIGHTLY

NO ONE will deny that American women have worked to protect their homes from ugliness within. But as our cities and towns grow it is important that we protect ourselves against ugliness without—in our streets, our public places and buildings. Our towns are fairly well protected against the things that offend all the senses except that of sight alone. In many respects this sense is more important. Ugliness is an offense against the mind and has a subtle but very real effect on our general happiness and well-being.

Unsightly signs, overhead wires and poles, smoke, uncontrolled growth of weeds, dead trees, shabby fences, dilapidated dwellings, dirty streets, paper and litter, unrestricted building, lack of a city plan are a few of the enemies of a beautiful city.

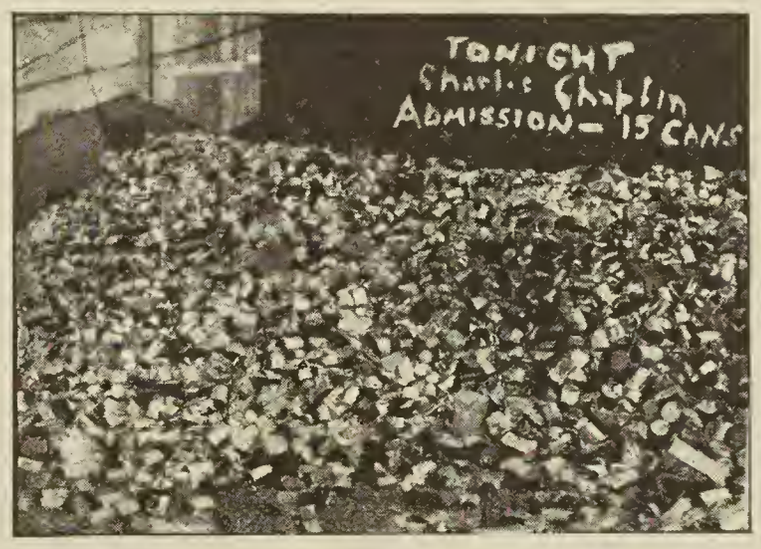
Whether it be an active woman's club, or a Chamber of Commerce, or an improvement society that is working for a city beautiful, the secret of success is to take up one single thing to be improved and concentrate public opinion upon it until victory is won. Take photographs of the eyesore and display them with drawings and suggestions of what might be done to beautify it. Few people are interested in generalities, but every one appreciates the specific.



Photo by J. Horace McFarland Co.

LAWNS, HEDGES AND CLIMBING VINES REPLACE THE DREARY-LOOKING FENCES

THE "Clean-Up" committee of a certain Indiana town hit upon the novel idea of enlisting the cooperation of the local motion-picture theater. They gave a special performance with a charge of fifteen old tin cans for admission—the cans to be deposited in front of the theater. What the boys and girls did to the tin cans of that town is told in the picture.



FIFTEEN TIN CANS ADMITTED A BOY OR GIRL TO THE "MOVIES"



Brown Bros.

MAKE IT EASY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS TO KEEP YOUR TOWN CLEAN

TO MAKE a practical start toward beautifying your street, neighborhood or town, provide some way for taking care of the waste paper. We have prepared a special "Clean-Up" pamphlet for those interested in community improvements. Send for the "Clean-Up" pamphlet and tell us about your town. Address Community Editor, THE DELINEATOR, New York.



A LIGHTHOUSE DESIGN IN THE WEST

EVERY neighborhood, suburb or city has its own character, expressed in its homes, gardens and business streets. Even such an insignificant thing as a lamp-post may add to or detract from its general appearance. Lamp-posts do not *have* to be ugly. In the hands of an artist they may be graceful and pleasing, blending harmoniously with the general architecture of the community.



CALIFORNIA MISSION-BELL TYPE AT RIVERSIDE



FLOWER-BASKET WITH CITY ARMS OF LOS ANGELES



TIMBER AND MASONRY LAMP-POST



WROUGHT-IRON LAMP AT FOREST HILLS, LONG ISLAND

THE trees of your town have a number of enemies. Horses gnaw their bark, caterpillars eat their leaves, linemen are apt to carelessly chop off limbs in putting through electric wires, others will prune a tree ignorantly and foolishly. See that your town has a committee on trees or a competent tree warden to protect you against these enemies.

COMMUNITY EXCHANGE

A CALIFORNIA PLAN FOR RAISING MONEY

LAST Summer the ladies of our local Thimble Club wished very much to raise additional funds for work in our little town and one enterprising member suggested holding a Midsummer festival and not only raise money but promote a get-together spirit sadly lacking in our community, which is made up of families from nearly every State in the Union.

The affair was such a success from a social as well as a business standpoint that other communities might use the same plan to raise money to furnish a community house, children's playground, support a reading-room or build a rest room or any worthy object.

The orange packing-house was chosen for the event, as it is large, well-built and centrally located.



Photo by Tucker

$497.50 RAISED AND A GET-TOGETHER SPIRIT PROMOTED BY A COMMUNITY FESTIVAL

Volunteer helpers, with the aid of flowers, palms, acacia branches and pepper boughs soon transformed the bare building into a fairyland at a very slight cost.

Two Japanese were engaged to arrange the booths, which they did in a most unique and artistic manner.

Each lady in the neighborhood was asked to contribute viands for a cafeteria supper, which was sold at prevailing cafeteria prices and netted us just one hundred dollars. The menu consisted in part of meat-loaf, pressed chicken, salads, cup-custards, baked beans, Boston brown bread, olives, pickles, pies, cakes, ice-cream and iced drinks. The supper was served and eaten at long tables arranged in the basement, and the high school orchestra entertained the diners with splendid music in true cafeteria style. During the afternoon ice-cream, pop, candy, peanuts and orangeade were sold, while a fortune-teller's booth, a "fish-pond," rummage sale and apron sale brought an astonishing amount of money.

The fancy-work booth and booth selling "little things" were very popular.

A baby show, with votes at five cents apiece, was most amusing, the baby receiving the most votes being decorated with a blue ribbon and medal.

One clever member took charge of the fruit and vegetable stall. The booth was very artistically arranged and the fruit and vegetables temptingly displayed in baskets and trays sold so rapidly that the demand far exceeded the supply.

A registered pig, a snowy Angora kitten and a beautiful doll were auctioned off amid much cheering and laughter. Bidding was hot and furious and Mr. Pig increased our fund by a hundred and forty dollars.

A short, snappy program of readings, impersonations and songs closed the afternoon. After the supper an out-of-town orator gave an address, and this was followed by a musical program.

The evening closed with a five-cent dance in the basement to the music of a jazz band.

To watch the jolly crowds around the supper-tables and various booths one needed not to be told that every one had a good time, many new friends were made, many old acquaintances renewed.

Our expenses were $74.50, and were for ice-cream, pop, carpenter-work, rental for tables and chairs and to pay the two Japanese, who later washed the dishes and swept the floors.

Most of the ready-made articles were made and donated by the Thimble Club. Nearly everything else was generously donated by the people of our community.

After all expenses were met we were gratified to learn we had $497.50 for our work and were also gratified at the many expressions of pleasure from the crowd for their enjoyable time and delicious supper. F. L., California.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., WOMEN LEARN TO BECOME BETTER CITIZENS

WITHIN two weeks after the woman-suffrage bill was signed by the Governor of their State the Federation of Women's Clubs of St. Joseph, Missouri, began to make possible the training of local women in the duties and opportunities of citizenship.

A program covering the entire week started on Monday, July fourteenth. It was called The School of Citizenship. As capable speakers and workers were secured to supplement the talks by local speakers and workers, an admission charge of twenty-five cents per session, or one dollar for the entire week's program, was made. On each day of the week there was a morning session, beginning at the businesslike hour of nine o'clock; then, except on Thursday, there was a daily evening session that began at eight o'clock and ended at ten o'clock. Miss Mary B. Ames, a field director of the Missouri Suffrage Association, arranged the program in cooperation with the local women, and had charge of the program as it was carried out during the week.

The object of the school was to meet the demand of the newly enfranchised voters for instruction and information on citizenship lines; also to enable them to work in political affairs with a greater degree of efficiency. As will be seen from the program, the "school" was interesting, each phase of the work being taken up carefully to give the women knowledge to enable them to register for elections, how to speak in public, parliamentary proceedings and other obligations that the women find at their doors as citizens.

Not only were the sessions attended by women of the city, but as soon as the publicity committee spread the news, reservations for seats began to come in from women in the outlying districts and the smaller towns tributary to St. Joseph. To accommodate the out-of-town women unable to attend the other sessions an afternoon session was held on Thursday; and this included several of the more important subjects.

Realizing that in making a four-minute talk or otherwise appearing in public the average woman is handicapped, one of the speakers dwelt on some of the more practical phases of this part of the new voters' work. The speaker explained the advantages and disadvantages of certain gowns and hats, the effect upon the audiences of gloves, manner of wearing hats, facial expression and other definite details that are the "Man politician's" inheritance from the lawyer-politician.

Much effort was made to secure as speakers men and women active in public affairs of those States that have enjoyed suffrage in the past. Then local officials and lawyers added practical interest by telling of some of the things the women would have to concern themselves with in their city. The science of money-raising, discussed by a woman who has been successful in St. Joseph campaigns, opened the minds of the women to the fact that much of the ultimate success of this necessary work in public affairs depends on the little private planning meetings held long before the first solicitation is made. The value of publicity to supplement any public activity was also demonstrated, as were the steps necessary to secure action and the best chances of success in legislative matters. And the value and force of concerted action through smooth-running organization was also proved to the audiences.

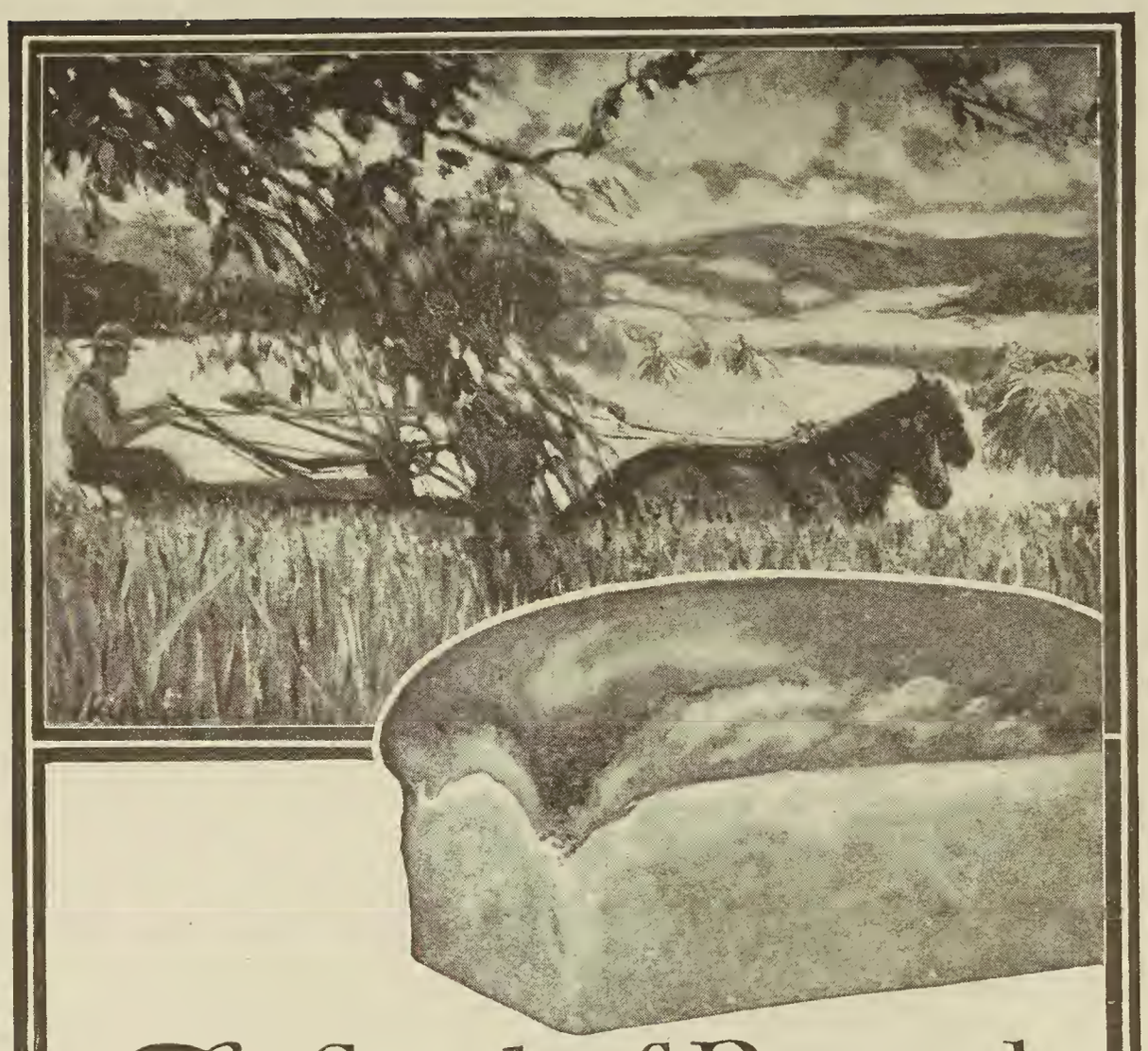


Press Illustrating Service

BAD GRAMMAR CORRECTED BY PUTTING WORDS SUCH AS "AIN'T," "OURN," "YOURN" IN COFFINS AND BURYING THEM

Below are some of the subjects treated at the sessions, some of them being discussed at more than one session in order to make it possible for all to hear them at periods most convenient:

Woman's Opportunity for Service,
What the Citizenship School May Mean to Women,
Citizenship,
General Publicity,
Legislative Procedure,
Public Speaking,
Citizenship as it Applies to the Government of the United States,
Political Parties of the United States,
Suffrage History,
Democratic Party,
Republican Party,
State Governments,



The Soul of Bread

WHEAT is only the substance, Yeast is the soul of Bread. For it is Yeast that converts the flour of wheat into Bread as you know it—the sweetest, most wholesome and most delicious of all foods.

Without Yeast, Bread would be only dough—a lifeless, indigestible mass. It is only by aid of the action of Yeast that you are able to have Bread—and what would life be without it?

Yet strangely enough, though everyone knows Bread, few people know the history of Yeast, or even what it is.

Yeast is a plant of cell form, so tiny that it cannot be seen by the naked eye. It takes millions of Yeast cells to raise just one light, porous, fragrant loaf of Bread.

Yet despite its infinitesimal size, Yeast is possessed of infinite energy—a rich wealth of nutrition in itself and also the power to develop the latent nutrition of flour– a nutrition so vast that nations depend upon it for health and energy.

Delicate as an orchid, and requiring the most skilled tender handling, the Yeast plant develops rapidly under ideal conditions. The Fleischmann Company supplies these conditions; through laboratory processes bringing to the priceless cell the elements of sunshine, moisture and warmth needed by any plant for growth, and especially needed to produce Yeast of the purity and strength demanded by the scientific modern baker.

From the finest selected materials, a water extract is made to produce food for the priceless growing cell. Later it is separated from the liquid, pressed into cakes, cut and wrapped—ready to deliver.

It takes eleven great factories and a highly perfected distributing system throughout the country to make and deliver the nation's supply of Compressed Yeast, fresh every day.

Over 30,000 bakers depend on Fleischmann's Yeast—the kind you know so well—to help them bake Bread light and delicious enough to satisfy your desires.

When you enjoy your next slice of Bread, remember that the tiny Yeast-plant is to thank for this best of all Foods that keeps you nourished and cuts down your High Cost of Living.

Order an extra loaf today.

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY
In All Cities



Mothers—

Baby's Health and Comfort Comes First

Do you know that the sense of touch is the first to waken—and the strongest? A Baby's skin is extremely sensitive—easily hurt or irritated. How important, then, to the comfort and well-being of your precious little one is the matter of proper underclothing. "M" Infants Shirts will keep your baby cool and comfortable this summer. Made in Fold-Over and Buttoned styles, of soft, pliable yarns, they shape themselves to Baby's own dimpled mold.

"M" Infant's Diaper Supporting Band holds diaper firmly, yet comfortably, in place. Two styles—one for the three-cornered diaper, with tapes running from shoulders to woven tabs in front and back—*and one for the panty or oblong diaper*—with tapes at sides. Fabric doubled at shoulder for ease and strength.

M GARMENTS
MINNEAPOLIS
The Perfect Underwear for Children

—Also include cool, knit and cloth waists and waist union suits for the Boy and "Little Lady" to sixteen years of age.

Look for the red "M" in the wreath, when you shop for Children's underwear. It's a certainty of satisfaction.

Minneapolis Knitting Works
Minneapolis, Minn.





GOSSIP

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is a genius and as such is entitled to his eccentricities, but somehow people never seem to get used to his idiosyncrasies. That funny little mustache of his is pasted on each day with spirit gum and crêpe hair, for Charlie would no more wear a made-up mustache than Eugene O'Brien would wear a made-up necktie.

Now, crêpe hair comes by the yard and the mustache comes out all right if Charlie is left in solitude until it is finished; but sometimes he is disturbed just after he gets it all pasted on and he pushes around the studio issuing orders with a long, wavy beard hanging from his upper lip.

He was in this condition one morning when a boy attempted to deliver some books. Besides his hirsute adornment Charlie had a headache, which improved neither his temper nor his appearance, for he had tied up his head in a make-up towel. Exasperated beyond endurance he flew at the boy, panting through his whiskers: "Smatter—'shooksat—Scat!" and the boy turned and flew, crying out that a crazy man was after him.

And now he never can be induced to believe that Charlie Chaplin is funny.

OUR YOUNG PHILOSOPHERS

"MY MAMA says she thinks you're the vainest little girl she ever saw," said Katie. "She says that means you think you're pretty."

"Why, I'm not a bit vain," replied Helen. "I don't think I'm half as pretty as I am."

J. R. M.

A little girl of three ran to her mother, who was preparing supper on a camp-fire, and gleefully announced, "Oh, mother, I saw a deer with a little darling running after it!" B. J.

ALMOST AS COSTLY AS FURS

MR. EDITOR: While your magazine is printing facts about extravagance, listen to the tragic story of a friend of mine who bought a three-thousand-dollar Prince Albert suit. Honest Injun! He was invited to a friend's wedding, which occurred in the afternoon, and the Prince Albert which he lacked was imperative. "Easy!" he reflected. Being a broker, he bought twenty-five shares of copper stock for a quick turn, the profits to pay for the new clothes. But the copper shares went down. Unshaken in his confidence, he bought twenty-five shares more, to cover, but with the same result. When he had plunged to the extent of one hundred shares, his loss was a trifle under three thousand dollars. And the stock has remained at the low figure!

J. T.

A PASSION FOR CLEANLINESS

A SAN FRANCISCO woman who occupies a position of authority in the city's health department, reports that she had a good deal of difficulty with the bakers in a poorer section of the city who refused to handle wrapped bread. She argued with them for some time and finally one of them frankly explained:

"You see, lady," he said, "when the bread comes wrapped up, the white paper gets so dirty from the handling that people won't buy it."

GRANT SHOWERMAN, in the Wisconsin *Alumni Magazine* writes:

"At five o'clock the other day I overtook two neighbors of mine. One was a carpenter, on the way home after eight hours of work and under obligation to work no more at his trade that day. The other was an instructor of English, also on the way home after eight hours of work, but about to work four hours more. They were discussing the usual subject.

" 'Before the war,' said the carpenter, 'I got thirty-five cents an hour for my work and it bought me a pound of butter; now I get seventy-eight cents an hour for my work, and it still buys me a pound of butter.'

"The instructor smiled. 'Before the war,' said he, 'I got thirty-five cents an hour for my work, and it bought me a pound of butter; now I get thirty-eight cents an hour for my work, and it buys me a pound of oleomargarin.' "

MR. McCLURE'S PIES

S. S. McCLURE, the former publisher, was a passenger on the U. S. S. *Leviathan*, along with a group of Red Cross nurses returning from overseas duty. In the dining-room one day, the subject of cooking was discussed. After listening a while to the stories of achievement exchanged by the nurses, Mr. McClure said: "Surely you are not going to leave me out of this for I am really the best cook here. Believe me, I can make the best apple-pie you ever ate. Pretty good pie here," indicating the pastry made by the ship's chefs, "but—now do not laugh, for I'm going to tell you that I can make one that will put the *Leviathan* pie, good as it is, clean out of the running."

But a pretty nurse challenged his skill.

The next day the journalist was permitted to don a snowy apron and cap and to dip into the recesses of the *Leviathan's* flour barrels. The pies—not one, but many—were made. But, alas! the publisher was seen by the chef to shower the pies with salt instead of sugar. Since these were to be absolutely McClure products the cook refrained from interfering.

The pies were baked. The publisher viewed them proudly as they were removed from the oven. Such flakiness of crust! Such rare blending of creamy white and golden brown! With a sigh of triumph the editor and publisher thought jubilantly of the pretty nurse and her surprise.

The chef hastily rolled out another batch of pastry, and plenty of sugar was put in, and the new pies were substituted for those made by Mr. McClure.

The story goes that to this day the publisher is unaware of his mistake.

T'OTHER WAY AROUND

IN THE old days of iron-mines in the Connecticut valley, one John Barnum made much money from that mineral, so much that in the heyday of his prime he saw fit to build a sanctuary for the people of his native town. He had erected a beautiful little church. He gave an organ. He paid the choir. He hired the minister. And he gave liberally to all worthy causes of the church.

It so happened that a convention of clergymen met in the little town and Mr. Barnum provided drives about the countryside for them. He took several of them on a particularly lovely road off in the hills, conversing genially all the while.

One of the visitors, new to the region, by way of showing an interest in his host inquired amiably, "Do you belong to the church, Mr. Barnum?"

"Do I belong to the church?" returned the donor of church, organ, salaries and carriage rides. "Do I belong to the church? The whole —— thing belongs to me!"

THE WHOPPER

BY PATTEN BEARD

I DO not like to have to do
The things that people want me to—
I do not like to go to tea,
And dinners don't appeal to me;
Card-parties are a frightful bore
(I won't go to them any more!)
I simply will not make a call
Or do the social act at all;
And when they ask me, I just say,
"I'm sorry—I can't get away—
I'm very busy with my WORK—
Indeed, I really can not shirk!"
Then I stay home and loaf and snooze
And do exactly as I choose;
I live in joy, do as I please,
Because I whop with social ease.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STARS

IRVING BACHELLER, the novelist, tells of a character of his boyhood days known as "Nutcake" Wallace whose oddities diverted the neighborhood. One day a woman met Wallace on a narrow sidewalk coming on with his arms extended in a peculiar manner. She tried to evade him, but he came directly at her, his open arms threatening to infold her. They began a sort of game of hide and seek, dodging back and forth, Wallace as much disturbed as the woman.

"Will you git out of my way, Mrs. Jones?" he exclaimed. "I've got the exact measurement for a screen between my hands and if I don't hurry up, I'll lose it afore I git to the store!"

JOHN MASEFIELD, the English poet, advised a friend of the things he needed on going to America: "A pair of rubbers, a fur overcoat and a sense of humor," he said.

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN, genial spinner of Cape Cod stories, once introduced Professor Burges Johnson to an after-dinner audience in a startling way. It was at a club banquet in Hackensack, New Jersey, Mr. Lincoln's home town at that time. Coffee had been served, the diners were comfortably curious, and the speaker of the evening was as much at ease as could be expected.

Mr. Lincoln rose. "I shall not steal time from the guest of honor," he said, "by any lengthy introduction. He is from Vermont, and perhaps it will be enough for me to quote a phrase I heard a Vermont farmer use, not many years ago. I was walking along a country road in that State when I was overtaken by an old countryman driving a rusty nag; just as he came even with me the old farmer stood up, leaned forward and whanged his horse with the butt end of a whip. "Git up!" he shouted. "What do I feed ye fer?"

Here Mr. Lincoln paused and looked solemnly at his guest. There was nothing else for the guest to do. He proceeded to "git up."

CONSTANCE and Norma, the Talmadge sisters, always call their mother "Peg." When they were little they went over to the Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn to play small parts. Norma came home the first day delighted, but Constance was dubious.

"You know, Peg," she said, "it makes my stomach so sore! The man orders you all day, 'Diaphragm in' and 'Diaphragm out!' You can't sit still at all."

"Diaphragm in" and "Diaphragm out" are directions to the camera man as to the position of his machine, but with acumen unusual in one so young, Constance had interpreted it as an anatomical suggestion and had obeyed orders to the letter.—HARRIETTE UNDERHILL.

EFREM ZIMBALIST, the noted violinist, went one day into a barber shop in New London, Connecticut, and climbed into the chair.

"Humph!" exclaimed the barber, critically examining a calloused place on his under jaw, one that came from resting against the instrument in constant practise. "Humph! That's what you get for shaving yourself."

"No, it's from playing the fiddle," was the reply.

"Where do you play? In the restaurant across the street?" Then, without waiting for an answer, the barber confided that he, himself, tried to play the violin, and had heard many violin celebrities in concert. After naming each, he would query, "What do you think of him?"

Finally, and still not recognizing the lather-covered face before him, he announced, "Last Winter Zimbalist played here. I paid a dollar and a half to hear him. What do you think of him?"

"He's wonderful!" was Zimbalist's prompt reply. "I thought," he said in telling it, "that for once in my life I had a chance, and I'd better make the best of it."

MADAME GLUCK, as we all know, is very slender. She was interviewed in a Western city by a reporter accustomed, as results proved, to the overly corpulent type of prima donna. "I want to see Madame Gluck," he announced, briskly entering, and indifferently shaking the singer's proffered hand.

"I am she," was the smiling answer.

"But I mean the one who sings to-night in concert." His tone was impatient.

"I am the one," she answered. "I sing to-night."

"You? You?" he stammered. Then he asked with solemn slowness: "Where's the rest of you?"

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING

AS ILLUSTRATING the lack of knowledge that underlies much of the criticism of our public men a Los Angeles woman tells the following story:

"I had a nice country boy for chauffeur," she said, "and he was a most enthusiastic admirer of ex-President Roosevelt. Everything about Teddy appealed to him, and when Roosevelt was nominated for President again at the Bull Moose convention, John, although he was ordinarily a sober enough chap, was so filled with joy that he went on a three-day spree.

"Soon afterward, however, I noticed John exhibited signs of great depression. All of his interest in the campaign seemed to have suddenly evaporated. He wouldn't go to any of the political rallies and speech-making, and when the name of Roosevelt was mentioned he was grouchily silent.

"I finally asked him what was the matter, and his pent-up emotions burst forth in a flame of righteous indignation.

" 'Mrs. F——' he said, 'you know I've quit worshiping the Colonel. I thought he was just about the finest he-man God ever made, but I'm done with him now. No big, strapping man gets my vote who sits down and lets a little sickly looking woman support him.'

" 'But, John,' I cried, 'President Roosevelt never did that.'

" 'Yes he does,' replied John, 'ever since he was nominated I been reading in the papers about that Miss Jane Addams supporting him and you can see from her pictures she ain't none too strong at that. He ought to be ashamed of himself, the big stiff!' "



Courtesy of The Century Co. Copyrighted.

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, WHOSE ONE-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY FALLS IN MAY



MISS CLARA D. NOYES, DIRECTOR OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS NURSING SERVICE

A SEER'S VISION FULFILLED

BY CAROLYN CONANT VAN BLARCOM

THERE is an army of two hundred thousand women in this country marching onward and forward; courageously, resolutely, but ever so softly; eyes shining with tenderness, hearts thumping with enthusiasm.

They are soldiers in the army that is fighting to vanquish disease and preserve health, and they advance under the inspiration of Florence Nightingale, who was born one hundred years ago this month, and died ten years ago at the age of ninety.

But her spirit and her will could not have been stirring, more commanding and more impelling in the very heyday of her career than they are to-day, spurring, as they do, women the world over to action. The lamp which Miss Nightingale held high as she walked through the plague-stricken wards at Crimea has been grasped by thousands of eager and strong young hands, which carry it with courage and hope into places made dark by human suffering.

They march—these torch-bearers—not to martial music, in battle array with accouterments gleaming, shoulder to shoulder and column after column, past cheering throngs. They advance quietly and unpretentiously one at a time; each in a separate direction; down a country lane; along a crowded city street, or over a mountain top to a human habitation. There they help a weaker brother or sister in the combat with an invading disease.

They are the nurses, these soldiers—educated young women who have been trained in the art of nursing, as Miss Nightingale dreamed and then insisted, more than fifty years ago, that nurses should be trained. For nursing, she said, was a profession—a profession worthy of the finest type of young women, who should care not only for the sick in almshouses and hospitals, but also the sick in their homes.

AS NINETY per cent. of those who are ill are at home, and only ten per cent. are in hospitals, the need for nurses in homes of all kinds is appalling.

"Nursing," said Miss Nightingale, "especially that most important of all its branches, nursing of the sick poor at home, is no amateur work. To do it as it ought to be done requires knowledge, practise, self-abnegation and direct obedience to and activity under the highest of all masters and from the highest of all motives."

This inspiring woman, whose imagination flamed as brightly as her lamp, further contended that not only must women be trained to serve as "sick" nurses in the hospitals and in the homes, but they must be also "health" nurses or "health missioners," as she called them.

These "health" nurses should be teachers: teaching the laws of health in the homes where they went to heal, and working as ardently to keep well people well as to restore those who were stricken.

To-day, fifty years later, we are seeing a realization of Miss Nightingale's vision in the varied kinds of public-health and visiting nurses who are preventing and curing sickness among rich and poor alike, in city and country, and among babies, children and adults.

And, as though in answer to Miss Nightingale's plea, the National Organization for Public Nursing states that the public-health nurse of to-day is "a graduate nurse doing any form of social work in which the health of the public is concerned, and in which her training as a nurse comes into play and is recognized as a valuable part of her equipment. She may be an infant-welfare nurse, a school nurse, a medical social-service worker, a tuberculosis nurse, an industrial nurse, a district or visiting nurse. If she is working alone in a small community or in a rural district, she may combine these functions."

Such a nurse is Miss Holman, for example. For more than twenty years she has been riding her sure-footed little horse over difficult mountain passes to visit her patients, who are sometimes as much as twenty-five miles apart, in a remote mountainous region in the South.

It is a quaint and romantic country where one finds proud descendants of fine American families in a little back-water of civilization; where people still speak in the language of Shakespeare and where the mode of living has changed but little in the past two hundred years. Malnutrition, infectious eye diseases and an enormously high death-rate among mothers and babies inevitably result from the lack of medical knowledge and care that prevail in such a district. And in consequence there are many sick people to be nursed and well people to be protected.

It requires not only a background of hospital training to enable Miss Holman to care for these sick people in their mountain cabins, but it demands resourcefulness, vision, tact and a wealth of human sympathy and understanding.

ONE day some years ago a timid and embarrassed mountain boy rode many miles to hint shyly that Miss Holman was needed at a neighbor's home. She caught up her little bag, mounted her horse and pushed far back into the mountains, over difficult roads, to reach a tiny cabin among the trees. There she found a young mother and her new-born baby alone, excepting for the dazed and helpless woodsman husband.

These were very simple people with simple habits and primitive customs, but their physical needs in that hour were exactly the same as those of any luxuriously surrounded and skilfully attended mother and infant in a city home or hospital.

The one receptacle in that little mountain home was a skillet. And Miss Holman was there alone, miles from any possible source of supplies, with a mother and baby needing care and a man needing food.

But many times she had faced and solved more difficult problems than this. So she set to work and scoured the skillet with wood ashes from the hearth, and from it bathed the patients so comfortably and well that they were rested and peaceful and smiling after her care. And then she promptly scoured the self-same skillet and in it cooked suitable suppers for the young mother and "her man" in turn.

They opened their eyes wide at such performances. But Miss Holman is capable and tactful and friendly. And the effects of her ministrations were so comforting and reassuring that she inspired confidence.

That visit was only the first of many that have continued through several years, and during which a trusting friendship has developed. Other babies have come and have been cared for, but with less difficulty than the first. A modest equipment of household utensils has been accumulated under Miss Holman's guidance. And a healthy, well-ordered little family is one of the many monuments to her work down there in the mountains.

I HAVE never seen work done in the face of greater difficulties and greater hardship. Nor have I ever seen any one more radiantly happy in her work than is Miss Holman. As to hardship, I remember that during one period of three weeks, when there were many who needed her, the only sleep that this indefatigable nurse had was what she was able to get in her saddle as she rode from patient to patient. But she made the most of it and her patients were happy and well nursed.

The impressive fact about this work is that Miss Holman started and developed it entirely of her own accord and with no precedents to follow nor board to direct.

She went to this lovely mountainous country more than twenty years ago with a friend who was convalescing after a severe illness. Little by little she learned of sick and suffering people all about her in the mountains. Very tactfully and gradually she disarmed suspicion and won the confidence of these proud people to such a degree that they allowed her to do what she could to relieve their distress. Once started, this self-imposed task grew and grew, like the peach of the emerald hue—until, as she laughingly put it, "I never got through and so I never came away."

One gratifying result of her services is about six hundred babies and their mothers, for whom she cared at a time which is fraught with such great peril for mothers and babies alike—but these are all living and well.

Another tangible evidence of Miss Holman's vision and energy, and of her friends' faith in her ability, is a hospital tucked away up on a mountain top. Very sick people may be taken there from surrounding mountains and given the most modern, up-to-date care. For there are doctors down there now, and nurses; and perhaps best of all, there are classes where young girls and women are taught how to care for sick people in their homes and how to prepare nourishing and suitable food for babies and children and adults. In short, they are taught how to live and to keep well.

There is a wide difference between the isolation and loneliness of the mountains and the congestion of crowded tenements in our large cities. But the ills of mankind are the same in both places. And in both places there is the same urgent need for Florence Nightingale's followers.

In New York, there are Miss Wald's nurses from the Henry Street Settlement who fill one with little short of awe at their courage, their ingenuity and sheer womanliness.

This city, whose population is one-sixteenth of that of the entire United States, comprises Miss Wald's hospital; the blocks of tenements are her wards, and in them, under the direction of doctors, are nursed sick people of every race, color and creed.

LAST year these Henry Street nurses cared for forty-five thousand sick persons in their homes, making more than three hundred and ten thousand visits while so doing. Their patients numbered more than the total of those cared for in the six largest hospitals in New York City.

Each one of these thousands of patients was given the most modern and scientific nursing care that is practised to-day; and, in addition, their very souls were warmed by the friendliness and the tenderness with which the scientific care was mingled.

Miss Wald, who is herself a nurse, founded the settlement some twenty-five years ago by going down to live in a tenement and by first doing little more than making friends with her foreign neighbors. She was able then, little by little, to relieve a suffering woman here or advise a sick baby's bewildered mother there, just because she was friendly and neighborly and sympathetic.

And now her neighborhood is the whole city, and the Henry Street Settlement is a large institution with many departments and branches. But there still pervades it the same air of skill, kindness and understanding of the needs of human beings that won the confidence of timid settlement neighbors twenty-five years ago. And to-day thousands of sufferers in their hour of need are appealing to it with the same abiding confidence and trust that were inspired during those early days.

It all seems very maternal, the work of Miss Wald's settlement, it is so warm, sympathetic and completely protective.

One of her nurses, for example, who was caring for a sick little Italian girl, felt troubled as she watched the little girl's mother, who grew sadder and paler day by day. She was sure that there was some thing wrong physically;

Concluded on page 120



Aunt Belle is a real person and that is her real name. She is a specialist in common sense baby culture.

The Loving Hour

Dear Beatrice:—

It's all very Spartan never to pick up your baby, but after all, Spartan methods are not exactly modern. Of course, Baby isn't a plaything and ought to be sleepy and snug as a cocoon most of the time, but late in the afternoon, always at the same hour, it is really good for the cherub to be picked up and cuddled and snuggled and carried about the room to see all the sights.

Even a baby gets stiff and tired lying on its back all day, but soon learns not to cry if it knows the loving hour is as certain as bath and lunch. You will look forward to it as much as Baby does, stretching up his little arms and gurgling with delight.

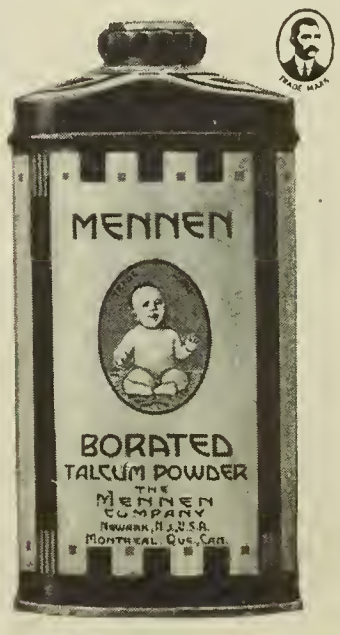
You ask about talcum. Of course, there are several good kinds but somehow I always feel that Mennen's is just a wee bit safer for Baby's flower-petal skin. You know it was the first Borated Talcum and I think it must mean something to have been the choice of mothers and doctors and nurses for over forty years. And do you know, I use Mennen's on myself. If it's safer for Baby, it's safer for me.

What did people ever do before Mennen invented Borated Talcum—isn't it a comfort after a bath—especially if you are to put on tight clothes? Try it between sheets on a hot night.

And Mennen's is economical—the blue can is so large—one thing, thank goodness, that doesn't cost more.

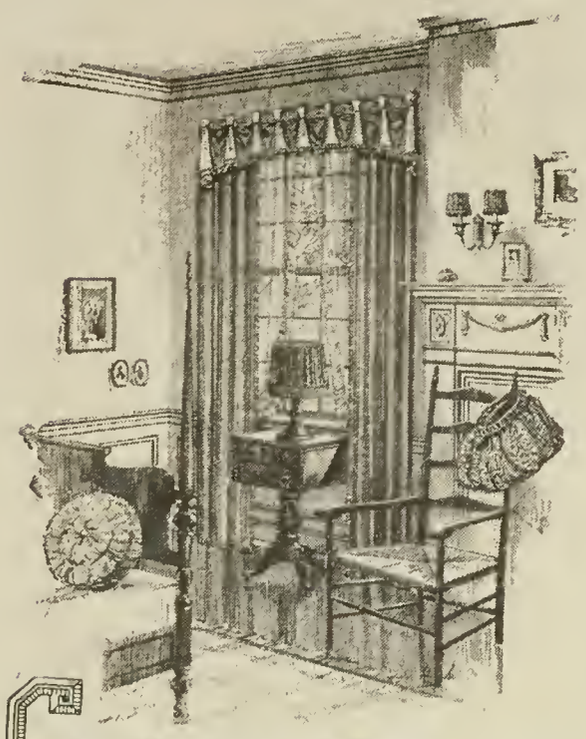
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CURTAINS OF ENGLISH GLAZED CHINTZ, FRENCH-PLAITED AND HUNG ON A SMALL BRASS ROD

CURTAINS AND CHARM

BY RUBY ROSS GOODNOW

RUBY ROSS GOODNOW knows homes. Whether it is a matter of dyeing cheese-cloth for curtains or buying the gorgeous tapestries of medieval weaving, her advice is the last word of authority. As interior decorator for one of the largest department-stores of America, her experience has been unrivaled. For advice on curtains—or any other question of home decorating—write to Mrs. Goodnow, care THE DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City.

THE discussion of curtains is as varied as the subject of clothes. Indeed, the making of curtains is as difficult and as expensive as the making of clothes.

Between the fresh muslin home-made curtains, with frills as simple as those on a baby's dress, and the seemingly simple taffeta curtains made in practised workrooms, there is a great gulf. The old velvet curtain with its heavy fringes and ornate gimps was a simple affair in workmanship and price compared to some of our modest-looking hangings made of self-colored quillings and plaitings applied with great artistry.

But these curtains, which are seemingly so simple, represent the last word in taste, for they are as carefully planned in relation to the rooms in which they find themselves, as your best gown is planned for your particular style.

Every room is a problem unto itself. I am asked a dozen times a week, "Are they using nets or silk gauzes this year?" or "Do you think curtains ought to be long or short?"

As well ask if "they" are wearing blue or brown, or if "they" are wearing low shoes or high ones. One can not give advice about rooms in general. Rooms, to the decorator at least, are always rooms in particular. I like to plan curtains as carefully as an architect plans his ornamental detail. Otherwise a room loses much of its possible complete beauty.

I could talk for hours about curtains in general, but this is Spring, and so I prefer to discuss the fresh curtains that we use in Summer, the thin white curtains that we hang next the glass for freshness, and the opaque inner curtains that serve the double purpose of decorating our wall spaces and screening us from our neighbors.

The other day, just to amuse myself, I went driving with a snooping purpose. I was going to gaze deliberately at other people's windows and see what their curtains are like. Six years ago—oh, a little more recently even than that!—the window hung in muslin or plain net was unusual. One felt, "Well, nice people live *there!*"

It was very pleasant to drive along Park Avenue, that miraculous street which has sprung into an existence of such definite character, and to look up at the great hive-like palaces where one pays rents from two thousand to thirty thousand a year, and to discover that not one pair of lace curtains was to be seen! Nets and muslins and pale-colored gauzes were used at hundreds of windows.

Certainly the development of taste is queer, and certainly the old saws are the wise ones, for women are like sheep. But I like them being like sheep when they follow good tidings. I like these hundreds of windows being modest and fresh, and I can visualize the floods of sunshine that pour in through the sweet thin curtains.

I sigh as I admit to myself that inside those rooms many decorative horrors still are perpetuated, but at least, even in my short day, women have learned one sensible lesson: They have banished showy curtains.

There are only two kinds of houses now in which one ever sees lace curtains: the pathetic smoky tenements, where one-half of an old curtain is stretched to bursting to cover a grimy window, and the magnificent Fifth Avenue houses, which still hang out their lovely, lovely lace, made by those patient before-the-war peasants of the old countries.

But the great world of windows in between the very right and very wrong lace curtains are hung with stuffs that, to the eye at least, suggest simplicity.

One of the illustrations on this page shows an unusual elaboration of dotted swiss. These curtains are used in a New York City house, in a bedroom which is furnished with old-fashioned American furniture.

The windows are recessed to hold radiators. The usual treatment of such a window would be to have inside curtains of some heavy material, but as this was a sitting-room which needed a lot of light, I made the curtains of white dotted swiss, finished with three-inch ruffles, edged with red rickrack.

This rickrack is the old-fashioned braid bought at the notion counter, which our grandmothers once used on their substantial underclothes, and it has been dyed turkey-red. The simple valance at the top is a straight band of swiss with three overlapping ruffles finished with rickrack. The same three ruffles are used at the bottom of the curtain, and instead of tiebacks, two old-fashioned opalescent glass knobs are used. There are few places in the country where these old knobs may not be found in some second-hand shop.

These curtains are specially useful to the woman who would like to make her own curtains, because the same design might be used in taffeta, with frillings or plaitings bound with narrow moire ribbon, in a more pretentious room.

Or they might be made of fine pink-and-white-checked gingham with ruffles bound with narrow pink piping, in the bedroom of a young girl in the country. This plan, as we call it in decorative parlance, could be infinitely adapted by the discriminating woman. It will be noticed that these particular curtains are unfinished at the edges, but they might be further elaborated by having a ruffle run down the inside edges.

In a New York drawing-room of a woman who has infinite taste and an infinitesimal income, I saw curtains very similar to these the other day. This woman had found a pair of old gilt tin cornices in a second-hand shop and had made the most delightful curtains of coarse white, net, with six-inch ruffles on the inside, outside and bottom edges of the curtains. The curtains were looped back with

Concluded on page 105



STRAIGHT-HANGING LENGTHS OF PLUM-COLORED CHINTZ WITH SCALLOPED VALANCE



WHITE DOTTED SWISS EDGED WITH RED RICKRACK

THE WHYS OF THINGS

BY CELIA CAROLINE COLE

BACK of everything on earth there is a reason. There was a reason why Germany leaped suddenly, like a thunderbolt, out of civilization into savagery; there's a reason why your brother's hair curls and yours doesn't; there's a reason why you haven't married and why cats meow and dogs bark and humans talk (we don't want to be cocky, but wo think we know that reason, too!); there's a reason why your old beaus marry the curious persons they do; there's a reason why you mustn't eat with your knife or wear vermilion pink or lie or chew gum or hate anybody. Or doubt that there is a God.

And back of every reason there is some kind of law. And because it is law, it is based, as law always is, on truth.

There are heaps of big, wonderful whys that we'd love to talk about, sitting in a large circle of DELINEATOR readers and everybody taking a chance at it. But there's a whole community of little whys pushing through the door of our Beauty-Editor's office, some of them tucked away in letters, some striding in in person, and others popping up on our high window-ledge in the form of sparrows or robins, mocking, disdainful, demanding with heads darting with laughter:

"*Why* do they have to massage up instead of down? *Why* should they use cold-cream instead of soap? It isn't *decent* not to scrub with soap. *Why* shouldn't they sleep on pillows? Why should they fall in love as soon as they possibly can? Why should they get the habit of breathing deeply when they walk—when life's so short, here to-day and gone to-morrow? Why should they do anything with the silly old body when it's such a temporary thing! Why don't they just feed their souls, and have fun, and learn to fly?"

Whereupon we get right up and spank their bills and put them outdoors and shut the window against them; because even though we do think that souls matter more than anything anywhere—this life or the next or anywhere—and we don't know anything that would give us such a delicious, superior feeling as abruptly to spread out our arms and fling our feet out behind as if we were throwing them into the discard, and fly away from all things undesirable; and although, almost any hour of the day, we'd rather have fun than brains, in spite of all that, we think the body is most awfully worth bothering about.

You ride around in it! It's just like a motor-car—if it's a nice, beautiful one, it goes into the nicest families and slides along the boulevards, while if it's a funny, old, rattly one, it calls at the back door for old bottles or ashes.

And right back of every rattly old body is a why, and we're going to talk about it. And tramping on the heels of that why is a scientific remedy with a good stalwart why marching beside it.

There was a time when "beauty specialists" were a skeleton in the closet of the Arts. The Arts, in fact, never acknowledged them at all, even as a skeleton. And the world slid into the closet with as much secrecy as possible and got rubbed and steamed and practically ruined and pretended never to have heard of a beauty specialist.

Why?

BECAUSE the enameled, blondined ladies who presided over those old beauty-parlors went at the great science they were representing, *blind!*

In these past few years they have given way—in large cities, at any rate—to intelligent, clear-eyed, scientific women who have studied for years, poked back into those natural laws that lie behind fading or abused beauty, found out *why*, and then set instantly to work to combat that destructive law by another law based on scientific truth. They know what they're doing. And the ones we know are so enthusiastic about their work that they are more like crusaders than business women.

One of them said to us the other day, almost snapping her pretty fingers under our nose because we stumbled a little when we spoke of her profession as one of the Fine Arts.

"We're the finest of the Fine Arts. We're the skeleton of no profession! An architect beautifies cities—we beautify the HUMAN RACE! A painter puts a lot of wonderful colors and lines on a canvas and somebody hangs it on a wall. We put living, breathing color and line into sagged old human beings, and we don't hang them on a wall, either, when we've finished; we open closed doors to them because we give them a consciousness of beauty and charm, and that's *power!* And power opens the doors of life and lets people into the center of things! Fine Arts! We lead the whole procession!"

And we said "Yes, *ma'am!*" with all our might, and ran home and got out our patter and spanked our face like mad, we felt so enthusiastic.

And it is true that the leading beauty specialists of to-day have a real something to give; they've made a science of their work.

The best cold-cream manufacturers are doing constant research work, refusing to have any but the most conscientious and scientific chemists. The soap manufacturers study continually what ingredients dry the skin, what combination can counteract that. We know one soap manufacturer who keeps his soap a whole year in the storehouses. And when we said, "Luddy-me, why?" (the wicked commercial tail of our mind thinking of all that money tied up for a year) he said: "It's a better soap at the end of the year; we haven't found out just why, but it's much finer soap for waiting a year."



Campbell Studio

THERE IS A HINT OF ALOOFNESS IN ELSIE FERGUSON'S DAINTY BEAUTY

There are many, many women and men in the "aid-to-beauty" world who are of the artist mold; their work must be the best they can do or it is not put out on the market.

And then the people for whom they're working—*you*—undo all their wonderful results by buying carelessly, using their creams and their methods in an ignorant way, refusing to employ your brain and your divine power of selection in connection with your treatment of your body and face, taking the unthinking stand that all manufacturers and beauty-shops are in the business for the sake of money and nothing else.

THAT'S true, I suppose, of a percentage, but we know some that respect their work too sincerely to betray trust with it.

And now we've come to the whys.

First: Why do most skin specialists advise using cold-cream instead of soap and water?

It isn't anything to them personally; they aren't connected with a cold-cream factory any more than they are with a soap factory. And they know that there are just heaps and heaps of women who wouldn't feel *respectable* if they didn't wash their faces in good hot water and soap. And yet most of our best shops won't take you for treatment unless you forswear all soap and, for the most part, water. That's because you wash your faces so ignorantly—too hot water, a careless kind of soap, and you stretch and pull the skin in your vigorous desire to be clean. Your skin becomes dry and scaly, "chapped," the texture grows coarse, the pores large.

Almost every soap releases at least a little alkali when it comes in contact with water, and putting alkali on human skin is about as intelligent as cleansing your best ostrich fan with the garden rake. Oily skins can stand it because they can stand being dried. The soap manufacturers are hunting constantly for something to neutralize the effect of that alkali. One has already found a method that's bringing good results. Men have good skins, on the whole, and they use soap every day. *But they make a lather!* It's wetting your washcloth, then rubbing soap on it, then washing, that is death to skins, to the softness, the fineness, the smoothness of them. The lather should be thick as cold-cream, put on, left on, dried on, then quickly rinsed and dried. Oily skins will thrive under that treatment. Soft, fine skins may or may not.

We have one of the prettiest mothers in captivity, prob'ly, and she has washed her face in soap and water for sixty-odd years, but she had a beautiful skin to start with and plenty of oil back of it, and she has washed it intelligently. But we know even while we extravagantly admire it, that it would be finer and thinner if it had been less chummy with water and soap.

You can ruin a skin with poor soap; you can ruin it with hot water. And, of course, too, you can ruin it with cold-cream. There are injurious cold-creams and creams that make a fuzz on the face, but no one needs to buy cold-cream ignorantly. If you have a druggist you trust, he can tell you; your favorite magazine can tell you. A cleansing cold-cream should be soft in texture. If it is stiff it will stretch your skin when you rub it on. Be sure you use cleansing cream, not just cold-cream. Have your hands shining clean and then take a little on your three fingers, begin at the base of the neck in front and smooth up toward the right ear, until you are covered to the point of your chin. Then do it on the left side to the left ear. Then all over the back of the neck. Then, beginning with the point of the chin, go over and up to the ears, pull up the corners of your mouth as you go by, up and out all over the face, always out and a little up over the eyes, until your face is covered with the cream. Let it stay on at least five minutes.

The reason you draw the fingers lightly up and out is that life draws your muscles down: disappointment, anger, self-pity, hate—every wrong emotion pulls down your muscles; the days themselves, slipping by, pull them down, unless you counteract the tendency.

Why is grandmother at seventy a fairly young person to-day? Partly because the science of medicine has taught people that the main reason we grow old and ultimately die is that foreign deposits settle around throughout our anatomy and they get so thick after a while that the system can't handle them and we begin to decay and clog up and slow down. Grandmama to-day doesn't slip on a cap with a sigh and creep into the easy-chair with her knitting.

Not muchie! She takes the iodid treatment and thins out those deposits. She walks on all fours every day for five or ten minutes and rests all those ligaments and muscles and organs that have been pulling down for seventy years. She drinks heaps of water and carries off poisons that way.

She has her weekly appointment at the beauty-shop and she does the things they tell her to do in between times. She massages *up;* she spanks her face with a patter or some kind of a pad until it glows pink and her blood all but shouts aloud: "Shoot! I'm going to circulate to the last minute! No reason why I should creep!" And she reads some ultra-modern books to find out why the censors banned them, then she gives the family a vigorous piece of her mind on the subject. She knows more about this life than the rest of us because she's been with it longer, and she doesn't take a back seat mentally or physically for any mere child of fifty! Why should she?

The sun came up just as fresh and strong this morning as it did two thousand years ago; the stars are just as crisp and pleased, the wind just as vigorous. And man was the very apex of creation! Why should he fade and dwindle and die?

Ignorance.

And Grandmama to-day is refusing to be ignorant.

If we'd thought as many limiting things about the sun as we have about man, made as many death-and-destruction laws over the stars as we have over man, they would probably have turned up their toes long ago and said, "What's the use? Nothing in it for us!" And we would have had to crawl around in the dark the rest of our days.

We're coming up, the family of man. We're learning why.

But we have to do a *regular* author stunt this minute because our space is all used up and we kiss our fingers to you and all the other whys and say, "Continued in our next!"

SOMEBODY suggests that these beauty talks of Mrs. Cole be known, not as the Beauty Department, but as the Charm Department.

The talks go deeper than the skin—they sound, at times, the depths of the heart. In them are actual facial adornment, as expressing sound character and beautiful traits; in them are stimulating philosophy, the poetry of living inspiration.

Mrs. Cole's articles point the way to beauty—beauty and charm—but it is you who must follow the way which is pointed out. Inspiration must be turned into action.

THE DELINEATOR Beauty Department has prepared a series of leaflets to supplement Mrs. Cole's articles. These leaflets give practical, definite, accurate instructions for the care of the complexion, the hair, the hands.

Any three of the leaflets listed on page 77 of this issue will be sent for a two-cent stamped, addressed envelope. Send your request to the Beauty Editor, DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City.



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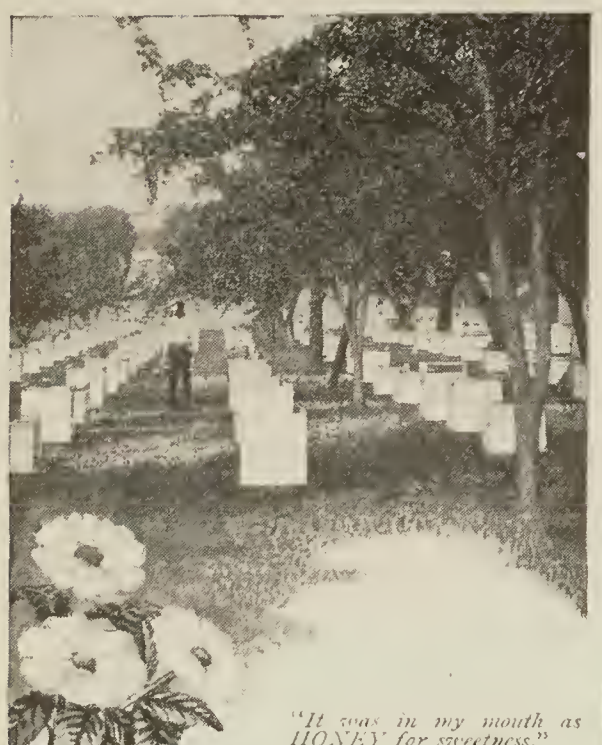
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Ezekiel 3:3

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Make certain by testing the temperature of the batch frequently with a *Tycos* Candy Thermometer.

Get it at your dealer's.

Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER N.Y.
There's a *Tycos* or *Taylor* Thermometer for Every Purpose
B-4



SENIOR SWING-OUT AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

GRADUATION JOY

BY HELENA JUDSON

DURING Commencement season, many families who enjoy entertaining, keep practically "open house," as the visitors at this time are usually former residents or students who avail themselves of this opportunity to revive pleasant recollections.

Always remember that hospitality is a condition of mind rather than of the purse and for this reason is a pleasure possible to all. One of the favorite stopping-places of the visiting alumni of a well-known school is a modest cottage on the village street, where a dear old lady presides over an informal piazza party.

Her own school days were long before the time of Commencement exercises and class reunions, but she remembers all about lunch-boxes and the fascination of turnovers and "filled" cookies and ginger drop-cakes with raisins. These are what she serves to her callers during Commencement week, together with a delicious strawberry or raspberry shrub which is cheaper for her than lemonade and more of a treat to her guests.

The ease of modern transportation, whether trolley-cars or automobiles, makes it possible to change the old program, where desired, and instead of a single long and tiresomely protracted session, the day's exercises may be divided into several most enjoyable ones.

For instance, last year, a school that had clung for years to the old-established plan of graduation exercises at half-past seven in the evening, followed by a supper for those who were to leave early; then by dancing and light refreshments for the younger contingent, decided on a radical change. Graduation was at eleven in the morning followed by a hearty buffet luncheon served by undergraduates. The afternoon was given up to class reunions, tournaments and other sports, with an informal alumni afternoon tea from four until six.

TRY THE CATERER WITHIN OUR GATES

THE question of refreshments is always an interesting one in connection with all these features of graduation-week and many a school has won a name for itself because of its catering ability. When there is a domestic-science department, it is mutually advantageous to turn the entire matter of refreshments over to them and let them figure on the various items, in just such a way as would an outside caterer.

There is no better stimulus than such a contract, and when it is anticipated, the students in the domestic-science department will be gathering ideas, here and there, for months in advance. Methods of serving, decorations, favors, new dishes, unusual sandwiches and beverages will all show the result of this personal, and at the same time, professional interest.

In one school where the catering was turned over to the domestic-science department, several months before graduation, an "idea-box" was started, so that nothing escaped which would add to the success of their first catering contract.

Lists of sandwich fillings were submitted and each one tried until the chosen half-dozen was decided upon; expensive cake recipes were subjected to revision until practically the same result was achieved with the expenditure of less money in the form of eggs and milk, so that the estimate for refreshments could be legitimately reduced; methods of serving quickly yet without too much material being prepared in advance were discussed, and every angle of the catering situation attacked and mastered.

A CLASS-DAY CAKE

CLASS-DAY with its informal spread is usually first on the graduation program. This should be made a jolly affair, as it includes the class history and prophecy, both of which give opportunity for local hits and friendly jokes. A class cake will provide great fun in connection with the class prophecy and the number and variety of tiny favors now to be found is so great that each member of the class should have the fun of getting one.

A small table draped with crêpe-paper of the class colors should be arranged to hold the cake, and the class prophet cuts it with an impressive-looking knife bearing a bow of the class colors. If the cake is a very large one, there is considerable skill necessary in cutting it to advantage. An excellent way, vouched for by a professional New York caterer, is to have the cake decorated with lines of fancy frosting, following the circumference of the cake, say, about two inches apart.

On a large cake there will be two of these ornamental rings, the first two inches from the edge of the cake and the second two inches farther in toward the center of the cake. These circles can best be outlined by inverting pans of the right size over the large cake before the icing is quite dry. The lines thus indicated can then be cut through to the depth of the cake, and, later, concealed by an ornamental design.

In serving the cake, cut first from the circumference to the first circle, then from the first to the second, making the pieces as wide as the number of guests will allow. This avoids any wedge-shaped pieces which are so sure to crumble and break. If the cake is measured off before it is iced, the favors can be easily pushed through the soft crust at the right distance apart, so that each piece will have its prize.

THE BUFFET TABLE LENDS A NOTE OF CHARM

A BUFFET table is always a pretty feature of class-day, though, when necessary, the refreshments may be limited to fruit punch or lemonade, accompanied by assorted small cakes. Spring foliage makes a charming decoration for the snowy covering of the serving-table, lilac leaves, glossy mountain laurel or tiny twigs of pinky green maple being especially good for this purpose.

If there is a class color or flower, make it the center of the ornamental scheme. Piles of plates, necessary silver, platters of salad and sandwiches are all that such a table require. A suitable menu for buffet serving is this:

Shrimp-and-Potato Salad
Neapolitan Sandwich Loaf
Class-day Punch Assorted Small Cakes

FOR the salad, have the potato cut in much smaller dice than for ordinary potato salad and use the two ingredients, measure for measure; mound on a large platter and mask with slightly gelatined cream or mayonnaise dressing. Then, in this, place shrimps in a wavy design, one shrimp curving up and the next one down, until the entire base of the mound is ornamented.

Tuna fish combined with finely diced potato also makes a delicious salad, and capers, bits of pickled beet, riced egg-yolks or sliced hard-boiled eggs make an effective decoration.

The Neapolitan sandwich loaf is so called because it is arranged in layers and sliced off like a brick of Neapolitan ice-cream at the time of serving. The size formerly known as a "five-cent" loaf is the best for this purpose, and by baking a light and a dark bread in similar tins, the divided loaves can be put together later in alternate layers.

The crust should be entirely removed before the loaf is cut. With a strong, sharp knife divide the loaf in thirds, the long way, so that the loaf resembles a cake of four layers. Spread each with a different sandwich mixture, or both with the same, as preferred. Equal parts of finely chopped ham and chicken mixed with mayonnaise is good for one layer and cottage-cheese with chopped olives and walnuts for the other.

Cream cheese mixed with orange marmalade is especially good with nut bread. The entire surface of this sandwich loaf, when intended for a buffet table, can be masked with softened cream or cottage-cheese and ornamented with rings of olives and capers. The sandwiches are cut from the loaf, like bread, and are eaten with a fork. When time is no object, there is hardly any limit to the ornamental possibilities of this new-fangled type of sandwich.

An excellent formula for the punch is a quart each of grape-juice and water, three lemons and six oranges. Add sugar sirup to taste, pour over a block of ice in punch-bowl and garnish with mint, slices of orange and fresh strawberries. A white enamel preserving kettle makes an acceptable punch-bowl if its exterior is wound with green crêpe-paper as a foundation for vines and flowers.

FRUIT SALAD—FRESH AND TEMPTING

IN LOCALITIES where weather conditions mean a decided lessening of attendance, care must be taken not to have too much food mixed in advance. This reminds me of the clever way in which a fruit salad was served at a typical buffet luncheon, following the commencement exercises at a school, where the refreshment feature had been carefully worked out in advance by the domestic-science department.

Set in a container of chopped ice was a large glass bowl of mixed fruit with a smaller one of selected strawberries. On a platter were crisp lettuce leaves, and beside it was cream salad dressing in a spotless white enamel double boiler, the outer receptacle filled with shaved ice instead of the usual boiling water.

The way of serving was this: A lettuce leaf, a spoonful of the mixed fruit, topped with the dressing and garnished with a single berry. This resulted in just the right portion on each plate, plus that most desirable feature of having been freshly mixed.

I remember I pointed warningly to the generously filled bowl of fruit and asked my friend if she hadn't allowed too much. "What's the difference?" was her cheerful reply. "It's perfectly good fruit, and, if there's any left, it'll go right into the punch for this evening's dance!" And there you are! The planning had been economical and practical, but not too obviously so!

The same caution was used in serving dainty bits of pastry which were substitutes for cake. While a sufficient supply of these crispy receptacles was always ready for immediate serving, filled either with a compote of fresh berries, a spoonful of jelly, marmalade or jam, the reserve cases were unfilled, though an ample quantity of the delectable mixtures was at hand for use in case of a rush. All these things must be thought of, so that leftovers may be avoided.

At an alumni dinner or society banquet, for which each guest usually pays individually, the menu will naturally depend on the general feeling as to price. A seasonable combination of dishes, not expensive and yet thoroughly up-to-date, is as follows:

Bouillon (hot or cold) in Cups
Finger Rolls or Breadsticks
Olives Radishes
Creamed Fish in Pastry Cases
Diced Cucumbers
Broiled Chicken—Garnished with slice of orange holding a spoonful of jelly
Potatoes Rissolées Asparagus Tips
Fruit Salad
Macaroon Ice-cream Fancy Cakes
Coffee

THIS menu has the advantage of being easily reduced and made suitable for luncheon or supper. It could also be changed by using fruit as an opening course and omitting bouillon, fish and salad. Canned salmon is excellent for the fish course, and have the cucumbers diced for novelty's sake, with just a little French dressing.

Potatoes rissolées (pronounced ree-so-lay, meaning browned outside) are worth knowing about, as they are more delicious than the usual "roasted-in-the-pan" variety and involve no more skill. Pare and trim raw potatoes into uniform size and shape and stand in cold water for twenty minutes. Brown in a frying-pan until a golden brown, sprinkle with salt, and bake in moderate oven until thoroughly done.

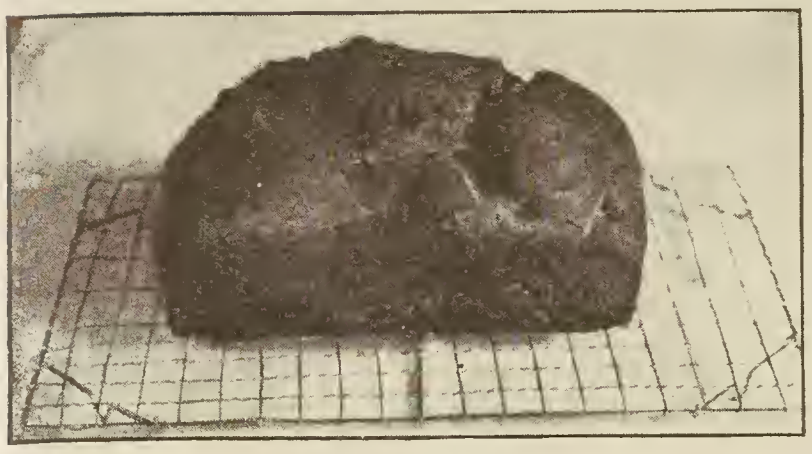
It is merely the baking of a previously browned potato. The same trick may be played with raw potatoes cut in large cubes, in olive shape or in balls. Brown them first and then bake.

An easy way to arrive at a delicious macaroon ice-cream is to order plain vanilla or caramel ice-cream from your local dealer and stir into it plenty of crushed macaroons. When well mixed, repack in ice and salt to ripen.

NEW BREADS

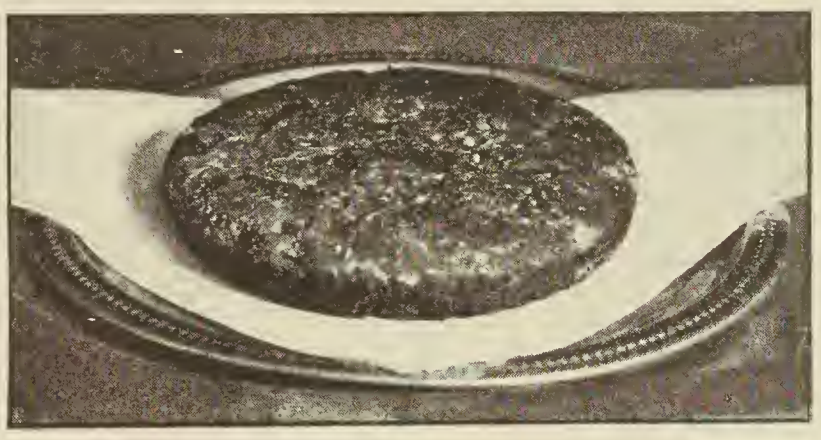
BY FLORA G. ORR

Home-Economics Editor

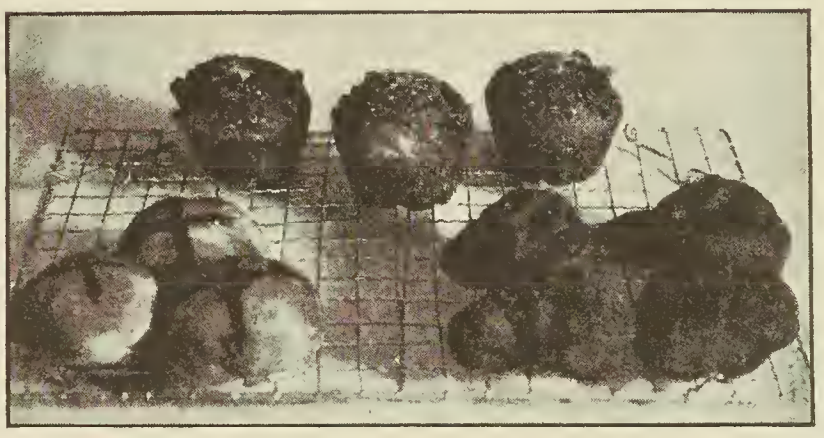
















Photos by Brown Bros.

ALL THESE BREADS CAN BE MADE FROM ONE DOUGH. READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT AND DOWN, WE HAVE WITH US MONTE CARLO BREAD, PARKER HOUSE ROLLS, SWEDISH TEA-ROLL, COFFEE-CAKE, BRIOCHE, HOT-CROSS BUNS, NUT MUFFINS AND RAISED DOUGHNUTS, CINNAMON ROLLS AND CURRANT BRIOCHE

TEN kinds of fancy bread are pictured above. "Oh, but I can't make anything but plain bread!" you sigh modestly. Have you ever tried? For here's a secret. Fancy breads are easier to make than plain breads. Yes, they are. Perhaps it is because they have so many good things in them that they just can't go wrong.

"But ten new recipes to learn," you sigh again. "A recipe for cinnamon rolls, a recipe for that coffee-cake, recipes for brioche, nut muffins, hot-cross buns, Parker-house rolls, Swedish tea-roll and Monte Carlo bread!"

Again, be of good cheer. Have you not heard of THE DELINEATOR'S efforts to save your time by telling you how to make ten things from one recipe?

Not long ago I did this trick for baking-powder biscuits.

I showed women to make biscuits, dumplings, apple roly-poly, Dutch apple-cake, fruit pudding, short-cake and soda biscuits—all these, from one recipe for baking-powder biscuits.

Then I put out a cake card, "Ten Cakes from One Recipe," which has met with extraordinary success. Thousands who read THE DELINEATOR have wanted a cake card and many women have handed us very pretty bouquets of thanks for their copies.

For example, Miss M. H., of Massachusetts, wrote: "I received a copy of your master cake recipe and am so much pleased with it that I am enclosing stamps for more copies for friends. It looks as if my first copy will prove to be almost an 'endless chain.' "

Mrs. G. McC., of South Carolina, said: "I read in THE DELINEATOR your excellent recipes for baking-powder biscuit and the many other dishes from the one formula, which I have used and enjoyed. I wish also to possess the master cake recipe and am enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope. I thank you for it."

This came from Miss D. W., of Indiana: "Your very interesting article in THE DELINEATOR about biscuit-making, which proved very good, makes me feel I must send for your master butter-cake recipe which you will send upon request."

Here are some other comments:

"I have been reading your articles with interest. Although I am rather tardy with my request, will you kindly send me the butter-cake recipe mentioned in our magazine."—F. G.

"I hope I am not too late with my unavoidably tardy request for the master cake recipe which you kindly offered at the conclusion of your fine article about biscuit-dough in THE DELINEATOR. Thank you."—C. A.

"YOUR recipe for cake to be used in ten different ways has been so highly recommended to me that I am writing to ask if you will send it to me."—F. L.

"I tried the cake recipe you sent to me and I found it excellent."—F. B.

"If your cake recipes are as good as your dumpling and biscuit recipes are, I would be pleased to have them."—MRS. D. T. E.

"Am delighted with your splendid article in THE DELINEATOR on biscuits and so forth, and shall appreciate your master cake recipe. I thank you and the magazine for the opportunity to secure it."—E. B.

"After having read your interesting article in THE DELINEATOR I wish you would kindly send me your recipe for the master butter-cake you mentioned."—A. C. K.

"In my DELINEATOR a month or two ago I found your master biscuit recipe and cut it out. It is such a help that I would like your master cake recipe if you will kindly send it to me."—MISS M. F.

"Enjoyed your recent article on 'Many Dishes from One Recipe' very much. Would be pleased to have the foundation cake recipe mentioned. Am enclosing stamped envelope."—N. L.

"In THE DELINEATOR you offer the recipe for a butter-cake which must be *multum in parvo*, exactly what I need."—S. McL.

"I have profited much from your recipes in THE DELINEATOR founded on the baking-powder biscuit recipe and would very much like your foundation cake recipe. I am enclosing envelope. If you will kindly send the card, I shall be very grateful."—M. H.

"In my DELINEATOR I was very much interested in reading your recipe for 'baking-powder biscuit' and other things. You say you have a master cake recipe which you will send. I am enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Will you please send me the recipe with directions for varying it? Thanks."—MRS. M. R.

NEXT we offered "Ten Ice-Creams from One" and still later "Ten Candies from One Foundation Fondant."

It is the turn for bread now. All the fancy breads shown above can be made from one recipe. Of course there is a little variation each time.

The variation is what we tell you about. It makes it necessary for you to learn or bother with only one recipe instead of ten.

This recipe is in card form again, and is called "Ten Breads from One Dough."

Your copy is waiting for you here in THE DELINEATOR office. To get it, just send your request, with a two-cent stamp, to Miss Flora G. Orr, Home-Economics Editor, THE DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City.



Nature's Confection from the Garden of Eden

The best—selected from the best dates grown—are the kind you get when you open a package of Dromedary Dates.

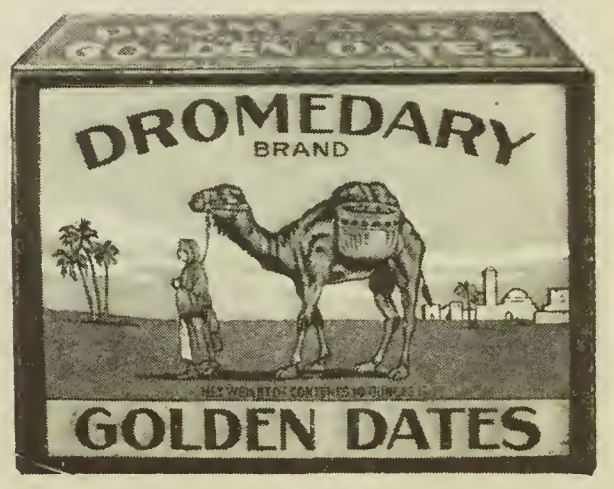
These are dates that you will be glad to serve at the table or between meals as a natural confection.

Dromedary Dates

Everyone likes them and everyone can eat as many as they wish. They are healthful and easily digested. Children love them and they can have all they want.

There are lots of new ways of serving them described in our Book of Dromedary Novelty Recipes. Sent **Free** on request.

The HILLS BROTHERS Co.
Dept. E, 375 Washington St., New York





Come in, Kiddies - The Apex has Cleaned Your Play-Room

"It's raining outside and you must stay indoors today. Your playroom is nice and clean and you can romp all you want to. With my Apex Cleaner it is easy to tidy up after you are through."

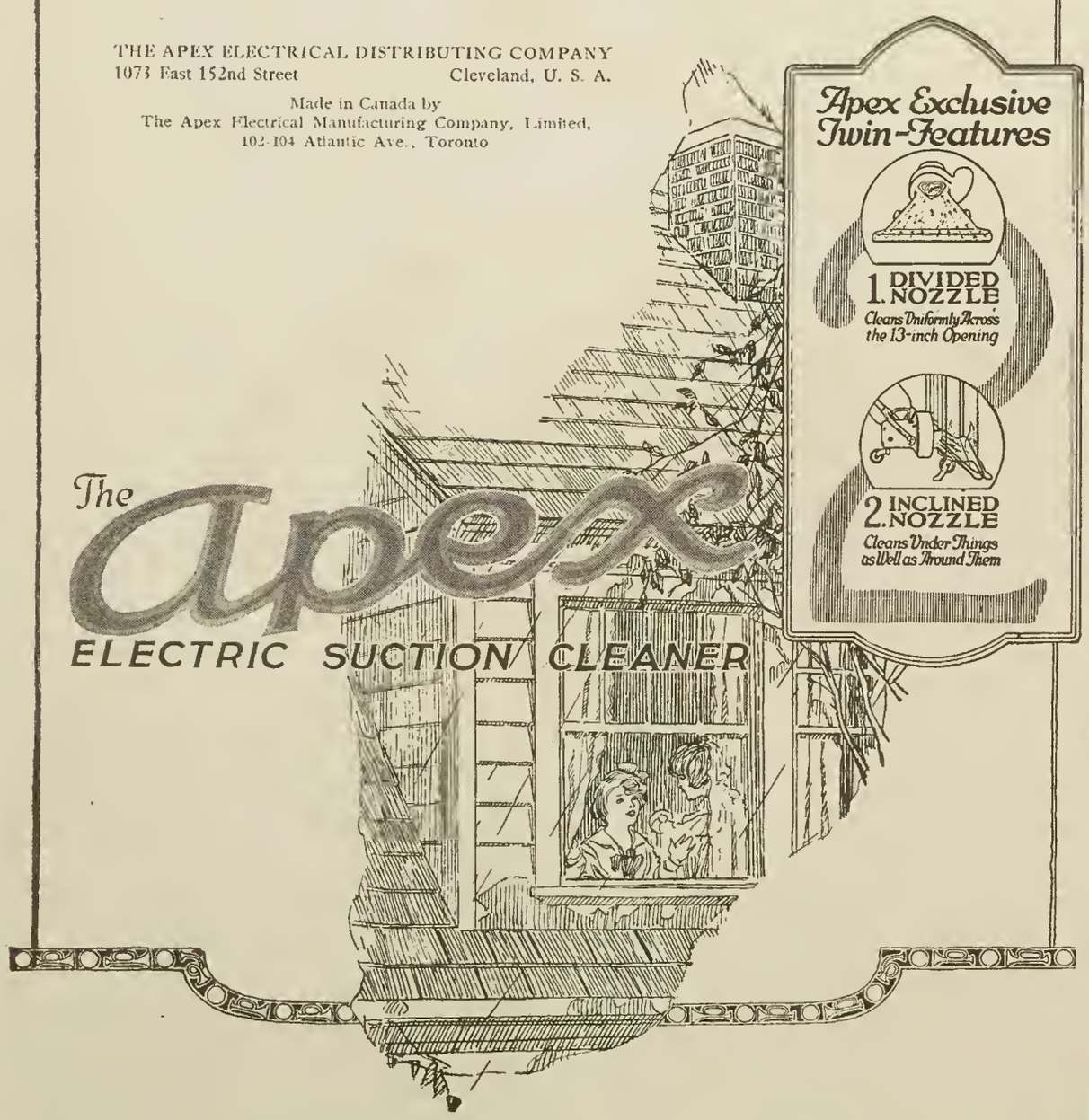
The Apex is invaluable in every room in the house, whether for a thorough cleaning in sleeping and living rooms or for a few hurried sweeps of the dining room after meals.

The Apex nozzle is easily adjustable; it is equally efficient on every kind of floor covering. The inclined nozzle of the Apex reaches under and gets around things. The divided nozzle cleans evenly every surface to which it is applied. Only the Apex can do these things.

A progressive dealer in your city has learned through experience the splendid service that the Apex gives. You can believe him when he recommends the Apex for your use. Ask him for a free demonstration of the Apex. If you do not know him write us for his name.

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RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

AS THEY SEE THEMSELVES

BY SOME OF OUR AUTHORS

NALBRO BARTLEY

I WAS born in Buffalo, New York, on November 10, 1888, and decided, when I was about seven, to write stories for my board and keep. I started a serial to be called 'Mrs. Jones's Vacation," but it was sidetracked the next day, due to lack of interest on the part of the author. About four years later I wrote a little book of stories called "The Poppa Dee Stories," laboriously copying them in ink and illustrating them—a birthday present to my mother.

The idea that writing books was to be my honest-to-goodness career never dimmed, although I was sixteen before my first copy was bought for five dollars—by a short-story syndicate!

The Pan-American in Buffalo (1901) furnished me with my first real copy! Through a series of circumstances I secured the position of posing as a wax figure, the Queen of Hearts, for a playing-card company exhibiting in the Graphic Arts Building.

The supposed wax figure was dressed in white satin with a court train sprinkled with red satin hearts, a beautiful butter-colored wig and all the other trimmings necessary. The queen occupied a majestic throne for four hours a day—the thing being to cause spectators to guess whether or not she was of waxen or flesh-and-blood origin. I was trained to turn my head slowly, wink, breathe at intervals, and my face was cleverly made up to resemble wax.

The joy of the salary and the novelty of the experience held me to my queenship. Guessing contests took place before the throne and heated discussions, and people came and sucked lemons, hoping to make me betray an unwaxlike twitch of the lips, and so forth. All the time I sat there I was mentally making note of their conversations and appearances.

When President McKinley was assassinated, the Temple of Music being just behind the Graphic Arts Building, we heard the shot quite clearly. Every one had deserted our building, save attendants and an old man, who stood before my throne in a last effort to decide—is she real or is she wax? He had even brought opera glasses with him, which he leveled at me mercilessly.

After the shot which killed the President, the mob broke through the building screaming and crying about the assassination—but the old man never moved. Neither did I, and although the crowd nearly swept him off his feet as they brushed by, he said, "She's wax, all right!" to the attendant in our booth—and went on his way satisfied.

I remember I then and there resolved to have a heroine in a story remain calm at some such crisis!

At nineteen, after being a governess for a year and a half, I joined the staff of the Buffalo *Morning Express*, and did society work and special story-writing for two years. Then I wrote a story and got fifty dollars for it.

That turned the wheel of fortune. I was getting ten on the *Express*, twelve a week as a possibility—and here was fifty dollars for a single story. Of course one could write yards of stories! So I resigned and went to New York, not knowing any one, as a very young and inexperienced novice free lance.

Presently another fact dawned on me—it was not necessary to live in a hall bedroom on the East Side of New York in order to be a successful writer. One could go far away from New York and very likely be the better for the change. So I came back to Buffalo and a real home.

From the very first days in New York I've always had the one mode of working—from half-past eight in the morning until twelve or one, as work demands, and no more until the next day. I have a small office, which is quiet and unnoticed, and I try to "come in on a time-clock," just as if I were working for some one else. I have found it the most satisfactory routine to follow. Midnight inspirations, stimulants to buoy one up or erratic theories of life have no attractions. It seems to me that one may do creative work and not become long-haired (if a man) or short-haired (if a woman) and take to smocks, self-winding spaghetti and combination desks and sinks in sky-top attics!

Personally I like to be near green, growing things—which mean the country. I hope some day soon to build a working shack in such a spot and have my "office and office hours," with trees and birds for comrades. Just now I am spending a year in California, and it seems to me that any one can find inspiration just in being in this Santa Clara Valley.



LUCILLE VAN SLYKE

LUCILLE VAN SLYKE

I'M NOBODY but a tinker, and tinkering is heavenly sport, but not interesting to discuss. I honestly *feel* terrifically versatile and efficient because I know how to put hollyhocks to bed so's they'll survive Westchester Winters, and how to paint a peacock on the front door and put tar paint on the furnace.

I gloat over the fact that though the cook has gone south for the Winter, the house smells celestial with the bread I baked myself—and,

Concluded on page 37

Without the cost of cream

have this dinner of creamy richness

It is just as easy to have good things to eat nowadays as it was years ago, when the cream lay thick on the milk in the spring house and there were crocks of golden butter to use without stint.

Here, for instance, is a complete dinner of the old-fashioned recipes, made without a drop of cream, yet every dish as rich and smooth as a dairy farmer's wife could make them.

First, a savory fish chowder, just as they made it years ago on the Massachusetts Coast. Next, Creamed Rice, Italian style, with tomato and onion for flavor. Then a salad of lettuce in a cream and cheese dressing. With it all, sweet corn bread; and, for a happy ending, your grandmother's Indian Pudding even more jelly-like than when she made it with real cream.

The secret of this rich but economical cooking is Libby's Evaporated Milk. It is simply pure, rich milk from dairy sections that are famous for the excellence of their milk and cream. More than half the moisture is removed—nothing added—but all the food value is retained. Undiluted, it takes the place of cream in coffee or cooking, at half the cost of cream; mixed with a little more than an equal quantity of water, its consistency is restored to that of fresh milk.

Order a supply of this rich milk from your grocer today. Try it in these old-fashioned recipes or in some of your own favorite ones—see what it can mean in your cooking.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 805 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Drop Biscuit

2 cups flour
5 teaspoons baking powder
½ cup water
3 tablespoons lard
½ cup Libby's Evaporated Milk
½ teaspoon salt

Mix and sift dry ingredients; work in the lard. Add Libby's Evaporated Milk and water. Drop by spoonfuls on a buttered pan, brush over with Libby's Evaporated Milk diluted with an equal quantity of water. Bake in a hot oven ten minutes

An Old Fashioned Indian Pudding

1 pint Libby's Milk
1 pint water
½ cup corn meal
1 cup suet
⅓ cup molasses
⅔ cup corn syrup
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon ginger

Add a pint of water to a pint of Libby's Evaporated Milk and scald one half of it. To the corn meal add salt and ginger and stir in the suet chopped very fine. Wet the meal and the suet with one cup of the cold milk. Then add it to the hot milk and let it thicken. When it is thick set it off the fire to cool a moment, then stir in the molasses, corn syrup and last add the one remaining cup of cold milk. Bake four hours in a very slow oven or fireless cooker. It can be eaten either hot or cold, and either with or without whipped cream. Serves six people



Simple Spring Salad

1 cup Neufchatel Cheese
2 tablespoons chives and parsley
1 cup Libby's Evaporated Milk
Salt and pepper

Cream Neufchatel or any cream cheese with two chopped chives or minced parsley. The parsley may be left out if preferred, or may be used without the chives. Cream into the paste Libby's Evaporated Milk undiluted and a little salt or pepper to taste. This makes a thick, creamy dressing, good with any spring salad. Early garden lettuce may be cut into fine strips, to which add sliced radishes and spring onions. All are to be found in any garden in May, and make a simple, easily prepared salad. Serves six

Rice Italien

Cold boiled rice
Onion and green pepper
Tomato
Salt and pepper
Libby's Evaporated Milk
Cheese

Put a layer of boiled rice in the bottom of a buttered baking dish and sprinkle over with chopped onion and green pepper. Cover with slices of tomato, or the meat from canned tomatoes to make a layer. In the latter case add a little of the liquor to each layer. Season this layer with salt and pepper. Repeat layers until the dish is full. The last layer should be rice. Mix Libby's Evaporated Milk with equal parts of water and pour over the tomato and rice until the milk comes to the top of the last layer. Grate dry American cheese over the top. Bake twenty-five minutes



A Sailor's Fish Chowder

1 pound haddock or any white fish
1 slice salt pork
½ onion
Pilot bread
4 potatoes
1 cup Libby's Evaporated Milk
3 cups water
2 teaspoons flour
Salt and pepper

Cut pork into dice and fry. Put the pork and its fat into a kettle with the fish, cut in fairly small pieces. Add onion cut up and potatoes sliced, salt and pepper. Pour over 2 cups of water and boil twenty minutes or until the potatoes are tender. Mix one cup of Libby's Evaporated Milk with one cup of water and turn into the soup, add two pieces of pilot bread broken into smaller pieces. Mix one tablespoon of flour with a little cold milk and stir into the chowder. Stir while it boils for five minutes, to thicken. Serve with pilot bread. Serves six people





Cool, Refreshing Repose Here Drives Away Fatigue

IS it any wonder that Kyanize White Enamel is leaping ahead in popularity every day? No more pleasing effects are possible than can be obtained with this beautiful, lustrous, velvety White Enamel. Cool, refreshing bed-rooms are the order of the day.

These walls, ceiling, woodwork and furniture are beautifully fresh in their resplendent coats of Kyanize White Enamel. The touches of blue and darker blue stripings are given by Kyanize White Enamel—Tinted. The effect of paneling is accomplished by tacking moulding to the walls—a most simple procedure. With hangings and great chair done in blue figured chintz and rugs in perfect harmony this is, in truth, "a dream in blue and white."



Amid Quiet Refinement One Loves to Linger

HOW often have you discarded a piece of furniture whose frame was scarred and upholstery worn, simply because you never knew how easily you might renew it? In cases of this kind Kyanize Varnishes and Enamels are indispensable.

Let your eye rest on these spotless panels in their coat of Kyanize White Enamel; let it rove to the floor, bright and lustrous with Kyanize Sanitary Floor Enamel—Tile Green. Observe the beautiful furniture—in some cases bearing Kyanize Floor Finish—Mahogany, while the rocker in the center is resplendent in Kyanize—Dark Oak. What a setting with the green of the walls blending with the greens and browns of rug and upholstery. Jardiniere, table lamp and lighting fixtures furnish the bright dashes of color.





"To make your home inviting
I urge," says Winthrop Wise,
"That each and every surface
You coat with **Kyanize.**"

THIS FREE BOOK
AIDS HOME BEAUTY

"Just harken to my brother,"
Advises Molly Wise;
"Your home will look much better
If you use **Kyanize.**"

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Concluded from page 34

AS THEY SEE THEMSELVES

oh yes, I always keep the ropes neatly coiled on a sail-boat!—but candor compels me to admit that I haven't any delusions about the importance of these nice little pastimes. They are far more insidious than lotus-eating and somebody ought to break me of these reprehensible habits and lash me down to my regular job!

RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

I DON'T know what to tell THE DELINEATOR readers about myself. That I live in a Chinese bunga, high in the foothills of the Santa Cruz Mountains, overlooking all the glorious Santa Clara Valley, away to San Francisco Bay and the shadowy silhouette of Tamalpais? "Yung See San Fong" is the name, and it means, roughly, "The Youngs' Home in the Heart of the Hills."

We eat from Chinese dishes and my flat silver is marked with the Chinese symbol that means "Yung." My Chinese cook gave me a wonderful golden good-luck medal for my birthday whose motto means "Live a Thousand Years; Never Be Sick or Sorry!"

I have a pointer named Trek and an Irish rat-tailed water-spaniel named Finn mac Cool, and the three of us hike over the hills every morning before I go to work. They chase rabbits and I chase ideas.

I work in a tiny house with about the floor-space of a post-card, high on the hill above the ranch, with curled roof and a Chinese name meaning "Looking to the Sun." I work there without interruption from nine to twelve-thirty every morning. It's very wearing to work where there are no interruptions—there's nothing to do but work. Except to knit. I knit while I'm composishing.

MARY BRECHT PULVER

YOU may tag me as a native of Pennsylvania, a graduate of the First Pennsylvania State Normal School and of the School of Applied Art, Philadelphia; as a resident since marriage of Binghamton; as the wife of a dental surgeon and the mother of a seven-year-old aviator-to-be; as a writer of stories



MARY BRECHT PULVER

since early childhood; as a publisher of them for about eight years.

I never had any trouble to "break in." I have had very easy sailing with publisher and editor. My chief difficulty has been getting time to write under domestic pressure. I do not believe woman-in-the-home and woman-in-the-career to be compatible except under very special adjustment.

I care little for club work or society, but enjoy a number of diversions which include reading, with a special curve toward biology and psychology, cooking, dancing, tramping, sitting by my wood fire, playing my piano, dabbling at interior decoration and particularly and beyond all else studying the genus homo.

I have not yet written anything satisfactory to myself, but exist on great hopes!

AGNES MARY BROWNELL

IT IS only a commonplace little history I have to relate. I am a Middle-Westerner, born and bred in Concordia, Kansas, my home town. With the exception of four years spent away at school and one year teaching, I have not lived elsewhere.

I have been writing short stories only a little while. The first one, a little seventeen-hundred-word tale, "The Fifer," was published in June of 1917. It was at my mother's suggestion that I wrote and sent it. These four years at school had been devoted to making a musician of me. I never did learn how to write stories. Text-books on the subject that have been brought to my attention seem to me wondrously heavy, dispiriting things.

Sometimes I receive queer letters from people; all in the same tenor—wanting to know "how to do it." I always try to answer conscientiously. But I am convinced that the best help is self-help.

Sometimes I learn that I have put actual people and places into stories—people I have never known, and places I have not seen. Therefore I take it that folks and places are much alike after all.



AGNES MARY BROWNELL

I asked him what the joke was, and he told me.

"Why don't you write it yourself?" I asked.

"I'm too modest to do it right," he said.

"And you want me to do your lying for you, eh?" said I. "Nothing doing!"

"Ungrateful wretch," quoth he, "where would you be, who would you be, if it wasn't for me? Nowhere, nobody! Didn't I make you up out of whole cloth, give you a wonderful wife and family, make you happy and well-to-do, make all sorts of interesting things happen to you, and send you far and wide over the world, dressed in the covers of our best magazines?"

"Oh, very well, if you feel that way about it," I said meekly. So I wrote this:

ARTHUR CRABB was born in the spring of 1917. His mother was an associate editor of one of our thickest magazines, his father a lovable Irishman who wrote a column in a near-by newspaper—that is, he filled in the space Crabb didn't write for him gratuitously. The mother denied her son at the earliest possible moment, but the father, who'll stand for anything, still permits the boy to buy lunches for him.

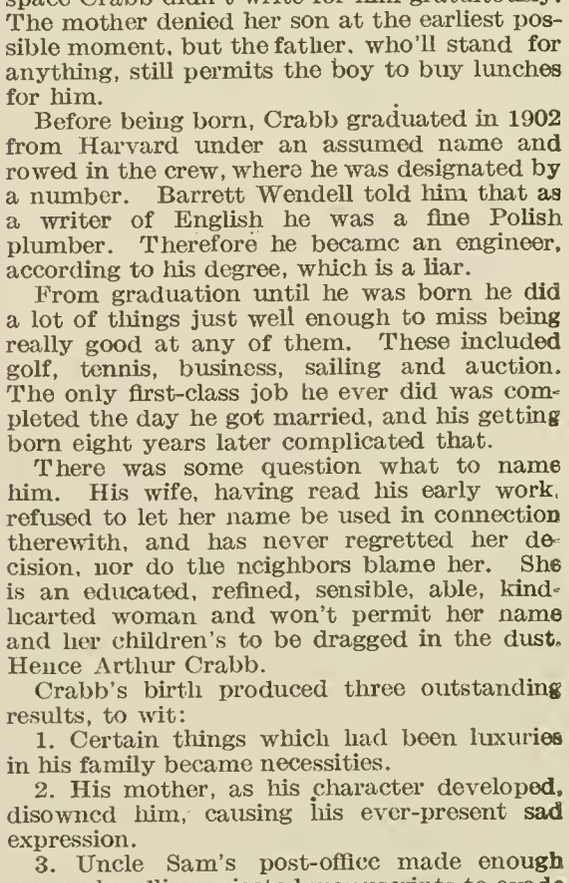
Before being born, Crabb graduated in 1902 from Harvard under an assumed name and rowed in the crew, where he was designated by a number. Barrett Wendell told him that as a writer of English he was a fine Polish plumber. Therefore he became an engineer, according to his degree, which is a liar.

From graduation until he was born he did a lot of things just well enough to miss being really good at any of them. These included golf, tennis, business, sailing and auction. The only first-class job he ever did was completed the day he got married, and his getting born eight years later complicated that.

There was some question what to name him. His wife, having read his early work, refused to let her name be used in connection therewith, and has never regretted her decision, nor do the neighbors blame her. She is an educated, refined, sensible, able, kind-hearted woman and won't permit her name and her children's to be dragged in the dust. Hence Arthur Crabb.

Crabb's birth produced three outstanding results, to wit:

1. Certain things which had been luxuries in his family became necessities.
2. His mother, as his character developed, disowned him, causing his ever-present sad expression.
3. Uncle Sam's post-office made enough money handling rejected manuscripts to evade bankruptcy, for many people said: "If that big stiff can write stories, I can!"



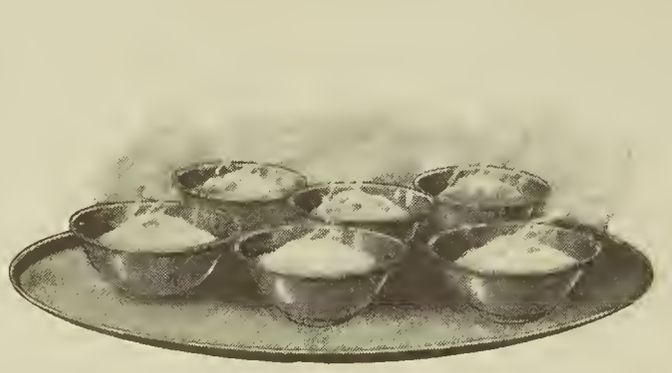
ARTHUR CRABB

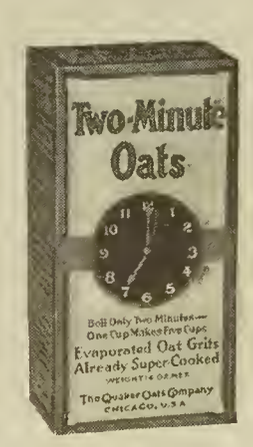
ARTHUR CRABB

(By his own character, Sam Hicks)

YESTERDAY Crabb came to me, Samuel Hicks.

"Sam," said he, "write my autobiography, will you?"









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12 Dishes FREE

This is an offer to send you 12 delicious breakfasts—the quickest hot breakfasts that you ever served.

There will be six of Two-Minute Oats and six of Two-Minute Wheat. They will open the way to new-day breakfasts which your folks will revel in.

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Every housewife wants them. So to let you know them quickly, we send twelve breakfasts free.

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Two-Minute Wheat

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One Tablespoonful
makes a liberal dish, for the granules are condensed. Thus you will find these new foods economical.



Stir in Hot Water
—in boiling water—and in two minutes they are ready.

The Quaker Oats Company

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Send it Now

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Mail me a 6-Dish Package of each Two-Minute Oats and Two-Minute Wheat.



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ONE ACT OF MERCY IS TO TAKE LITTLE CRIPPLES TO THE ORTHOPEDIC CLINICS

GOODLY WORK FOR YOUR CAR

BY MRS. CASPAR WHITNEY

THOSE women who have been wondering where the pathway of constructive and beneficial service would open now that the war is over, are finding, somewhat to their astonishment, that pathways are becoming broad avenues and that instead of finding it necessary to look for an opportunity to help, they are really becoming swamped with appeals for personal service.

Especially are the owners and drivers of motor-cars discovering new fields of endeavor.

During the war several organizations formed women's motor ambulance corps for auxiliary service. At first these corps were looked upon as something of a joke. As time went on, however, tho women, by their skill, their enthusiasm and general devotion to duty, ceased to be regarded as a joke, and those in authority began to lean more and more heavily on their volunteer service. Not only were women utilized as ambulance drivers, but they were called on to render every imaginable service that a woman with a car could render.

The Department of Justice used them; committees for entertaining soldiers called upon them; army and navy officers on emergency duty appealed to them; wives and children of men in service sought their help, and when the epidemic was upon us the drivers could not work hard and fast enough to cover all their calls. They became like firemen, always, even when sleeping, with a part of themselves alert, ready for instant response to the hurry call.

So it happens that many of them simply can not get back into the pre-war condition of irresponsibility. They feel that their training and discipline, their experience in war emergency work are too valuable assets to be lost in peace time. So in many parts of the country they are still carrying on the work.

To Jamaica, Long Island, belongs the honor of possessing one of the very first of these corps to appreciate the help that it can give in peace time. Under Captain Adele Homas a devoted group of women are rendering yeoman service by transporting scores of crippled children to the orthopedic clinics for treatment which they otherwise would not get.

It is interesting to note how Captain Homas's work started. One day a member of her motor corps who had been sent to the clinic on some errand of mercy, there encountered a working woman who was in the habit of giving up her work twice a week that she might take her two kiddies, victims of infantile paralysis, to the hospital for after-care treatment.

In order to do this she was obliged to drag them in all kinds of weather a distance of three miles in an improvised toy express-wagon. This mother, although needing badly the money her work gave her, realized the need of treatment for her suffering babies and somehow, she told the motor driver, she contrived to get them to the clinic in spite of her difficulties.

This woman's tragic story so stirred the hearts of the motor-corps workers that it has now become a peace-time duty to help make all such little cripples of Jamaica into healthy citizens.

One little boy whose legs were useless almost became the cause of an accident on one of the journeys to the hospital. Putting his head out of the front of the ambulance he jerked the arm of the driver and said: "See that guy riding on that bicycle? Gee, I'm going to be like him soon, and I'll be riding when my pedals work again!"

A three-year-old Hungarian child had been very shy on her trips to the hospital and at first had resented being taken by the driver. Finally, after her fourth trip, she snuggled up against the lieutenant on her homeward trip and said something which the officer could not understand. Another child interpreted: "She says that her mother is dead, that her father does not want her and she likes you so much. You may keep her if you want to."

Only three years old—and yet that baby realized that there was not a soul in the world who wanted her!

These children whose cases are duplicated times without number throughout the country are in dire need of friendly service, and although the work is of the hardest, the members of the motor corps have never thought of stopping it. The vital need of continuing their work is measured by the amount of good done to hundreds of children. For not only are the youngsters getting orthopedic treatment, but the work undertaken by the women is leading them far afield into the great problem of child welfare with all its ramifications.

Already classes are being formed to teach foreign mothers the care of their offspring. In reality Americanization in its finest sense is likewise taking place, for alien mothers are learning to value and understand American women, and American women are glimpsing some of the genuine worth of the foreign-born mothers.

Another motor corps in an upper New York State community which has a hospital but no ambulance service does all the latter's emergency work. This same corps is aiding the community kitchen by assisting as distributer of its hot-food service, and every Summer it lends its help to community canning by gathering in fruit and vegetables, a part of which when canned goes to local charities; this being the price stipulated by the corps for its help in getting canning materials to their destination.

As a taxi-service there is nothing to compete with these volunteer motor corps. In this broad country of ours is an association that is all too little known. It is the Home Bureau Association, which functions under government and State control and works with the object of helping to solve the varied problems of home and community life.

This Home Bureau deals with such work as the problems of health, food, clothing, shelter and household management in their relations to the welfare of the individual family and the community, and its functions include anything that will help in the study of women's responsibility to the State; of home-making; of family accounts and budgets; of home nursing; of better public health and of community enterprises generally.



Photos by Paul Thompson

THIS SHINING-FACED LITTLE ONE KNOWS SHE IS GOING TO THE HOSPITAL TO BE MADE WELL AGAIN!

The wealth of information which the Home Bureau has acquired through the research work and scientific developments of the government is passed on without cost through its agents to all women who wish to have it. The agents who carry this information straight into the homes of the most isolated communities are young women trained in our large colleges.

They are splendid creatures, filled with the enthusiasm of their work, but so large a territory are they compelled to cover that it is almost impossible to do justice to their work. State and local appropriations are never large enough to pay all the expense incident to the complete development of their ideas. So here again does the volunteer motor corps give real service, for in many places they have volunteered to drive the Home Bureau agents from group to group, thus helping her to peddle the knowledge so badly needed.

To the National League for Women's Service in New York City belongs the credit of possessing the only motor corps of colored women anywhere. This corps, known as the Hayward Community, did remarkable service during the war among the colored troops, but it does not believe in confining its activities to war-time operations.

Civilians' hospitals, orphanages, old folks' homes, come in for their share of attention.

The Lincoln Home for old people (colored) sends many of its aged and dispirited members to church and for outings in Hayward cars. Little orphans are taken picnicking, and civilian convalescents have their dreary days brightened because of this unique corps.

These and countless others are the ways in which women's motor corps are becoming an integral and useful part of every-day life.

Many of us are beginning to realize that the ownership of a car is not only a luxury but an opportunity as well. The person who possesses one holds it, to a certain extent, in stewardship—the spirit in which all wealth is coming, more and more, to be held. A car is a possession with which, really, we are *trusted*.

We are, of course, to use this big, luxurious, beautifully lined creature for our work and pleasure; also we are to use it for the pleasure and well-being of our friends and those with whom life throws us into contact.

How many of us have not driven along the road with an owner who stopped to give a lift to every lonely walker—even if for only half a mile?

And, unfortunately, all too often, we have driven with the selfish possessor of a car who has gone whirling by every pedestrian, donating only a dust-cloud to the man on the road.

There are those rare persons, too, who give more than a casual interest to their fellows. They are not content merely to pick up the weary one who steps out of the road on to the grass when the big car comes along. They go farther. They are on the lookout for opportunities to render still more lasting service.

Who can pretend to compute the value of the work thus done?

The development of the spirit of neighborly helpfulness is the wellspring of democracy, and when democracy really comes into its own it will probably be found that foremost in the ranks of those who have furthered its advance will be the women's motor corps of the country.

Readers in any part of the country who are willing to devote their cars and themselves to deeds of mercy like those described in this article, and would like further suggestions how to go about the matter, are invited to address Mrs. Caspar Whitney, in care of THE DELINEATOR, *enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope.*



IMAGINE GAY BLOSSOMS AGAINST THE DEEP GREEN OF THE SHRUBBERY

BULBS TO PLANT NOW

BY F. F. ROCKWELL

THERE'S one big advantage that the Summer-blooming bulbs have over almost all other flowers. That is, the *certainty of results.*

It's a "hundred-to-one shot" that when you put gladiolus bulbs or cannas in the ground you're going to have their glorious blooms within a comparatively few weeks. They're sure to grow; and, after they begin growing, they're not liable to be troubled by insects or diseases.

As to the blossoms, there certainly are none more beautiful than the finer varieties of gladioli, dahlias, cannas, tuberous begonias, and the like.

While Summer-flowering bulbs are not hardy, like the perennial flowers, such as phlox and peonies, nevertheless they can be *used year after year*, because the bulbs or tubers, taken up late in the Autumn, will keep in any cellar or store-room. And they increase from year to year. So that from a few bulbs, or even a single root, of a choice thing, you will soon have as many as you can use. The first cost is accordingly the only cost for a long term of years.

Don't feel that the Summer bulbs are things apart from your other garden material. Too often one sees a bed of cannas or begonias, or a long string of gladioli put out by themselves, apparently outlawed from the happy family of flowers consorting together in borders or along the paths and driveways.

The Summer bulbs behave perfectly well in company! The dahlias, perhaps, are a little spreading in habit, and several square feet apiece should be given to develop properly; but the gladioli will make a splendid showing for themselves where there is standing-room only, in fact, they may be planted almost anywhere, as they grow straight up, and are tall enough to hold their slender flower stalks well above the foliage of most other plants.

The tuberous begonias, not being very tall, and having a rather spreading habit, fit in nicely *in front* of other things. The dainty, graceful little oxalis, which blooms throughout the season, may be used in low borders or in window-boxes or vases or hanging-baskets, and while it is flowering above ground, it is making new bulbs underground.

In the Summer-flowering bulbs, therefore, you can not only get plants of every height and of the greatest variety in coloring, but adapted for almost every use: for cut flowers, for mass bedding, for the mixed border, for planting around the porch, for vases and for flower-boxes.

Many folk don't realize how easily they may have immediate results with most of the Summer bulbs. Cannas, tuberous begonias, tuberroses, oxalis, may be had in bloom or about to bloom when it is safe to set them out. Growing plants of dahlias will give flowers by Midsummer.

Some of the best varieties of the hardy lilies, such as *myrophillum*, the wonderful new one brought back from China a few years since by the famous plant explorer, "Chinese" Wilson, may be bought as *growing plants*, in pots, at a slight advance over the usual price for the dormant bulbs. This not only means having flowers in a few weeks after planting, instead of having to wait for months, as is the case when they are planted in the Fall; but the growing plants are practically sure to live, while the Fall-planted bulbs sometimes do not survive the first Winter. Care must be taken, however, in setting out the growing plants, to get the bulb down deep enough.

THE first season's bloom of these magnificent hardy lilies will well repay the cost of the plants and the slight trouble of setting them out; and they will bloom year after year. Growing fairly tall, they are particularly effective against walls, or the side of a building, or against evergreens where the background will set them off to the best advantage.

Of the regular "Summer bulbs," the gladioli come first in a number of respects. They are the first to be planted, being hardy enough to go in as soon as the soil can be worked. Early planting will give blooms in July or early August, but to have a plentiful supply until the end of the season, about *three* plantings should be made—say, early in April, early in May, and first part of June. Of course if some bulbs are put about two inches deep and others three or four inches, at each planting, that will still further distribute the time of their coming into flower.

It is a good plan to use *named* varieties of known colors, where they are wanted for the effect of the growing plants, and to put the mixtures and surplus bulbs, for cutting, in the vegetable-garden. "Glads" will thrive well in any good garden soil, especially if a little bone-meal is worked in at the time of planting. While they are often planted in rows, they are extremely effective in irregular clumps of a dozen or so bulbs, in the hardy border, or against shrubbery or evergreens.

If you have never grown some of the modern named sorts, with their glowing and delicate colors, and immense size, you have a very pleasant surprise in store. There are the individual-named varieties—such as America, Panama, War, Peace, Kunderd's, Glory, Mrs. Francis King, Baron Hulot, Lilli Lehmann, Mrs. Frank Pendleton, Prince of India, and Princeps, all which, with many others, are extremely choice.

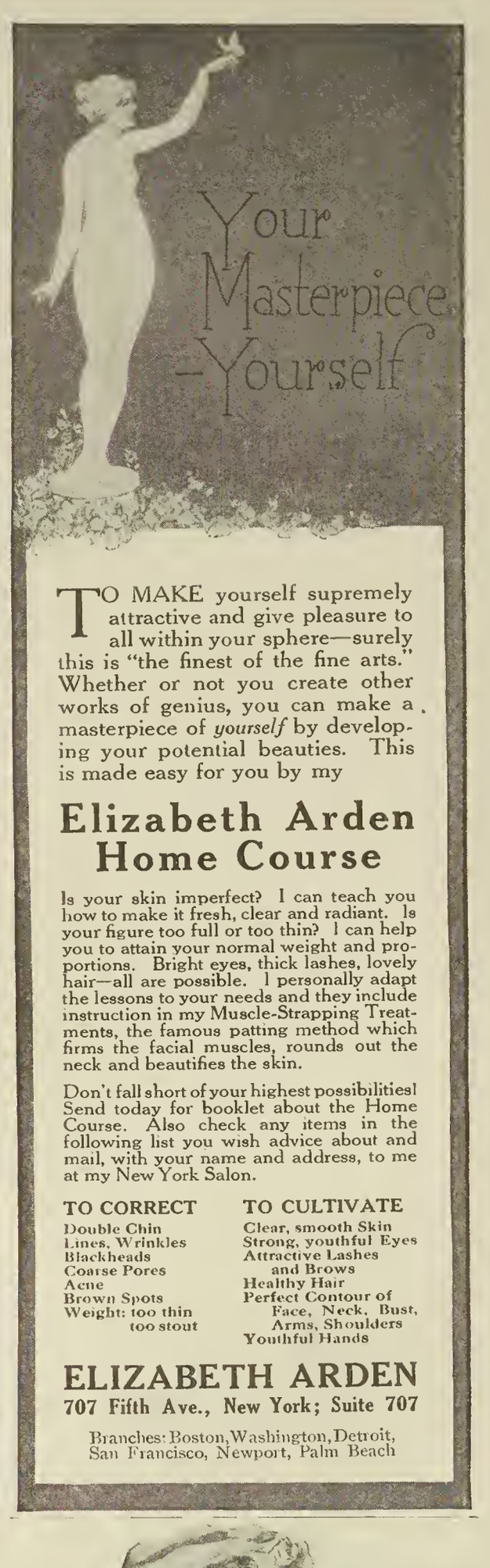
You should try also a few of these two *types*—Primulinus hybrids and Fordhook hybrids. These are, of course, mixtures, but distinct from any of the regular named varieties. Keep in mind that it is not necessary to get a large number of any sort of "glad." A single bulb, if you carefully save the progeny, in the form of the little bulbs or cormels which form about the old "corm" each season, will soon give you a generous supply. When cutting gladioli, leave three or four of the bottom leaves to help mature the bulb.

Dahlias are not only the most important of all the tender bulbs, but the queen of all Autumn flowers. Within little over a generation this wonderful flower has been developed from a uew weedy, small-flowered, stifflyformed varieties, into the modern dahlia, with a dozen distinct "types" and hundreds of varieties, embracing every shade of color outside of the blues, and of almost every conceivable size and form.

If you ever attended a dahlia show during the last few years, you have some conception of what these new flowers are. I won't go into varieties, except to mention a few new ones which I thought particularly attractive at the dahlia show last Fall.

OF THESE, King of the Autumn, Edith Cavell, N. C. 4, Golden West, Sunset Glory, League of Nations, Sea Horse, Mrs. M. H. Slocumb, and Doctor Fellows were all particularly beautiful and *distinct*. There are so many fine ones now listed by most good firms, and by the dahlia specialists, that you can find full descriptions without trouble.

Concluded on page 129



TO MAKE yourself supremely attractive and give pleasure to all within your sphere—surely this is "the finest of the fine arts." Whether or not you create other works of genius, you can make a masterpiece of *yourself* by developing your potential beauties. This is made easy for you by my

Elizabeth Arden Home Course

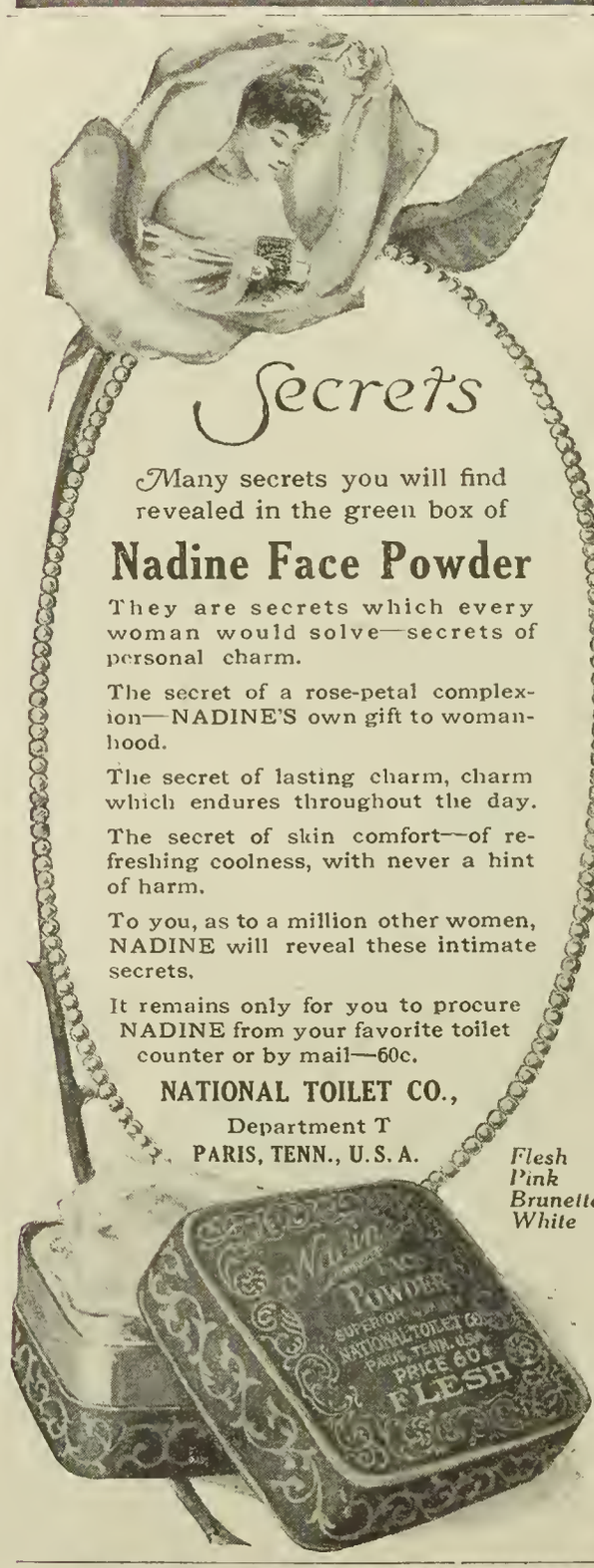
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Send 10 cents coin or stamps for 70-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering for 20 years.
Benjamin N. Bogue, 6605 Bogue Building, Indianapolis

FRIEND CAT AND FRIEND BIRD

BY ROYAL DIXON

THE cat is the most sensitive of all domestic creatures. She is as nervously high-strung as any woman with a "temperament." It makes her furious to be expected to look pretty and stand still to be stroked, asked to purr and look pleasant for strangers, allow babies to coddle her and fuss over her, and never be expected to do aught else but lap up milk or lunch on chicken-wings.

No wonder she ends up by running amuck! You would do the same, undoubtedly, if you were she.

There is no other animal in the domestic set so grossly misunderstood and misinterpreted as the house cat. A dog will have instantly all the sympathy of the family. Yet a cat when it has passed the kitten stage comes in for all the abuse if it so much as strays from out its kittenish, unemotional, fireside, pet-me-while-I-purr rôle.

The cat deserves much credit for having retained her wonderful racial characteristics after ages of bondage and persecution. All the intermittent pampering, with one day a perfumed sofa-pillow to lie on and the next day shut up in the attic without food or drink, would spoil the disposition of a saint.

Pussy's nature is a wily one. The secrets of her heart are still untold. Like the Sphinx, her paradoxical life is yet to be completely solved. She knows man too much to trust him farther than she can leap, and wisdom has taught her that quickness of movement saves her skin oftener than blind faith in humanity.

In attempting to understand the cat, it might help us to recall the story of the village idiot, who, when asked how he had found a stray horse for which a reward of twenty dollars had been offered, replied, "I only imagined what I would do and where I would go if I were a horse; and there I went and found him."

AND so, if we will only try to interpret the cat from the cat's point of view, we will more nearly approach the correct attitude. We are too prone to consider a cat an enemy because it will not become man's complete slave.

I am particularly fond of cats, but I never fully realized that they were so lovable and human until by chance I met, one wintry day in Central Park, New York, a little woman whom I dubbed "The Cat Lady." It was late in the afternoon of a bitter cold day, and I was walking along one of the paths that lead to the Mall, when the cry of a kitten attracted my attention and I stooped to pick it up.

As I did so, a delicate but well-modulated voice said, "Please do not disturb my cats; they are afraid of strangers." Looking up, I saw standing near me a little gray-haired lady, whose manner of dress and general deportment bespoke ages of culture.

"You see," she explained, "I come here every afternoon to meet and feed my cats." I had only seen the one kitten and I wondered where the others were. But suddenly they began to appear from all directions. Like the rats of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" there were big cats, little cats, white cats, black cats, brown cats, yellow cats, spotted cats, one-eyed cats, three-legged cats, old cats, young cats—yea, a veritable nightmare of cats! I did not know there were so many cats in New York.

HOW affectionately they came to her! She petted them as she spoke words of love and comfort. All day and all night, she explained, they were forced to hide out in the park without food or shelter, and only for a brief few moments in the afternoon dared they venture forth to receive food and encouragement.

I asked this priestess of cats if all the cats knew her.

"Oh, yes!" she replied, "I have most of them named, and they recognize their names when I call them. They are very human, and I can tell in a moment from what kind of homes they have come. A large number of them have been turned out into the streets to become alley cats and starve, or steal their food from ash-cans. Then, if the poor creatures, according to their nature, take to hunting birds or steal, they are proclaimed undesirables and are killed.

"One of the cruelest practises," she went on, "is that of turning the cat out into the streets while the family is having a good time at the seashore. As the cat is resourceful and capable of at least getting a living in some way, it immediately throws off its artificiality and takes up the wild habits of its ancestors. This readiness of cats to revert to type fully demonstrates the ineffectualness of domestic influence upon them, in comparison with the dog."

WITH this the little old cat-philanthropist bade me a good-day and disappeared down the walk toward the road that leads to Central Park West. I am not sure but that we should call her "The Cat-Angel."

There are good cats and there are bad cats, just as there are both good and bad people. It is a regrettable fact that many of our prominent authors, who know practically nothing about the true nature of a cat, belittle it. I am and have always been greatly surprised at the poet Maeterlinck for branding the cat as ungrateful and perfidious in his play "The Bluebird." The cat of "The Bluebird" is certainly an abnormal cat. I have roamed about the world and never seen its like. Perhaps if the cat could write about the poet he would brand him as a dangerous enemy to Catdom. The cat's innate refinement and subtle psychology are evidently lost on this great poet and dramatist.

Many of the disagreeable stories current about cats in general are mere fabrications of the human mind—the old one, for instance, about the cat's sucking a baby's breath, commonly told by grandmothers.

I shall never forget a cat that I once owned.



FIND DAVID AND JONATHAN, MR. DIXON'S PET MOCKING-BIRDS

I found the poor thing one cold night mewing on my studio steps as I returned from the opera. At once I christened her "Mary Garden," for I had just returned from hearing Miss Garden sing. She was like a lovely ball of soft yellow silk, this cat, with one blue eye and one brown. She waxed more beautiful every day and I felt a new joy had come into my life. "Mary" slept on a dainty sofa-pillow which was filled with catnip leaves. How she used to enjoy the odor emanating from that pillow! She played from morning until night and had great affection for me.

Her attitude of love was a perfect contradiction to the old theory that a locality instead of a person is the object of a cat's adoration. She was delight itself, and fond mistress of my home until one day I returned to find that the maid had let her out upon the street and I was never able to find her again. No words can express how I missed her.

CATS can be taught many interesting and amusing tricks. I remember seeing, years ago, the five "bell-ringing" or "musical cats"—five feline vaudevillians that were trained to pull ribbons to which were attached sweet-toned bells. They worked with such harmony and grace that I must believe they rather enjoyed their own act.

My "Mary Garden" used to delight in walking up and down the keys of the piano. She also showed a definite perception of texture, for she was never so happy as when walking on crackling paper or stiff silks. Her sense of smell was marvelous, and she would visit my flower-pots every day, scenting the aromatic leaves. She actually became so fastidious as to refuse to make her toilet except before a mirror.

The new and increasing interest in the protection of birds leads to an overestimation of the cat's mischief. A proper solution of the cat-and-bird problem will come about only when those who wish to do the right thing will see to it that their cats are tagged.

At Montclair, New Jersey, this has been done with decided success, and no stray tramp cat is allowed to run at large. The Bide-a-Wee Home in New York City receives all desirable cats that are brought to it, and keeps them until suitable owners may be found. Thus not only are the cats treated in a humane way, but they are kept from the temptation of hunting birds.

IT IS natural for a cat to hunt, but I do not believe a well-fed cat will hunt birds. If she does, she should be trained not to do so. Let every cat owner see that his or her cat is well fed and well cared for. The cat should be made to feel that her home is a home of love, and that she is always welcome there.

Bird-hunting cats and alley cats do not come from well-ordered homes where cats are properly cared for; and criminal cats have in most cases been driven to their degraded station in life because of man's inhuman treatment.

Personally, I should not care to have a home where a cat was not a permanent part of the household; nor should I be willing to live without many birds around. Cats need in no way lessen the presence of birds. There are many ways of attracting birds, and they seem instinctively to know where it is safe for them to visit and where best to build their nests.

Food, shelter, baths and nesting-boxes are the chief essentials. To prevent cats from climbing trees, see that a net wire, bending downward, is carefully attached near the base of each tree, high enough from the ground to prevent the cat from jumping up over it. To encourage nesting among the birds, restore, by artificial means, the hedges, the thickets, the undergrowth, and where trees are not plentiful, a few posts or dead-tree branches. These will furnish natural nesting-places, and also give the birds protection.

AT MY old home in Texas, a few years ago, we had allowed a small group of wild plum-trees to grow in the rear of the garden. I do not know their exact species, but they were exceedingly prolific, and their branches were literally armed with myriads of thorns. There were also two wild cherry-trees and a mulberry-tree growing near.

Birds of many kinds, redbirds, thrushes, mockers, blue jays and catbirds came from far and near to build their nests in the plum-trees and later to partake of the fruit. Stray cats were plentiful in the vicinity, and the birds seemed to understand that it was not safe to build except in the plum-trees, where the thorns afforded them protection.

Then instead of nesting, as they usually do, at the base of a large branch, or where two or more branches cross, they placed their nests as near the ends of a swaying branch as they could get. In this position, the cats could not, if they desired, reach them. For not only were they well protected by the myriads of thorns, but the delicacy of the plum branches forbade the weight of the cat.

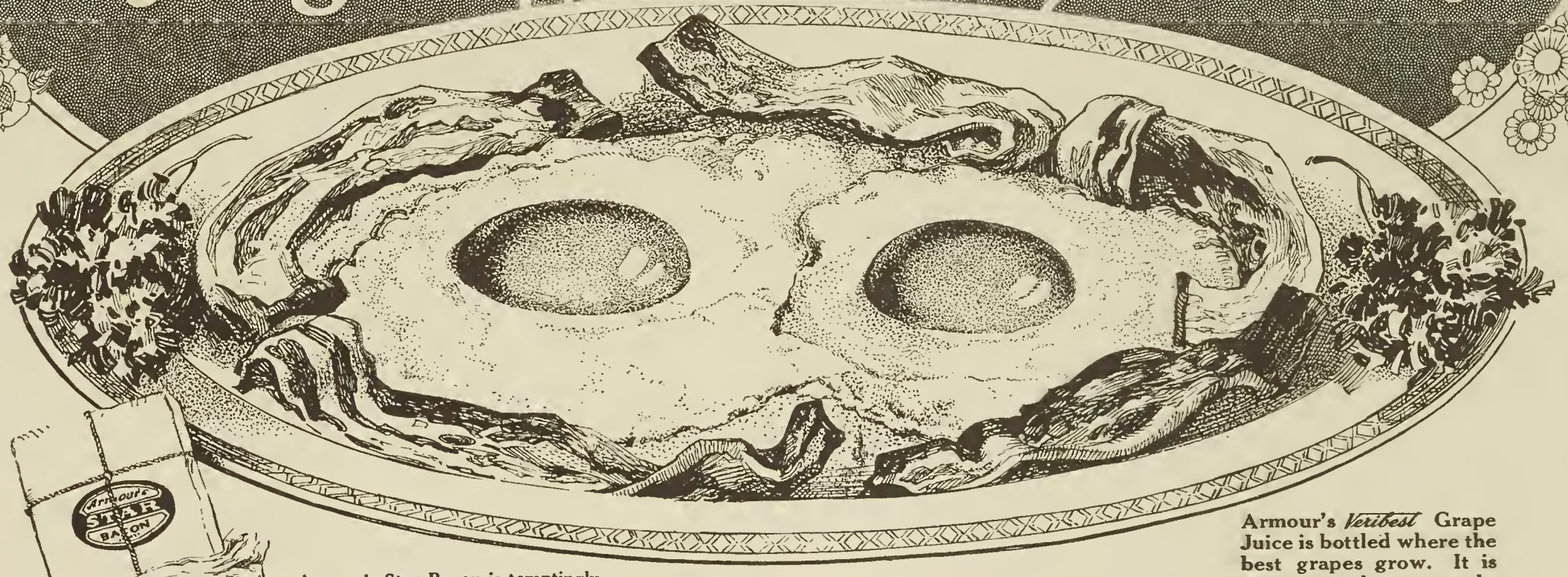
In one case a mocker built her nest in a hollowed-out hole in the side of a dead pine-stump. The base of the stump was surrounded by blackberry bushes which protected it from cats. As it is practically unknown for a mocker to build in a stump, I must believe that this departure was due to the mocker's keen sense of protection which she felt in this position.

PERHAPS her nest-making instincts was supplemented by her individual intelligence. Years of experience and study of birds has taught me that the nests of young birds are distinctly inferior to those of older ones, and especially is this true as regards their situation. While visiting a friend near Little Rock, Arkansas, last Summer, I noted that there were an unusually large number of birds around the home, and I was told that this was largely due to the number of thorn-trees and an old rose-hedge near the garden.

On investigation I found that there were one to three nests in every rose-bush; while on the low branch of a pine-tree a wild wood-dove had ventured to build her nest. The base of this pine, however, was literally entwined with the prickly smilax vine. This afforded ample protection to the dove's nest.

No further proof would be needed to show that birds may be encouraged to come to homes, and receive protection when they get there by the proper use of shrubs and trees.

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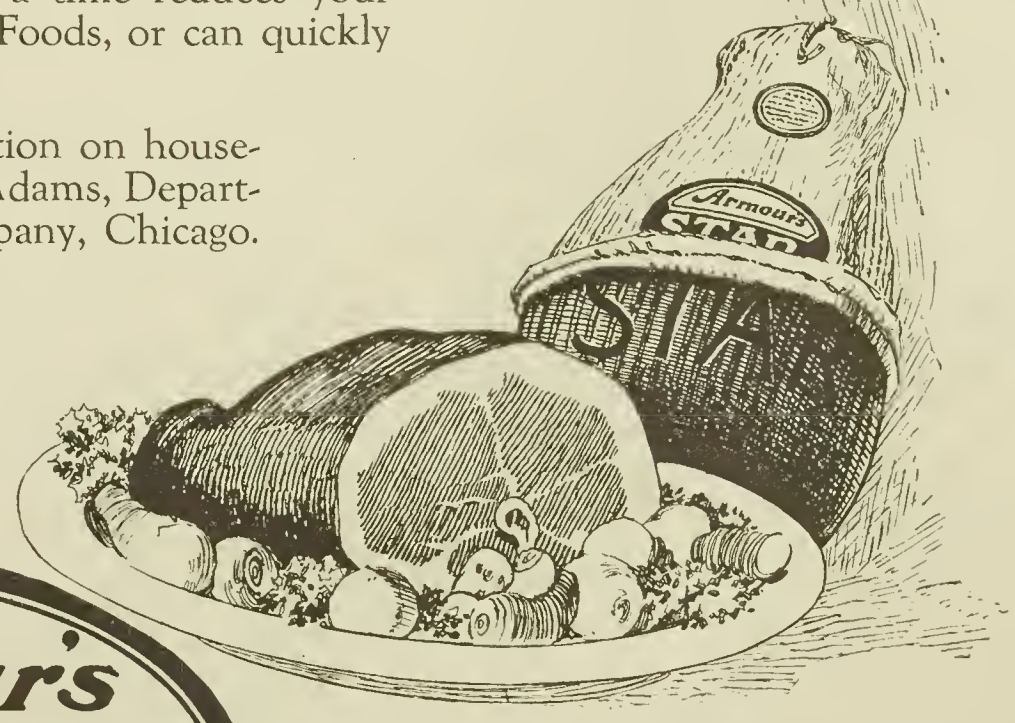
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THE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH

YOU don't have to be grown up and settled down to have beautiful thoughts. In fact, the games you play with your thoughts are about the nicest thing about being young. Later on, you may not have quite so much time to think. This page is for young poets; any one under eighteen can contribute. So send us your happiest poems, the most beautiful thoughts, that you can put on paper. Send your poem to the Poetry Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City. If we can not use your poem, we will return it to you, provided you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Be sure to say how old you are.

Hilda Conkling, the author of the first six poems, is only eight years old.

DANDELION

O LITTLE soldier with the golden helmet!
What are you guarding on my lawn?
You with your green gun
And your yellow beard,
Why do you stand so stiff?
There is only the grass to fight!

THE POPPY

O BIG red poppy,
You look stern and sturdy!
Yet you bow to the wind
And sing a lullaby—
Sleep, little ones, under my breast,
In the moonshine.
You make this lullaby
Sweet, short,
Slow, beautiful,
And you thank the dew
For giving you a drink.

PEGASUS

COME, dear Pegasus, I said,
Let me ride on your back!
I have often seen your shadow in the glittering creek,
Pegasus, beautiful Pegasus.
Let me sit on your back.
He was away,
But I was on his back.
So I went with him.
We had a castle in a mountain cloud.
So quickly was he away
I had no time to look or speak!
That was the last I saw of father or mother.
We went far from the shining creek,
Farther than I know how to tell you:
It was good-by.

BLUEBIRD

O BLUEBIRD with light-red breast
And your blue back like a feathered sky!
You have to go down South
Before biting Winter comes
And my flower-beds are covered with fluff
Out of the clouds.
Before you go
Sing me one more song
Of tree-tops down South,
Of darkies singing their babies to sleep,
Of sand and glittering stones
Where rivers pass—
Then good-by.

BLUE GRASS

BLUE grass flowering in the field,
You are my heart's content.
It is not only through the day I see you;
But in dreams at night
When you trudge up the hill
Along the forest,
As I do!
You are small to shine so,
Nobody speaks of you much,
Because of daisies and such Summer blooms.
When you wonder why I like you
It makes me wonder too!
Maybe I remember when you grew high
Like a tree above my head,
Because I was a fairy.

THE APPLE-JELLYFISH TREE

DOWN in the depths of the sea
Grew the Apple-Jellyfish Tree;
It was named by a queer old robber
And his mates three.

I watched it for a second,
I watched it for a day.
It did not change color,
For its colors stay.

It was as red, as yellow, as white, as blue,
As gold and stones with the light through.
I watched it long and long
Till a flying sunfish
Swam through its branches.
He had opal wings
And a sapphire tail.

No wonder robbers
Like to stay
Where fish so shining
Come to play!

—HILDA CONKLING.

TO DAD

I'M NOT a poet,
I'm sure you know it;
In vain I've tried, and long,
To write a verse
And not to curse—
The meters you'll find are wrong.

Some socks I've bought
In honor wrought
Of Dad's great birthal day,
And now I write
A poem in spite
Of all that you might say.

My joy is great
And won't abate—
I hope that I will be
As great as you
And as happy, too,
When I am fifty-three.

—DONALD.
At age of 14.

THE CALL OF THE SEA

RIVER, how placid you are; how calm is your motion,
Gliding along to the sea, ever sure of your way!
Even the storm-bringing winds, with a gentle devotion,
Pass you on tiptoe, and cease from their boisterous play!

But ah, where you go, where you go, when your journey is over!
There, where the dark sky frowns down on the waves gray as he;
There, where the gulls o'er the black, gloomy rocks sweep and hover;
There, where all nature is turbulent, restless, but free!

The sea, the sea, where the mad waves roar in their breaking,
Howling themselves at the land in the power of their might;
Rushing, retreating, howling in agony, shaking
With rage at defeat, yet eager again for the fight!

There, where the great, vital Force of the world has its dwelling,
Carry me, carry me, river, along on your tide!
Onward and down, while the love of your heart ever swelling,
Urges your steps to the ocean who wails for his bride!

Loud is the call of the sea; let me linger no longer!
'Tis wild unto wild, for my soul is tempestuous, too.
Temporal seeks the eternal, and weak seeks the stronger,
Ocean, I come! The river will bring me to you!

—MARTHA HART BLISS.
16 years old.

WICH-HAZEL

MY LITTLE love I call "Bouquet,"
And when asked why, I always say,
"Violet eyes,
Lips of rose,
Lily skin,
And primrose nose.
Hair that is of goldenrod,
With lady slippers is she shod."

So, when they ask, thus I explain,
And add, "Wich-Hazel is her name."

—MELBA PARKER.
16 years old.



With this porch frock of ecru batiste, heelless pumps are worn—with or without ankle straps. These Keds may have slight heel lifts for those who prefer them.

An unusual spring trousseau and the shoes that make it interesting

THE bride who has planned to have a trousseau well stocked with shoes need not be disappointed this spring. So great is the variety in trim, dainty models in Keds that it is possible to have a pair for every kind of wear.

One bride who proved this found that there were Keds appropriate for practically every gown in her trousseau—charming little Louis heeled pumps for her muslins, oxfords for her ginghams—sport shoes, walking shoes and house shoes.

Several of these Keds models are shown here and the costumes with which they are worn.

Keds are made of the firmest, finest canvas—the season's most popular fabric for shoes. Designed by expert designers who are always in touch with the season's style tendencies. They fit the foot snugly but are so flexible and light they are the most comfortable shoes one can wear. The soles are of the finest rubber.

The styles range from outing shoes to dress shoes. Many of this season's new models are made on radically new lines, with welt soles, firmly boxed toes and the inner reinforcements that give them the style and dignity of the most expensive leather shoes. These models have been so popular that you may find it difficult to secure them.

Keds are made for everyone. There are models for men and boys and many models for children.

Every good shoe dealer carries Keds. You will be enthusiastic over their appearance and fit. Look for the name Keds on the sole.

Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. All the experience and resources of this great company have been used in perfecting stylish, practical shoes that would not be too expensive. Look at the various models today. Men's and women's Keds are $1.50 to $6.00. Children's are $1.15 to $4.50.



A street suit of jade green silk crepe. The large pockets are braided with cream soutache. With this suit are worn high Keds with half Louis heels and long narrow vamps.

Pleated sport skirt of white raw silk. Sweater of Dianthus red with white angora collar and cuffs. Keds of this type—either high or low—are being worn at country clubs, hotels and fashionable watering places.

A new afternoon frock of black satin—the apron and surplice are of white organdie. Pumps are correct with this gown—with military heels. One of the most popular models in the Keds family.

Keds

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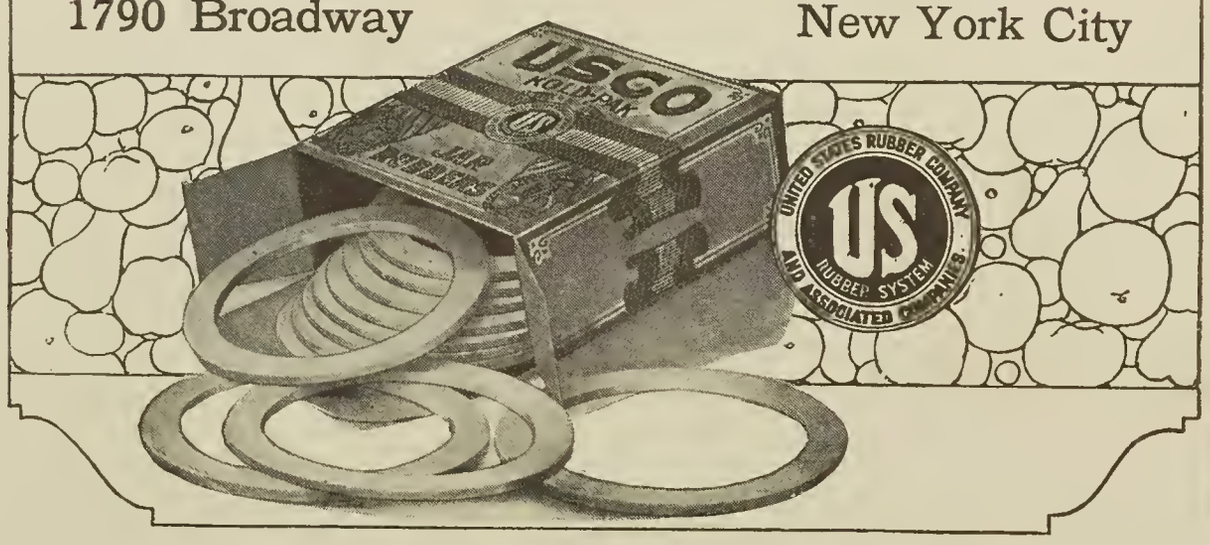




Photo by Mishkin

REAL, EVEN TO THE CHOP-STICKS, ARE THE CHINESE DISHES EATEN BY MISS LENORE ULRIC IN "THE SON-DAUGHTER"

QUAINT CHINESE DISHES

IN "THE SON-DAUGHTER," a Chinese play which is appearing this season at the Belasco Theater in New York City, Miss Lenore Ulric eats every night a real Chinese dish of enchanting character.

Realizing that she could not eat the same thing every evening, a Chinese expert in culinary details got ready a number of his most successful recipes, and Miss Ulric consumes on successive nights "Ruby Mixed with Pearls," "Soft Immortal Food," "Hard Immortal Food," "Fish Swimming in a Golden Pond," "Gold and Silver Eggs," as well as rice prepared in a variety of ways.

Here are the recipes. Some of them are well adapted for use in any American home. Others would require the purchase of special Chinese ingredients at some Chinese grocery-store. There are a number of such stores in this country.

RUBY MIXED WITH PEARLS

9 bean-cakes
1 pound Chinese ham
1 pound shrimp

REMOVE the thin outer layer from the bean-cakes.

Cut the ham and the shrimp into one-quarter-inch cubes.

Boil all together in a pan of primary soup until the shrimp turn red. Add Chinese gravy.

SOFT IMMORTAL FOOD
Yuen Jai

12 pieces bean-cake
2 cups dry mushrooms
4 ounces Chinese vermicelli
A few bean-sticks

CUT each bean-cake into four pieces. Soak the mushrooms, vermicelli, and bean-sticks in water for a half-hour. Cut the vermicelli into pieces three inches long. Put all the ingredients in cold water and cook for one hour. Put in plenty of oil and red cheese. Add Chinese gravy.

HARD IMMORTAL FOOD

12 pieces bean-cake
2 cups white nuts
East melon (twice amount of bean-cake)

CUT each bean-cake into four pieces. Cut the melon into pieces one inch, by one inch, by one and a half inch. Fry all in an oiled pan. Add enough water to cover. Add one-quarter cake of red cheese and plenty of oil. Mix. Cook for one hour.

FISH SWIMMING IN A GOLDEN POND
Yue York Jing Don

2 pounds pike
7 eggs
1 tablespoon Chinese ham diced

REMOVE the skin from the pike. Cut the meat into small pieces. Mix the eggs with an equal amount of boiled water. Beat well, salt to suit the taste. Put the eggs in a suitable bowl. Spread the pike on top. Steam for twenty minutes. Garnish with ham and parsley, and serve with oil and sauce.

CHINESE GRAVY

1 teaspoon corn-starch
1 cup stock
½ teaspoon Chinese sauce
Salt, sugar and a few drops of sesamum-seed oil

MIX the corn-starch well in a little cold water; then stir into the boiling stock, and let boil until it thickens. Add the Chinese sauce, salt, sugar and sesamum-seed oil, and stir well.

CHINESE SAUCE
See Yout

BOIL Chinese white beans slowly for six hours. Strain off the beans and expose the bean soup in a big pot placed under the hot sun. The surface of the liquid turns brown and has a top layer. Remove this layer of brown. A little later take off the other layers and so on until there is no brown layer. Add salt to this, and boil. This is called *See Yout* instead of sauce. It can be bought, ready prepared, in any Chinese grocery store.

RICE
Bo Fon

TO ONE cup rice use two and one-half cups of water. Cook in a covered pan over a hot fire until the water has evaporated. Remove to the back of the stove for a few minutes. Then take from the stove and keep the pan covered for ten minutes.

The flavor of the rice is greatly improved by adding butter and salt.

FRIED RICE
Chow Lon Fon

4 bowls cooked rice
¾ pound chicken or pork cut into cubes
2 cups vegetables
5 eggs
1 cup stock or soup

PUT the rice in a hot oiled pan and cook until it changes color, turning frequently. Fry the chicken and vegetables for three minutes in a hot oiled pan. Add cold water and cook for fifteen minutes. Pour off the water and add the rice. Beat the eggs well and add to the rice. Add the soup and continue to cook until the eggs appear to be done.

DRY PORK ON RICE
Lab York Fon

3 cups of rice
1 pound of dry pork

WASH the rice three times. Put in a covered pan with seven cups of water and cook until done.

Place the pork on top of the rice. When dry, remove to the back of the stove. Shake the pan frequently to prevent burning. Remove from the stove and keep the cover on for ten minutes.

Take out the pork and cut into small sizes. Add salt and mix well.

CHINESE FRANKFURTERS ON RICE
Lab Chung Bo Fon

3 cups of rice
6 pairs of frankfurters

WASH the rice three times. Put in a covered pan with seven and a half cups of water and cook until boiled.

Place the frankfurters on top of the rice. When dry, keep over a low fire. Move the pan frequently to prevent burning. Take from the stove and keep the cover on. Take out the frankfurters and cut into small sizes. Add salt and mix well. This makes a very dainty Winter breakfast.

The juice from the frankfurters gives the rice a delicious flavor.

RICE suppers have become a vogue since the success of "The Son-Daughter."

"After a week of constant practise," says Miss Ulric, in discussing her adventures with Chinese food, "my chop-sticks became as easy to use as a knife and fork. It is generally thought that the Chinese use a chop-stick in each hand, but this is a mistake. The chop-sticks are held in the right hand, by the thumb and ring finger, and they are worked by the index and the middle fingers. One remains motionless and the other mancuvers and catches up the fragments of meat and even the smallest particles of rice.

"Class distinction in China is indicated by the sticks. Some are made of bamboo and more precious woods and others of ivory and silver. Poems and pictures sometimes are engraved, and a present of them from one Chinese to another signifies that by their shape they are symbolic of straightforwardness of character.

"When I had thoroughly mastered the art of eating with chop-sticks, my teacher presented me with a scroll of rice paper which contained a pair of sticks. On each, in Chinese characters, were these lines:

"'I often wish to consult my chop-sticks,
Which always taste what is bitter and what is sweet before we do.
But they answer that all good savor comes from the dishes themselves,
And that all that they do is to come and to go.'"



Boiled ham and succulent greens

—it tastes just as good as it looks!

There will be no lagging appetites when the thin, pink slices, steaming with the indescribable fragrance of hot meat, curl away from the knife. For just the touch of a fork breaks them into savory, tempting morsels.

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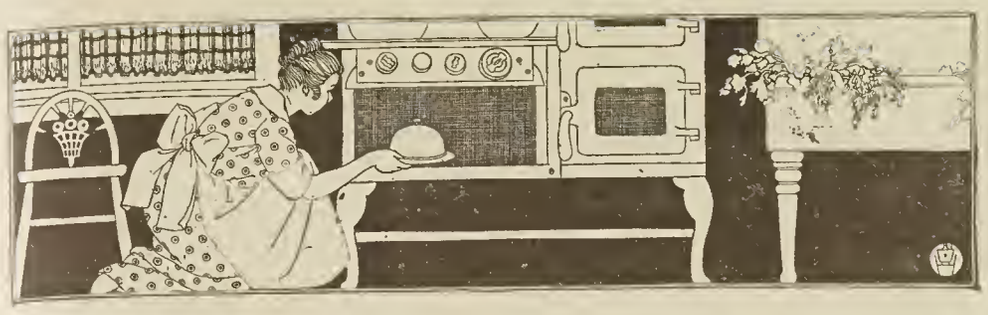
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More Heat — Less Care



MAKING THE MOST OF MEAT

BY GLADYS BECKETT

MEAT is one of the largest items of expense in the housewife's food budget; but when she attempts to retrench by having a few meatless dinners, the family loudly protest that they miss the meat.

What is it that they miss? Not the meat in itself but the stimulating meat flavor, and substitutes seem flat and tasteless beside it. French and Italian housewives have treasured this knowledge and have used small pieces of meat to flavor their omelets, to make their vegetables toothsome, and their macaroni satisfying.

Modern dietetics teaches us that meat in large quantities is not necessary or advisable and that vegetables, milk, and eggs can take its place to decided advantage. When meat is used to flavor the main dish, that is, to replace the steak or roast at dinner, there must be adequate bulk in the form of cereals, vegetables or eggs to satisfy the family's sense of a full plate, and the seasonings which intensify the meat flavor must be selected and combined with care if the dish is to be a success.

Garlic and onion are both good with beef; they should be sliced very fine and well cooked if added to an already cooked mixture. Onion-juice may be obtained, if a delicate flavor is desired, by scraping with the dull edge of a knife across the grain of a cut onion; or just the suggestion of garlic by rubbing the mixing-bowl with the cut end of a clove of garlic that has been dipped in salt.

Curry is good with mutton and rice, or veal and rice combinations, and the flavor is best developed by cooking it in with the meat. A little chilli powder will add zest to any beef dish and takes the place of the long red chilli pepper the Mexicans use so freely in their hot tamales, but use it with a light hand for it is very hot. Worcestershire and other meat sauces give variety and increase the possibilities for flavor.

CURRIED MUTTON WITH RICE

1 clove of garlic
1 onion
2 tablespoons oil
1 pound of mutton cut in ¾-inch cubes
4 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ tablespoon curry powder
2 cups hot water

CUT the garlic and onion in thin slices and fry them in oil. Roll the pieces of mutton in flour mixed with salt and pepper and fry in the oil till well browned. Remove the meat to a kettle; add the onion and oil used in frying, the curry and boiling water. Cook gently till the mutton is tender and the gravy thickened. Add more boiling water if necessary. On a large platter make a border of steamed rice and pile the curried mutton in the center.

STEAMED RICE

1 cup rico
1½ teaspoon salt
3 cups boiling water

PICK over the rice and wash it in several waters. Have the salted boiling water in the upper part of the double boiler, stir in the rice slowly, put on the cover and cook it over water until tender, about one hour.

PORK SCRAPPLE

1½ pound shoulder of pork
1 quart cold water
1 cup corn-meal
2 teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

CUT the pork in small pieces, cracking the bone, and put it into a large kettle; add the cold water and cook until the meat is tender. Remove the bone and measure the liquid remaining in the kettle; add enough water to bring it up to one quart; heat to boiling-point, and stir in the corn-meal, salt and pepper; cook for two hours. The meat will break into shreds as the mixture cooks. Turn the mixture into a greased pan; cool and, when ready to use, cut into one-third-inch slices and sauté. Good pork scrapple should be rich enough to sauté without the addition of other fat.

RICE AND VEAL CUTLETS

1 cup cold cooked rice
1 cup cold finely chopped veal
¼ cup milk
1 egg
2 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon chopped parsley

WARM the rice, chopped veal and milk in the upper part of the double boiler; add the beaten egg, butter and seasonings; cook until the egg thickens. Spread the mixture on a shallow plate to cool and when cool enough to handle easily, shape in the form of cutlets. Roll the cutlet in fine crums, egg and then in crums. Fry in deep fat until a light brown or brush over with oil and brown in a hot oven.

STUFFED PEPPERS

6 green peppers
1 onion
2 tablespoons oil
2 tablespoons flour
½ cup water
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
½ cup cooked ham
½ cup bread-crums

TRIM the stem end and cut a slice from the blossom-end of the peppers; remove the seeds, wash in cold water and parboil the peppers fifteen minutes and put them to drain.

Slice the onion thin and fry it in the oil until brown; remove the onion and add the flour; brown this in the fat; add the water gradually, and the seasonings and cooked ham that has been finely chopped; cook one minute and add the bread-crums. Sprinkle the inside of the peppers with salt, fill with the ham mixture, and bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven. The ham mixture should be moist enough to hold together nicely.

TAMALE PIE

1 pound of beef
2 tablespoons oil
½ teaspoon salt
1 onion
¼ teaspoon pepper
Speck chilli powder
¼ cup raisins
½ cup tomatoes
3 cups liquid (stock and water)
1 cup corn-meal
2 teaspoons salt

CUT the beef in three-fourths-inch cubes and brown in the hot oil. Add water enough to cover and simmer until the meat is tender. Put the meat through a meat-grinder; add the salt, onion chopped fine, pepper, chilli powder, seeded raisins and tomato. If higher flavor is desired, increase any of the seasonings.

Measure the stock from the cooked beef; add water to bring it up to three cups, bring it to boiling-point, stir in the corn-meal and salt and cook for one hour.

Line a buttered baking-dish with the corn-meal mixture. Fill with the seasoned beef and cover over the top with corn-meal. Bake or steam for one hour. Serve hot with tomato sauce.

TOMATO SAUCE

1 cup tomato
1 cup water
1 sprig bay-leaf
1 sprig parsley
1 onion
3 tablespoons fat
4 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

TO THE tomato, add the water, bay-leaf, and parsley and cook in a covered kettle until the tomatoes are soft; strain. Slice the onion and brown in the fat; remove the onion and brown the flour in the fat until a golden brown; add the strained tomato gradually, the salt and pepper. Serve hot.

PASTRY ROLLS

1 cup meat
¼ cup bread-crums
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Stock to moisten
1 tablespoon chopped parsley

PUT the meat through the meat-grinder; add the bread-crums, seasoning, and stock and shape in small rolls. Make a plain pastry mixture using:

1 cup flour
¼ teaspoon salt
5 tablespoons fat
¼ cup water
½ teaspoon baking-powder

MIX and sift the flour, salt, and baking-powder, rub in the fat and add the water; a stiff dough should result. Roll the pastry thin, cut it in strips and wrap it around the rolls of meat. Bake in a hot oven and serve with a brown sauce.

VEAL BIRDS

1½ pound of veal cutlet
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 cup soft bread-crums
3 tablespoons melted butter
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon onion-juice
2 tablespoons oil
Hot water

CUT the veal in individual pieces, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Make a dressing of the bread-crums, melted butter and seasonings. Place a spoonful of dressing in the center of each piece of veal, roll the edges together and skewer with a toothpick or tie in place with a string. Brown the birds in the hot oil; add hot water to cover, cover the pan and cook in a hot oven for forty-five minutes, then remove the cover and bake thirty minutes longer.

BEEF RAGOUT

1 pound of beef
1 onion
2 tablespoons fat
1 bunch celery
2 cups canned tomatoes
½ package cooked spaghetti
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup grated cheese

CUT the meat in one-inch cubes and slice the onion thin. Have the fat hot in a frying-pan, add the meat and onions, fry until brown, stirring constantly. Remove from the fire, and put the meat and fat in a large kettle; add the celery, tomato, the cooked spaghetti, salt and pepper; let it simmer for three hours or until the meat is tender. Add hot water if there is danger of the meat's sticking. Serve hot on a platter and sprinkle the grated cheese over the top just before serving.

STUFFED TOMATOES

6 large tomatoes
½ cup soft bread-crums
½ cup tomato pulp
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ cup chopped cooked ham
½ tablespoon chopped parsley
½ teaspoon salt

WASH the tomatoes well, cut a slice from the stem end and scoop out the seeds and pulp; invert the tomatoes to drain. To the soft bread-crums add the tomato pulp, ham, and seasonings. Sprinkle the inside of the tomatoes with salt, fill with the ham mixture, but do not pack it or the tomatoes will crack during baking. Place the tomatoes in a shallow pan and bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven.



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"LUXURIES" HAS BEEN SUGGESTED AS A FITTING NAME FOR ICE-CREAM-AND-CAKE SANDWICHES

ICE-CREAM AND CAKE

IN NEW COMBINATION

BY FLORA G. ORR

Home-Economics Editor

NEW YORK tea-rooms and soda-fountains are scoring heavily on what we may call to all intents and purposes ice-cream sandwiches.

I fancy the idea may have originated in some clever person's brain when she watched the satisfaction on the faces of those who were served with ice-cream attended by a slice of cake. In fact a few years ago it became the custom, sanctioned by good form and Madame Grundy, to use the ice-cream spoon for eating both the cake and the ice-cream and the establishment of that custom was a step toward the ice-cream sandwich.

These desserts are the last word in ice-cream and cake. They are made with plain cake, ice-cream of various kinds and a sirup of soda-fountain consistency. The sirup takes the place of a frosting on the cake and is, in fact, more harmonious with the general texture of the dessert than a semi-hard frosting would be.

As for the cake to be used—well, there is no definite rule about it, except that it should be a plain unfrosted cake baked in loaf form so that it may be cut into long narrow slices.

Any of the following cake recipes may be used:

GOLD CAKE

¼ cup butter or butter substitute
1 cup sugar
3 egg-yolks
1 egg-white
½ cup milk
1⅓ cup pastry flour
1⅓ teaspoon baking-powder
⅜ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon flavoring

WARM the fat, beat with the sugar until creamy. Add egg-yolks, beat again. Add liquid and sifted dry ingredients. Whole amount of beating should be no more than two minutes. Lastly add vanilla and fold in the stiffly beaten egg-white. Bake in a moderate oven (three hundred and eighty to three hundred and ninety degrees Fahrenheit) for forty-five minutes.

ANGEL CAKE

½ cup egg-whites
½ teaspoon cream of tartar
¾ cup sugar
½ cup pastry flour
½ teaspoon flavoring (vanilla, rose or almond)

BEAT the whites of the eggs until they are stiff, then add the cream of tartar and continue beating until they are perfectly dry. Gradually beat in the sugar and add the flavoring. Gradually fold in the flour which has been sifted three times. Bake in a rectangular loaf in an ungreased pan (use a new tin or an aluminum pan) in a very moderate oven (starting at three hundred and thirty degrees Fahrenheit, gradually increasing to three hundred and sixty degrees) for forty or fifty minutes.

DEVIL'S-FOOD CAKE

2 squares chocolate
½ cup boiling water
1 cup sugar
¼ cup fat
¼ cup sour milk or buttermilk
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon vanilla
1½ cup sifted flour
1 well-beaten egg

MELT the chocolate in the boiling water. Cream together the fat and sugar and add the chocolate mixture, the sour milk, soda, vanilla, sifted flour and lastly the well-beaten egg. Bake in a loaf in a moderate oven (three hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit) for forty-five minutes.

WHITE OR SILVER CAKE

¼ cup butter or butter substitute
1 cup sugar
½ cup milk
1⅓ cup pastry flour
1 teaspoon baking-powder
⅜ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon flavoring
4 egg-whites

CREAM the fat with the sugar, add alternately the milk and the sifted dry ingredients. Lastly fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Bake in a moderate oven (three hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit) for forty-five minutes. Bake as loaf cake.

BUTTER-SCOTCH ALMOND SANDWICH

BETWEEN two long thin slices of gold or silver cake place a serving of vanilla ice-cream. Pour over the whole hot butter-scotch sirup and scatter a tablespoon of salted almonds over.

BUTTER-SCOTCH SIRUP

CARAMELIZE one cup of sugar by stirring it in a saucepan directly over the fire (without adding any water) until it melts and turns a light-brown color. Add two cups of boiling water, one and one-half cup of sugar and allow to simmer until the caramel is dissolved.

CHOCOLATE ICE-CREAM SANDWICH

BETWEEN two long thin slices of silver cake place a serving of vanilla or chocolate ice-cream. Pour over the whole a hot fudge chocolate sauce.

HOT FUDGE CHOCOLATE SAUCE

½ cup sugar
2 cups water
2 squares chocolate
2 teaspoons corn-starch
¼ cup cold water
¼ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons vanilla

MIX together the sugar and water and the grated chocolate. Cook them together until the sugar is dissolved and the chocolate is melted. Then add the corn-starch which has been mixed thoroughly with the cold water and cook for five minutes, stirring constantly. Add the salt and the vanilla.

DEVIL'S-FOOD ICE-CREAM SANDWICH

BETWEEN two long thin slices of plain devil's-food cake place a serving of vanilla or chocolate ice-cream. Pour over the whole a marshmallow sauce made by thinning the commercial marshmallow whip with water.

STRAWBERRY ICE-CREAM SANDWICH—I

BETWEEN two long thin slices of gold or silver cake place a serving of vanilla or strawberry ice-cream and over the whole pour strawberry marshmallow sauce. Garnish with several of the whole berries.

STRAWBERRY-MARSHMALLOW SAUCE

THIN the commercial marshmallow whip with fresh strawberry juice. Beat well together.

STRAWBERRY ICE-CREAM SANDWICH—II

BETWEEN thin slices of gold or silver cake place a serving of vanilla ice-cream and three or four tablespoons of crushed fresh strawberries. Over the whole pour plain marshmallow sauce or whipped cream and garnish with several tablespoons of crushed strawberries.

CHOCOLATE-ÉCLAIR SANDWICH

SPLIT open lengthwise a chocolate éclair shell. Fill with vanilla or chocolate ice-cream. Pour hot fudge sauce over top and garnish with a spoonful of whipped marshmallow or whipped cream.

CREAM-PUFF DE LUXE

INSTEAD of filling a cream-puff with whipped cream or custard, fill it with peach ice-cream and pour over a peach sirup. Top with whipped cream if desired.

PEACH SIRUP

THIN the commercial marshmallow whip with twice the amount of peach sirup from canned peaches.

STRAWBERRY-ÉCLAIR SANDWICH

ICE a plain éclair with strawberry icing, fill with vanilla or strawberry ice-cream and put two tablespoons of fresh, crushed berries with the cream. Over all pour strawberry-marshmallow sauce.

STRAWBERRY ICING

MIX sifted powdered sugar with fresh strawberry-juice until of the consistency to spread.

DEVIL'S-FOOD SURPRISE WITH COCONUT

MAKE devil's-food cake in the form of cup-cakes. Out of the center of each cake cut a round portion and fill with vanilla or chocolate ice-cream. Pour over this chocolate-fudge sauce, whipped cream or marshmallow sauce. Other cake may be treated in the same way. Shredded cocoanut, chopped almonds or walnuts may be sprinkled over all.

PINEAPPLE CAKE

PLACE a thin slice of angel cake on a plate, pour over a fairly thick layer of crushed pineapple or other fruit and put vanilla ice-cream on top of all. Garnish with a spoon of whipped cream.



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EAT WHAT YOU WANT
PROVIDED YOU OBEY CERTAIN RULES

BY FLORA G. ORR
Home-Economics Editor

Why are we so often tempted to eat too much of things that we know should be used in moderation? Perhaps it is because, all unknown to ourselves, our meals have not been well rounded or completely satisfying. Try the rules given here. Then you will be surprised to see how easy it is to be good. This first article had to deal with milk, and there was so much to say about milk that the article got no farther. Watch future issues for fruits and vegetables to have their innings.

THE scene may be a cafeteria. Down the line straggle the fat and the thin, the big man and the little woman, the college boy who has been out skating and the stenographer who sits all day at a desk. There is nothing more telltale than the trays they bring past the cashier's desk. It is sad but true—people do not know how to eat.

Let me tell you something about them. That fat woman is trying to reduce in weight. But on her tray I see a double portion of butter, white potatoes, sweet potatoes, macaroni and cheese, and a rich dessert with a great deal of whipped cream. She is fond of sweets, and there seems little likelihood that she will ever neglect starches.

That thin man, however, seems to be inordinately fond of protein. He chooses baked beans, roast beef and a cup custard for dessert. The little stenographer seems to be attracted by the desserts. A piece of pie *à la mode* is her idea of a good lunch. The boy with the skates over his shoulder has one idea only, and that is to eat a great deal. He will be troubled the least of any of these persons, because of his ceaseless activity and the out-of-door sports which consume perhaps more of his time than his Latin professor thinks quite warranted. But the college athlete as well as the business man ought to know how to eat.

Inefficiency in business, failures in school and college studies, the all too general run-down feeling, and even premature old age may all be the results of faulty nutrition. It pays to learn about foods.

These cafeteria diners I have just been telling you about, are quite ordinary people with quite ordinary eating faults and failings. They have their troubles because of these faults and failings. I have been watching them for years. And if you are just such an ordinary person, who gets a bit confused when confronted by a menu card for a line-up of foods such as the cafeteria offers, or if in your kitchen you are puzzled in these days of high prices to know how to feed your family in the way they should go, I want to put you on the right track.

MILK COMES FIRST

I MIGHT tell you first about the classification of foods and how to plan a meal, but I will do that a little later. I might take up diets for special cases, such as the fat woman or the thin man or the anemic girl. I will do that a little later also.

But first of all, I want to say that every normal person needs milk, and needs a great deal of it. It does not matter whether you are rich or poor, young or old. To be at your best you must have milk.

The best way for a family eating at home is to order the milkman to leave every day one quart of milk for each child under ten, and one pint for each older person. Then it is up to the mother, or whoever plans the meals, to see that this milk is used. If you are "eating around," getting enough milk means care on your part. Right at this point I want to register a strong recommendation of the "vegetable dinner and milk-to-drink" luncheon for business men and women, and all others who lead lives at all sedentary in character.

Of course strong statements about the value of milk can hardly be a surprise to you. Many writers have told you that milk should be regarded as a food, not as a drink.

But do you yet fully understand that within the milk-bottle lies the determination of your children's growth and development and your own best chances for health and achievement and protection from that deadening of powers which we know as old age?

MILK KEEPS YOU WELL

IT IS not one thing alone that makes milk so valuable but a combination of several things. Within recent years we have learned a new term "vitamine." Vitamines are health-protectors. If we are to have good health it is necessary for us to get them in our food.

Most of the experts seem to be agreed that there are three of these health-protectors so far discovered. Milk contains at least two of them.

INTRODUCING HEALTH-PROTECTOR NUMBER ONE

THERE is a certain substance which we must get in our food or various unpleasant things may happen. To this the scientists have given the grim title of Fat Soluble A.

There is a certain type of eye disease, called xerophthalmia, which develops among persons who do not get enough of this substance. An interesting thing reported by an English food expert is that poor teeth may be indirectly caused by a lack of it in our foods. Children fail to grow and develop normally unless they have plenty of it. Adults need it too. There is evidence that a lack of it means less alertness, less initiative, less efficiency. It may be, too, that unless we get plenty of it we are more susceptible to disease. For the more up-to-the-mark our bodies are, the less chance have the undesirable microbes to "make a killing" on us. *Use milk (or cream or butter) to get this mysterious ingredient of the diet.*

ANOTHER FRIEND WITH AN ODD NAME

MILK also contains a second essential substance known by the cheerful name of Water Soluble B. However, there is so little of danger in ordinary mixed American meals of not getting enough of this material, that only brief mention will be made of it here.

If we did not get it in our food, of course we would soon realize that something was wrong. Without this vitamine, beriberi, a disease which is a sort of paralysis soon sets in. We find this disease occurring in Oriental countries where the diet may be limited to polished rice and fish. The reason why I have indicated that it is not for this second essential that we need to drink milk, is not because this is unimportant, but because it is so easy to get that we hardly need to think about it. It is in all foods in fairly large amounts, excepting in highly milled flours and meals and other cereals, fats, sugars and starches. There are only traces of it in fish.

All that we have to think about to know that we are getting enough of the second vitamine is to be sure that we are not eating these foods alone. For example, do not try to live on cornbread, salt pork and molasses alone, or on white bread, butter and sugar alone. Graham or whole-wheat bread would contain it, however, and a diet consisting solely of Graham bread and butter would be safer than a diet consisting only of white bread and butter.

But it is rarely that we would ever attempt to exist on a diet so limited as any one of these, though the man camping by himself in the woods might meet such a problem. If the suggestions of this article are followed along other lines there will be no trouble.

Liberal amounts of it are in all natural foodstuffs: grains that have not been highly milled, such as unpolished rice, oatmeal and so forth, meat, vegetables, fruits, eggs and milk as I have already indicated. In other words, other foods besides milk are good to use for getting this second essential of our diet.

In milk, however, there are many important things which we can get from no other food as well as from milk. The fat soluble vitamine is one, but there are other things too, for example, its wonderful quality of tissue-building protein and its lime.

THIRD, THE ARCH ENEMY OF SCURVY

THE third and last of the peculiar health-promoting substances is distinguished for its power to prevent scurvy. It is known as Water Soluble C.

Milk, at least when it has been Pasteurized, does not have enough of the scurvy-preventing vitamine to take care of our needs. When we are using Pasteurized milk we must take care to get this in other ways. Oranges, tomatoes, raw cabbage and carrots are the foods which prevent scurvy.

Milk should come first, because of its power to build up the body. It is important to get enough protein food of the right kind. For as the muscular tissue of our bodies breaks down it must be built up again. In the case of the growing child or youth, not only repair work but also new building is going on.

There is protein in a good many foods: meats, eggs, gelatin and nuts, for example. Of the seeds, peas and beans are fairly rich in protein, while cereals such as wheat, rye, oats, corn, rice and barley have less. Seed proteins are nowhere nearly as valuable proteins as milk protein. They do not seem to have everything necessary to make muscle. But particularly when we are trying to live cheaply we have to get some of our protein from cereals and from peas and beans. We can do this if we are careful to use milk with the seeds, for milk makes up what they lack. In other words, to keep us healthy, seed proteins must be used with milk proteins. Thus Graham bread and milk is in many respects a good meal, and breakfast cereals eaten with plenty of milk are particularly nourishing.

EVERY DAY

1. You need at least one pint of milk.
2. To get enough of the tissue-building material, eat in addition to your pint of milk, ordinary amounts of bread, cereals, fruits and green vegetables; have meat once a day if you prefer, or eat an egg, some cheese, beans or nuts.
3. Use oranges, tomatoes, raw cabbage and carrots to prevent scurvy.
4. Use some of the iron foods of which the following are good examples:

Spinach	Lean beef	Raisins
Cabbage	Egg-yolk	Prunes

5. Use all fruits and vegetables generously.
6. Use fats, starches and sugars for fuel foods. Weigh yourself regularly to see if you are getting enough fuel or more fuel than you need.

"It's all very well to talk about milk, but I don't like milk, and it's hard to get the children to drink that quart every day too." Can't you just hear somebody saying it?

Now if that is your problem, an answer is already waiting for you here in THE DELINEATOR *office. Miss Orr has prepared a number of recipes to show you how you can disguise milk in dishes that the family will welcome royally.*

If you want these recipes write to Miss Flora G. Orr, Home-Economics Editor, DELINEATOR *Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.*

A PET THEORY EXPLODED

IN FORMER years, more than to-day, we were apt to eat more protein than we needed. We used to believe that muscular work caused muscular tissue to break down, and so we believed when a man did hard work he had to have more meat or other protein food.

This theory has long since been exploded. We know now that the muscle tissue breaks down at exactly the same rate whether we are working hard plowing a field of corn, or whether we are lying in bed reading a novel. Any extra work we do simply means that we have to have more fuel. And to take protein for fuel is both extravagant for the pocketbook and may be hard on the body. Intestinal trouble, overworked kidneys and other ills may be the direct result of eating too much protein food, especially too much meat.

The United States Department of Agriculture in a recent examination of what typical American families eat, found that about one hundred and sixty families out of five hundred were getting too little protein. It seems necessary, therefore, to caution people to get enough protein as well as to advise against overtaxing the body with too much.

TO GET ENOUGH TISSUE-BUILDING MATERIAL

IF YOU drink your pint of milk every day you will be getting from it almost two-thirds of the total amount of protein you need for the day. The bread, cereals, fruits and green vegetables that you eat can furnish some protein. In addition, have meat once during the day if you prefer, or eat an egg, some cheese, beans or nuts.

Here is an important point about protein. Children and young men and women up to twenty-five years of age need more of it in proportion to their weight than older persons do. This is true of the total amount of food needed also. Thus it may happen that the boy of fifteen who goes to school needs as much or more protein food than his father who is working hard with his hands all day long.

The quart of milk, with the yolk of one egg per day, gives the child plenty of protein up until the time he or she is about three years old. At that time the quart of milk should be supplemented with some cereals and one whole egg each day. This holds true until the age of ten or twelve years. The amount of well-cooked cereals eaten will, of course, constantly increase as the child grow larger. After ten, meat may be given to the child occasionally.

Through adolescence and youth a pint or more of milk, combined with bread and cereals in desired amounts, and meat, fish or poultry once a day or one or two eggs, some cheese, beans or nuts will furnish enough protein.

DRINK MILK FOR ITS LIME

IN THE recent survey of what five hundred American families eat, the Department of Agriculture found out another vital thing, namely, that the American family is liable not to get enough minerals in its food.

Three minerals that we need are lime, phosphorus and iron. We need lime in order to have strong bones and teeth. Out of two hundred families, about fifty were not getting enough lime. If these families had been following the standard for milk which I have given here, this point could not have been made against them. Milk is the very best food to use for getting lime. And just the pint a day which you need for other reasons will completely take care of you as far as lime is concerned.

KEEP THE BLOOD NON-ACID

ON ACCOUNT of its lime and certain other minerals, the ash that milk leaves in the body after it is burned, is an alkaline ash. This is another strong point for milk. We should always try to eat so that there will be more alkaline ash than acid ash in our bodies. For if we want the best of health, the blood should always be alkaline, or at least non-acid. Some of the foods that leave an acid ash are meat, cereals and eggs. Some of the foods leaving an alkaline ash are vegetables and fruits and milk. Certain foods such as pure fats, starch and sugar do not leave any ash at all.

Naturally, when we think of using canned or dried milk we begin to wonder whether heat used to put it in this form has robbed it of its vitamines. Usually it does not seem to lose the first and second of these special substances to any extent. However, even Pasteurizing milk makes it lose a good deal of the scurvy-preventing vitamine. And the heat used to dry or evaporate milk makes it also lose large amounts of this substance. Orange-juice should always be given to a baby who must live on dried or evaporated milk.

Dried and evaporated milk are very valuable products. They still contain the fat soluble vitamine, unless the cream was removed from the milk used, the second vitamine, all the lime, and just as valuable protein as ever.

The plan to save the children of France and Belgium by sending large amounts of dried milk until the dairy herds of these countries could be replenished was an excellent scheme.

Of course dried *skim*-milk could never be used just as it is for a baby food, and it is particularly commendable of the companies which sell it that they are careful to say that when dried skim-milk is to be used for babies some cream must be added. This precaution makes sure that the vitamine which is in butter-fat will be given to the child. Moreover, the child should have orange-juice to get the scurvy-preventing vitamine.

Valuable as the dried and evaporated milks are, do not make the mistake of buying such milk for the babies rather than fresh milk when it can be obtained. The very best milk for infants is the high-grade certified milk which does not require Pasteurization; next to that comes the Pasteurized milk, in connection with which it is always recommended that orange-juice be given.

MILK CURES ANOTHER DISEASE

BESIDES beriberi and xerophthalmia there is another disease partly caused by a wrong diet—pellagra. In pellagra there are digestive and skin disturbances, sore mouth and sometimes nervous troubles. It does not seem to be true that it is just a lack of one vitamine or lack of any one other particular thing which causes pellagra. Dr. E. V. McCollum of Johns Hopkins University, a distinguished authority upon nutrition, believes that pellagra is caused by a lack of protein of the right kind, a lack of minerals, and a lack of the vitamine which is in butter-fat—these three. No one is quite sure but what there may be infection by bacteria as well. The interesting point is that pellagra can be cured by drinking milk every day. Drinking the milk allowance I have given will prevent pellagra.

MILK NOT A PERFECT FOOD

MILK comes nearer being a complete food for infants than it does for grown persons. Infants have a reserve of iron stored up in their little bodies when they are born; so, until they are three years of age, the lack of iron in milk does not seriously disturb them. Moreover, as an adult's only food milk would be constipating, because it lacks bulkiness. Nevertheless, milk is, even for an adult, the most important food.

why is Crisco a more desirable cooking fat?

—because it makes such tender, flaky pastry.

—because it makes cakes which taste as if made with butter, but at much less cost.

—because it fries without waste.

Crisco makes tender, flaky pastry because it is so rich. It is simply choice vegetable oil, hardened by a special process into pure, creamy white shortening, 100% rich. It contains no salt, moisture, adulterants nor preservatives.

Crisco is delightful in cakes because it is so delicate. It has no taste, no odor, no color. Make two similar cakes, one with butter, the other with Crisco, plus salt, (one level teaspoonful of salt for every cupful of Crisco) and the cakes, when baked, will look alike, taste alike, be alike, except that the Crisco cake will have cost much the less.

Crisco makes deep frying economical because so little is absorbed or cooked away in the frying process. Almost all the Crisco remains in the kettle after the frying is finished. This used Crisco is good to use again and again, because it retains no taste of anything that has been cooked in it. Not a drop has to be wasted.



Crisco is *never* sold in bulk. It always comes in this sanitary, dust-proof container, packed *net weight*, in one pound and larger packages. Accept nothing else. Get it from your grocer.



Do Your Meals Cost Too Much?

In trying to give your family variety in foods, do you spend more than you have planned for your meals? Then you will like our new cook book, "Recipes for Everyday," which gives 300 new recipes for delicious, inexpensive dishes—just the kind of food that everyone likes, and that the cook likes, too, because they are easy to prepare. Recipes originated by Janet McKenzie Hill, founder of the Boston Cooking School and editor of "American Cookery." Illustrated in color. Sent for only 10 cents postage. Address Department F-5, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS - EST. 1837 -



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REGARDLESS of the occasion—whether a family meal, an informal luncheon, or a formal dinner—the silverware is always conspicuous.

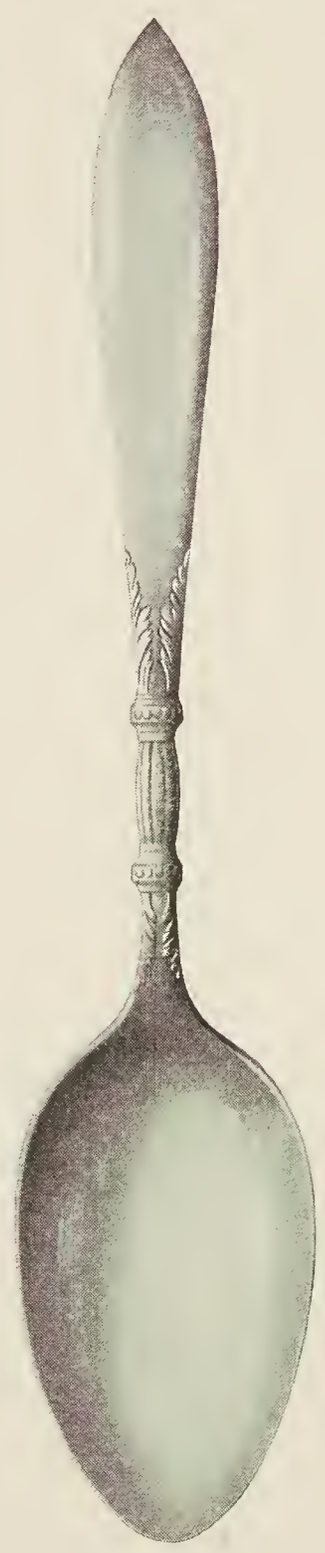
Every woman, of course, desires to have her silver service of the same design. She can do this easily and with exceedingly good taste and judgment if her choice is 1847 Rogers Bros.

In this attractive and beautiful silverware, she can select her Tea or Coffee Service to match her Knives, Forks, and Spoons, and all in the quality that for over seventy years has caused the name 1847 Rogers Bros. to be recognized everywhere as supreme in its line.

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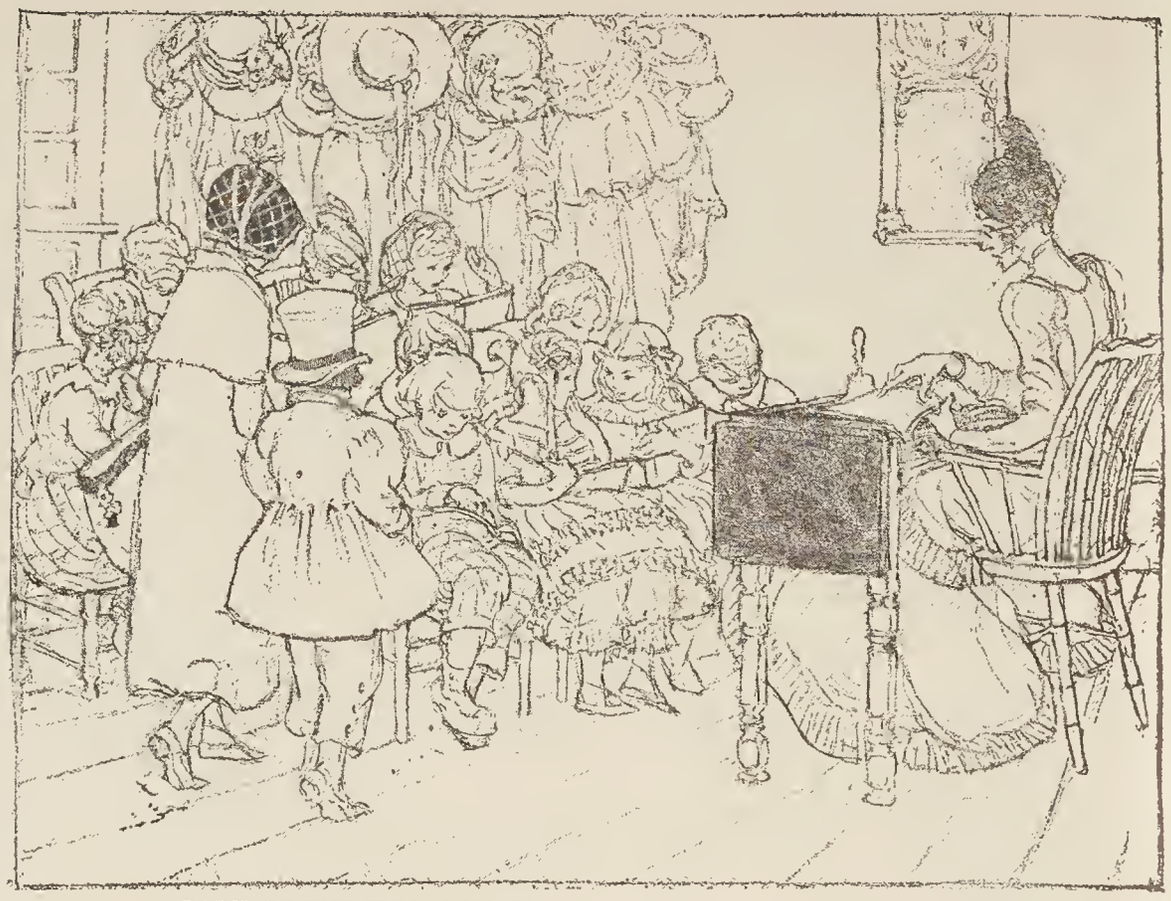


QUEEN ANNE PATTERN

The Family Plate for Seventy Years



1847 ROGERS BROS.
SILVERWARE



PART OF THE FUN IS TO BE GARBED AGAIN LIKE YOUNGSTERS

AN OLD-SCHOOL WEEK

BY EDNA ERLE WILSON

JUST a year ago Bigville had its great idea. Bigville is a village snuggled down among the hills of New England, but the idea would work just as well in Bigville, Kansas, or in Bigville, Maryland.

It can be guaranteed to resurrect the life that passes down any town's Main Street, whether that thoroughfare is lined with poplars or palms. For although there are thousands of Bigvilles in these United States, differing somewhat in traditions, interests and municipal government, these towns and villages all have ono thing in common, that is a high school.

Bigville's great idea originated in the large brick building that stands at one end of Main Street, and in and out of whose doors most of the town's population has passed in its first quest of knowledge. When somebody suggested that it would be a good plan to have a reunion of the pupils of tho town's one institution of learning at commencement time, the idea was hailed with derision by some and delight by others.

However, the delights carried the day and the idea became the livest kind of a reality, and the most revivifying one that had happened to the sleepy little village since the days when it fought the Indians.

INVITATIONS were sent broadcast to all the onee-upon-a-time pupils of the school. These missives found their way out to California and down to Florida. One was dropped into the letter-box of the stately country home of a famous lawyer who some thirty-odd years before was only a red-headed mischievous school-boy. Another lay on the hall-table of a New York apartment-house until it was eagerly pouneed upon by an energetic young woman who, during her pigtail days, was the captain of Bigville's high-school basket-ball team and is now athletic direetor of a metropolitan playground.

Wherever these invitations were received, they revived memories and started a train of thought traveling backward until the inevitable result was the purchase of a railroad tickct home. Nor were they remarkable in wording, for they read simply:

Bigville
Requests your presence at its
Old-School Weck

FROM May twentieth to the twenty-seventh college reunions are as settlcd an institution as commeneement itself. Although college friendships are near and dear, those formed at high school are equally precious. Therefore each train that stopped at Bigville toward the end of May deposited a load of men and women returning to live over their school-days.

Hotels, boarding-houses and private homes overflowed with their quota of guests. And the town's streets were packed from morning to evening with groups of people on their way to the high school where activities ecntered.

Everywhere banners and pennants, dating from the early days of the school's existence and a little faded, floated side by side with later brighter ones. Flags added a splash of color, too, and flowers from everybody's gardens brightened the inside of the high school. Through the center of the town, down Main Strcet, certain blocks were decorated with cheese-cloth and bunting, flags and banners, evergreen ropes and flowers. Here there was usually a band playing, and during the evening any one who felt inspired to dance would find a space cleared and plenty of partners waiting on the sidewalk.

OF COURSE an affair of this nature, which was so closely tied up with the town's history, development and firesides, was too big to get by without some kind of a formal opening. In Bigville's case this event oecupied the first plaee on the weck's program, starting off with an address of welcome by the mayor, and ending with talks by anybody who wanted to speak.

The speeches were followed by a class parade. This feature was arranged by the entertainment committee, who divided the guests into groups, according to the year they had graduated from the high school. In each class the president, if he or she happened to be present, acted as leader. In the absence of the president, a vice-president or some other officer substituted.

Each class prepared with impromptu costumcs and properties some characteristic stunt or float for the parade. The parade then marched to the stirring strains of the town band down the main streets of thc town and back to the school grounds. Here it passed in review before the judge's stand, where the decisions for the funniest and most characteristic stunts were given.

The next day the guests found tacked up in the main corridor of the high school a large blue poster which, in orange-colored letters, exhorted everybody to:

See Bigville
In a Pcrsonally Conducted Tour of the Town
Cars Lcave the High-School Building at
Two o'clock Tuesday Afternoon
Sign for reservations in the office

AT THE appointed hour a number of automobiles, requisitioned for this event, drew up before the brick building. The cars were decorated in the school colors of blue and orange and each ear boasted a guide, who was armed with a giant megaphone through which he boosted the town's good points, both historic and modern. Some of his remarks were informing and others were extremely amusing, with a roguish vein of good-natured sarcasm running through them.

After the town had been thoroughly covered, the procession stopped at the large country home of a patriotic citizen, where the guests were entertained at a delicious luncheon, served on the lawn under the trces. As a souvenir of the occasion each guest was presented with an artistic folder, containing views of the town, with a snap-shot of the high school ornamenting the cover.

Athletic events were held both on the school grounds and in the town park, and perhaps no feature of the week's entertainment offered such a genuine opportunity for yesterday's pupils to shake off their years and limber up their spirits and their muscles. Dignified lawyers and gray-haired M. D.s engaged in basketball and baseball with all the spontaneity and mirth of their high-school days. Thcse games called forth shrieks of mirth not only from the audience but also from the players, who frankly confessed to being out of practise.

NOR were the feminine visitors left out. Special games were arranged in which they enthusiastieally participated. A Blind Chariot Race, an Awkward Eating Race, a Suit-case Race, and an Aviation Meet were some of the features listed in the athletic event.

A regular track meet was arranged for a certain day. For this event the colors of given classes were made beforchand and pinned to each man and woman as he or she entered. When ready for the event, the representatives of each class took their places under their banners in a eorner of the grounds, while class songs and yells were given by the audience.

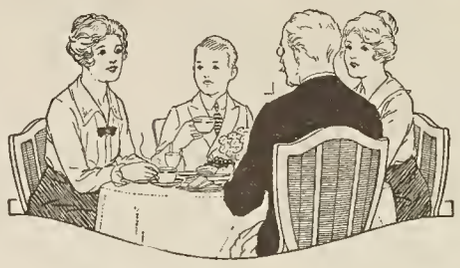
A manager with a megaphone called out the events and an equal number of representatives from each class came to the center of the grounds and competed for honors. The events consisted of real running and jumping, interspersed with moek contests such as a Running High Squeal, a Vocal High Jump, an Apple Throw, a Yard Dash, or a Cripple Race.

Amateur theatricals were opportunities for resurrecting class history and jokes. The entertainment committee arranged that these evening dramatic programs should be in charge of certain classes on given days and the rehearsals for these productions were fully as enjoyable as the finished production.

One class diseovered in the school files a copy of the Class Prophecy which had been read by a trembling youth on their graduation day some twenty years ago. The author pretended to go into a trance, and by looking into the future she saw what each member of the class would be doing a certain number of years hence.

That period of time had now elapsed, and while the prophet enacted his rôle of seer, the members acted out the parts assigned to them on that far-away day. Needless to say, none of the rôles seemed to fit. The man who had been assigned to the army was in a bank, the

Concluded on page 122



Hospitality Made Easy

Through the Art of Biscuitry

By AGNES CARROLL HAYWARD

WHAT a comfortable sound the word "hospitality" used to have! Didn't it bring up visions of bountifully laden side-boards, cold joints of meats, roast hams, young pigs and myriad other good things of long departed days?

To the woman who keeps up to the times—whether she live on Rural Route Five or Fifth Avenue, Hospitality means Biscuitry—one suggests the other. And Biscuitry—the art discovered and perfected by the National Biscuit Company—means placing in the hands of the women of the nation the solution of the problem of hospitality.

Hospitality begins at home!

A woman owes much to her family—and much to herself. In this day and age, nobody loves a self-labeled martyr, even if that labeling does mean well-cooked, elaborate meals. We don't tell our guests how hard we worked and how long it took us to get a particular meal. Then why in the name of reason, should we tell our families?

So back to Biscuitry again—as the cure for most of the housewife's embarrassments.

Biscuitry covers all the meals of the day—before, after, and between as well.

Even for breakfast: Have you ever tried Oysterettes and milk in place of the ordinary cereal? They're delicious! If you want a hot cereal, heat the milk and crisp the crackers in the oven just before serving; or use Uneeda Biscuit, Graham or Oatmeal Crackers in the same way. A few Uneeda Biscuit crumbled in with scrambled eggs when they are first put in the pan, makes the eggs go "farther"—and quicker.

For luncheons—formal or house-cleaning time—there's nothing so necessary as a full round of biscuit.

Soups—consommes, purees, chowders, in fact the whole family of soups, are bettered by close association with Oysterettes. They're always just right, and when heated before serving, are preferable to croutons, besides being lots less work.

For creamed dishes, use Uneeda Biscuit instead of toast.

For croquettes and all escalloped dishes, crisp Uneeda Biscuit crumbs again score. They are lighter and more delicious than bread crumbs.

Who isn't fond of cottage cheese? Then try it with Uneeda Biscuit and jam. Just be sure there's enough of it!

For salads there's a whole regiment of biscuit standing at attention.

Cheese crackers are delicious with almost any kind of salad. Saltines are snappy bits, tangy as the name suggests, while the Saratoga Flake has a most aristocratic slender shape that fits it for all social functions.

As for desserts! Could you ever imagine anything better than short-cake? And if the maid or the fire happens to be out, open a package of Lorna Doone and proceed as per usual; serve them with fruits of any kind, fresh, stewed or mixed and a little whipped cream, and you have the most delightful dessert you ever dreamed about. Shortbread is very apt to be soggy and tasteless and over-rich. Lorna Doone are always the same, just rich enough, yet crumbly and delicious. Once you know them, you'll never go back to the old hit-or-miss shortbread—your family won't let you!

But you won't want short-cake all the time—good as it is—so serve your fruit with Nabisco, when you want to make an impression. Did you ever try serving nice, plump, properly chilled strawberries on a bed of green leaves with a dainty plate of Nabisco? Try it! You'll have a new respect for strawberries.

Gelatine desserts of all kinds beg for Nabisco, Anola or Ramona, those feathery confections that make an instant appeal to every appetite. Ice creams, plain or fancy, need the final touch of these fairy wafers.

For dinners, too, Biscuitry is just as important a factor for success. On hot days—for the family or for guests—can you think of anything simpler or more seductive than a tall pitcher filled with grape punch and served with Nabisco or the chocolate-flavored Ramona? A few lemons, oranges, or other fruit to flavor your beverage, and an assortment of wafers, and you are prepared to withstand any company siege.

Picnics, at a moment's notice, are made possible through Biscuitry, while camping becomes a real joy—even for the cook—if biscuit are included in the provision list. Sandwiches of all sorts are delightful when crisp Uneeda Biscuit are used in place of bread, and are much easier to prepare.

It seems time for a plea for simplified hospitality. In other words, a simple repast, easily prepared, daintily served, leaves both guests and hostess in a happy frame of mind. The reverse is what every woman knows. If a hostess is worried over her food, how can she keep her guests from having that same uncomfortable feeling?

Good cooks are rare; any sort of servant is hard to find—harder to keep.

The Art of Biscuitry then has everything to commend it. Unwavering excellence of product particularly commends it because there is no variation from the exact methods which obtain in the immaculate plants of the National Biscuit Company. Cleanliness, for the same reason. Purity, too, because only the very best materials are used to produce the delectable goodness for which Biscuitry is famed. Wholesome, of course! And famous In-er-seal Trade Mark packages keep the products fresh, crisp and perfect until served.

There is not a meal that does not call for one or more of the biscuit family—in fact, a most delightful meal can be made from almost any one of them.

What kiddie wouldn't welcome a bowl of milk and crackers, Uneeda, Oatmeal or Graham? And for parties, all you need is to furnish them with plenty of animal crackers, cocoa or milk, and they'll ask nothing better.

And teach your children the fine virtue of hospitality—let them give their own parties and see how quickly they will rally under the Biscuitry standard.

So it would seem that the woman who does not avail herself of this wonderful art of Biscuitry is spending as much unnecessary time and energy as if she persisted in doing her own spinning and weaving.

Hours of time now spent in unnecessary work may be saved, to say nothing of fuel and materials so oft-times wasted.

Tempers, too, what a saving on them!

And Hospitality will become—even in these servantless days of high prices—a real joy to the woman who has command of Biscuitry.



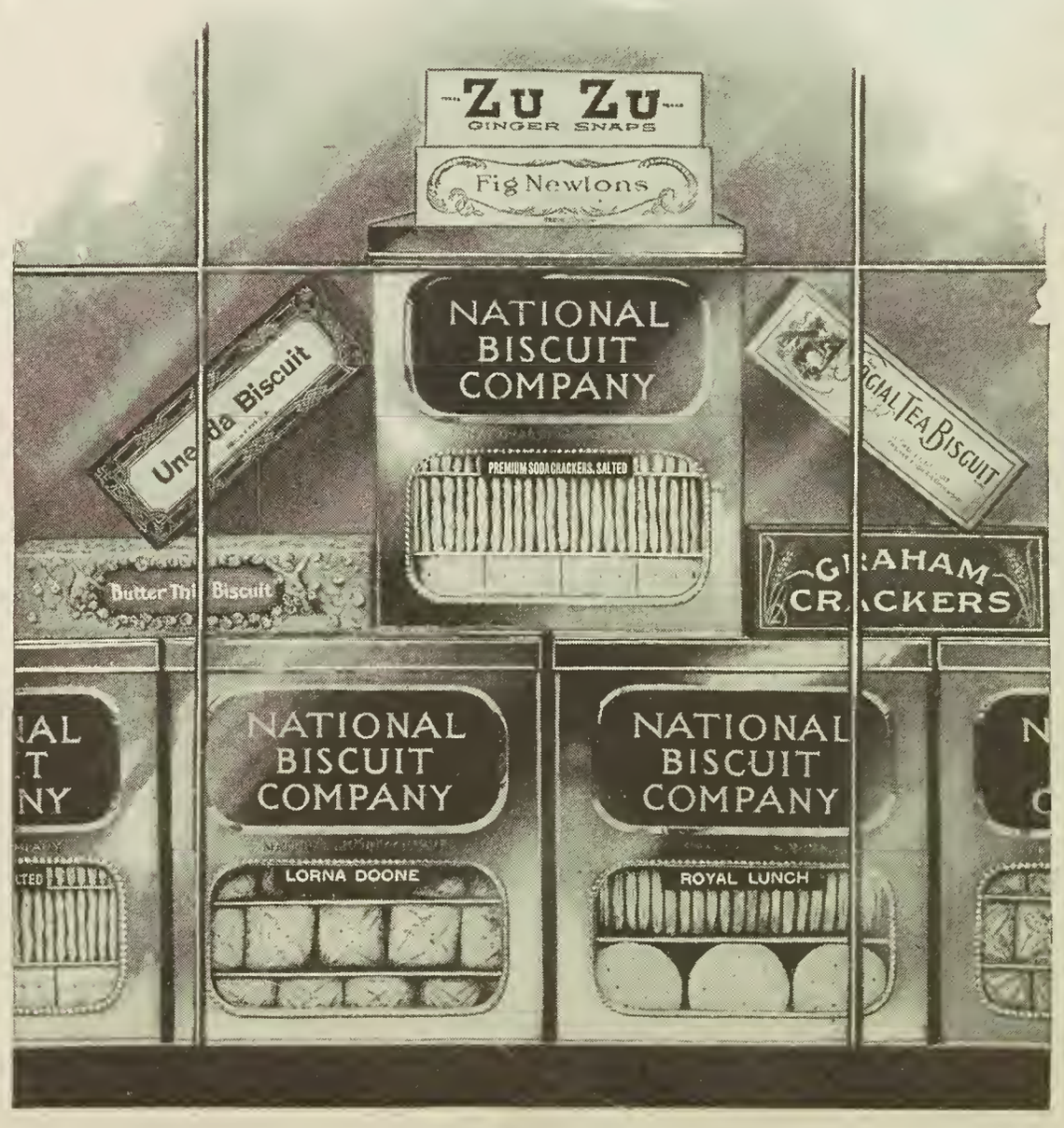
In Store Everywhere —N. B. C. Goodness

FROM small country shops to great city stores throughout the land there awaits constantly an ever-fresh, ever-appetizing and ever-reliable supply of National Biscuit Company products to appeal to a nation's love of good things.

There's an N. B. C. product for every course and in-between occasion. You will buy these famous biscuit for their nourishing wholesomeness. You will eat more and more of them because they are so positively tempting.

They solve many a baking and serving problem because they are always and everywhere at your instant command.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY





SIMPLE GOOD TIMES

AS SHOWN BY GREENWICH VILLAGE

BY HELEN WOODBURY

IT WAS a cold, rainy day in early Spring. A driving wind whipped the rain into our faces in long sidewise strokes. With hunched shoulders and chattering teeth we splashed our way along Fifth Avenue and through the puddles on Washington Square.

"Let's drop into Suzanne's and get dried out before going on," Margaret called to me through the sound of rain splashing on the pavement and the wind tossing the bare boughs of the trees on the square.

"Don't know who Suzanne is!" I panted back, wrestling with my umbrella as the wind tried to twist it from my stiffening fingers. "But if she can offer me a place out of this wind and rain, she'll make a friend of me, that's sure."

So I found myself a few minutes later trailing a watery path behind Margaret as she led me up three flights of stairs in one of those houses facing the Square, whose dignified red-brick front and stately arched doorway successfully gulls the innocent into believing it is still an aristocratic private dwelling, instead of having long ago degenerated into a rooming-house, or studio building, as their kind is called in Greenwich Village.

With that cozy sense of shelter quickly stealing over me, that always comes when one has battled with the elements and has at last gained cover, I watched Margaret knock on a door on the top floor. Already I had forgotten my wet, oozing shoes in the thought of a bright crackling open fire and perhaps a steaming cup of tea.

I saw Margaret knock again and still again. There was no answer.

A numbing fear came over me. I added a loud, prolonged knock on Suzanne's door. With strained ears we waited for some answering footsteps within.

"She isn't at home," Margaret announced.

SUDDENLY I was aware of my wet feet and bedraggled skirt. I had never felt so cold and tired and forlorn in all my life.

"Margaret," I said solemnly, "I've made an intensive study of all the oaths in Shakespeare so that I could adequately meet just such an emergency as this. Now I'm going to——"

"Wait!" Margaret cried as she swooped down on a slip of paper half hidden under the door.

She opened it and read its hastily written scrawl at a glance.

"I might have known it!" she exclaimed triumphantly.

I took the note and read:

DEAR YOU-WHO-HAVE-COME-TO-VISIT-ME:

I am mighty sorry I have to be away this afternoon and so will miss seeing you. Please go into the studio, however, and make yourself at home. You'll find the key under the rug in the hall. The fire is ready to light and I've filled the tea-kettle. You'll see the tea-ball, with some crackers and jam, on the table.

Please go in and make yourself at home. There's a corking yarn on page seventeen of the magazine on the table. SUZANNE.

P. S.—If your shoes are wet and you wear 4's, you're welcome to my slippers. They're somewhere in the closet back of the screen.

Half an hour later, stretched out in one of Suzanne's deep, wide chairs before the fire, my feet cozily incased in her warm slippers, in one hand my third cup of fragrant tea, and in the other a cracker generously topped with strawberry jam, I surveyed, outside, with a comfortable air of detachment, the dripping, wind-lashed world.

A silence had fallen between Margaret and me, so deep that it fairly purred contentment.

With an effort I broke it.

"When you saw Suzanne's note under the door, why did you exclaim, 'I might have known it!'?" I asked.

"It would have been so unlike Suzanne to leave nothing but a locked door for a passing friend. Especially," Margaret added with a glance toward the window, "on a rainy afternoon like this."

FOR a few minutes I pondered over her words in silence.

"Then," I ventured at last, "is it one of the inexorable laws of hospitality in Greenwich Village that one's apartment——"

"Studio," corrected Margaret sternly.

"One's studio," I went on, blushing over my slip (back home we called them flats!) "should always be left open to possible guests on a rainy afternoon?"

Margaret shot me a keen glance to see if I were slyly poking fun at her beloved Village. But as I was intensely in earnest, she suddenly melted into one of her charming moments of confidence.

"Of course that isn't what I mean," she said. "This just happens to be Suzanne's way of being hospitable. If you knew her, you would know why I wasn't surprised that it was so original. But the point is, you'll find every one down here in Greenwich Village is hospitable in his or her own way. And I don't know why it is," she added, "but the hospitality here seems more spontaneous and genuine and of the heart-to-heart kind, than anywhere else I know."

During my several years of intimate acquaintance with Greenwich Village I have often thought of Margaret's words. For they were true. Whatever this so-called little Bohemian corner of New York may or may not be contributing to the fine arts, assuredly it gives to all who seek it in the right spirit the fine art of hospitality.

To-day, when life has grown so infinitely complex and harassed for time that hospitality is in danger of degenerating into profuseness or becoming lost altogether in the rush and tumble of daily affairs, what more sincere contribution to the world than this?

Some will give you romantic reasons for the hospitality in Greenwich Village. They will recall to you the olden days when Admiral Peter Warren and others, finding life in the little Dutch settlement on the lower end of Manhattan Island already becoming too crowded and breathing too much of business affairs and problems, pushed back to the wide-stretching and peaceful meadows of Greenwich Village to build spacious country homes.

The fame of the lavish, open-door hospitality of these dwellings has crept into the pages of history. To-day, some argue, it is a matter of pride and sentiment to those living in the Village that this traditional hospitality should be preserved.

HOWEVER that may be, the hospitality one finds in Greenwich Village at present is as different from the lavish entertaining of olden days as the fashion of dress to-day is different from that of the middle eighteenth century.

So let us for the moment turn to more practical sources for the reason that Greenwich Village hospitality has become a thing unique.

First of all, it must be remembered that the people in Greenwich Village are not people of means or leisure. They are, for the most part, people who have found that the road to the fulfilment of their dreams has led them to New York, and they are traveling this glorious highway with high heart but flat purse.

Another thing that has undoubtedly shaped Village hospitality is the hostess's lack of kitchen space and equipment. The dashing Admiral Warren and his followers left the Village a rare heritage in ancient doorways with carved side-posts, quaint dormer windows, curiously wrought-iron fences and gates, and tiny grassy courts hidden away like little oases of quiet in the midst of the city's bustle and roar.

But alas and alack! The spacious kitchens which in the days of old were built in the basement have now been turned into apartments for janitors, and the studio apartments on the upper floors have not even a bowing acquaintance with a kitchen.

I am speaking now of the common conception of a kitchen as being a separate room with a stove, sink, table, and shelves filled with kitchen utensils and dishes. There may be a kitchen of this kind in the Village. But I have never seen one. What I have seen are kitchens composed of a gas-stove and a table behind a screen or in a closet; or a one or two gas-burner covered with a curtain or boldly adorning the top of a bookshelf; again, an electric or alcohol affair that is dragged from under the couch and lovingly referred to by its owner not as "my kitchen," to be sure, but as Old Tom or Little Sally.

WHAT, then, does entertaining mean in the Village, where there is general lack of funds, lack of time for preparation, and lack of kitchen space and equipment?

Why, the most royal, rollicking fun you can imagine! No stiff self-consciousness. No elaborate functions. No chilling ceremony. Village parties are more like family gatherings than anything else. And the fun at them is spontaneous just as it is in family gatherings.

This is a welcome relief to many who have had the experience elsewhere of going to parties where from the time one's hat and coat were off until the hour of departure the guests were herded and marshaled by the hostess through one carefully planned game after another.

But whoever heard of a family gathering where the guests had to be entertained every minute of their stay by a prearranged schedule?

No, Uncle Charlie and Uncle Ned must have time for a good-natured dispute over politics. Ruth and Hester must compare notes on the latest play, or the book they have read, or what the Spring styles will probably be like. Betty must show Jim the new dance step she has learned at school, and Jim must teach Betty the latest popular air on the ukulele. Of course everybody wants to hear the recent cute saying of Richard, junior, and above all, Ed's new wife must be made to feel she is taken into the family circle to share its joys and camaraderie.

What difference does it make if the conversation of a Village party is more apt to be on the latest developments of symbolism in futurist art, rather than on little Mary's teething or the new minister? It is none the less the outcome of an unrestrained and comfortable spirit of companionship that pervades Village parties as in family gatherings.

It would be a mistake, however, to think that games had no place at these parties. They have. Some one is always sure to suggest charades. Frequently this old favorite is varied by making silhouettes, the point sometimes being to see who can make his silhouette the most unrecognizable. Another variation is to depict scenes from well-known books instead of syllables of a word.

OTHER entertainment takes the form of guessing games or an absurd game called "Fiddlesticks!" To play this, one of the party begins a story. Whenever he brings in the word "Fiddlesticks!" he may stop and designating any of the guests, call upon him instantly to respond with a couplet riming with the word before "Fiddlesticks!"

Thus the story-teller might say, "Old Tom crawled through the blackness of the cave until he was arrested by the glint of two glowering eyes in the dark. "Fiddlesticks!' he cried."

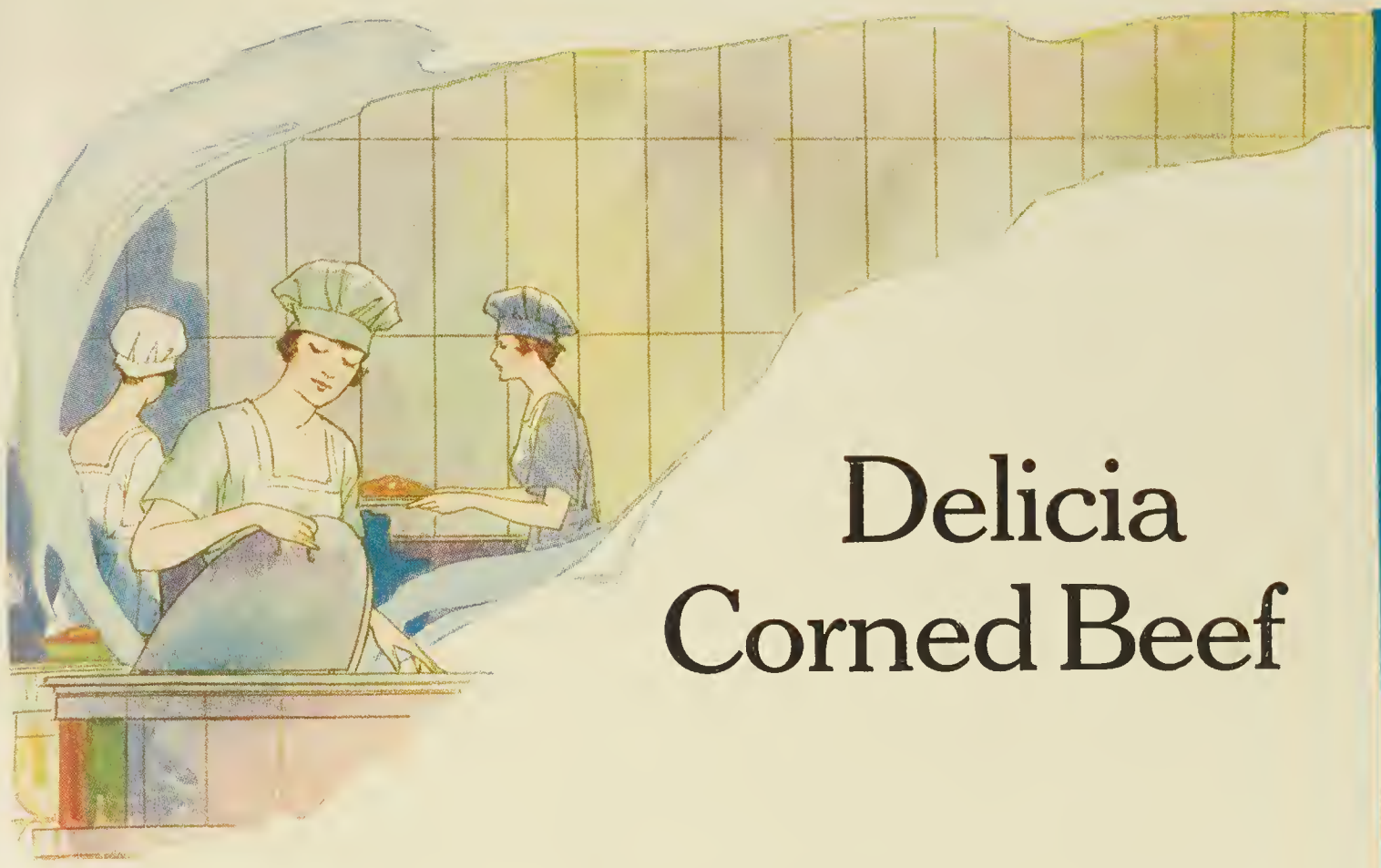
Then, whoever the story-teller called upon, would have to respond with a couplet riming with "dark" as:

"Oh, good people, my words mark,
Poems should not be made in the dark."

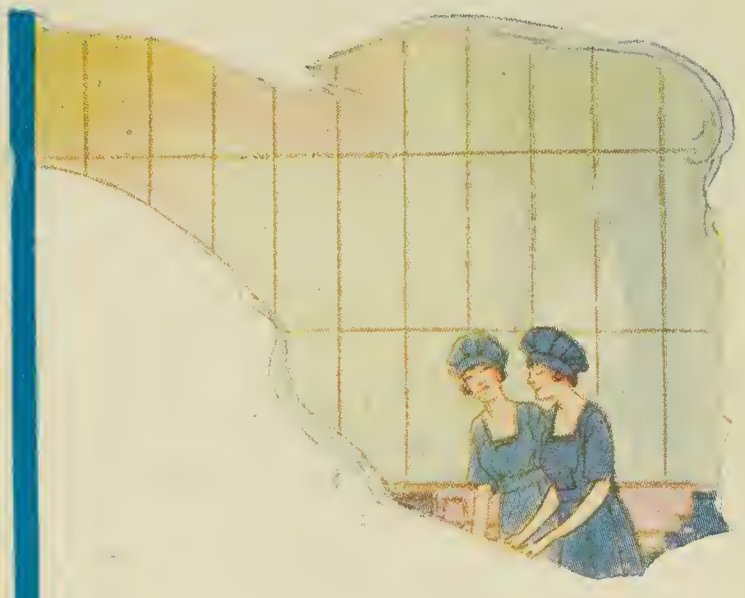
The person failing to remember the word used before "Fiddlesticks," or to make up a couplet, becomes the story-teller.

Childish! you exclaim?

Concluded on page 122



Delicia Corned Beef



Old New England Style

FROM a quaint old farmstead in New England came the now-famous recipe by which this different Corned Beef is prepared for your table. And it *is* different—more delicious; a real treat!

In the Delicia sunlit kitchens, this recipe is followed with the utmost exactness. Only the choicest of materials are used. The cooking is done the home way.

Selected brisket cuts, the most desirable for corning, are carefully trimmed and all surplus gristle and fat removed. No meat substitutes of any kind are used.

All the delicious juices are retained by the Delicia method of corning and cooking. Flavor and tenderness are our chief concern. You must taste this appetizing dish to appreciate it.

Keep a supply of this and other Delicia meat delicacies on your pantry shelves. You'll find in each dainty blue and white striped package, foods that you'll be proud to serve—meats all will thoroughly enjoy.

Ask your grocer for Delicia package meats. Buy by name. Insist on Delicia and you will get the appreciated quality.

Also write us for "Delicia Menu Suggestions"—a practical book every housewife should have. Please mention your grocer's name and address.

BAKER FOOD PRODUCTS COMPANY
Chicago

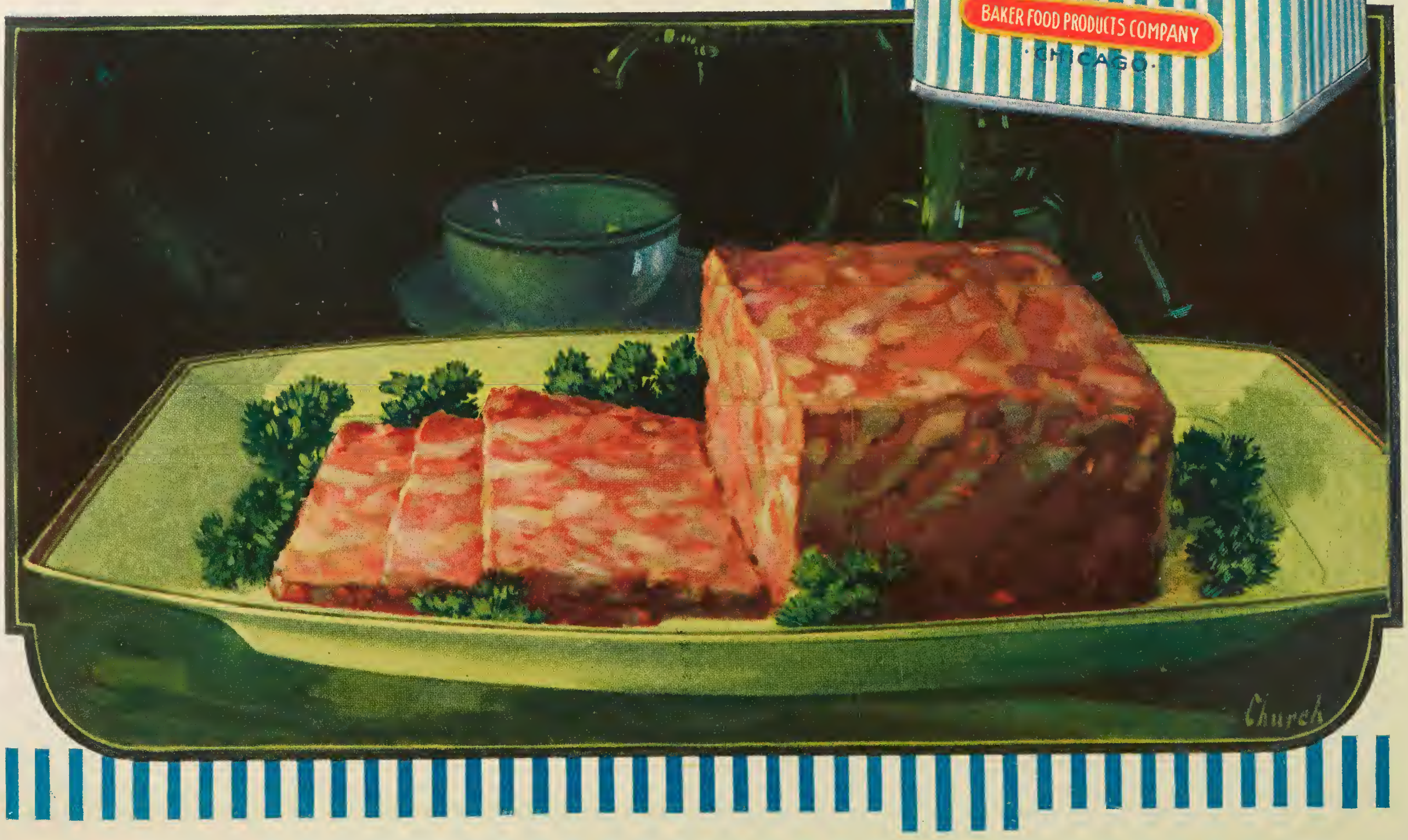
Many tasty ways to serve Delicia Corned Beef

Chilled and sliced cold is a standby which many say cannot be much improved upon. Many ideal luncheon and supper dishes can also be made from this superfine meat. The Delicia Menu Book contains many special recipes you are sure to enjoy.

Try these table treats

Corned Beef Hash	Roast Beef
Luncheon Tongue	Southern Hash
Sliced Dried Beef	Ox Tongue
Country Sausage	Roast Mutton
Vienna Sausage	Corned Beef
Chili Con Carne	Deviled Meat
Hamburger Steak	Cooked Brains
Beef Steak and Onions	Potted Meat
Sandwich Spread	Veal Loaf
Tripe With Whole Milk	Kidney Stew







LOOK AT IT

and see why Snowdrift was named Snowdrift.

Its whiteness is not the reason Snowdrift is pure but its purity is one reason Snowdrift is white.

No cook wants food to lose its own flavor and taste of the fat she used. Snowdrift is rich—richer than butter—but so pure and delicate that when you use it for shortening or frying it does not alter the flavor of the food a bit. To secure this absence of flavor we use only vegetable oil of the very finest quality. Choice oil is always light in color. Again refined, to satisfy our standard for Snowdrift purity, it is so light that when it is made into Snowdrift, Snowdrift is *white*.

Smell it and see how sweet and fresh Snowdrift is.

Taste it and see how good cooking-fat can be. Have you been cooking with a fat that you would hate to eat raw? Then *taste* Snowdrift. It is made entirely of vegetable oil as choice as any salad oil.

Cream it with a spoon. Snowdrift does not get too hard nor too soft, no matter what the weather. It is always easy to cream—just the right consistency that is easiest to use.

FRESH

PURE

CREAMY

SNOWDRIFT

PURE VEGETABLE COOKING FAT

IN 1, 2, 4, AND 8 POUND AIRTIGHT TINS NEVER IN BULK

LIKE PARENT, LIKE CHILD

BY ANNE O'HAGAN

"THE child is father of the man," sang Wordsworth, and, fixing their thoughts upon that paradoxically expressed fact, many persons have forgotten that the man is also father of the child. The circle without beginning or end confronts the student. If the life and character of the child determine his adult estate and disposition, his adult forebears determine his life and character as a child.

"'You ungrateful child!' said Mrs. Kenwigs, 'after I have gone through what I have this night for your good.'

"'I can't help it, ma,' replied Morleena, also in tears; 'my hair will grow.'

"'Don't talk to me, you naughty thing!' said Mrs. Kenwigs. 'Don't. Even if I was to trust you by yourself and you were to escape being run over, I know you'd run in to Laura Chopkins and tell her what you are going to wear to-morrow, I know you would. You've no proper pride in yourself, and are not to be trusted out of sight for an instant.' Deploring the evil-mindedness of her eldest daughter in these terms, Mrs. Kenwigs distilled fresh drops of vexation from her eyes. Thereupon Morleena wept afresh, and they bemoaned themselves together."

And yet again, "Morleena fell, all stiff and rigid, into the baby's chair, as she had seen her mother fall when she fainted away, and the two remaining little Kenwigses shrieked in affright."

"*As she had seen her mother fall when she fainted away*," you observe!

Dickens, although he labored under the disadvantage of writing "Nicholas Nickleby" before the late nineteenth century's encyclopedic literature on the child was available to him, had the gift of observation which would, otherwise directed, have made him chief of the child-study authors. The imitative *Morleena* is as psychologically sound as if she had come straight from the brains of a child specialist. Though Froebel and Montessori and Dr. Holt were all unknown to him, he had watched the *Mrs. Kenwigses* and the *Morleena Kenwigses*, and he could have supplied any pedagogic specialist with exact information as to the origin and source of most of the childish bad nerves and bad manners in the world.

YOU all remember the classic story. Father comes home from his office in the evening, tired, rasped, perhaps smoldering with a great though conventionally repressed desire to lay physical hands upon the last clerk or customer or competitor with whom he has had dealings. Mother meets him with the tale of little Willie's naughtiness, capped on this occasion by a defiant impertinence to her. Father grabs Willie by the coat collar and cuffs him about the ears as a preparation for the more formal and systematic punishment to be bestowed in the sanctity of the study. And as he drags his reluctant offspring thither there float through the hall the words:

"I'll teach you how to behave to your mother, you young rascal, you!"

Which, allowing for the variations due to age and relationship, is exactly what he is doing! He is behaving with blundering vindictiveness and brutality to Willie, and Willie may be counted upon to behave with blundering vindictiveness and brutality, so far as in him lies, to the next person with whom he comes into hostile contact. Father is giving him a lesson in behavior not only, as he himself proclaims, to mother, but to the whole world.

There was Tony, during school recess the other day. Tony is nine, and he still remembers the look of Naples. He was discovered kicking Fiametta, with whom he had had a difference of opinion, in the stomach. His teacher, horrified, dragged him off, and read him a lecture upon true manliness and the chivalric respect for woman enjoined by the code.

"Bah!" cried Tony, or words to that effect. "Why for must I respect womens? I don't have to do it! My father, he don't respect my mother. Why for would he have to respect my mother? He makes da money, he pays da rent, my mother, she don't do nothin' but keep da house and have da babies. Why for I respect girls? I won't, I won't——"

Think of the inequality of that struggle of the teacher, during a school recess, against the whole atmosphere of Tony's home and class for generations! Think of the uselessness of trying to persuade Tony, in fifteen minutes, that his mother's job is as important and as respect-worthy as his father's—when his mother doesn't believe it herself!

POOR Elisabetta! If some day Tony comes home with a note to the effect that he is in trouble with the school authorities because of his persistent ill-treatment of Fiametta, she will shed some ineffective tears and deliver some futile slaps, and she will be all unaware that any blame in the matter attaches to her, or that her passivity under her husband's rule, her gratitude to destiny that she is not as these American women are—bold, self-assertive creatures—are the real reasons why her son is finding the new world difficult, the land of rosy promise somewhat less rosy in fulfilment!

A perfectly refined and proper mother, reading Maeterlinck or Tchekoff on the balcony of her suburban home, screened from the gaze of the passers-by by her striped awnings and the flowering boxes along the edge of the piazza-rail, has her tranquillity rudely shattered by the sound of her ten-year-old son's voice.

It is raised in objuration against the ten-year-old son of the woman across the street, who is not out on her balcony reading Amy Lowell or Bertrand Russell only because she is playing golf in a healthy, suburban way with her husband on a half-holiday.

The mother whose tranquillity is shattered hears her boy's clear, still babyish voice using such language as she can not recall having ever heard anywhere before. She has an evanescent impression of an interchange between two furious truck-drivers.

She lets her book slide to the floor, puts her hands against her ears for a self-protecting second and then, going bravely to the piazza-rail, calls her son to her. He comes joyously, apparently innocent of all offense. She feels in no condition to cope with the situation until she has fortified herself by silence and thought.

She sends him to his room pending serious consideration. The serious consideration embraces plans for removing her boy from the public school which he is attending in deference to certain political ambitions of his father's; plans for putting an end to his Saturday mornings with the boys "on the other side of the tracks," boys whose parents she did not know and could not be expected to know; plans for living abroad where, for a time at least, profanity would be as impossible as all the rest of the speech for Teddy.

FINALLY she approached the mystified Teddy for a gentle but relentlessly searching talk.

"Teddy, I want you to think and to answer mother very carefully. Where did you ever hear the—the language—I overheard you using to little Ronald Brown?"

Teddy gazes at her with round, puzzled, honest eyes for a moment. Then he recalls. "Oh, that! Why, from dad and Mr. Loomis—I did, too, mother! You can ask them if I didn't! Dad called Mr. Loomis—" the maternal hand smothers the words upon Teddy's lips—"last Saturday when the caddies were on strike at the club and he let me and Pete Baily caddy for them. Truly, mother. You can ask him if he didn't!"

She doesn't need to ask him. In the first place, Teddy is a truthful child, and, in the second place, she recalls her husband's playfully profane vocabulary for sportive use among adults. Of what use private schools, of what use restricted acquaintance, of what use travel and sojourn in foreign parts if it is from his own father!

Adela is a charming child—to look at—healthy, graceful, clear-skinned, clear-eyed. She is intelligent, too, as her teachers will testify and her parents boast when they find receptive listeners. Good and affectionate, doubtless, she is, too; normal, well fed, well cared-for—little girls of from eight to twelve are usually good and affectionate.

But Adela is becoming a pest to such of the community as visit her parents. "Father, how can you say so? It was Tuesday, not Thursday, and it was just before lunch, not just after!" "Oh, father! It wasn't Effie Grant, it was Ethel Babcock that recited 'The Erl-King.'" "Why, daddy! The Summer before last we were at Lake George, not at Kennebunk——"

FATHER takes it all with the serenity of the scholar which he is. He is a trifle absent-minded, is apt to be hazy on minor questions of fact. Ever since he married, an efficient wife, to whom all facts are of equal weight, who has no feeling for the anecdote or the story as a whole, has been setting him right, interrupting him to correct all his little unimportant inaccuracies.

Now Adela is doing it, too. Only Adela is improving upon the maternal example. Adela doesn't confine her interruptions and her amendments to father's conversation. "Oh, Aunt Jessie, it was Mrs. Green, not Mr. Green, who gave me the corals!" "Why, mother, it was at Grandmother Wheatley's not at Grandmother Sabin's that they have the dog you are talking about——"

Some day Adela will be murdered. The frightful crime of infanticide will be perpetrated—probably by a mother goaded to insanity by ceaseless interruption and correction. There will be a grim justice in it, but she will never realize that the fault is all her own, that the first day when she interrupted and corrected her mild, inaccurate, dreamy husband in Adela's hearing began the fearful drama.

There are parents, perhaps, as guilty of positive crime against their children as one recently described in the New York *Evening Post*. "I know a darling child," ran a letter to that unsensational sheet, "who is being daily put into a nervous, irritable state (tantrums, if you will) by her own mother.

"This mother, in losing her own temper, vents her feelings on the child, and when the latter was only two years old she had her little hands tied behind her back, was made to get down on her knees for simply showing in different childish ways her nervous irritability caused by her mother's lack of self-control and vicious temper."

SUCH a case is pathological, and such a mother ought to have been put under restraint before she had a chance to ruin the nerves of a helpless child. But though most cases of parental responsibility are not so serious, and do not have ramifications in the medical and consequences in the criminal codes, it is none the less true that children's manners, bad and good, are learned in their homes.

Every day father teaches Willie "how to behave to his mother," every day mother teaches Adela how to be a complete wet blanket, a social pest. Every day some *Morleena Kenwigs*, with nerves jangled either in sympathy with or in imitation of a high-strung parent, falls "stiff and rigid, into the baby's chair, as she had seen her mother fall when she fainted away."

There is only one thing which enables the world to contemplate without hysteria the spectacle of so much good child-material being more or less spoiled in the home, and that is the compensatory spectacle of a lot of possibly mediocre-child material being fashioned into something quite seemly and useful in another home!



Courtin' Days—

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INSURED CLOTHES FOR BOYS

The picture shown here is the third in a series of four. One is appearing each month in the national magazines. These illustrations form the basis of a unique contest for boys. See particulars at the foot of this advertisement.

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CLOTHES FOR BOYS
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None so sturdy—none so athletic, nor so smart in their bearing as the boys of America. And—in all the world, no clothes like WEARPLEDGE for bringing out their good points.

Beautifully tailored, shown in new popular shades, a host of distinctive fabrics, and—because of the vast volume of suits that are sold—priced to please the thrifty purse.

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51 Watches Free

Boys — write a story based on the above and three other pictures which we have ready for you. You may be the lucky winner in the Wearpledge Short Story Contest.

Get the complete series of illustrations and full details at the Wearpledge store in your city—or else write us direct.

Have you seen the famous Wearpledge Style Book? Free copy on request.





First Aid for Minor Injuries

Even the most superficial cuts, bruises and skin abrasions may become infected. Unpleasant and serious results sometimes develop. Every injury to the skin however small, deserves careful attention.

Cleanse thoroughly all minor skin injuries with Listerine.

Its antiseptic properties, derived from balsamic essences and ozoniferous oils, tend to eliminate the causes of infection.

Its boric acid content remains as a thin film over the wound, after the rest has evaporated. It encourages natural healing and protects against possible further infection.

Listerine has an agreeable odor and does not stain the skin or linen. Its non-poisonous nature makes it an unusually convenient antiseptic for many uses.

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LISTERINE

the safe antiseptic



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"A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER"

MAKING THE SECOND YEAR SAFE FOR BABY

BY CAROLYN CONANT VAN BLARCOM

"SO THE baby is a year old!" And here you are, you and he, at the first milestone in his life, as proud as Punch, and you are smiling a broad smile of maternal pride and satisfaction.

I don't wonder—for there is nothing in the world quite so beautiful as a baby that is healthy and vigorous and well.

And that your baby is well and consequently a "thing of beauty" is due to the excellent care that you have given him.

Having brought him thus far, keep right on smiling and don't stop being proud of what you have done. But, by the same token, keep right on being careful and don't stop taking infinite pains with every detail of his care during the year that stretches from his first to his second birthday.

You can very easily undo all of the good work of this year just past by resting on your laurels now, and slacking up ever so little in your efforts.

We should never hear of that dreaded second Summer if mothers would always be just as careful in feeding their babies during the second as during the first year. For quite naturally the baby is more firmly established as a separate human being during the second year than is a tiny new baby, and with reasonable attention is less likely to be ill and upset. But he is still too fragile to be fed and handled with anything short of great care.

If we take stock for a moment, as we reach the first milestone, we find that we have a baby at twelve months who is about twenty-nine inches tall, weighs twenty or twenty-one pounds and probably has six tiny white teeth. As a rule we find this year-old baby trying, and sometimes able, to walk with assistance.

If we could look inside that beautiful baby body we should find a digestive tract which is able to assimilate whole-milk, well-cooked cereals, fruit-juices, bread-crums, scraped beef, soft-cooked eggs and even spinach and other green vegetables.

And we should also find muscles, nerves, bones and teeth which have been growing and developing steadily since the baby was born, because of using certain materials which have been contained in his food. And now they need not only the same kinds of materials that they have had all along, but they need some other kinds too and they need a steadily increasing quantity.

THE task before you, then, is to give to that developing digestive tract all of the food that it is capable of using: To the growing teeth some hard food to chew upon and to all parts of the body an increasing amount and variety of material to repair and build the tissues.

You must give enough but not too much, either as to quality or quantity. You are like the famous colored cooks who prepare delicious food by putting in a "pinch" of this and a "little" of that. "Not too much, honey," they always say, "but just enough."

Happily you do not have to guess at what is "enough but not too much" to give to your baby. The question has been carefully studied by baby specialists and they are able to say pretty definitely what and how much food a normal growing child needs to keep it well and to promote its growth and development.

The directions that they give apply to the average baby in good health. A very large active baby will require more, and a small delicate baby will be able to take less, than one that is of average size; while the food for a sick baby must of course be carefully adjusted to its capacity and needs.

One of the most important factors to remember in feeding and caring for your baby during this second year is regularity. His meals and all details of his life must be as regular as clockwork and he must have nothing between meals but cool boiled water to drink.

Four meals each day are enough after the fifteenth month; that is at 6 A.M., 10 A.M., 2 P.M. and 6 P.M., but until the fifteenth month a cup of milk may well be given at 10 P.M., if the baby awakens for it.

Teach him to drink from a cup, to eat slowly and to chew thoroughly. Add to his diet only one new article at a time, beginning with a small amount and increasing gradually.

His diet during this second year should consist of the following:

Milk (boiled or pasteurized)—At least one quart a day, slightly warmed before giving.

Cereals—Twice daily, always cooked thoroughly; strained, until eighteenth month.

Eggs—Soft-boiled or coddled.

Vegetables—Spinach, carrots, peas, string-beans, asparagus-tips, squash, cauliflower cooked thoroughly and mashed fine. After eighteenth month: potatoes, mashed or baked.

Meats—Scraped beef. After eighteenth month: rare beef, heart of lamb-chop, white meat of chicken chopped fine.

FRUITS—Juice of orange, pineapple, grapefruit. Strained apple sauce, baked apple, prune-pulp.

Desserts—Baked custard, junket or plain rice, corn-starch or farina pudding.

Bread—Buttered stale bread, well-browned toast, zwieback, Graham crackers, bran biscuit.

Never under any circumstances give the following to a baby less than two years old: Fresh bread, pie, cake, candy, pickles, bananas, pork, veal, wine, beer, cider, soda-water, tea, coffee, fried food of any kind, nor "tastes" of food from the table.

You will scarcely believe it, but there are still people in this enlightened country of ours who do give just such outrageous food to their babies.

As babies can not possibly digest and assimilate such food, a common result is a permanently injured digestion that is a curse through life, while another result is an undernourished baby.

Another very grave result of feeding candy and other sweet things to the baby is that he develops a fondness for food of that kind and will not eat a suitable amount of the food that he needs. His mother is then in despair and complains that she can not persuade her baby to eat eggs, cereals, spinach and other foods less attractive to the baby palate than sweets.

In feeding your baby during this critical year, do take the advice of those who have planned successfully the feeding of many thousands of babies and don't take the advice of relatives or neighbors.

For some strange reason neighbors and relatives almost always give harmful advice to young mothers concerning the care of their babies.

Remember that the food which you give to your baby this year will affect not only his health now but his future well-being; that it is the knowledge and wisdom with which you prepare and give your baby's food that count, and not the size of your income. Children of the very rich are often less well nourished than children of the very poor because they are fed unwisely.

If you will send me a stamped, addressed envelope I will send you my leaflet, "The Care and Feeding of Your Baby during the Second Year."

THIS leaflet gives a schedule for daily care, including the bath, sleep, out-of-door airing, indoor exercise and diet lists for different periods during the year.

The question of sleep, exercise and fresh air has a direct effect upon your baby's food. You may feed him ideally in every detail, but he will not digest his food satisfactorily if he does not have a proper amount of rest, fresh air and exercise. It is the material that the body assimilates that nourishes it and not entirely what goes into the stomach.

The care that you give your baby now will affect him fifty years from now.

It is a grave responsibility; do all in your power to meet it.

Kleinert Shield

The Gem

A Page of Protection

A UNIVERSAL CIRCULATION

The Kleinert Rubber Company
725 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

ESTABLISHED 40 YEARS AGO

From the Diary of the Daily Shopper

"Nowadays the average woman is sorely puzzled about values. The stores that used to guarantee their goods can no longer do so because they themselves know little about them.

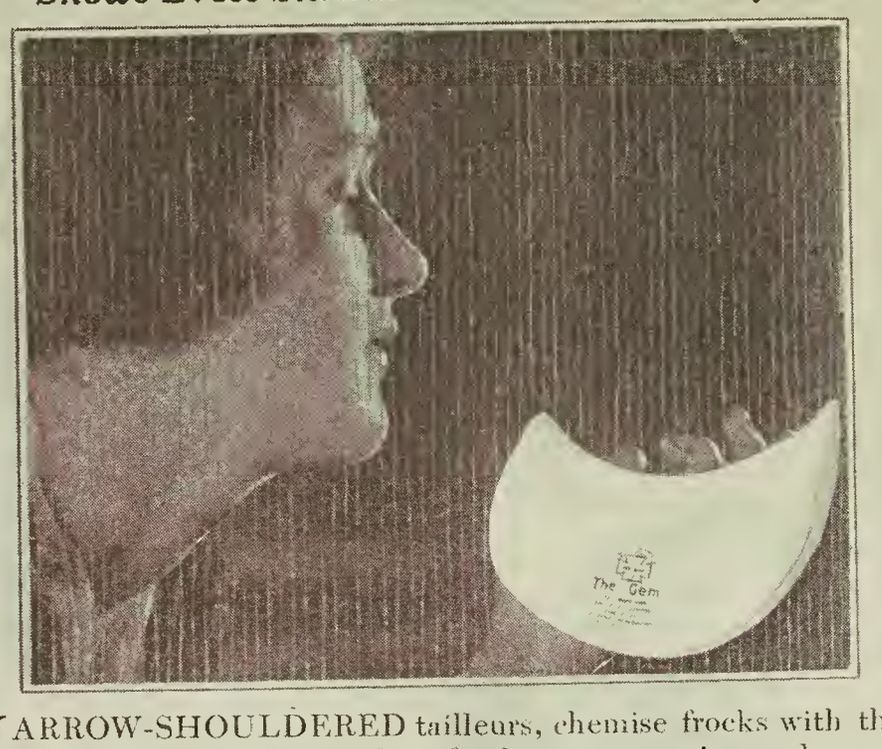
The only way she can be sure of satisfaction is to buy the products of those manufacturers whom she has known for years.

I was reminded of this today when I went to buy rubber sheeting. There were several kinds—they all *looked* alike—but one of them bore the trademark "*Kleinert*" on the selvage and of course, knowing Kleinert's 40 year reputation for satisfaction. I felt perfectly safe in buying it.

My advice to every woman shopper is "Buy Knowingly"—buy Kleinert's.

Kleinert Meets Demands of the New Mode

Shows Dress Shields for all the latest styles



NARROW-SHOULDERED tailleurs, chemise frocks with their smooth-setting sleeves, lace frocks—so engaging and so very perishable—to all these favored fashions, dress shields are veritable necessities. "*Kleinert's*" have designed special shields for all of them—satin-covered for jackets, muslin-covered, silk-lined and silk-covered to make them unnoticeable in the sheerest gown.

And your shields, themselves, deserve care if they are to give their best service. When you wash them, use lukewarm water with a few drops of ammonia to cleanse and disinfect them and *never* rub them.

When they are dry, press them flat with a moderately warm iron and they will look as fresh and fit as smoothly as the day you bought them.

Of course, you know dress shields should be adjusted about three-quarters in front of the under arm seam, sewed at each end of the fold and in at least three places around the edge if they are to lie smooth and protect your gowns.



Kleinert's Rubber Sheeting

Double Service

"It Pays To Buy The Best" is an old axiom which every thrifty buyer knows by heart. A few cents more sometimes makes the difference between satisfaction and dissatisfaction.

In the case of Rubber Sheeting, there is far more than twice the service in the *double faced* sheeting and the cost is by *no means* twice as much. It adds weeks to its life when sheeting can be turned over and re-adjusted. Next time you buy it, compare the double with the single face and don't forget to see that whichever you buy is marked "Kleinert's" to guarantee its quality.



Kleinert's Sanitary Dress Protector

A TRAVELER'S HINT

Women who travel extensively have found that a Kleinert Sanitary Dress Protector will help to prevent the wrinkling and crushing of their gowns.

It is equally valuable to the theatre-goer and the woman who is seated all day at her work.

A Kleinert Sanitary Dress Protector is adjusted in a moment, held in place by safety pins at the side, and protects the skirt adequately under all circumstances.

The same high quality which inspires confidence in Kleinert Shields is assured to you in this Sanitary Dress Protector. It may be washed with ease and will give absolute protection throughout a long period of service.

Kleinert's Crib Sheet is rubber on both sides which guarantees you double wear.

Well placed eyelets make it possible to stretch the sheet smooth and tie it in place—a feature which adds much to its length of service.



KLEINERT'S Millinery for Mermaids

Bathing Caps will soon be bobbing gaily on all our beaches and flowers, ornaments, and leaves of rubber will be a feature of the new Millinery for Mermaids.

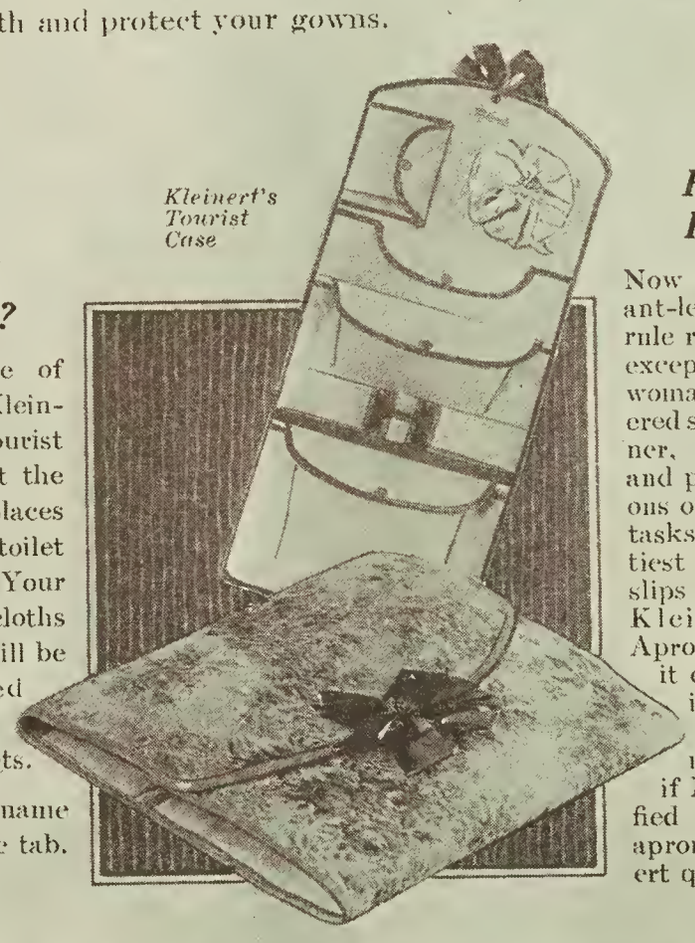
As usual, they will be tightly fitted and every type of face will be considered in making up the becoming designs.

No need to wonder if your gifts will be acceptable when you choose them among Kleinert novelties—all of them are useful and much appreciated as remembrances.

GOING AWAY?

Then take one of those handy Kleinert traveling Tourist Cases with just the right sized places for all your toilet necessities. Your damp face cloths and sponges will be safely stowed away in neat rubber pockets.

Look for the name *Kleinert* on the tab.



Kleinert's Tourist Case

For the Kitchen

Now that the servant-less houses are rule rather than the exception, many a woman has discovered she can get dinner, wash dishes, and perform numerous other household tasks in her prettiest frocks if she slips over them a Kleinert Rubber Apron. And, when it comes to bathing Baby, he can splash as much as he likes if Mother is fortified with a rubber apron of real Kleinert quality.

Buying Baby Pants by the Pound

Does your baby weigh less than 15 pounds, does he tip the scales from 15 to 20, or is he a young bouncer of *more* than 20 pounds.

There are Jiffy Pants to fit his avoirdupois exactly—small size for the 15 pounder, medium size for 15 to 20 pounds, and the large size for extra big babies.



Kleinert's Buster Brown Hose Supporters

Kleinert's Buster Brown Hose Supporters

The Stretch is Where it Belongs

Below the buckle—that is where the elastic comes on the Buster Brown Hose Supporter, the supporter that is correctly designed.

No unnecessary strain on the rubber from constantly adjusting the buckle over it! No cutting through the rubber by those sharp buckle teeth!

The Buster Brown Supporter gives freely and evenly with every movement, it lasts twice as long as the ordinary kind.

It insures you and your youngsters extra satisfaction—because the stretch is below the buckle, where it belongs.

What the Baby Will Wear

Dresses for the wee ones will be white this season—preferably the softest of nainsooks and lawns. As to stockings versus socks, we incline to socks—feeling strongly that any baby owning dimpled knees should be allowed to show them.

On *one* garment, however, all authorities are agreed—every well-dressed baby will wear Kleinert's Baby Pants until it reaches the age of discretion.

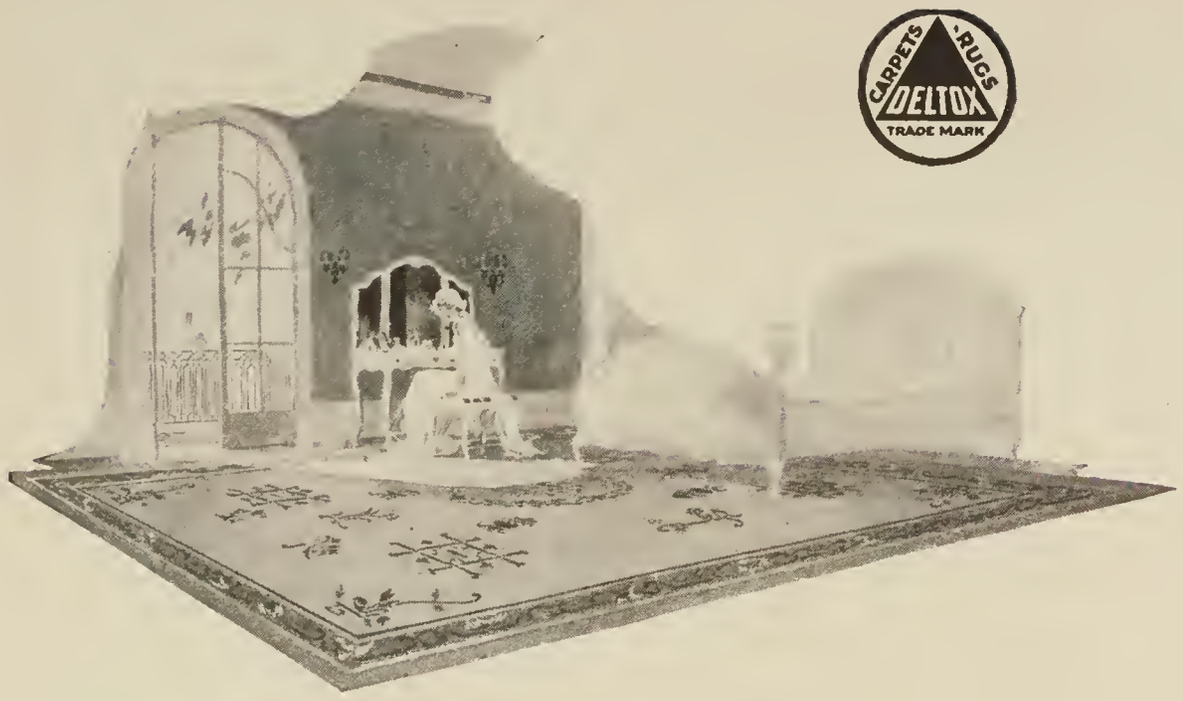
These convenient little garments are made in various styles—one of the most popular is known as the Jiffy—on and off in a jiffy—no pins, no buttons, no strings.

All Kleinert Baby Pants are easily washed, absolutely sanitary, and dependably protective.



Kleinert's Jiffy Baby Pants

There's a Kleinert Bib for every baby—sanitary, easily washed, planned to save work for mother.



Artistic Patterns

DELTOX Grass Rugs are more than just economical floor coverings.

They have a beauty and refinement not found in any other low priced rugs. You will find many unusual patterns from the Chinese, Japanese, Egyptian, and others from the Orient and the old world.

All in colors to harmonize with the decorations in your home.

DELTOX GRASS RUGS

must be seen in order that their unusual beauty may be appreciated—call at your dealer's today and ask him to show you DELTOX.

DELTOX GRASS RUG CO.
E. H. STEIGER, President
OSHKOSH WISCONSIN



FLOORS—ALL SORTS

DURABLE AND ECONOMICAL

BY GEORGIE BOYNTON CHILD

THE question of floors and floor-coverings is one of the most perplexing problems that the home-maker has to solve. Nothing requires more labor to keep in nice shape than the wrong kind of floors. Nothing makes a home look more shabby than dirty, dusty-looking floors and worn-out floor-coverings.

Yet wasted time and wasted money will always be the result of mistakes in dealing with these two essential problems. Some one must suffer from cheap work and cheap materials. A little more money spent in the beginning in choosing honest, good materials and having good workmanship will save many times the amount in the long run. It pays, therefore, to know how to secure the best in the beginning.

Since floors and rugs must stand hard service, we must consider durability in their selection. "Fitness for the use the thing must serve" is a fundamental principle of art, as are also unity and beauty. We can not consider the floor or rugs of one room by itself, but must study rather the treatment of rooms by suites. This gives us harmony; we recognize the beauty added to the floor appearance of the house as a whole by the effect.

As we begin to apply the threefold principle of durability, beauty and unity, we see that much can be done to improve the appearance of many homes and apartments without spending a great deal of money. Accepting the floors as we find them, we can give them uniform treatment from entrance-hall to the service portion of the house.

I shall speak later on of the different finishes for hardwood floors.

We shall consider first what can be done in country houses or old apartments, where the floors have been painted or stained in dark colors. Dark-brown or dark-red stains or paint on floors show every speck of dirt and require an endless amount of daily care to keep them clean.

THE first step then, will be to repaint all the floors in tan or gray—shades which are soft and harmonious and do not show the dust. This uniform treatment greatly improves the appearanco of the floors and lightens the daily and weekly tasks.

One should use the best grade of porch or deck paint, giving the floors two coats.

While it is better to paint the whole floor, it saves a good deal of expense to mark off a border around the rug and paint only the border. For large rooms the nine-by-twelve rug is a standard-sized rug; consequently, one is safe in allowing a border on the basis of those dimensions. The places in front of doors, writing-desks and tables are subject to the hardest wear, and ought to be covered with small rugs or strips of linoleum, for otherwise the paint will wear through and need retouching.

In many old houses and apartments the hardwood floors have been stained or painted a dark color, or have grown very dark and unsightly. It is more expensive to overcome this trouble with hardwood floors than with the cheaper grade of painted floors. The only right treatment for the hardwood floor is to rescrape it and then proceed as with a new floor. Rescraping and retreatment must be done in many cases by an expert, while painting can often be done by a member of the family.

The result, however, will be much more satisfactory than the painted floor, because any kind of hardwood treatment is more durable than paint. Estimates can be obtained for scraping floors either by hand or machinery. Machines are used only when there are several floors to be done at one time. The work by hand will cost at the present high price of labor about eight cents a square foot, though, of course, this estimate may vary in different localities as the cost of labor varies. The cost by machine will vary considerably in different communities.

AFTER the floors have been scraped they are treated as new floors, the various methods being given later in this article. As scraping and treatment are both expensive, the landlord should assume the cost or at least a part of it.

When new floors are to be laid, there are two materials from which to choose: concrete and hardwood. The concrete preparations come under various names, but are not very dissimilar in substance. In California and other warm, dry sections of the country, concrete makes an ideal floor in many ways. It is durable and easily kept clean. It does not require any expensive treatment after it has been laid to keep it in shape.

Its one fault is its hard surface for the feet. This is overcome by the use of rugs. In California some of the loveliest homes I saw had concrete floors, of the soft pink tone, from entrance-hall to kitchen.

In that climate, concrete floors do not crack and are not unduly cold, consequently they may be used to great advantage; but in the East, and other variable, damp climates, hardwood floors are more practical. A wood that is now very extensively used for that purpose is edge-grained Southern pine, thoroughly kiln-dried.

While hardwood floors are used for the service portions of many houses, it is desirable to use a cheaper grade of wood for the kitchen, pantries, back hall and bathrooms, and then cover these floors with linoleum cemented into position. There is nothing that stands hard wear better than the best grade of inlaid linoleum, and nothing that takes less work to keep looking well. In fact, it is much to be preferred for any room than a cheap, poorly laid hardwood floor.

There ought to be a building law requiring honesty in the use of floor material. It would protect the large class of people who must live in rented houses from effort now wasted in taking care of poor floors. While lumber of the best grade is more expensive in first cost than a cheaper grade, the other elements that must be considered in estimating the final cost of the floor are about the same for good or cheap floors.

A poor workman can not lay a good floor, and will prove more expensive to employ than a skilful floor-layer. The man who knows how does not make mistakes and uses more intelligence in planning the work. Furthermore, he does not leave badly joined places in the lumber and dust-catching places from poorly fitted doorways and corners. It is, therefore, not economy to have the work done by any one who does not do the best grade of work.

ANOTHER false economy is the use of one-half-inch material instead of seven-eighths-inch. The one-half-inch warps easily, and is so thin in places after it has been scraped that it can not be rescraped more than once or twice, whereas the seven-eighths-inch floor can be rescraped from twelve to twenty times, thus giving it a long life of service. The half-inch floor, too, can never be cleansed with water; one must always use turpentine or gasoline in wiping it.

Oak is, of course, a more beautiful wood than pine, and also much more durable, but since the war the advance in price has made it prohibitive, except in wealthy homes.

The laying of new floors should be done by some one making a specialty of that work. While any good carpenter can lay a fairly satisfactory floor, very few who have not had special training know the fine points that make a thoroughly satisfactory job.

In giving out building contracts, the owner ought to investigate this matter for himself, and insist that the subcontract for floors be given to a contractor whose work can be vouched for. If one is having new floors laid in an old house, the same policy is desirable. The best grade of edge-grained Southern pine and the best skill in laying it are necessary.

Also, do not have one new floor laid at a time, but save up and have all the connecting rooms done at once. Wood ages differently, so floors will never match if laid piecemeal. This will prove less expensive in labor as well as secure the desired effect of continuity.

I was interested to see the care that was taken by a contractor who laid three new floors for us last Summer. He ordered the lumber of a firm that has a reputation for giving it the most careful kiln-drying. Then he directed that it be sent at a certain time, and he was on hand at that hour to help unload it. This, he said, was necessary, because if it were allowed to lie on the sidewalk for even an hour or two in the damp outside air it would be affected.

HE WAS enabled also to sort the lumber as it came from the wagon, and to distribute it to the three different rooms. This saved two handlings of the wood, and also enabled him to pick out any imperfect pieces or those having different grain and lay them aside as he distributed them. It did not take the delivery man any longer to unload in this careful way with some one to help him than it would have taken to do the work in "any old way" alone.

In estimating the amount of lumber needed, one must allow thirty per cent. more than the number of square feet to be covered, to make up for the loss in fitting tongued and grooved material together. A contractor figures from seven dollars to ten dollars a day for laying and scraping a floor. Accordingly, at the present prices of lumber in my home town, the best grade of pine floor will cost about forty dollars for a room of average size.

The question of the kind of floor treatment to be selected is the next important matter, because of the cost of keeping up the treatment. Nothing looks better or preserves the wood better than wax. A coat of shellac is given first, to fill the pores of the wood. The surface is then rubbed smooth with sandpaper, after which the wax is rubbed in, allowed to dry for a few moments and then polished with a weighted brush.

Wherever the floor receives hard wear the wax will rub off and must be renewed from time to time. Moreover, the entire floor must be rewaxed and polished three or four times a year. It is rather heavy work to wax a floor, and a special outfit is required to do it well, but if one can obtain a man to do the work, it is an easy matter to keep waxed floors in good condition.

PERHAPS the most serious disadvantage of the waxed floor i found in homes where there are children or old people. The slippery floors cause many falls. In such homes the waxed floor is used for the parlor, hall and dining-room suite, and some other treatment is adopted for the other rooms.

A highly popular treatment is the floor varnish. The wood receives two coats of shellac, followed by one or two coats of floor varnish. One must be careful to use only the best grade of floor varnish on the wood, or this treatment is not to be recommended. If the best materials are used and the work well done, the floor can stand average use.

Varnished floors are kept in order by occasionally wiping them over with soap and water, and by daily brushing them with a soft-haired broom. This finish is satisfactory for bedrooms, halls and kitchen as well as for the living-room, parlor, and so forth.

If it is followed in the kitchen, laundry and back hall, the floor should receive two coats of the floor varnish, to protect it from the extra hard wear given to these rooms. Even then it will not stand the hard service that a

Concluded on page 119



"See How the Swab Slips Off

–like pulling a curtain from a rod— easy to wash, put through wringer, dry and replace on frame. This is just one of the five great new features that make this mop far superior to any other mop I have ever used."

Oh, but this mop is a beauty! In addition to the removable swab, just notice the full yarn center as shown in picture below. This extra fullness provides a great expanse of cleaning surface which picks up vast quantities of dust and gives full protection to floors.

Note also the strong steel frame that will last a lifetime. When the swab wears out, buy a new swab at moderate cost and slip it on the original frame, giving you a new mop for the price of the swab alone.

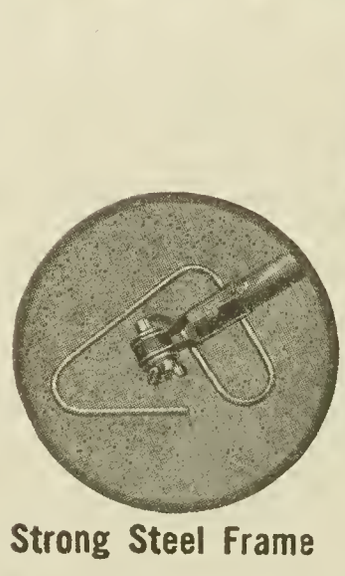
LIQUID VENEER MOP

Still another great improvement is the long 54" handle which remains secure in any position without adjusting nuts or bolts. It will go under the lowest pieces of furniture and into the most awkward corners.

Most important of all is the wonderful Liquid Veneer treatment. Liquid Veneer will make your floors so spotlessly clean, so lustrous and so nearly like new that they will fairly *rival your piano* in beauty and attractiveness. Liquid Veneer will also remove every trace of grease from floors and will correct the damage done by oil polishes and mops.

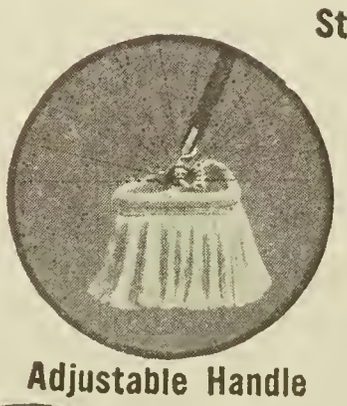
"Seeing is believing." Give this wonderful mop a trial. Sold on approval by department stores, hardware, grocery, drug, paint and furniture stores. $1.50 complete ($1.75 in Canada).

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY
Buffalo, N. Y. **Bridgeburg, Can.**



Full Yarn Center

Strong Steel Frame



Adjustable Handle



Treat with Liquid Veneer





KROEHLER

DAVEN-O

Whether you live in a lavishly appointed mansion or a cosy few-room apartment you will never cease taking comfort and pride in your Kroehler Daven-O.

The Kroehler Daven-O is a davenport of wonderful beauty and quality. But unlike the ordinary davenport, it unfolds, and by one easy, well-balanced motion opens into a luxuriously comfortable, full size bed. Thus it adds to the attractiveness of your home on the one hand, and to its sleeping accommodations on the other.

If you do not own a Kroehler Daven-O, go to your furniture dealer today and see one demonstrated.

Made in a pleasing variety of modern, colonial and period styles. All woods and finishes. Luxuriously upholstered in Tapestry, Velour, real or artificial Leather. Designs, materials and workmanship throughout the best that Kroehler specialists can command.

Kroehler Daven-Os are made long or short—for large or small rooms. Either one is fitted with full size patented, sagless, metal folding bed-frame and springs. Equipped with a thick, luxuriously-comfortable, Kroehler-made-and-fitted, removable mattress; see the label.

Ample room for pillows, coverings, etc., in folded bed. Satisfy every demand of comfort, health and sanitary convenience. Fold and unfold easily.

To insure maximum satisfaction, be sure before buying to find the Kroehler *trade mark*, the sign of the *genuine*.

Sold—and fully guaranteed—by leading furniture merchants everywhere.

Handsome illustrated booklet, and name of nearest dealer, mailed upon request.

(3)

KROEHLER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Canadian Factory: Stratford, Ontario

Other Factories: Kankakee, Ill. Naperville, Ill. Binghamton, N. Y. Cleveland, Ohio

A SOUTHERN HOUSE

THE FOURTH IN OUR SERIES OF HOME-TOWN HOUSES

(*See illustrations on pages 16 and 17*)

THE ARCHITECT'S INTERPRETATION

BY W. DUNCAN LEE

THE style of the house was determined by the desire that first and last it should be a home and not merely a house of some particular type. The roof and walls are shingled and stained gray, the woodwork is white and the blinds a gray-green.

An old-fashioned dooryard, entered through a rose-covered arbor, is fenced off with a white paling fence. A moss-covered brick walk leads to the door, where an old millstone serves as a step. To the side of the house is a pool.

A wide, screened porch occupies the entire garden front, and opening on this are the living-room and dining-room, separated by a series of French doors. On the bedroom floor is a wide, screened sleeping-porch across this side. The floors are of oak, stained gray; the walls are sand-finished and tinted in warm cream tones; the baseboards are painted black, and all other woodwork and doors are enameled.

Cooking, washing, ironing and cleaning are done by electricity. The heating is by warm fresh air changed every hour in the day. The furnace is of the under-feed type.

IDEAL INTERIORS FOR THIS HOUSE

BY ALBERT HENCKE

AMONG the interesting details that exercise a pronounced influence upon the character of the bedrooms of this Southern house are the two windows facing upon the sleeping-porch. These have loosely draped curtains flanked upon either side by a mirrored door. A gray upholstered seat reaches across the two windows and is arranged with cushions in contrasting colors.

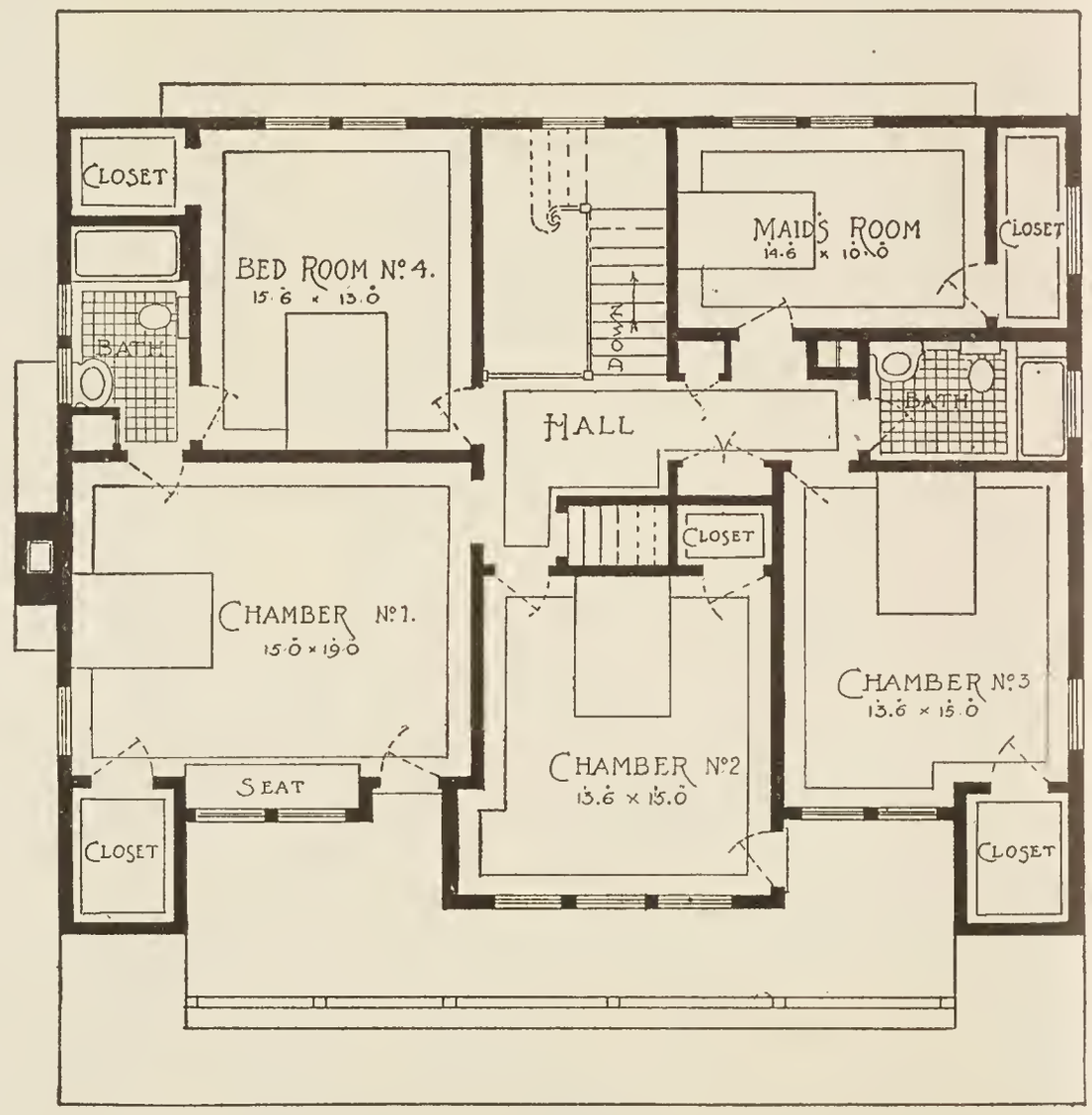
The bed has a long, round bolster at either end and a dull-blue spread, giving the effect of a day bed. There is a small table at the foot of the bed, with a tasseled cushion upon the floor before a low reclining chair of graceful design.

The living-room, with its harmony of soft gray-green draperies, light gray-paneled walls done in a coarse linen canvas and comfortable furniture, is a cheerful place. There is a large, projecting, tiled fireplace, the mantel is of formal design with a triptich colonial mirror, three chairs of Renaissance period and a comfortable davenport upholstered in old-rose and lilac tones. The long covered table has two tall candlesticks and a bowl of flowers. There is a dull-green-black floor with small rugs of neutral tones. The round table at the end of the mantel has a glazed china lamp.

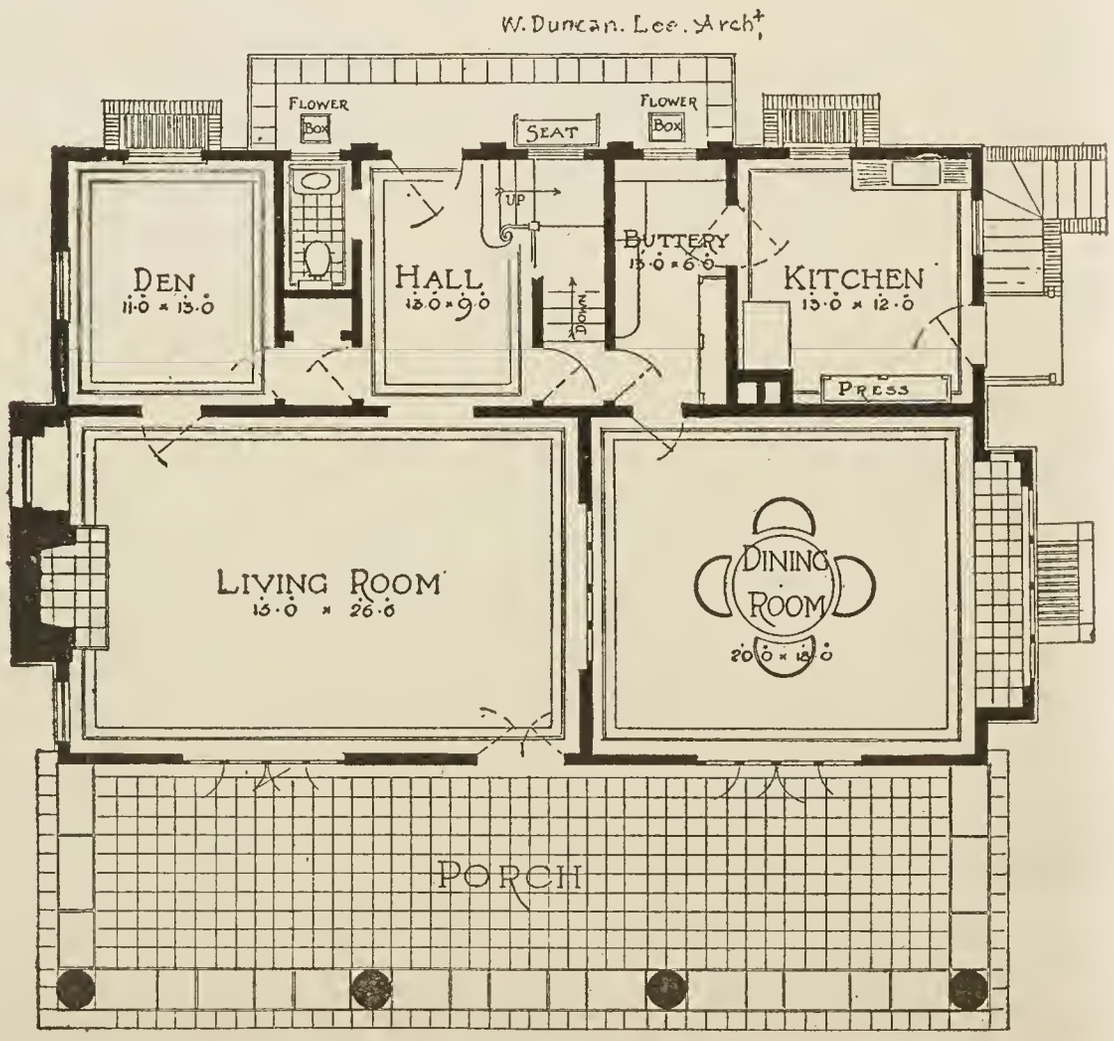
A grand piano stands between the easement doors leading to the porch.

A tiled alcove and floral setting give the dining-room unusual interest and distinction. Six small-paned windows lend a balance to the arrangement of four easement doors looking out upon the spacious porch. The round dining-table is in light gray, with a mandarin-silk runner. There are four very comfortable chairs upholstered in a tan color. The four-fold screen has mellow ivory panels at the top, the lower sections being a dark brownish green. A dark carpeted rug contrasts with the old-gray tone of the walls.

Concluded on page 64



THE SECOND-FLOOR PLAN OF THE SOUTHERN HOUSE AS IT WAS BUILT. SLIGHT CHANGES ARE SUGGESTED IN AN ACCOMPANYING ARTICLE BY A WOMAN ARCHITECT



THE FIRST-FLOOR PLAN OF THE SOUTHERN HOUSE

Torrington

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER

BIG BRUSH — POWERFUL SUCTION

More time for your hobby

WHEN your housework gets to be just one job after another, isn't it time for a let-up somewhere? And, after all, isn't it the sweeping and cleaning that makes it so tiresome? Then get a Torrington Electric Vacuum Cleaner for the daily cleaning—for then you will have more time for your hobbies, for relaxation, for friendship.

The Torrington's big revolving sweeper-brush and powerful suction will quickly, easily, and thoroughly clean your rugs and carpets, getting up the surface litter as well as the trodden-in dirt. With its attachments you can reach into all the nooks and crannies of your house and get out EVERY BIT of dirt and dust. It is so light you can carry it easily from room to room, upstairs and down, and keep your home in such dustless cleanliness that you will always be glad to have your neighbors drop in unexpectedly.

Visit a shop where the Torrington Electric Vacuum Cleaners are sold and have the Cleaner and its attachments demonstrated to you.

THE TORRINGTON COMPANY

(*National Sweeper Division*)

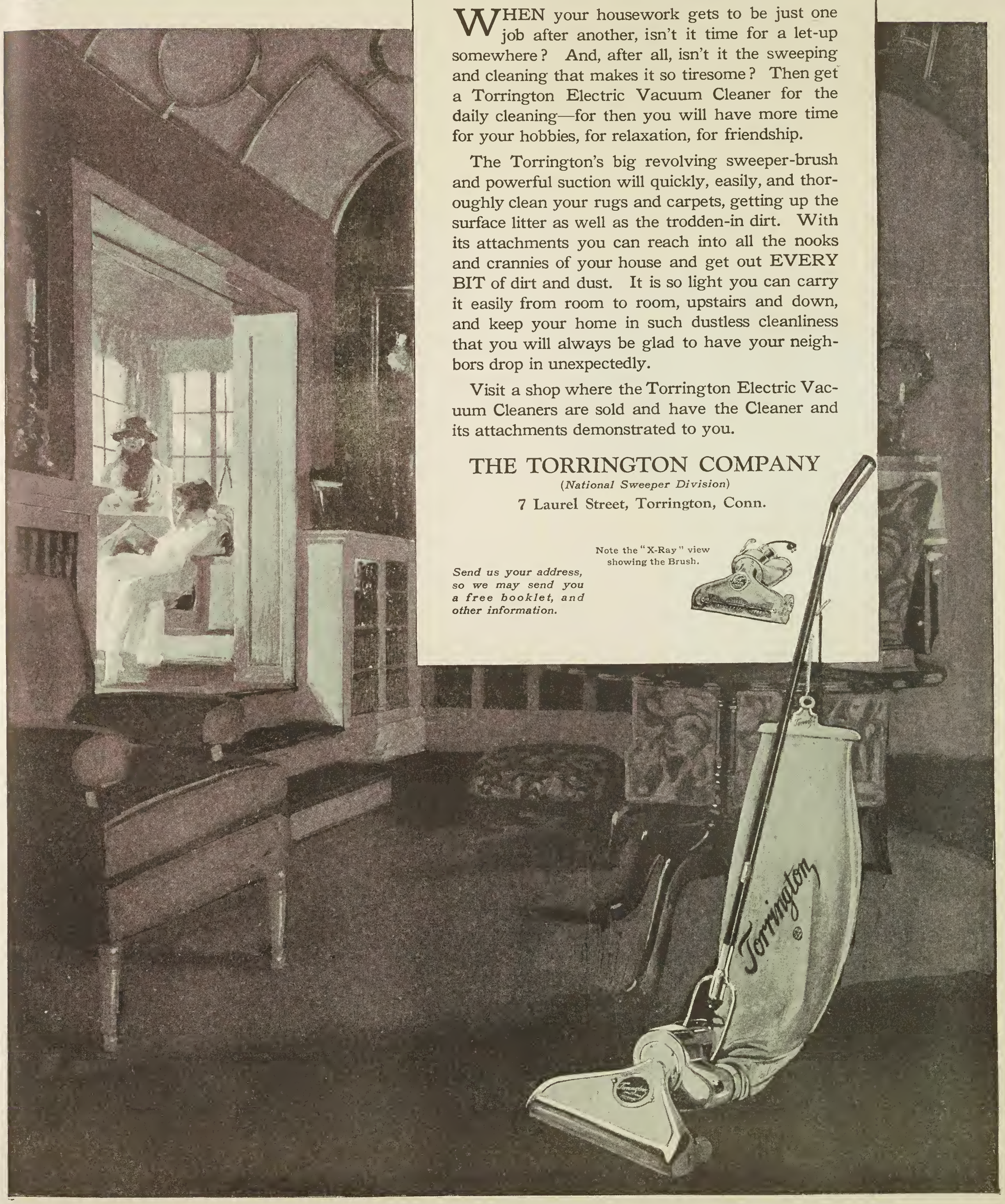
7 Laurel Street, Torrington, Conn.

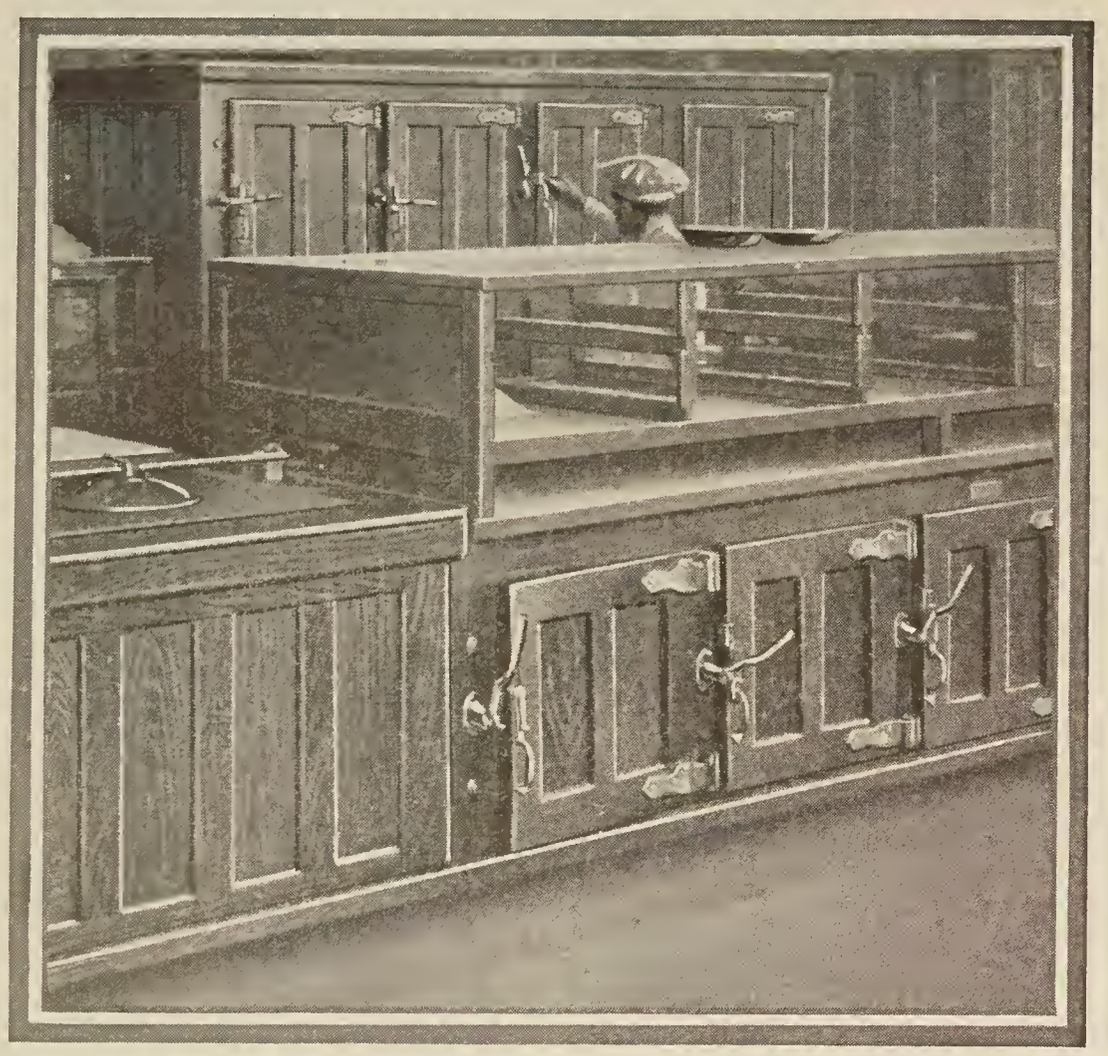
Send us your address, so we may send you a free booklet, and other information.

Note the "X-Ray" view showing the Brush.









WHY *R. H. Macy & Co*

use VALSPAR Varnish

JUST SIX WEEKS after the big refrigerators were installed in the restaurant of the famous Macy store, New York, the varnish began to turn white and flake off.

The steam from the big kitchen kettles was too much for it—to the surprise of the contractors who had thought the varnish they used equal to anything made for the purpose.

In two months, where the steam was hottest, there was no varnish left, and the unprotected wood was showing signs of warping and swelling.

After one look, the Macy superintendent of buildings said "Re-varnish them with Valspar"—his experience told him that Valspar would stand where the other varnish had failed. So they scraped the refrigerators and gave them three coats of Valspar, and though that was seven years ago, the head painter at Macy's said recently, "Those refrigerators show no signs of needing revarnishing yet!"

Ever since this startling demonstration, everything varnishable around the great Macy store has been VALSPARRED—and the manufacturers of the refrigerators have made Valspar their standard finish.



Why not VALSPAR your refrigerator now ?

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR

The Varnish That Won't Turn White

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 456 Fourth Avenue, New York

Special Offer:

For your dealer's name and 15c. in stamps we will send you a 25c. sample can of Valspar—enough to finish a small table or chair. Fill out the coupon.

Dealer's Name .....

Name .....

Address .....

Butterick—5-20

Concluded from page 62

A SOUTHERN HOUSE

A WOMAN ARCHITECT'S SUGGESTIONS

BY MARCIA MEAD

BECAUSE a woman has a housekeeping sense, there is great need of her in the architectural field, not to oppose men nor to take their places, but to cooperate with them. From the dual standpoint of a woman architect and a housewife, I have been asked to discuss some of the plans which will be presented in these columns. I shall endeavor to make such comments constructive and suggestive and of practieal assistance to the housewife in determining the needs of her own home.

The Southern house is extremely good as well as unique, and the main principles involved should be applied more than they are. The front porch to "sit out on" has become such a habit that the idea of a kitchen in the front of the house has been considered as almost too radieal an innovation. The basis of the horror of such an idea I fear has been the faet that many housewives are consistently untidy and are in the habit of decorating the kitehen entranee with brooms, mops and ash-cans. Is there any reason why all sides of a house should not be equally tidy?

In towns where there is no alley delivery, to have the kitehen in front is a great advantage. It is when the housewife is about her kitchen work that she is interested in the passing of the milkman, the iceman, the butcherman. Ordinarily the distance from the kitehen at the rear of the house to the front door is covered many times in the course of the morning, and endless steps are taken which would be unneecssary if the kitchen were at the front of the house.

When there is a beautiful view at the rear of the house it is obvious that this arrangement is the better plan, but it is also a better plan for the average inside lot where it is possible to make the rear yard a thing of beauty. Even the vegetable garden can be made most attractive by judicious and intelligent planting. The privacy and comfort of this rear veranda, whieh is large and roomy and can be easily pictured furnished with rugs, tables and magazines, and easy chairs, can never be secured with the "front porch," on which the family must arrange themselves in decorous rows as if for exhibition purposes.

The interior arrangement is above criticism, with one exception. The wall spaces for furniture are ample, the windows give promise of sunny, well-ventilated rooms, and the entrance is attractive and inviting. It is in the service portion, which is the housewife's laboratory, where I would suggest a few changes, which will greatly increase efficiency and reduce labor.

I SHOULD like to say here that housekeeping efficiency should be planned for, whether the work is to be done by the housewife or by servants, and certain principles should always apply. For example: In the preparation of food the range and the sink are continuously required and should be located near to each other. When the food is ready to serve, it should be carried the shortest possible distanee to the dining-table. In this plan the sink and stove are far apart and it is necessary to carry the prepared food a considerable distance.

To obviate these difficulties I should suggest reversing the position of the door and window on the right side of the kitchen and putting the sink and drain-board, etc., in front of the window. Then, if you place the range where the "press" now stands, the distance from the stove to the sink will be reduced more than one-half.

By placing the door from the kitchen to the pantry as near as possible to the dining-room wall, the path of travel from the kitchen to the dining-room will be reduced at least one-third. The kitehen press can be plaeed against the pantry wall and there will still be room for the kitchen-table.

THE location of the refrigerator is very good if it is equipped with an electric refrigerating apparatus, but in the average American home the present cost of electrie current makes this a too expensive luxury. If the refrigerator is to be iced, it should be located, in this case, in a kitchen entrance vestibule. The refrigerator is also used more in connection with the kitchen than the pantry, and for the storage of meat, milk and vegetables will be found more convenient at the entrance to the kitchen than in the pantry.

One important feature has been omitted from this floor, the broom or cleaning closet. There should be such a closet on each floor, doing away with the necessity of carrying these utensils up and down stairs. Such a closet could be conveniently located in connection with the pantry cabinet near the door to the entrance hall.

There is also a congestion of doors in the passage to the front hall. The door from the cellar-way to the hall should swing into the hall and should have a spring hinge to keep it closed. The door from the pantry to the cellar-way, which opens across the door to the dining-room, should be placed at the head of the cellar stairs and should swing toward the front hall door. The door from the pantry to the dining-room should be double-swing, or if only one double-swing door is desired, it should be this one, instead of the door from the kitchen to the pantry.

These changes in arrangement will in no way interfere with the architectural effect, and they are essential for convenient operation.

ON THE second floor the arrangement of the rooms, hall, bath, etc., are above criticism. Here we find the cleaning-closet and the linen-closet, which are items never to be omitted from your building program.

The sewing-room or bedroom, as may be, has a closet across one entire end. Because of the roof lines, as the architect will tell you, it is necessary to have a closet at this end of the room, but only in the corner, not across the entire end.

The window might be moved close to the bathroom wall and set in an alcove, with seat and drawer, if you like, for the storage of clothing. Thus the room would be improved from the standpoint of light and ventilation, and its furniture spaces would be equally good.

I should also like to suggest that it is possible to rearrange the front bedrooms, making the sleeping-porch uniformly eight feet wide, with all three bedrooms opening upon it. The porch might then be partitioned off with screens, making it possible to have a proper sleeping space outside of each bedroom.

FUN—LOADS OF IT

BY LAURA GATES SYKORA

LITTLE children are very fond of coming in contaet with familiar things in an unfamiliar way. For instance, games surrounding some familiar object will give them new interest in their old friend.

Almost all children from a year upward are familiar with "Mother Goose" rimes, and the object of this party is to weave the games around them.

The children are placed in a circle. The person in charge of the party comes into the room dressed as *Mother Goose* and enters the circle.

She looks at all the children and then demands that eaeh of them tell her one of her own rimes or pay her a forfeit. Then, turning suddenly, she points her cane at one of the older children, who has to repeat a verse—for instance, "A dillar, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar," or "Tom, Tom, the Piper's son," before she counts ten. The younger children will take their cue from the older ones and will be able to respond when *Mother Goose* calls upon them. Any child not able to think of a verse in time has to pay a forfeit.

AFTER each child has been called upon, *Mother Goose* assembles all the little ones who are to pay forfeits. She must use her ingenuity to make these amusing.

One child might be told to hop backward across the room on one foot; another is told to walk through a certain door after he is whirled around three times; a third might have to walk up a flight of stairs backward without touching the banisters.

Mother Goose now divides the children into two divisions, one audience and the other actors. She takes the actors into another room with her, where she explains to them that they are to act out a "Mother Goose" rime and the children in the other room will have to guess what it is.

It must be one of the most familiar rimes in order to give the smallest children a chance.

"Little Bo-Peep" is one which all the children know and can be acted easily. Have one child take a long cane or a broomstick for the shepherdess's crook and the other children can be her sheep.

When the audience guesses, the two sides exchange and the audience becomes the actors and the actors become the audience.

SIMPLE SIMON is easily portrayed by a boy with a paper dunce-cap on his head standing before another boy who has a tray slung by a cord in front of him. A large box-cover can be used for this tray.

Simple Simon in pantomime asks the *Pieman* to let him taste his ware, while the *Pieman* taps the palm of his hand to show that he wants money. *Simple Simon* pulls his pockets wrong side out to show that he has nothing and the *Pieman* goes away in disgust.

A haystack made from a dark table-cover thrown over a chair and a little boy asleep in its shade easily portray *Little Boy Blue*, while three of the smallest children scampering away from one of the older girls, who holds a great big knife in her hand, will make the other children immediately remember the three blind mice.

These characters must not be hard to guess, for little children soon tire of anything that they do not succeed in guessing. *Mother Goose* can easily devise other ways of illustrating the verses she thinks the children most likely to know, as, for instance:

The man in the moon
Came down too soon
And asked the way to Norwich.

IN ONE corner of the room a box or basket is placed which is about a foot in depth. *Mother Goose* brings out a well-blown-up balloon with a moon-face inked upon it.

She tells the children that they must see that the *Man in the Moon*, which is the balloon, gets to Norwich, which is the basket. They are to blow him there. When once she has tossed the balloon into the air, the children must blow him toward the corner of the room where the basket is.

Every one must strive to keep the balloon from falling to the floor; the person letting it fall must pay a forfeit. If older children are playing the game, it might be well to divide the children into two sides, one to try to get the Moon to Norwich while the others try to prevent its getting there.



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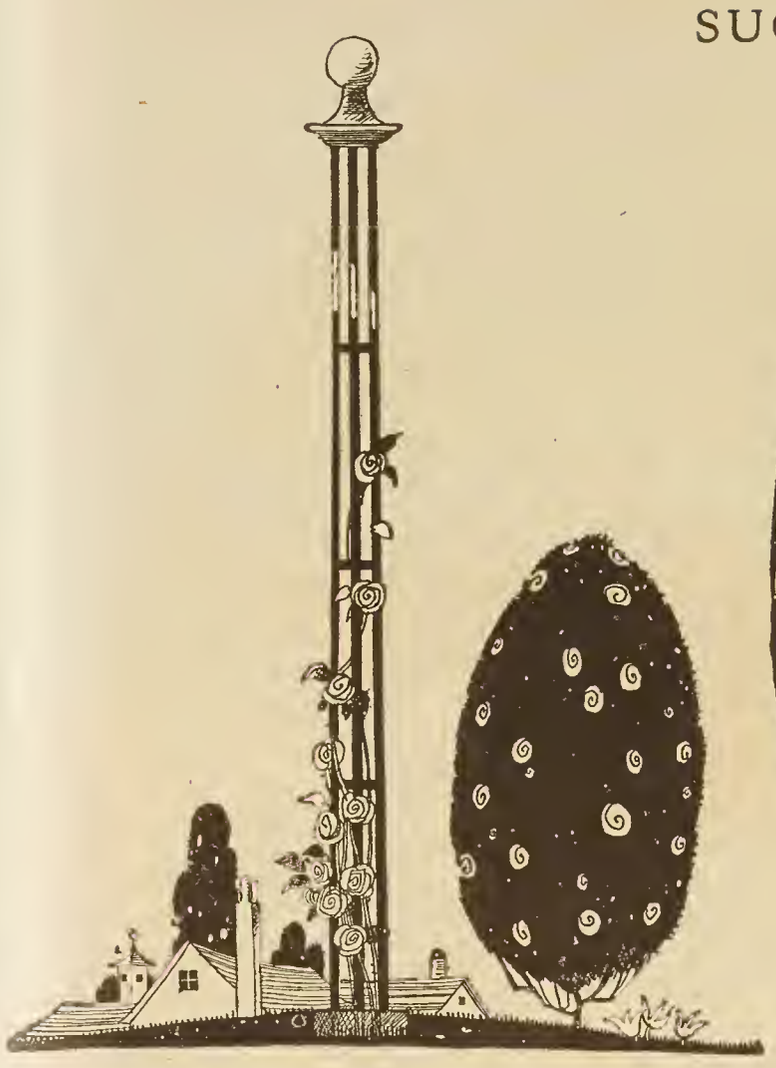
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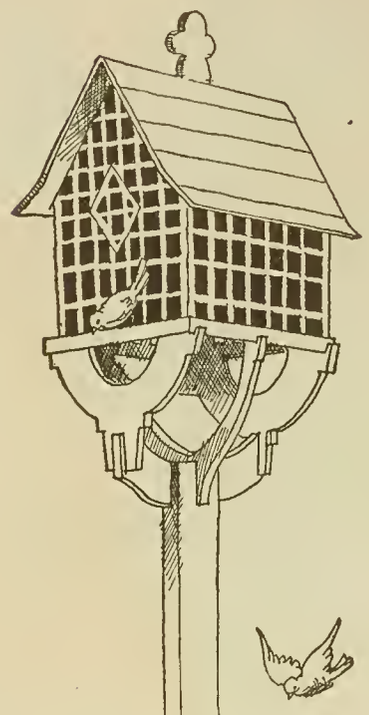
SUGGESTIONS BY AMY BONNER

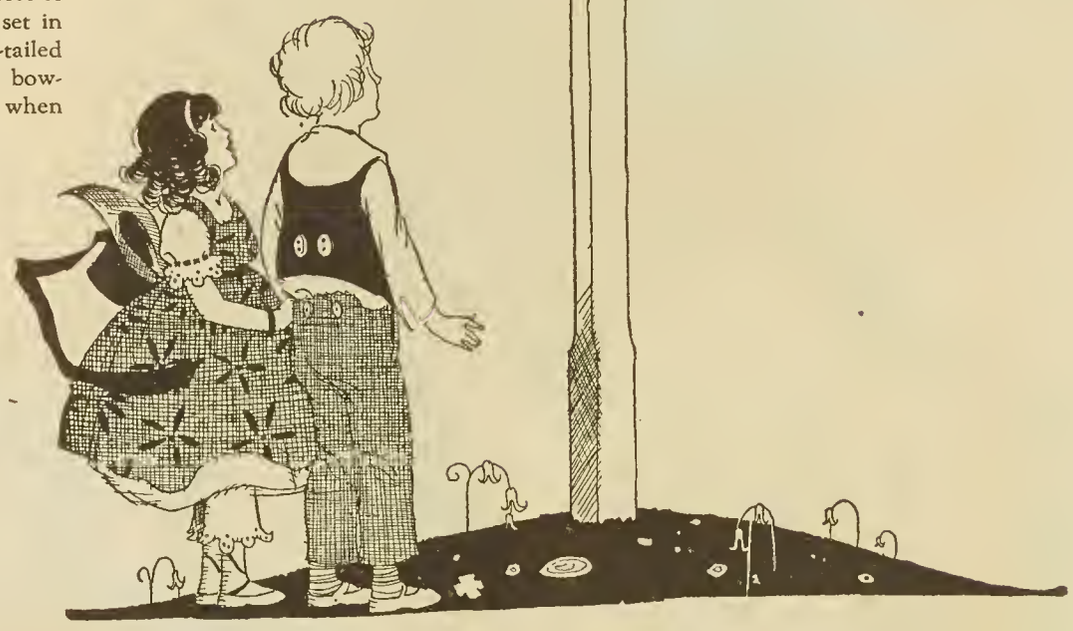


No, this single-stemmed rose-vine on the slender trellis is not emulating *Jack's* bean-stalk and climbing into heaven. It merely looks giant-size beside the dwarf shrub and the roofs on the distant sky-line. It is a fascinating example of the endless garden uses to which trellises may be put



Loretta's front gate in the quiet side street of an Iowa town is a little swinging one, set in the center with a medallion of bushy-tailed squirrels sharply silhouetted. The bow-shaped arch quaintly frames Loretta when she appears behind the gate





Never will a "To Let" sign be hung on this lovely bird-house, pedestaled high out of reach of pussy's claws. The tiny house will attract and shelter singing tenants throughout the long Summer until the southward-flying exodus sets in. And maybe the outgoing tenants will pass on to some of their songster friends the good news of this protected home. And then chirping home-makers will be there again next Spring with the first early crocuses





Near the trees is the very best spot for bird-homes. But do not crowd them together; overcrowding is as bad a fault when you're dressing up the garden as when you're decorating the drawing-room—and birds are just as fastidious as folks! There should be only one tiny bird-home in a small grove of garden trees

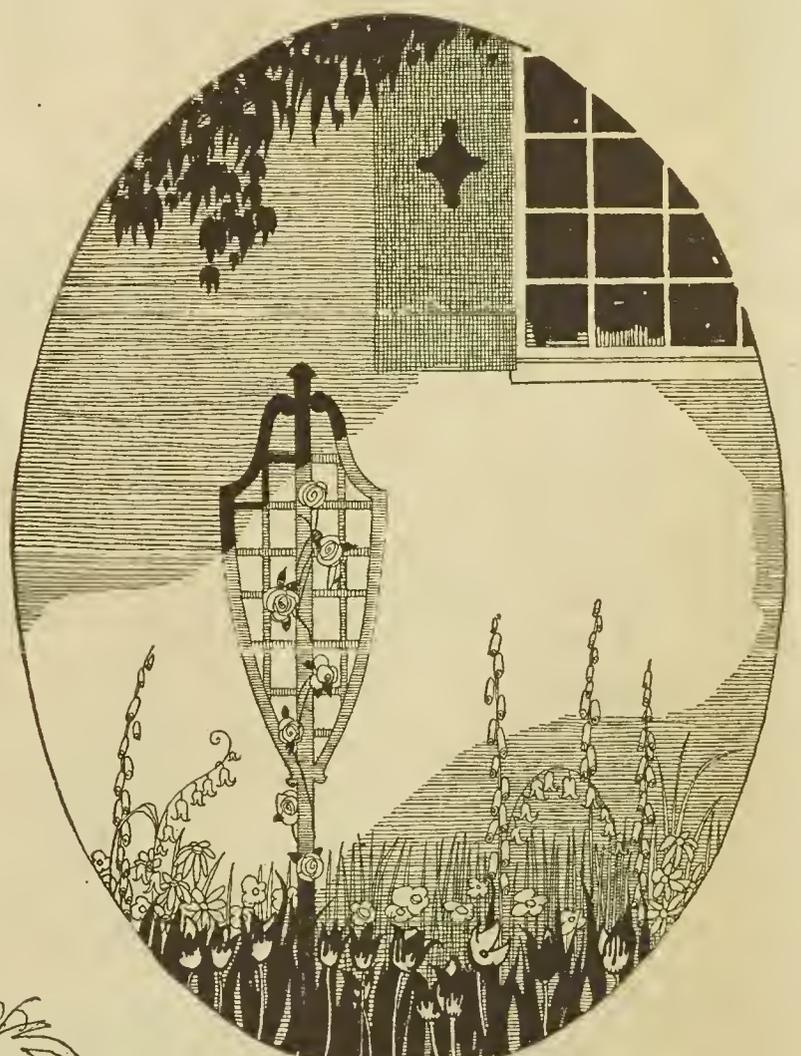


Trellises need not always be a framework for trailing vines. Sometimes a gaudy, gorgeous-flowered stalk is planted right beside it, attracting butterflies as dazzling in hue as the blossoms are. Oddly brilliant decoration-spots they make, off in that far corner of the garden





Funny little pagoda-shaped tops are popular on trellises. There is wide leeway in the design and decoration of these trellis screens, and still wider scope in their uses. They may be large enough and pretentious enough to become tea-houses for the cold supper on Summer evenings



Way off at the back of a Long Island garden was this fan-shaped lattice. It may look like a Victorian fire-screen, but that is a real rambler zigzagging to and fro in neat geometrical design on the trellis. Larger trellises of similar design, covered with roses or sweet peas, or multicolored morning-glories may be used to screen the outlines of a cellar-door or an ungainly corner of the back yard where rubbish is piled

An old, unsightly pump that could not be sacrificed had this trellis-case set around it. A tiny, artificial bird bobs and bows with the pump-handle every time the little Kate Greenaway girl comes to fill her watering-can. If the hose doesn't reach to every end of your garden or if there isn't a water system on your farm and you must use the pump over the old cistern, this is the answer for quaintness and beauty

These ornaments can be bought ready-made of the manufacturers, or similar ones can be fashioned by any one skilled in home carpentry. Further information on receipt of stamped, self-addressed envelope

THE HOUSE-PLANTS' ANNUAL OUTING

BY AMY POPE SHIRK

THE devotees of window-gardening are divided into two camps; those who believe that their protégés should be repotted in the Spring and those who are firmly convinced that the Autumn is the only proper time to perform this important rite.

Personally I am lined up with the Spring repotters, and my experience has borne out my convictions. Indeed, I suppose it would be more exact to say that my position on this all-important matter is the direct outcome of my experience. And it would seem reasonable that it is better to place the plants in the new soil just before the growing season, rather than at its close, and also to give them the Summer months in which to recover from the shock which repotting gives to their nervous systems—yes, I am quite sure plants *have* nervous systems!—before subjecting them to the trying condition of a Winter in the house.

About the time that gaping yellow bills first begin to be seen on top of every robin's nest, I carry all my house-plants to a shady place in the back yard and pack them for their vacation. If the Winter has been a successful one for the anxious gardener, most of them will need to go into big pots, so it is well to be provided with two or three pots larger than any now in use.

This extends the line of pot sizes sufficiently to allow one to make use of the pots on hand, for by attending to the largest plants first there will always be an empty pot larger than the one next to be emptied.

It has been my habit to do my work kneeling on the ground, but my more sensible friends usually improvise a potting counter by laying a couple of boards or an old door across two barrels or boxes.

A shallow box will be needed for mixing the soil, a trowel for handling it—although if you do not own a trowel an old kitchen spoon will not come amiss—assorted potting sticks (a shingle which can be easily split will supply them all) and if possible a rather coarse sieve, to enable one the more easily to detect lumps and discard stones in the soil. Add to these an old case-knife that is sharp enough to cut roots and your tool equipment will be complete.

VOLUMES have been written on soils and their treatment, and every gardener I ever knew had an unexcelled formula for mixing just the right potting soil. For many years I labored and experimented with leaf-mold, "sharp sand," clay loam, sandy loam and many another besides, always with varying success, until at last I alighted on the perfect formula.

It was just to dig up some of the earth from where "the old barn used to be." But as all the rest of the world can not be expected to be so fortunate as to have a place where an old barn used to be, I will venture to suggest that this perfect mixture may be closely approximated by using soil from a garden plot that has been enriched with stable manure the previous Autumn. If it seems heavy, add a little sand to encourage drainage and, if you can get it, perhaps a fourth part of leaf-mold.

If you can gain access to a pasture which has been in use for a good while, dig up a few sods and use the dark-colored earth just beneath the roots of the grass. This is an excellent potting earth without the addition of any kind of "trimming." Mix your soil in the box and pass it through the sieve, pressing out the lumps and discarding the stones. Be on the lookout for angleworms, which are not desirable pets and will cause you much annoyance if you pot them up with your plants.

When the soil is ready, have a generous container of water at hand, and start in on the largest plant. We shall suppose the oldest child of this interesting family to be a Boston fern occupying a six-inch pot.

KNOCK the side of the pot forcibly against the edge of the potting-bench so as to loosen the bole—that is, the roots with the earth surrounding them—from the inside of the pot. Lay the pot on its side, the left hand supporting the plants, the fingers thrust gently between the upstanding stems of the fronds, taking care not to break the new shoots, and with the right hand pull off the pot.

A plant having a single stem, like a poinsettia or geranium, is more easily handled, as the left hand can get a firm grip upon the earth bole, but with a little care the pot can be taken off any plant without damage either to top or roots. Never dig into the soil about the roots before taking off the pot, or try to cut it out as one would a cake from a pan, for this is almost certain to injure the roots and perhaps make all your anxious labor vain.

When the pot is removed, the novice will be surprised to find that there is almost no soil left below the top layer. If the plant has done well during the Winter, the bole will be a mass of roots with perhaps some traces of charcoal and a few bits of broken pot clinging to the bottom. If our Boston fern presents this appearance, it is a candidate for a larger pot. So we must make our new eight-inch pot ready for occupancy.

In the bottom place a handful of broken pot pieces, laying one somewhat larger than the hole at the bottom over this hole with the concave side down. This keeps the hole from getting stopped up, yet permits the water to run out freely under the edges. With a pot as large as eight inches a good deal of care must be used to insure proper drainage. After the pieces of broken pot are arranged at the bottom put in half to three-quarters of an inch of rough material. Bits of charcoal about the size of soup beans should be your first choice, but I have had equal success with the small cinders from the kitchen range. The charcoal, however, does not make the pot so heavy to handle.

Next put in a layer of packing moss, or partly decayed leaves, perhaps another three-quarters of an inch in thickness. Straw or even excelsior may be used instead, but moss is to be preferred. The last layer acts as a filter, retaining the silt brought down by the water which is poured upon the top of the pot, but permitting the water to percolate down among the crevices between the bits of charcoal or cinders, and finally find its way to the hole at the bottom of the pot. This does away with all danger of the roots becoming "waterlogged," a very frequent cause of failure for the new window-gardener.

The drainage system properly installed, the plant may be put into the new pot, but first the roots must be coaxed into a receptive mood, and this is not always an easy matter to accomplish. If the plant has made considerable growth during the Winter, the roots are usually badly matted and it will be necessary to free them, and perhaps even to trim them off a little.

I HAVE never found a better way of loosening up the roots of a potted plant than placing it under the garden water-tap or the stream of the hose, and washing every bit of the old soil off. It is then easy to loosen up the mass of fibers with the fingers and the knife is seldom necessary except to prune off some very long end that might be troublesome to arrange in the new pot.

Be sure to make a clean cut and avoid bruising. A bruised root should be cut off; it will only decay and make trouble. Do not let the roots become dry—that is fatal; but if the soil has been washed off and the exposed roots are kept out of the wind there is little danger of this happening.

Set your plant upon the drainage material, spread out the lower roots carefully and begin to put in the soil, packing it down about the roots with a potting stick that is wide enough to fill the space between the root bole and the inside of the pot; in the case of our Boston fern this would be just an inch wide.

Press the soil well down about the roots, so that the delicate little tendrils won't have to grope about in big air spaces when they are looking for their next meal. Fill the pot to within an inch of the rim, and pack the soil firmly about the stems. When a fern has many little new shoots, this requires a good deal of care, and it is sometimes better not to wash off the top layer of the old soil, but to content oneself with clearing out the deeper roots, leaving enough of the old soil to hold the tender shoots in place. As each plant is finished, water it thoroughly with a fine rose spray and set it in the shade.

The smaller foliage plants can be handled in the same manner, except that the little pots do not require so elaborate a drainage system. In the two and three inch ones, just the concave bit of broken "crock" over the hole should be sufficient.

IF YOU have a table fernery containing six or eight small ferns, it is well to separate them and put each one by itself into a two or three inch pot. It is not usually necessary to loosen up their roots after they are separated, as that process exposes them quite enough.

In the Autumn they can be returned to the fernery, unless you have handled them so successfully that they have developed into specimens, in which event you will be obliged to get new ones for the table, and let those of last year occupy more exalted positions.

It sometimes happens, alas! that the plants we are removing from the pots do not come out a lusty mass of matted roots. Instead we see only waterlogged soil with a few scraggly root-ends sticking out here and there or perhaps not a sign of a root anywhere. Then we must wash or dig off the soil and find whatever roots the poor thing has and then distribute them carefully through the fresh soil, making use of a pot no larger, or better still a size smaller, than the one from which we took it.

Such a plant is in a bad way, and only heroic measures can save it. Take off all unhealthy foliage even if it is left almost naked, set it in the shade and water freely.

Flowering plants can be treated in about the same way as ferns. The bulbs forced in the house during the late Winter and early Spring should have all their withered foliage cut off and the soil rubbed from them so they are clean and dry, and they can then be put in some dark place which is not damp until October, when you may plant them in the garden, as they can not be forced in the house a second time.

THE fuchsias, Jerusalem cherries, begonias, and geraniums should be trimmed down to within a few inches of the central stem before they are taken out of the old pots. If you have an azalea, do not prune it so vigorously, as the new flower buds form under the leaves of this year and a late pruning will cut off next year's flowers. Unless it is decidedly one-sided and "sprawly" I would not prune it at all.

Heliotrope may be handled as a perennial, but I have found it more satisfactory to set the plants out in the garden in the Spring and in the Summer take slips from them for the next Winter's window-garden. Heliotrope is a very touchy plant and so easily offended by uncivil treatment that I have never been very successful in repotting it.

I do not usually place house-plants in direct sunlight, except geraniums, and heliotrope if it is left in its pot.

Do not forget to water the plants frequently; the rain is not enough.

If it is possible to do so, sink each pot up to its rim in the earth, and if any pieces of broken pot were left, put those at the bottom of the hole in which the pot is placed to exclude the angleworm.

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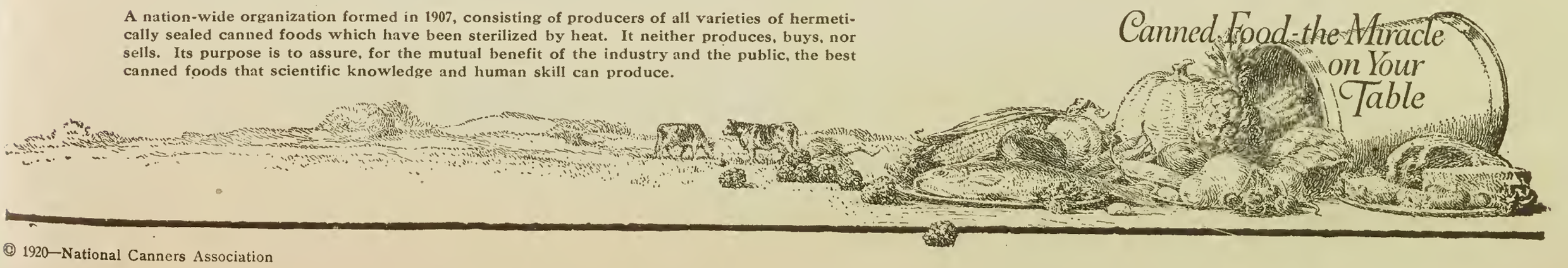
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Are you willing to be judged by their appearance?

YOU gesture freely as you talk to him. His eyes follow your moving finger tips. What are his impressions?

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Perhaps you find it is not possible to have a professional manicurist care for your nails regularly. Yet when you try to manicure them yourself you find you cannot keep the cuticle smooth. The more you cut it the worse it grows.

The most important part of your manicure is the care of the cuticle. To cut it with scissors or to bruise it with a sharp instrument invites trouble. The skin about the nail is sure to grow tough, uneven, to cause roughness, hangnails. When you cut the overgrown cuticle, you inevitably cut the live skin. As it heals, the skin is left thick and ragged. There is danger also of injuring the sensitive nail root, which is only one-twelfth inch below the surface.

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Follow the directions under the illustrations. You will be surprised when you see how easy it is to have the same dainty nails you have so admired in your friends. Once or twice a week, depending on how fast your cuticle grows, give your nails this quick manicure. A few minutes is all that is necessary. You need give no more thought to the care of your hands. The consciousness of flawless nails will add greatly to your poise—your general charm.



With some cotton wrapped around an orange stick and dipped in Cutex, work around each nail, pushing back the surplus cuticle

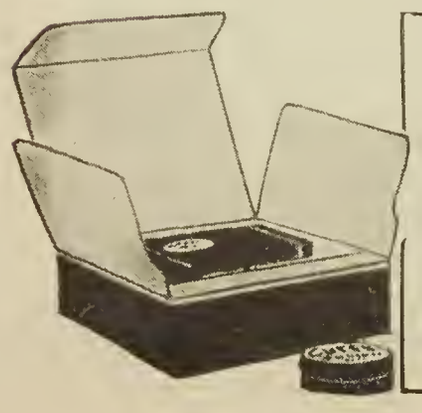
You can get Cutex at any drug or department store in the United States and Canada and any chemist shop in England. Cutex Cuticle Remover comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are 35c each.

A complete manicure set for 20 cents

Send the coupon below and 20 cents for the Introductory Manicure Set. This is not as large as the standard set but it contains enough of the various Cutex preparations for at least six manicures. You will see after your first manicure how easy it is to have noticeably attractive hands. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

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Pasquale Amato

OPERA THE YEAR ROUND

BY PASQUALE AMATO

One of the world's greatest singers, Pasquale Amato, who speaks English fluently, has been of splendid service to American composers by singing their songs everywhere. In this article Mr. Amato gives an authoritative and practical plan for hearing opera on the records. Programs illustrating this plan and a list of books containing information on operas and their composers will be sent on application to William Armstrong, Music Editor, DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

TO ANY who really love music, the acquiring of an appreciative knowledge of it is no mystery. Love of music and a desire to learn to understand it are the two things needful, for with the proper, systematic use of records, a training of both mind and ear is within the reach of all.

Opera is the most readily understood of any branch of music, for in it we have the text of a human story that is sung. The music, therefore, serves to illustrate and heighten each episode presented. Consequently the appeal to our emotions is far stronger than in a spoken play.

To hear opera from selections on the records, a first necessity is to read the libretto. With the condensed plot, printed on the opening page, well fixed in mind, a careful reading of the entire book should follow. Not only is it important to comprehend in our own language the words sung on special records to which we listen, but also the scenes leading up to those numbers. Then we understand the place and value the numbers hold in the opera's development.

If the opera records are sung in Italian, it is well to get an Italian-English libretto; if in French, a French-English libretto. With the English translation printed in parallel columns beside the foreign text, it is easier to keep more closely in touch with the meaning of the words as they are sung. By that plan we get a truer idea of the dramatic feeling and musical expression of the singer.

FOR the more intelligent understanding of an opera to be heard on the records, I would advise also the reading of a short biography of its composer, which tells to what period that opera belongs and its distinguishing qualities. If through a biography the listener learns something, too, of the composer as a man, he will feel a stronger sympathetic interest. Knowledge of the human side of life as he lived it, his struggles, his disappointments, his triumphs, all bring him nearer to us, and add to the intelligent appreciation of his achievements.

Training of the ear through hearing opera on the records is identical with training the ear through listening to opera on the stage. A first hearing in either case may not, perhaps, bring any special lingering impressions. But after an aria, for instance, has been heard many times, it will have become thoroughly familiar and a part of general musical training.

As direct result of this familiarity with the numbers the ear will quickly detect a difference in detail and interpretation between one artist and another, will know how one singer excels and why. On the records, too, there is the advantage of hearing any selection repeated indefinitely.

The principal numbers of celebrated and important operas may be obtained on the records. Through systematic selection of such records, the main points of an opera can be illustrated musically with the aid of a libretto. The plan of procedure is simple. In the libretto the main numbers may be found and the records chosen act by act, as their titles are all given, with slight variations in the English names in different catalogs. Many have already a collection of records that need only to be classified in the order in which they appear in an opera.

BUT here allow me to give a hint. Very many comparatively unknown records, not in the beaten track of popularity, are most valuable. From both an artistic and educational point of view such records are well worth attention.

As an instance, my Prologue from "Pagliacci" is a good record, but my record of the Credo from "Otello," far less well known, is one of the most perfect achievements from both the mechanical and artistic point of view. In it the orchestra part, which is very important, sounds as I have seldom heard it, and its balance with the voice is notable. The way the voice comes out bears the nearest similarity to my own. Both diction and interpretation, too, give the ideas of composer and librettist. And it is not a question of the voice only, but we must think of the composer and the librettist who have combined in giving to us something so beautiful.

There is also another hint that I should like to give, and it is this: The first thing that people should do is to find the right key in which to play a record. There is a regulator by which a number may be played slower or faster. By playing a record faster, it is higher in key; by playing it slower, it is lower.

Some of my own records are placed right at number seventy-eight; the keys of others require the regulator to be put slower or faster. And this varying degree in placing the regulator is demanded in the records of all artists.

SO, TO my way of thinking, dealers in general should be trained to know the right key in which records should be played.

Very frequently when a record does not sound well, it is because of the speed at which it is played. In a word, the question of properly regulating a record in performance is too important a question to be neglected.

To young vocal students I would say that none should try servilely to imitate any artist on a record. Imitation is not art. Art is creation. Even if any could absolutely imitate a great artist, his personality could not be reproduced. Personality is a something that belongs to the individual, for the personality of no two people is identical.

Furthermore, the *quality* of an artist's voice depends on so many things that nature alone can give him, that it is as impossible to apply the same vocal method to different singers as it is impossible for two singers to look exactly alike, think exactly alike, or be built in exactly the same way.

On the other hand, all may gain invaluable knowledge of tradition, of the right style of singing, by listening to the records of noted exponents of vocal art. And to vocal students I recommend first and foremost as aids in the study of style the records of the old *bel canto* school, selections by such immortal masters as Mozart, Donizetti, and Bellini.



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SOME OLD SONGS AND THEIR STORIES

BY WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

OUR thoughts turn first to Stephen Collins Foster in any recounting of the romances of songs that are American. Through all the years since he gave us his melodies, golden voices have sung them unceasingly; the more intimately dear voices of every-day life have woven them with our hearts' closest memories.

The reasons for all this lie in the pure simplicity of Foster's melodies, limpid as the waters of any tree-shadowed spring; the words that he himself wrote to them, rare in simple charm, close in association with dear familiar things.

Their very genuineness endears them to all peoples. From Australia a man once wrote to Alma Gluck of her record "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny," that he had never seen "Virginny," and probably never would, but he deeply loved the song because every man carried the memory of a little Virginny in his heart. And very nearly every theme that Foster immortalized lives consciously or subconsciously in the hearts of all.

Take any one of the scores of songs he wrote, each holds its own romance, "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," "My Old Kentucky Home;" "Old Folks at Home," and all the whole treasury of them in the records.

But "Old Folks at Home," with its burden of home-longing, is, perhaps, a romance more representative than any other of the poet-composer's heart.

He wrote that song in 1851, after absence from his birthplace overlooking the Alleghany River at Lawrenceville, now a part of Pittsburgh. There, as a little one, his father playing to him on the violin, his mother crooning to him poetic fancies, had been cherished the spark that was to spring to eternal flame.

THE years of childhood, strongest in registering impressions vividly to last through life, had given to him that home-longing in absence which he immortalized. With "Home, Sweet Home" it lingers in our memories, expressing as it does so gently, so plaintively, yet so poignantly the heart-break brought by home recollections to the wanderer.

At that time, too, thought of the pathetic loneliness of a strange, outside world lay heavier because of a reason that clung to him throughout life. All men seemed friends to him; many misused his generosity. Money meant to him mainly what he had to give.

When "Old Folks at Home" was published, need impelled him to allow the name of Edwin Christy of minstrel fame to be put on the title-page as author, and for a scant four hundred dollars. Later Foster's own name rightly shone there, but the fact that he was forced to make this sacrifice remains as part of the song's chronicle.

Without the simple songs of Foster, America would have in vast measure stood beggared before the world, and in her own heart remained mute. To that heart he gave utterance that sings on and on, equally appealing to the littlest, the oldest, the world-weariest among us.

An unfading American song sprang up in an otherwise unsuccessful life to give it gracious memory in the hearts of men. And that song was "The Old Oaken Bucket." Some among us may still associate the poem with Friday afternoons at a country schoolhouse; broad, green fields stretching enticingly beyond the open windows while we gave its verses grudging recitation.

Again, many of us associate "The Old Oaken Bucket" and its well-sweep of a bygone time with childhood in the country, a romance that no other in after years was sufficiently alluring to efface. This was exactly the kind of romance that inspired Samuel Woodworth to write "The Old Oaken Bucket" in the Summer-time of 1817.

HIS life had been one of wandering, sometimes through green fields, oftener through city streets and as a stranger. Alternately he worked as printer or, more to his taste, wrote verses of scant merit. These he sold readily to newspapers in towns through which he tramped. Twice he edited weekly newspapers of his own, which vanished as miraculously as they had come; once he compiled a history, soon forgotten. But always he appears to have been waiting for fortune to drop on him from some of the many boughs under which he passed.

One day he found a wife devotedly willing to risk the roving chance and poverty that were his to offer. Drifting finally to New York City, with the little family they had gathered, all settled in Duane Street. In those dim times Duane Street had a town pump. And there you have the key to Woodworth's inspiration.

It was a far cry from the Duane Street pump to the old well-sweep of his birthplace at Scituate, Massachusetts, where his eyes first opened on its charm in 1785. And Woodworth found it so that hot Summer afternoon thirty-two years later when, draining a glass from the town pump, he spoke longingly of cooler, sweeter water that swung upward on the old well-sweep at home.

"Selim," said his patient, loving wife, "wouldn't that be a pretty subject for a poem?" Whether it was wifely devotion to his literary progress or a vague hope of material benefit, history gives no inkling. But Selim wrote, and wrote to some purpose, for "The Old Oaken Bucket" remains his monument for all the ages, and a memorial to a fond woman's prompting.

The melody arranged by Frederick Smith to "The Old Oaken Bucket" as we hear it on the records was the same chosen by Moore as musical companion to "Araby's Daughter," the third story told by him in his Fire-Worshipers in "Lalla Rookh." The original composer was an Englishman, Kiallmark. By strange coincidence that earlier poem sang a romance of waters' depths, of loss and longing.

Though a dreamer, too, Walter Kittredge, who found immortality through his loved song, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," was quite another type of dreamer than his fellow New Englander, Samuel Woodworth. To Kittredge, born with love of music brimming in him, life meant absorbing action, with absorbing motive back of it.

His little home town of Merrimack, New Hampshire, where life opened to him in 1832, offered no musical encouragement save his art-loving father. Twenty years later he started out alone to give ballad concerts in the districts roundabout, taking in his mission all the chances of a barn-storming actor.

TWO years later he joined the then famous Hutchinson family, an American counterpart of Ireland's roving minstrels. The second year of the war between the States brought the romance of "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," a song that found its way into all hearts in that sad conflict of brothers.

Its verses paint in a way rare to war songs the ghastly realism of conflict. Yet the melody that Kittredge composed as setting, and in soul-racking crisis, is inspired with the calm courage, the fatalistic cheerfulness of duty knowing no other course.

That same spirit inspiring him in 1862 inspired Americans in 1776, and was again gloriously incarnate in the world war of yesterday; a spirit that will live eternally in hearts American, together with loving memory of his song.

Innumerable songs of the sea, full of hearty boisterousness, of sense of joyful freedom, belong to almost every country. Emma Willard, an American, found inspiration of quite another kind that made her name unforgetable in "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

Few can recall her friendship with Lafayette; the fact that six thousand girls at one time or another ripened under her care at famous Troy School, her text-books, poems, essays, mingling with the dust of other things archaic. Alone that one song, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" remains to make Emma Willard's name endeared to memory.

Written in 1830 aboard a sailing vessel bound for France, its romance meant her soul's awakening. Before storm and trackless immensity she first realized the smallness of her own achievements, once looming great; the powerless littleness of man before the Omnipotent. Born in the faith of her Pilgrim fathers, that faith grew to be humbly trustful as a child's. Its absorbing thought inspired the song linked with her name for all time.

A FELLOW passenger, the Duke de Choiseul, impressed by hearing her repeat the lines, strove to set them to music. Frail and amateurish, his melody failed to reflect the theme. To Joseph Philip Knight, a composer of proved experience, fell the honor of giving "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" the setting which we hear to-day in this sea romance of the records.

The advent of "The Rosary," whose appeal proved so boundless in living voice and living record, came far later than that of any other American song here chronicled. Many stories, fanciful and plausible, cluster about its making, not one of them with foundation in the truth.

The poem by Robert Cameron Rogers came one night in a letter to Ethelbert Woodbridge Nevin at his New York home. Twice reading of it through and the words were memorized, so ardent was the appeal that they held for him. Pacing the floor, inspiration quickly grew; next day the song was finished. Its manuscript he gave with a little love note to his wife.

The real romance of "The Rosary" lies in its world-wide appeal to all who have loved and lost, hopeful or hopeless of regaining that love's magic. Beyond this still is the universal response awakened by the song's burden of loss or longing, a burden haunting the heart of every man. And so completely did Nevin absorb the poem's contents that his melody impresses itself as strongly without the words as with them.

As in other songs taken close to the world's heart, because they found unquestioned home there, critics have not been lacking who sneered at "The Rosary's" melody. And here, again, we have an instance of the futility of trying to plumb with petty rule the depths of unfathomable human feeling.

No better evidence of the truth of this can I recall of any song than an incident connected with "The Rosary." It happened at a Bohemian resort in Greenwich Village, a place frequented by busy New York men and women in chaotic range of callings, and with a brief hour at night for that association for which all hunger.

A FEW musicians, perched on a platform in the center of that noisy room, played on, only to find their efforts drowned by clash of plates and babbling voices. Then a girl 'cellist, with slender mastery of her art, began "The Rosary" to the tinkling accompaniment of a long-misused piano. After the first four bars a hush fell on the babel.

Many there were—hard, expressionless of countenance; some, from other lands, probably would not have understood the words, even had they heard them. Yet the faces seen through a haze of tobacco smoke were eloquent as studies.

Some bore expression of tenderness, open and unabashed; some of drawn hopelessness; others of studied immobility, guarding against curious eyes. Every man and woman there had for a moment turned introspectively to the rosary each held in his or her own heart, softened by the magic of an undying melody.

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ELECTRIFY EVERY ROOM

BY GRACE T. HADLEY

THE electrical appliance has won universal recognition to-day as a real working assistant. It would seem almost providential that as the number of house-workers of the human species dwindles, the electrical assistant multiplies at a great rate.

If one has been accustomed to a number of servants, electricity will make it possible for one to do the work of two; if there was one servant, one can manage to do all of the work oneself; if the household has always been servantless, one's daily tasks will be greatly lightened with the aid of electric power.

But suppose you have a score of able workers in the house and no facilities for them to work with. Many a house is in this condition; a flood of precious electricity and few outlets or opportunities for its use. Make certain before the plastering is done that enough outlets have been provided and in the right places.

Bear in mind, at the outset, that heating apparatus and other mechanical devices require more current than do incandescent lamps, and wires with sufficient carrying capacity should be installed in the beginning. This will do away with the blowing out of fuses.

When you equip your house, don't trust to your own knowledge, or even that of your architect—consult an electrical contractor.

Perhaps you think that electricity just naturally comes from the ceiling, or at least you accept that source without thinking any more about it. Of course it can come from the floor or any place in the side walls quite as well. The point is to decide at what places it will be most convenient for your use. It is wearisome indeed to be forced to climb upon a chair and unscrew a lamp every time there is need to operate an appliance—and then climb up again to replace the lamp.



REMEMBERING THAT ELECTRICITY HAS IMPORTANT DUTIES TO PERFORM IN THE LAUNDRY, DO NOT FAIL TO PROVIDE THE NECESSARY OUTLETS

It is highly important that there be facilities for the operation of electrical devices independent of the lighting system. The particular place where the outlet should be put may vary in different rooms because of the different appliances used.

The important point to remember is that the outlet should be *conveniently* placed. It is a waste of time and energy to climb upon a chair or stoop to the baseboard to screw and unscrew an appliance into the socket. Switches are not placed in such unhandy positions, and there is no longer any good reason for placing outlets in a spot where stretching or stooping is necessary. A position a little below the shoulder-line can be reached with little, if any, lost motion.

Keep your furniture in mind when the outlets are being placed. Don't put one in the only spot in the dining-room, for example, where your china-cupboard can stand. Moving heavy pieces of furniture every time an appliance is to be used detracts materially from the value of the appliance.

The problem of lighting settled, one turns to the three rooms in which electricity is in greatest demand for work, namely, the laundry, kitchen and dining-room.

Take the laundry: Here the electrical devices save untold manual labor. Separate outlets should be provided for the electric washer and wringer and the iron. The electric drying-cabinet is also coming into popular use. If the family is large, an electric ironer will be needed for the flat pieces. At least two outlets in addition to the lighting facilities should be placed in the laundry. Three or four would be a better number. Their position depends on the arrangement of your laundry, but the most convenient location for the washing-machine and the ironing-board, taking into consideration light and space, should be chosen.

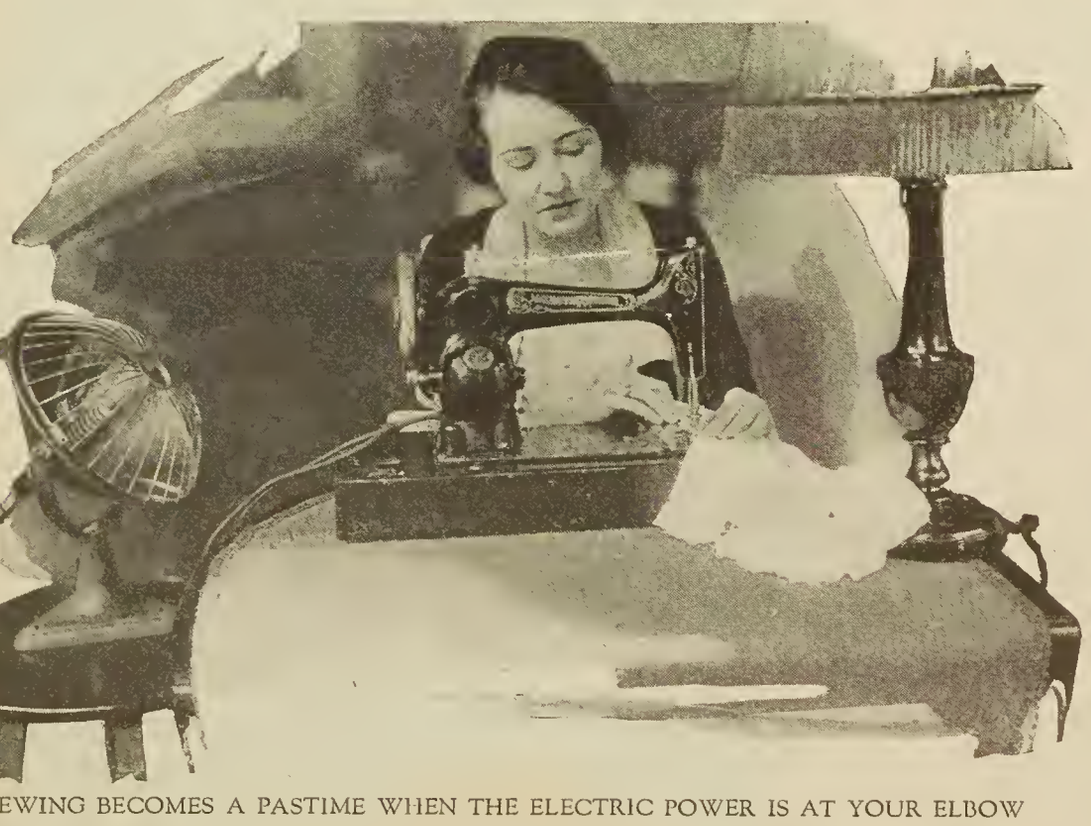
In the kitchen the electrical devices can be kept very busy cooking, heating water, washing dishes and even mixing bread, freezing ice-cream, grinding coffee, polishing metal, beating eggs, sharpening knives and chopping meat.

Separate outlets are needed for the electric range, the boiler and the dish-washer. One outlet will serve for the odd jobs which may be added as time goes on to the kitchen duties of electricity.

Ample light is essential in the kitchen. Provision should be made for a side light near the stove as well as for center lighting.

Perhaps you will prefer your dish-washer in the pantry instead of the kitchen. Here, too, can be placed a portable warmer or the built-in hot-closet for keeping food and dishes warm.

The necessary electric equipment makes it possible for a breakfast, supper or luncheon to be prepared at the table. Many different dishes can be cooked with the aid of the grill, toaster, egg-boiler, percolater and chafing-dish.



SEWING BECOMES A PASTIME WHEN THE ELECTRIC POWER IS AT YOUR ELBOW

The problem of outlets in the dining-room is a little more difficult than in the kitchen. The dining-table is in the center of the room and it is here that the cooking must be done. Even if the central lighting outlet could supply the necessary power, it would be very unsightly to have several cords descending from the ceiling. This method of attachment would also interfere with the lighting in the evening.

The floor outlet does away with all of these objections. But if a one-piece rug covers the dining-room floor, such an outlet necessitates cutting a hole in the rug through which the cord may pass. If the rug is seamed, an inch or two of the seam can easily be ripped. If two rugs which harmonize in color and design can be used as a floor-covering, the cord can be brought up between the rugs.



CLEANING CEASES TO BE A BUGBEAR WHEN THERE IS A CONVENIENT OUTLET FOR THE VACUUM CLEANER IN EVERY ROOM

Another solution is the multiple plug, which can be attached to a serving-table. The cord can come from a wall outlet. The serving-table not only solves the problem of the outlet in the dining-room, but provides a convenient surface for cooking. Both the floor outlet and the multiple plug on the serving-table can be used.

In the living-room numerous outlets prove very convenient. Here particular attention should be paid to the lighting. Provision should be made for table, desk and floor lamps as well as for center and side lights. Electric appliances are not out of order in the living-room. The serving-table with its attachable multiple plug will be invaluable in the living-room at tea-time.

Up-stairs the bathroom calls for careful consideration. Provision for heating bath water and for heating the room itself may be desired. The bathroom heater is particularly important where there are young children. An outlet to which can be attached a hair-drier, a water-cup for shaving, a curling-iron or a vibrator should not be forgotten. All the lights and other electrical devices in the bathroom should be controlled by a wall switch. Water is a conductor of electricity and all danger of shocks can thus be avoided.

In the bedrooms one outlet can be used for a heating-pad or for heating water in emergencies. The baby's food can be warmed here in the night or early morning. In case of illness, endless steps are saved.

If there is a separate sewing-room, the sewing-machine and the iron for pressing will be used there. If not, outlets can be provided in another room.

One outlet is needed in every room in the house for connecting the vacuum cleaner, the electric fan or any of the other conveniences. Electricity may replace ice in the refrigerator. An electrical device for regulating the furnace from any part of the house and an interhouse telephone will save many steps. Electricity will ring bells all over the house. It goes without saying that every corner from cellar to attic should be taken into account when the lighting system is installed.

A great convenience in the kitchen or laundry is the bull's-eye switch. When the plug is pushed in, a red bull's-eye lights up, indicating that the current is on. It serves as a warning to turn off the current when the work is finished. This is an excellent reminder for the maid or the housewife who has been called from her work to another part of the house. The moment she reenters the room, the red bull's-eye tells her that the current is still on.

A startling truth develops when the family settle down to every-day living. All the bigger problems of plan and architecture grow daily less vital, while the small conveniences, which may have seemed insignificant and trivial when planned, become the very means to family comfort.

Indeed, the incidentals in building actually become the requisites to living—and this is never more true than electrically. That switch at the head of the stairs to insure your footsteps in the dark means more to your daily life than the design of the roof. The reading-light alongside your bed offers more real human satisfaction than the style of your windows. And whether you planned the library for the first or second floor does not hold half the importance of an arrangement of lights that is artistic and at the same time favorable for reading.

Remember that you are building a home to live in. The additional electrical wiring costs relatively little and a few extra fittings will yield endless convenience and satisfaction. The worth of electricity as a household assistant will increase. Make suitable preparation for employing this new kind of labor in the home you are building.

Suppose you are living in a house which has wiring and outlets only for lighting purposes, or which is not wired at all. Are you doomed to be deprived of the services of electricity? Not at all. The scope of the work to which electricity can be put may be a little narrower than in the home which was built with the idea of making the greatest possible use of electricity, but the most essential labor can be secured.

Not long ago a house built in 1732 was wired for electric service. In wiring, it is not necessary to rip up floors, tear out plaster or mar ceilings. The electric wire man has a simple system. He uses a flexible steel wire called a "snake" which he wriggles in and out and up and down in the open spaces between the walls and under the floors. The switches and outlets cover the openings.



AN OUTLET BY THE DRESSING-TABLE IN EACH BEDROOM SAVES MANY PRECIOUS MINUTES

Do not wait until it is possible to have your whole house wired. Begin with the first floor or even with the kitchen alone. It is in the kitchen, laundry and dining-room that electricity is most needed. If you can not have anything more, have a panel board installed in the kitchen which will provide for light and an outlet for the iron and other appliances.

A molding can be employed in the kitchen, laundry and dining-room. This is an excellent method to use in providing additional outlets in a house which is already wired when cost must be taken strictly into account. The molding can extend half-way up the wall and thus make possible an outlet at a convenient height.

In kitchen and laundry, the places where electric power is most needed, the appearance need not be a serious consideration. The work to be done by electricity can be centered in these rooms. Even in the dining-room and in other parts of the house the molding will not be disfiguring if it is finished in the same color as the baseboard and picture-molding.

In wiring an old house, be sure to follow the same precautions given previously in the article about the value of having surplus outlets. One never can estimate, when first outfitting a house, just what electrical devices one will have finally. One may think one has every electrical servant one will ever need. Yet, after a year or two, several new and particularly valuable devices

Concluded on page 116



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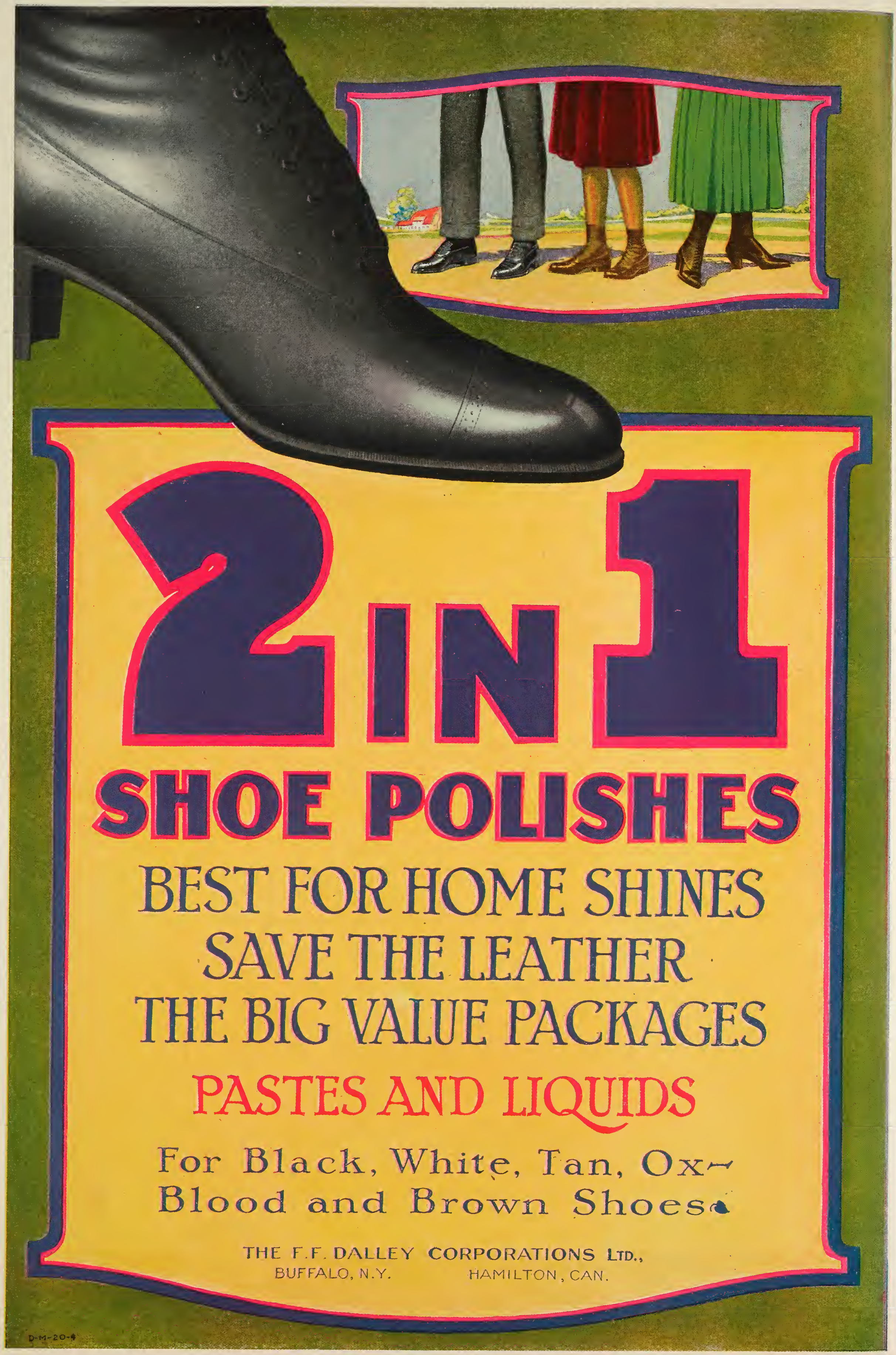

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RUBY ROSS GOODNOW, head of the interior-decoration department of one of the largest department-stores in the world, is preparing a series of articles for THE DELINEATOR. She knows *homes*—palaces in England and Italy, Fifth Avenue mansions, two-story houses on the side streets of elm-shaded villages, laborers' cottages, farm homes. The department, under her supervision, requests your questions on any problems of good taste in furnishing and decorating your home.

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FLORA G. ORR, the editor of the Home-Economics Department, presents simply, concisely and clearly each month articles on simplified cookery (the recipes worked out in THE DELINEATOR kitchen), simplified dietetics, and supervises and writes articles on household management, labor-saving devices and methods.

Always she emphasizes economy of buying—wise spending of money to get most food for least money.

In addition to Miss Orr's cookery pages, Helena Judson, editor of the Butterick Cook-Book and head of the banquet department of a great New York hotel, writes an article each month on how every-day foods can be made a delight to the palate.

Every phase of household management is considered, too, under Miss Orr's direction, in THE DELINEATOR pages.

Send to Miss Orr for:

A Master Rule for Cake-Making. One Recipe to Make Ten Different Kinds of Cake.
A Master Rule for Using Baking-Powder Biscuit Dough in ten different ways.
A Master Rule for Ten Breads from One Dough.
A Set of Recipes for Making Ten Particularly Delicious Candies from one Foundation Fondant.
A Master Rule for Frozen Desserts. One recipe will make ten different kinds.
A Set of Safe Rules for Cutting the Cost of Food.
A List of Books on Home-Economics Subjects which will be helpful to the housewife.
Government and State-College Bulletins on Homemaking. List of Labor-Saving Devices.

Any three of these will be sent for a two-cent stamp.

CASH FOR YOUR BEST ECONOMY

TWO dollars apiece will be paid for letters describing our readers' most successful economics so interestingly and helpfully as to be available for publication. The letters need not be long; a few pages of note-paper will be satisfactory unless the writer has a bigger story to tell. Be SURE to write your name and address at the head of the first sheet, and address The Home-Economics Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York. Unavailable letters will NOT be returned

THAT PRECIOUS CHILD

CAROLYN CONANT VAN BLARCOM, the director of the Health Department, is one of the foremost workers in America for the health of women and children.

Write to Miss Van Blarcom for any of her booklets:

Rules for the Nursing Mother.
Advice to Expectant Mothers.
Daily Schedule for the Feeding and Care of Your Baby during First Year.
Daily Schedule for the Feeding and Care of Your Baby during Second Year.
How to Organize a Baby-Health Center.
Outline for Talk on the Care of Babies' Eyes.
Directions for the Care of Your Babies' Eyes.
Suggestions for Organizing Local Work to Prevent Blindness among Babies.
Information about Present Laws in your State for Saving Sight of Babies.
Weight-Chart for Baby's First Year.
Keeping Your Baby Well in Summer.
Colic and Constipation—Common and Troublesome Ills of Babyhood.

Any three of these will be sent for a two-cent stamp.

MUSIC EVERY HOME CAN HAVE

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG is in charge of the Music Department. Mr. Armstrong is a man of international reputation as a musical critic. Under his direction THE DELINEATOR has produced a series of articles, showing particularly how the talking-machine, found to-day in almost every home, can be a means of great instruction.

Send for Mr. Armstrong's lists:

Songs by American Composers.
Violin Selections by American Composers.
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Some Worth-While Records.
Some Worth-While Rolls.
Pieces Your Children Will Like to Practise.
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Any three of these will be sent for a two-cent stamp.

IT'S EASY TO BE BEAUTIFUL

CELIA CAROLINE COLE reveals herself—charming, friendly, inspiring—in every article. She combines practical instruction with rare literary charm and helpful human sympathy. Send for her leaflets:

Facial Treatment in Smart New York Beauty Shops.
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Facial Blemishes.
Facial Exercises and Massage to Reduce Wrinkles.
Care of the Hands.
Rules for Maintaining Health.
How to Keep Cool and Attractive in Summer.
Don't You Want to be Thinner?
Don't You Want to be Fatter?

Any three of the above will be sent for a two-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

"Beauty and Health through Proper Exercise" is an exceedingly valuable book which will be sent on receipt of the price, twenty-four cents.

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Vaudeville Stunts for any Party.
"Cinderella," an operetta sung to familiar airs.
A Pagan Rout (a costume dance, each dance named).
A Dinner Party with Musical Program.
A Vaudeville for a School or Community Party with Dance Numbers.
"Patriots' Tea." A Play of Revolutionary Times.
Mother Goose Pageant with costumes and music.
Directions for a "Blue-Moon Party."

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Introductions, Invitations and Replies.
Calls and the Use of Cards.
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Weddings.
Travel.
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At the Table.

Any three of these will be sent for a two-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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THE DELINEATOR shows what neighbors working with neighbors can accomplish for community welfare.

Seventy-Seven Things You Can Do for Your Home Town.

It will be sent you on receipt of a two-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

REBUILD THE TOWN OF THE GOLDEN BOOK!

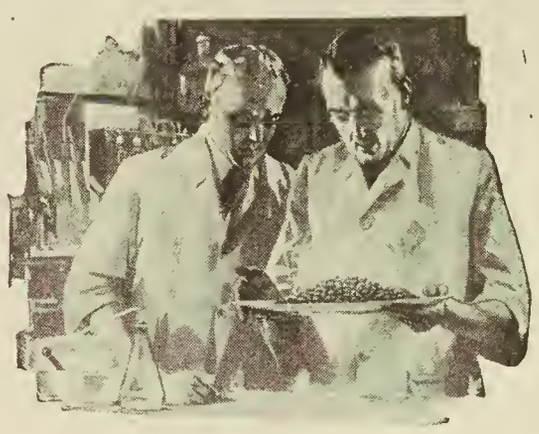
MABEL POTTER DAGGETT, in charge of THE DELINEATOR readers' aid to devastated France, is one of the best-informed writers on questions bearing on the forward march of women. All over America and Europe Mrs. Daggett has met and known the women who have done great deeds. Her inspiring messages from France, where she went as THE DELINEATOR'S special representative, are an inspiration to DELINEATOR readers to help rebuild the town of Landres et St. Georges.

Send your money-order or check to the French-Relief Editor.

Address all requests to THE DELINEATOR *Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City.*



The End
Of Old-Style Baked Beans



Culinary Experts

Only scientific cooks—men with college training—could prepare such a dish as Van Camp's.

Only the finest kitchen, modernly equipped, could bake it.



How They Differ

Van Camp's are mealy, mellow, whole.

Not a bean is crisped or broken.

The baked-in sauce gives delightful tang and zest.

One taste of Van Camp's means the end of beans baked in old-time ways.

Not only of home-baked, but of other beans without this quality and zest. You should prove that, and at once.

The New Methods

Beans are analyzed here before we start to cook.

The boiling water is freed from minerals. Hard water makes skins tough.

They are baked in modern steam ovens—baked for hours at high heat, so every atom is fitted to digest.

They are baked in sealed containers so the flavor can't escape.

They are baked without crisping, without bursting the beans. So the beans come out mellow and whole.

They are baked with a sauce such as no one else has made. Every granule shares its tang and zest.

Taste and Decide

Taste Van Camp's—every grocer has them. Compare them with the beans you know.

Beans have meat's nutrition. Everybody likes them. In this ready-baked form they are ever at your call.

It means much to know what Baked Beans stand supreme.

Don't be content with a lesser dish when this dish awaits you. Learn how people like Van Camp's.

VAN CAMP'S Pork and Beans
Three sizes, to serve 3, 5 or 10

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Without It

Other Van Camp Products Include

Soups Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis



Van Camp's Tomato Soup

A famous French recipe brought to perfection by our scientific cooks.



Van Camp's Spaghetti

The prize Italian recipe, made with such ingredients as Naples never used.



Van Camp's Peanut Butter

Made of nuts so blended, so toasted as to give a most delightful flavor.



What Food Costs—

About 60c a Day for a Man

It costs about 60 cents a day to feed a man.

To feed a family of five, on the average, costs about $610 yearly. The average workingman spends about 43 per cent of his earnings on food.

Food costs have soared about 90 per cent in four years.

Must have 12,000 calories daily

A family of five, including three young folks, needs some 12,000 calories daily. The average family does not get that, and is underfed.

Those 12,000 calories in some foods cost many times as much as in others. So this food question is enormously important.

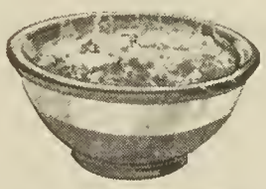
Save 90 per cent on breakfasts

Quaker Oats supplies the supreme breakfast. It is rich in calories of energy—1810 per pound. It is rich in minerals, rich in protein. It forms almost the ideal food in balance and completeness.

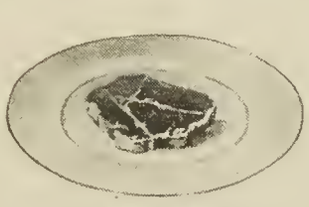
Yet it costs one cent a large dish. It costs 5½ cents per 1,000 calories. It costs one-tenth what meats, eggs and fish cost, on the average, for the same calory nutrition.

Note the comparisons with other necessary foods, based on prices at this writing. Mark what it saves on a breakfast for five, compared with other dishes.

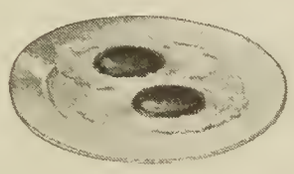
Cost Per 1,000 Calories



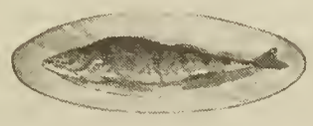
Quaker Oats, 5½c
Per 1,000 Calories



Average Meat, 45c
Per 1,000 Calories



Eggs, 70c
Per 1,000 Calories



Average Fish, 50c
Per 1,000 Calories

Breakfast Costs

Dish of Quaker Oats	1c
Two Eggs	10c
Bacon and Eggs	16c
One Chop	12c
Serving of Fish	8c

See how much you can save on breakfasts by serving Quaker Oats. Your folks will be better fed. The costlier foods, which are also needed, can be served at dinner, and the breakfast saving will help cut the cost.

Proper nutrition and proper economy call on housewives to consider these things.

Quaker Oats

World-Famed for Flavor

Millions of people the world over have been won to Quaker Oats. We flake them from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. This extra flavor means extra delight, and at no added cost.

15c and 35c per Package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

3318

Continued from page 8

THE MAN WHO WAS TIRED OF HIS WIFE

viciously, "except that she wears the most expensive kind of silk undies."

"I should say the neighborhood knew her intimately."

Bertha blushed slightly.

"It's only what I overheard the laundress saying to Tina."

She recovered herself after dinner. She was very good-humored indeed while Charles put the billiard-room to rights.

"We four women will play bridge. I've told Tina to have salad and sandwiches and coffee at eleven, so don't start any new rounds just five minutes of."

Bertha was always at her best when she fluttered between the game-tables, passing cigarets and candy. Her pretty laughter seemed to float about the room. She dearly loved to have a "party." She pouted over the Haswells' tardiness. They'd had to meet his sister at a train and the others cattily hoped that the sister—who was a spinster of uncertain tongue—would have the good sense to stay at the Haswells' house instead of coming over to spoil things. None of them liked Miss Haswell, and Bertha had cause to like her the least of all, because it was of Bertha that Miss Haswell had said:

"Yes, I'm willing to admit she's pretty, as young-looking as a maraschino cherry."

IT WAS Miss Haswell who made this particular evening so difficult. She appeared in the doorway with the woman who was living in the Dearborn house beside her. To the unwilling guest's credit, be it mentioned, that she was vainly trying to slip away.

"Look who I ran into out here!" Miss Haswell exulted. "Down, Trudge! Margery, why don't you chloroform that brute! Course you've all met her, but I'll bet she's been an old-stick-in-the-mud and hidden herself under a bushel."

Bertha was very decent. She had to be. Charles didn't lift his eyes from the cue he was chalking. An awkward silence ensued.

"Won't you take my hand?" Bertha tried to shove her cards across the table. "Miss Haswell does pool. We're glad to have a fourth. Truly, I'd rather not play in my own house. It's hard to play and keep everybody comfy."

"Oh, I'll watch everybody a little while. I—I don't play cards."

"We'll teach you kelly pool." Miss Haswell always instituted herself mistress of ceremonies. She shoved a cue into Margery's hands, gave her a brusk pat. "If you only do this as well as you used to do croquet——"

"Croquet?" Bertha's pretty laughter damned the player. "I didn't know anybody in the world ever played croquet nowadays."

"I would," announced Charles suddenly, "if I only had the nerve to annex enough of my ground to play on. Sent home an elegant set a couple of years ago, but the old lady——"

"Charles! You sha'n't call me old lady!" Bertha's pout was delicious. "Imagine what I did with that set?" she laughed lightly. "I had it credited and bought new phonograph records. For could you imagine those things all over the place?"

"Could you 'imagine' anything on the 'place' that I wanted?" Charles retorted grimly. "I don't count. I'm only the chap who owns the house and pays the bills."

The four bridge-players wedged themselves carefully behind their table, but the evening was no longer sedate or conventional.

HOMERIC laughter waged about the billiard-table. The angular spinster played better pool than any of the men and constantly twitted them. The new pupil, delightfully awkward, had four ardent instructors who liked to show her exactly what to do. They steadied her arm and hand frequently. She was vastly excited. She dodged lightly about in her stubby rubber-soled oxfords, she took their bantering good-humoredly, only her heightened color showed that she was conscious of the silent snubbing of the bridge-players. When the refreshment trays were wheeled in, the men escorted the unwelcome visitor to the shadowy window-seat, where she let them feed her almonds. The five of them kicked their heels in a row and sang an absurd song about the beauty of "foo-oo-ood" that had endless verses.

The hostess was very solicitous about her unexpected guests.

"Take Mrs. Derring—I mean Dearborn—did I get the name right?—more salad, Tina."

Miss Haswell shot a surprised glance at the snubbed person on the window-seat, accepted a wireless and shrugged. She'd known Margery too long to interfere with any game she wanted to start. And she knew perfectly well that the gently crushed manner with which that young woman bade her hostess good night was entirely for the benefit of the host. Nothing loath, Miss Haswell kept the ball rolling.

"Somebody's got to crank Margery's car, the self-starter is self-stopped, that's how I happened to run into her out here."

ALL four men volunteered, but it was Charles who struggled with the rusty handle.

"Nothing much the matter," he yelled above the chugging of the other cars. "I'm a wiz at tinkering—think I know what ails it—I'll run over in the morning and give it a look-see——"

He forgot to say good night to the others until his wife reminded him.

He smoked a careful cigaret in the driveway before he faced the music. Bertha was painstakingly tidying the game-room as though it were a prodigious task.

"If you'll be good enough to help cover the table—" she summoned him.

He yanked at the cloth awkwardly. She was adjusting the dog's leash.

"Cunnin' hasn't had his run to-day, I was so busy. Will you give him just one turn?"

Charles took the leash quietly enough.

"I think," she remarked with studied courtesy, "that I'll go in town with you on the eight-ten. I want to see about new slip-covers for the library."

"I'm not going on the early train." He had the grace to redden.

"Then I'll go on whatever train you do." She eyed him firmly. "I only suggested that train because the Shermans go on that and as we're going to dinner and theater with them, we could make the arrangements on the way in."

He answered not at all.

"If you're thinking about that woman's old car," she flamed out suddenly, "why, I'll telephone for a garage man. It would be cheaper in the end than ruining your decent clothes."

STILL he did not answer. But he started out toward the Dearborns' end of the street. He retraced his steps meekly when she suggested the other direction.

"Don't go down in all that shrubbery and weeds. Keep out in the open. I don't want Cunnin' just chewed with mosquitoes."

He walked the other way, came back smoking another cigaret, waited until Bertha had carried her pet up-stairs and then resolutely took up the telephone. Bertha, listening on the stair-landing, caught every word of his quiet conversation.

"Sorry I can't patch up your car in the morning. I'll go at it the first thing Thursday. Oh, please don't! He's a very inefficient workman. I'll be glad to do it. I know exactly what's the matter. You were? Do forgive me. What a clear conscience—to be able to tumble to sleep as quickly as that! Pleasant dreams."

He was at the door of her garage long before eight on Thursday. She was tinkering with the car herself, her eyes shining, her cheeks pink; an impudent smudge of carbon emphasized her left dimple. She wore a pair of old riding-breeches and a garden smock and laughingly insisted that he was too elegant to touch the tools, that he was just to show her how.

He deliberately lifted her to the broad shelf that ran alongside the wall.

"Get out of my way. You bother me," he told her with mock gruffness. "You bother me about half enough."

They breakfasted under the grape-arbor while a wide-eyed maid ran back and forth three times for more ham and eggs. It was a delightfully surreptitious party, though their conversation was perfectly innocent. They discussed nothing save tobacco. She confessed that she adored the aroma of an after-breakfast cigar.

HE LAUNCHED into an animated monolog concerning his trade. He found himself telling her about his one adventure, his journey to tobacco-growing lands. He walked away from her with a youthful swagger, there was an air of bravado about the very angle at which he wore his hat. He forgot to stop at his own house to explain that he had breakfasted.

So of course there was a fearful reckoning awaiting in the evening. Very much the injured heroine in too elaborate a gown, Bertha presided over a perfect dinner-table at which was served everything he particularly disliked. They were so polite to each other that it hurt.

Alas for her pose! The calender was against her. She had forgotten that it was the second of the month. Luck was with Charles. Before she had finished one dramatic sentence of her carefully planned peroration he had pounced upon a bundle of mail that consisted mostly of household bills. Behind this barricade he sat at the library-table and pretended preoccupied indifference to her tragedy-queen remarks anent what the servants and the neighborhood must have spent the morning thinking. In silence he jotted down a long line of figures, totaled them and handed the envelope to Bertha with an ironical bow. She glanced at it with supercilious eyebrows.

"You can't expect to live the way we do without paying," she gave her familiar answer. But to her amazement his shrug and habitual, "Well, cut it down if you can next month, my dear." was not forthcoming.

"By gad, I can't! You're the one that gets away with that! When I think of what you calmly take, year after year, for nothing, I sometimes wonder how you have the gall to do it!"

"FOR nothing? Why, I've given up everything to your comfort for nearly seventeen years. My girlhood, my——"

"Girlhood! You were a mere child of twenty-four when I married you; we'll call that girlhood stuff off. I can't think of anything you've ever given up."

"I've given up my time to keeping house for you," she flared back at him. "You're a rather exasperating person to keep house for."

"Kept house for me?" he sneered. "You've kept house for yourself, and if you were halfway honest with yourself you'd know it. There isn't a blessed thing in this house that I'm consulted about! There's nothing done the way I want it! There isn't a comfortable thing in it for me except my old Morris chair, and you've put that in the attic. It's taken about all I could earn to keep this darned place going, and what I get is a place to sleep and a couple of meals a day. I can't even amuse myself as I please. Bridge—billiards—Heavens, I'm so fat from staying indoors that I can't run two hundred yards without puffing. You don't seem to be satisfied unless you've got me tied in the house."

"I'm sure I'm always glad to go motoring."

"In a closed car."

"We have the windows out in Summer—" she was crying now. Tears had always been a

Continued on page 80


TOWLE'S
LOG CAB
SYRUP
ABSOLUTELY PURE
GRANULATED SUGAR AND MAPLE SUGAR
NUTRITIOUS HEALTHFUL
TO OPEN
TO OPEN
TO OPEN
IN THE KITCHEN
For Boston Baked Beans
Candied Sweet Potatoes
and Baked Apples
TOWLE'S
LOG CABIN
SYRUP
adds the delicious flavor of
maple to foods that sugar
merely sweetens.
Pure
Wholesome
Nutritious
Look for the
Log Cabin Can
at your grocer's.



Tomato Soup at Home

Some of you have tasted French soups in the fine hotels of Paris. But you've never found the equal of tomato soup as offered in America. And the French have long conceded this supremacy.

You can always have this most delicious tomato soup—never varying—if you only order Van Camp's.



A Woman Decides

A domestic science expert selects the final formula for every Van Camp Soup. And she constantly watches the flavor.

Based on Prize French Recipes

Van Camp's Soups are based on famous French recipes. Some of them won prizes in French culinary contests.

A chef from the Hotel Ritz in Paris brought them to our kitchens.

But here scientific cooks—men with college training—spent years in their perfection. They found countless ways to give an added flavor.

They compared hundreds of blends and methods. They fixed standards for every material. They studied every detail which could add the slightest touch.

The Supreme Soups

Now Van Camp's Soups mark the acme in soup making. Each is a masterpiece. And the most exacting formulas prevent any variation.

Never were soups made like them. Never can soups be made better.

These supreme soups cost no more than others. They are ever at your command.

The finest soups created can be daily served on your table. And there are 18 kinds. Try two or three and let them tell the story.

VAN CAMP'S **Soups** **18 Kinds**

Other Van Camp Products Include

Pork and Beans Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis



Van Camp's Pork and Beans

They are super-baked, yet every bean is nut-like, mealy, whole.



Van Camp's Spaghetti

The finest Italian recipe perfected. We value the formula at $500,000.



Van Camp's Peanut Butter

A unique dainty made from blended nuts, with skins and germs removed.

Continued from page 78

THE MAN WHO WAS TIRED OF HIS WIFE

reserve force that brought him to her side with a "never-mind-we'll-forget-it," but this time he growled in exasperated tones,

"Oh, quit quibbling! I'm sick and tired of it!"

They'd weathered many a worse domestic storm. They might have sailed safely through this one if a habitual meddler hadn't tried to help them. She was an exasperatingly cheerful soul, she always telephoned at most inopportune times, and she telephoned at this particular moment to ask why they hadn't started for her house. Charles declined abruptly.

"My dear boy, you can't! Bertha accepted for you this noon. We really got up the party to cheer her up, if you must know it. She's blue as indigo. And I don't blame her. Pretty, please! Come along. The Rawsons will stop by for you in about five minutes."

HE WAS so angry as he hung up the receiver that he couldn't trust himself to speak. It seemed to him shockingly disloyal of Bertha to have discussed their difference of opinion with any one, particularly with a gossipy cat like the habitual meddler. He refused point-blank to go with Bertha. He shut himself in his room until she had departed, protesting, with the Rawsons. Faint echoes of her silly excuses about his headache floated through the hallway; he was so tired of the sound of her thin little voice that he felt he couldn't endure another sound without cursing.

He managed to stay in his room for something like twenty minutes after her departure. The rest of the house was no better; its prettiness and emptiness mocked him. It seemed exactly like Bertha—smug, well ordered and soulless. He decided to walk.

He couldn't even find an old cap to wear. Sedate derbies stood neatly in a row. He banged the closet-door behind him and strode impatiently off into the dark, hatless, with the wind blowing against his set face. He wandered aimlessly. He might have been tramping an hour or two when he found himself crossing the Dearborns' bit of lawn.

The wind was high now, the faint smell of a wood fire vaguely comforting. A boyish figure in an atrocious coat, with the inevitable dog at her heels, she was carrying the bird-perches to the shelter of the porch. They twittered sleepily.

"'Lo!" she greeted him. "Blows like a storm, ruffles all our feathers, eh? Spring's a fickle jade, don't see why we love her! Whee—ou—ee—there's the rain now!" She thrust a pair of love-birds into his hands. "They're *that* scared. Tuck 'em in the kitchen." Shining-eyed from her run, she latched the door behind them and leaned against it. "Help me off with my coat. The sleeve is caught, the lining's ragged and I'm such a lazy with a needle!"

HE HELPED her awkwardly, her hair tumbled, caught itself in the button of his sleeve. He trembled while she loosed it. His eyes were so tragic they startled her into spoken sympathy.

"How tired you are!" she murmured impulsively. "Don't you want to sit down and rest a little—you look so tired——"

"*Look* tired! I *am* tired!" his words came tumbling in a throaty rush. "I'm so tired of everything and everybody that I—I—well, I've about reached my limit!"

He could have bitten his tongue before he had finished. He pressed his hands against his graying temples and shut his lips grimly.

In spite of his gray hair, in spite of those tightened lips, there was something fundamentally boyish about him. She managed to smile at him, but her throat contracted. She had a sudden vision of how he must have looked when he was a very little boy, a chubby little boy who had played too hard and who needed mothering.

He began to pace up and down the shabby room.

"I'm seventeen kinds of a cad, but I've got to talk to somebody!"

She pulled an armchair before the fire, put a steadying hand on his shoulder, hunched herself demurely on a hassock across the hearth from him and clasped her hands about her knees.

"Cigaret case's jammed down betwixt the upholstery where the model maid won't be shocked—light up, old dear—get it out and over with. Pretend I'm your favorite aunt."

He lighted the cigaret with uncertain hand.

"I had one, y'know," he began dully. "Dear old soul named Deborah. Used to run up every Spring and see her for a few days. Just on my own. Bertha never wanted to go. Went along two years ago to bury the little old lady— Lord, what hadn't the sweet soul done for me—and for Bertha—but Bertha wouldn't go. Bertha hates funerals. Never liked Aunt Deborah."

THE person on the hassock nodded gravely. He no longer heeded her. He just blundered out his grievances against life, poured out his overburdened soul without even waiting to see how she was taking his confidences.

She took them rather well. She listened with a mingling of pity and scorn. She was honestly ashamed of herself for listening. She wanted to comfort and scold all in the same breath. But she did neither. She just let him talk. And the burden of it all was:

"I'm tired of it—sick of it! I've been cheated out of everything I've wanted in life. Kiddies. Peace. An evening pipe. A sailboat. A saddle-horse. An outdoor job. A funny rambling house somewhere on a country hill. I get nothing but bridge-clubs and eight-ten trains and slip-covers for the library furniture. If I'm good and careful, sometimes I'm allowed to take Cunnin' for a walk! My life is bounded on the north, south, east and west by what Bertha must have and what Bertha wants to do! There isn't anybody in my whole world who cares a darn what becomes of me except Bertha, and the only reason she cares is that I'm a good old meal-ticket!"

"Would you—er—rather be some one else's meal-ticket?" she asked abruptly.

"Heavens, no!" he exploded. "I wouldn't marry the Queen of Sheba!"

"Who's both dead and black!" Margery rocked on her hassock in glee. "You dear!" she teased him, "You're the same funny old dear you always were! You always said you wouldn't marry the Queen of Sheba whenever you were disgusted with any of us—look!" With a quick gesture she pulled her hair back across from her forehead. "Know me now? Remember who teased you about the homely Sheldon twins and tried to get you to say which one you'd marry?"

He moved ponderously toward her and stooped to touch the scar on her forehead.

"You're little Maggie Sherman!"

She nodded.

"Used to live around the corner from Aunty Debs."

She nodded again.

"And I chased you around that big rock when you teased me about the Sheldon twins and yelled, 'Wouldn't marry either of 'em, not if they were the Queen of Sheba,' and down you fell and——"

"It wasn't your fault," she assured him passionately. "It really didn't matter at all. I really liked wearing that bandage. It made me feel distinguished. And it was the very next day after that you let me go along while you caught the big bass down at Foley's. You let me carry him home!"

"WHAT a whopper he was!" his eyes were glistening. "You looked such a baby carrying him!"

"Had a most awful crush on you——"

"You couldn't have had. You were years and years younger."

"Fifteen," she answered succinctly. "I don't just recall how much older *Lancelot* was than *Elaine*, but her feeling must have been like mine. You were so good to me! You were the only person who made life endurable. I'd never known Aunty Debs if you hadn't taken me in for her to bandage. I can hear her yet saying, 'My stars! What a lofty brow! And what a bluggy one!' "

"Whatever became of you all these years?" he asked her eagerly. "We used to wonder and wonder, Aunt Debs and I. Whatever made you go off, leaving that silly note, and however did you hide yourself?"

She shook her head.

"It doesn't matter. It was awfully easy. And most of the time I had fun. In fact, I've had fun most of the time since the day you first spoke to me.

"You couldn't possibly remember that. I'll have to tell you. The Robinsons had just moved in the house around the corner from yours and I was hanging out their dish-towels. I was *that* forlorn! Hated everything and everybody! Was so sorry for myself that it hurt. And you walked by looking like the kind of person who'd be sorry for anybody who was in hard luck. So I sighed awfully.

"You stopped and said:

"'Lo, *Cinderella!* Didn't the prince show up last night?'

"'I don't believe in princes,' I sniveled.

"You beckoned for me to come over by the fence. You just jollied me for the next five minutes and in the end you said, 'Even if you don't believe in princes, believe in Bill Shakespeare. He's the boy that said, "All the world's a stage!" All you have to do is to remember you're an actor, and just this minute I'd say you were acting pretty bad. You've got to stop acting that way or I won't take you fishing with me to-morrow. I won't take you anyhow unless you dig all the worms——'"

"YOU certainly were a stringy little thing. Aunty Debs thought—" he stopped, embarrassed.

"Aunty Debs thought the Robinsons didn't give me enough to eat," she finished for him. "Well, they didn't. They gave me enough meat and bread, but they didn't understand that thirteen-year-old poor relations need hyacinths to feast their souls. You did. You gave me lots of hyacinths."

He shook his head stupidly.

"Can't remember sending you any kind of flowers."

"You called me Madge and Margery instead of Maggie. You taught me to play croquet. You promised me a string of white corals with pink streaks in 'em if I'd learn to swim——"

"And teetotally forgot to give them to you——"

"I didn't learn to swim very well. Never have learned well enough that I've given myself any white corals. Don't look so worried about it. Think about the time you took me out to your Cousin Al's farm haying. Um, I can smell that yet!"

He leaned forward, laughing like a boy.

"Remember how you slipped off the load and that red-headed farm-hand tried to catch you and you almost bit him?"

"REMEMBER that giggling hired girl?" she flung back at him. "Weren't they funny together! She was so in love with him and he was so scared of her! You winked at me every time she came out across the meadows—oh, do you remember what she brought? That big jug filled with 'lasses and vinegar and spring water! It was the *best* tasting stuff! You held the jug for me and called it a flagon—and the day got hotter and hotter and the locusts sang louder and louder——"

"And when the storm came you weren't a bit frightened—you ran out in it crying, 'I love it! I love it!' "

Concluded on page 82



Made in the Cup at the Table



The Easier Kind of Coffee
No Coffee-Pot Needed

Ready Instantly When You Pour on the Water

No boiling, no bother, no grounds, *no waste.* Scientifically refined by Mr. Washington's refining process. It comes to you in concentrated powder form. A pound of G. Washington's Coffee will make as many cups of coffee as 10 pounds of coffee roasted in the berry. It is *economical.* Any one can make, at any time, absolutely pure, delicious coffee with strength to suit individual taste. Quality uniform. Easily digestible. Healthful.

Send 10c for Special Trial Size *Recipe Booklet free*



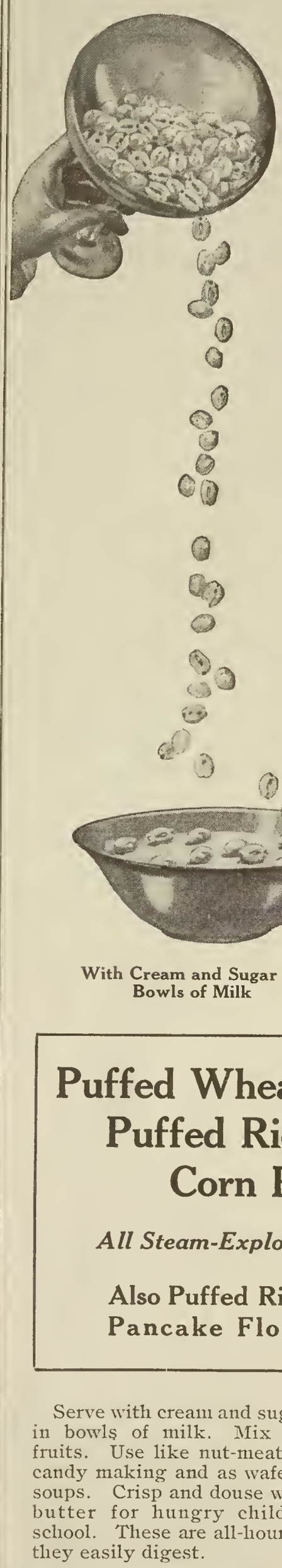
G. Washington's COFFEE

Originated by Mr. Washington in 1909

G. Washington Sales Company, Inc.
334 Fifth Avenue, New York

M-20-15

They Changed
The Food Habits of Millions



With Cream and Sugar or in Bowls of Milk

Grain Bubbles Now the Queen Foods

Do you realize how Puffed Grains have changed children's food habits?

Think of the whole grains—millions of dishes—now served morning, noon and night. And all displace a lesser food.

The food cells are all exploded by Prof. Anderson's process. Every granule is fitted to digest. So countless children now get in plenty the 16 whole-grain elements.

Made Tempting

Whole grains are now exploded—puffed to eight times normal size.

They come as airy bubbles, flimsy, flaky, nut-like in their taste.

They seem food confections. Children revel in them. Yet they are whole grains cooked as never before—the ideal form of grain food.

The milk dish is more popular. Breakfasts are more delightful. Bedtime is more welcome. And millions of children are being better fed.

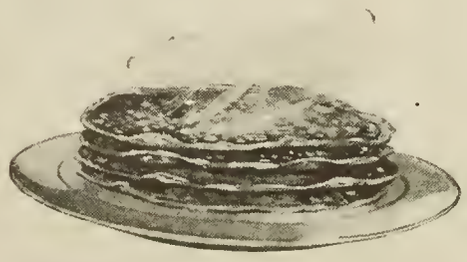
All because Prof. Anderson invented this way to puff grains.

Puffed Wheat
Puffed Rice
Corn Puffs

All Steam-Exploded

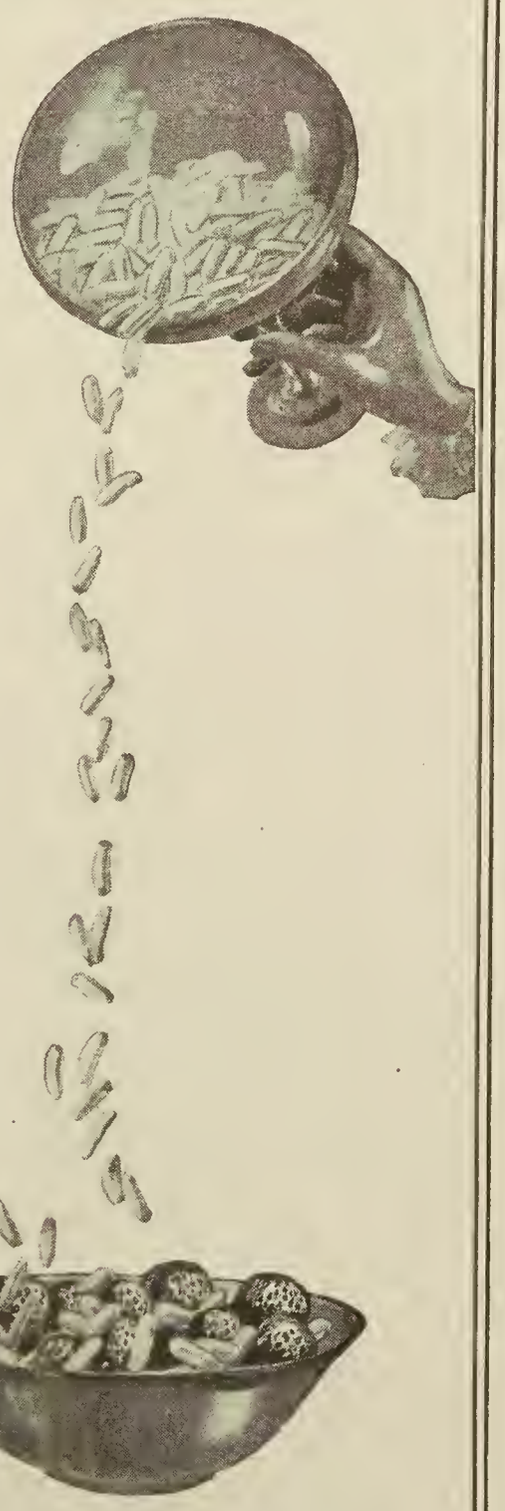
Also Puffed Rice
Pancake Flour

Serve with cream and sugar. Float in bowls of milk. Mix with your fruits. Use like nut-meats in home candy making and as wafers in your soups. Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children after school. These are all-hour foods, for they easily digest.



Pancakes that Taste Like Nut-Cakes

Now we mix ground Puffed Rice with an ideal pancake mixture—a self raising flour. The airy granules of Puffed Rice make the pancakes fluffy and the flavor makes them nutty. You can make the finest pancakes ever tasted with Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. Try it.



Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs in Every Dish of Fruit

Continued from page 80

THE MAN WHO WAS TIRED OF HIS WIFE

"Wasn't it all to the Belasco!"

"You went to sleep on my shoulder while we were driving home," he mused. "You were the skinniest little thing! More like a boy than a girl. In fact," he confessed ingenuously, "everybody treated you like a boy. You were such a fieree, scrappy little kid! All keyed up all the time—all eyes——"

"All longing—" her voice was tender. "Well, you played with me all that Summer. Right up to the day of the Slocums' lawn-party. And after that you never played with me again."

"That's funny," he ejaculated. "How did that happen? Oh, let's see—that was the Fall I went to Havana—why, you skipped out yourself before I went to Havana——"

"YES," she agreed quietly. "I skipped out just about a week after that Slocum party. I helped pass the iee-eream and wash the dishes for that party. And all the while I was washing the dishes you were out on the side porch talking to Bertha. She looked so pretty I hated her! She had a big Leghorn hat with pink roses and a point d'esprit dress and she laughed all the time—you called me over and introduced me to her and she laughed at the way my hair was tied. And the next day you said:

" 'Gee, that girl that's visiting the Slocums has got the prettiest laugh I ever heard.' I went up in my room and tried for hours and hours to make myself have a pretty laugh—but I couldn't."

The fire crumbled on the hearth. Neither of them spoke for a long time.

"Well, Bertha's never lost her laugh," he commented dryly. "Laughing is still the best thing Bertha does. The laugh is on me most of the time."

"Cuts like the devil sometimes. doesn't it?" Margery thumped her fist against her knee. "Don't stare at the fire that way. Look at me while I explain something to you. It's about Bertha. It's something you don't understand, and it's a little hard to put in words. You and I have never either of us been fair to Bertha. I'll have to seem like a cat to make you see what I mean. I'll have to tell you that I've seen Bertha and talked with her since I came here. I saw her the very second day. I was so surprised that I stopped her, like the impulsive idiot I am, and said, 'Oh, how do you do?' Which was silly question number eight-hundred-and-forty-four because I could see that she did very well indeed. She looked just—luscious! I forgot all about how I'd been systematically hating her all these years. I was just perfectly thrilled to find somebody out of the past as lovely as my recollection. Well, Bertha didn't recognize me, of course, until I told her where she'd met me. And you must remember that when you introduced me to Bertha I was washing dishes. Bertha didn't remember me, she remembered the dish-towel. So she looked straight through me and past me and said:

" 'And you're working somewhere here this Summer?' "

MARGERY mocked Bertha's carefully modulated tones perfeetly; she even added a rather good imitation of Bertha's second-best laugh.

Charles reddened. He got up abruptly.

"Look here," he snapped briskly, "Bertha probably didn't mean anything as raw as all that. So we'd better leave Bertha out of our conversation. Didn't I have a cap or something?"

"Please!" she begged. "You've got me wrong absolutely. And we can't leave Bertha out at all. I'm only telling you all this to make you see—Bertha. You and I have neither of us ever seen Bertha herself. I've seen a person I hated and you've seen a person you loved. We've loved and hated Bertha's prettiness instead of the real Bertha. The minute you began scolding about her it flashed over me how awful it must be, I mean how awfully hard it must be, to have to be a Bertha. She's always been ornamental, part of the scenery instead of part of the play. A whole lot like *Gulliver* tied down by the *Lilliputians*—their wee ropes were trivial, but all of them together kept him prisoner. Bertha's been pegged down all her life by invisible hairpins and hairnets and veils and gloves and high heels and boarding-school manners and absurd little ideas of class distinctions and lace doilies and a thousand and one inconsequential things that seemed important. If somebody had only loosed those strings—children would have done it!"

"Why, Bertha always thought that children tied a woman down!"

"Then why are we women who haven't them so cramped? But at that Bertha's better off than you are because she's never known freedom; so she doesn't know what she's missed. It wasn't Bertha that worried me—it was you. *Seeing you just cut!*"

"You mean because I didn't know you? Why, think how glad I was——"

"You blessed dear! It was I who didn't know you! Not till I saw Bertha. Oh, it's not just that you're twenty pounds too stout or that your hair is getting gray or those owlish specs of yours—behind them your eyes look the way mine must have looked the day you called me *Cinderella*—as though your soul were bankrupt! And all theso years I'd been thinking of you as rich in joys and fancies! When I think back to that Summer when you poured out a wealth of fun and comfort for the poverty-stricken, scared little girl that I used to be, I feel as though I could never pay you back." She moved closer to him, she took his hand in both of hers. "So think how glad I am that I've happened back when you need me. You can't know, you can't possibly remember, how much joy you have stored away in my heart. You can't think how I shall love trying to pay back even a little of the great debt that I owe you. Even if I can't begin to give you anything like all the lovely unexpected moments you gave me, I know that I have much that is yours to give back to you. Didn't I begin to pay a little the other day when I took you fishing?"

"LOOK here," he stammered awkwardly, breaking in upon the flood that bewildered him—he hadn't grasped a quarter of what she meant—"it's very nice of you, but I—we—you can't go around doing that sort of thing now we're older! Not in this kind of a place! Why, this kind of a place is just full of a lot of tabby eats who wouldn't understand at all—if—I—well—if I should seem interested in you——

"*Seem interested!* You aren't going to seem interested in me; you're going to *be* interested in me!" In delicious mimicry of his Aunt Deborah's old Scotch maid she wound her hands in an imaginary apron. "When you're through wi' your bickering, Master Charley, what will ye be takin' to your supper?" her simulated scolding whine carried him back a score of years.

He rumpled his hair excitedly.

"What rows Uncle Rodman and I used to have Sunday nights! And what wouldn't I give for a dish o' Tillie's scallops and bacon!"

"We're just out of scallops, but we've oodles of bacon!" she caught at his hand. She fairly raced him into the kitchen. "I can cook it scrunchy the way you taught me on a campfire. You can do the toast. There's oceans of raspberry jam and we'll eat till we're fairly widgy wi' food!"

They ate in the kitchen. She sat on the table and swung her feet while her absurd dog begged for scraps. They laughed immoderately as she pretended she was Tillie and scolded him as Tillie used to scold. She banked her fire, just as Tillie had banked hers. She wound the clock, exactly as Tillie had wound hers. Then, with a quick change, she danced along the hall and in Aunt Deborah's dear old phrases called:

"Roddy dear! Charley boy! Come out of that kitchen! You've pestered Tillie long enough. She wants to set her bread——"

"You witch!" he cried. "Stop it! You're just the same imp you used to be! We never knew whether to laugh at you or to shake you."

She edged away from him.

"You must not shake me now!" she cried in mock terror. "It wouldn't be safe for you to shake me as you used to do! You might lose the key out of my pocket!"

"WHAT key?" he demanded, completely mystified.

" 'The key to yesterday'—don't you remember it? The motto Aunt Deborah had framed and hanging beside her bed:

"The key to yesterday I threw away,
And now, too late,
Before to-morrow's close-locked gate,
Helpless I stand. In vain to pray,
In vain to sorrow—
Only the key to yesterday
Unlocks to-morrow."

She had opened the door and was leaning against it, the sweet night wind blowing her hair about her well-shaped head. Suddenly, without in the least knowing why he did it, he tilted her chin upward.

"Do you like me a little, Miss Imp? Do you like me a little?"

His absurd old endearment for her had slipped out quite unconsciously. It threw her off guard. She stood tiptoe with delight to think that he was really beginning to remember her. She shook hands with herself cordially; that was a droll trick that he had taught her.

"Oh, heaps and heaps!" she answered ecstatically, just as she had in the years gone by.

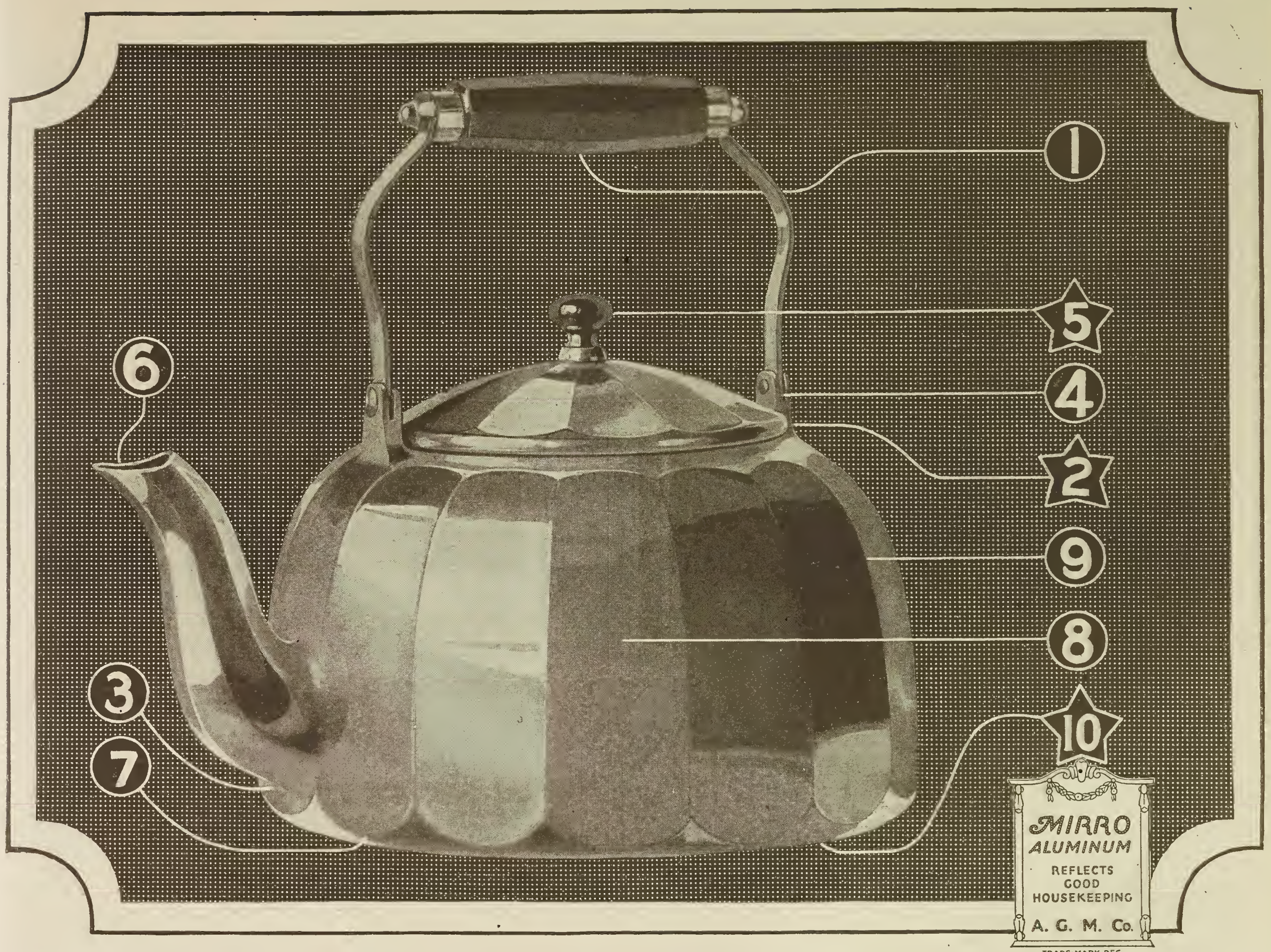
He stooped to kiss her just as the Rawsons' car rounded the bend of the road. The sudden glare of the head-lights momentarily blinded them.

Concluded in the June DELINEATOR

EVENING

I TOIL AT HOMELY TASKS THE WHOLE DAY THROUGH:
THE FOOD, THE LINEN AND THE HOUSEHOLD NEEDS,
AND ALL THE LITTLE THINGS THAT MOTHERS DO,
AND STILL AM WEARIED BY UNFINISHED DEEDS.
THEN EVENING COMES, THE QUIET, VELVET EVE;
I GATHER TO MY BREAST MY BABY SON,
AND TENDERLY HIS SMALL, MOIST FINGERS WEAVE
A CHARM ON ALL THAT GARISH DAY HAS DONE.
THE TOIL, THE FRET, THE SUBTLE DISCONTENT,
HE COVERS WITH A COBWEB, BRIGHT WITH PEARLS,
AND WEARINESS IS PERFUMED BY THE SCENT
AND SILKEN CLINGING OF HIS WARM, BROWN CURLS.
HE GAZES AT ME, DREAMY, FILMY-EYED,
AND EVERY HOMELY TASK IS GLORIFIED!

ELEANORE MYERS JEWETT



Mirro Lasts Years and Years

Into every Mirro utensil is built long life and usefulness; long life, because of the superior rolling and stamping process by which it is made; usefulness, because of the extraordinary ingenuity with which it is designed.

This Mirro Aluminum Tea Kettle, for instance. A generation from now, it will be as cheerily active in the service of an appreciative mistress as it is today. Age will not shelve it, nor Time mar its beauty.

And from the standpoint of convenience, it is truly unusual. Note the ten splendid features of convenience—features you do not find in ordinary aluminum ware:

(1) The highly ebonized, sure-grip, detachable handle. ☆(2) Handle ears are welded on—an exclusive Mirro feature. (3) Spout also welded on—no loosening—no dirt-catching joint.

(4) Slotted ears permit handle to be shifted to any desired position without coming in contact with sides of kettle. ☆(5) Rivetless, no-burn, ebonized knob.

(6) Self-filling, easy-pouring spout. (7) Unusually wide base—quick heating and fuel saving. Also prevents flame from creeping up around sides.

(8) Famous Mirro Finish. (9) Beautiful Colonial design. Also made in plain round style. ☆(10) Mirro trade mark stamped into the bottom of every piece, and your guarantee of excellence throughout.

Back of every Mirro utensil is America's foremost manufacturer of aluminum ware, and more than a quarter of a century's experience in aluminum making. At better stores everywhere. Moderately priced.

Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company
General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.
Makers of Everything in Aluminum

MIRRO ALUMINUM
Reflects Good Housekeeping





"BIG NINES" have the ease of moccasins, the foot-health of square-toed boots, the durability of leather shoes, and a distinctive smartness of their own.

These general service shoes cost much less than leather shoes but they *do more.*



The sole is held permanently to the upper by a triple reinforcement, and is made of fine new tempered rubber, tough and durable.

"Big Nines" are made over the Converse foot-form last and have cork inner-soles and built-in supports. They are cool, comfortable and hygienic.

"Big Nines"—for general wear by everybody—are the logical solution of the family shoe problem.



See the "Nine Big Points" in the panel below. They show you at a glance why these shoes are supreme for all purposes.

Go to the store that sells "Big Nines" and get a pair. Made in both brown and white. But be sure they are "Big Nines"—look for the big "C" on the sole.

Nine Big Points of "Big Nine" Supremacy

(1) Leather ankle patch (originators).
(2) Real Horsehide Trimming.
(3) Double stitching.
(4) Leather Lacings.
(5) Cork innersole—cool in any weather.
(6) Fine Duck uppers and lining.
(7) Footform last.
(8) "Big C" Sole of tempered rubber—and *plenty of it.*
(9) Reinforced toe and foxings.

CONVERSE RUBBER SHOE CO.

Factory: Malden, Mass.

Service Branches:

New York—142 Duane St.

Chicago—618-626 W. Jackson Blvd.

Philadelphia—20 N. Third St.



BOYS TO THE RESCUE

PIONEER SCOUTS AND FOOD SUPPLY

BY ARMSTRONG PERRY

THERE is a connection between boys and food which the whole world will see within the next decade.

This connection particularly concerns your food. If eggs are now a dollar a dozen, what are they going to cost when the proportion of our population now supplying them is cut from a quarter to an eighth of the total? Will the hens remain on the farms alone, fight the skunks and weasels and pip and bring eggs fresh for our tables beside the radiators?

Unless the world changes, we will still need boys to feed the chickens, gather the eggs and take them to market. *We must keep farm boys on the farm.*

The plain, hard fact is that America will be the hungry sister of Armenia in the very near future unless the present generation of boys learn to use their bodies from the neck down and to find on the farm the pleasure and profit which always have been there though seldom recognized.

The United States Department of Agriculture long ago saw the necessity for keeping the boys on the farms. It has secured appropriations for, and developed, on a substantial basis, a system of boys' clubs, and girls' clubs, too.

The approach and purpose of these are economic. The club members raise corn, fatten pigs, produce bunny-beef, test dairy cows and carry on many other agricultural projects. Often they excel their parents in profit-making, proportionately. When an interesting activity is financially attractive, it makes a continuous appeal. The boys' and girls' clubs do keep the young people on the farms.

But Dr. A. C. True, Director of the States Relations Service of the Department of Agriculture, Professor Atkeson of the National Grange, and other leaders in rural activities say that something more is needed, and that thing, they believe, is the element which Boy Scouting puts into the life of a boy.

The farm boy and his father and mother have felt that all organizations, unless they were distinctly labeled as "agricultural" or "rural," are for town and city folk only. They have felt that way about Scouting. Many of them have yet to discover that there is a division of Boy Scouts especially for farm boys. It is called the Pioneer Division.

The Pioneer Scout is not different from any other Scout. He takes the same oath. The Scout law, which he commits to memory and learns to obey, is that which binds all Boy Scouts. His Boy Scout Handbook is not a special edition. It draws no distinctions among boys, whoever they may be or wherever they may live.

The Pioneer Scout may be obliged to do much of his work alone, through force of circumstances, but he can do it just as thoroughly. When he goes to town, as all farm boys do sometimes, his badge and the Boy Scout sign initiate him without ceremony into a group of Scouts who will do their best to make him happy for the duration of his visit.

The process of becoming a Pioneer Scout is just difficult enough to make it interesting. The requirements are definite. First, the farm boy must reach his twelfth birthday, a thing which old Father Time attends to in due course.

Next, he secures an information bulletin, an application blank and a transmittal blank. His pastor or teacher may have these on hand—wide-awake leaders of boys always do. Possibly he will have to ask the county agricultural agent. If all these fail, the Chief Pioneer Scout, whose home office is in the National Headquarters of the Boy Scouts of America, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York, will send them post-haste and free of charge.

The information bulletin explains the whole system and in pictures and text gives the boy all the instruction he needs in qualifying as a Boy Scout. It gives him the oath and law, which he must learn.

The history of our Stars and Stripes, which every Scout must know, is told in this information bulletin, together with the forms of respect which the Scout must observe toward it. The education of the Scout hand is begun with a series of knots, which all Scouts learn to tie. Other information, not required but desirable, is added for good measure.

When all this is digested and mastered, the prospective Pioneer Scout is ready to write answers on the dotted lines of the application blank. He tells why he wishes to become a Pioneer Scout and whether he has ever attempted to organize or join a troop.

When the application reaches national headquarters a membership certificate is issued the same day provided all the requirements are met. Thereafter the applicant continues to be a Boy Scout of America in good standing unless he permits his registration to lapse or fails to live up to the obligations which he has voluntarily assumed. He may call upon the Chief Pioneer Scout for any instruction or advice not contained in his Handbook and will receive prompt and friendly attention.

Then the Pioneer Scout prepares immediately for the second-class tests. Then follow the first-class tests, which few Scouts complete in less than six months. Directions for both classes of tests can be obtained from national headquarters of the Boy Scouts.

The Pioneer Scout's progress does not end with the first-class badge. This opens the door to the Merit Badge tests. Each Merit Badge is a certificate of proficiency in some worthy field of human endeavor. Naturally, since this is a boy's program, only the rudiments of each profession or business or other vocation are included.

The Merit Badges are for Agriculture, Angling, Archery, Architecture, Art, Astronomy, Athletics, Automobiling, Aviation, Beekeeping, Electricity, Gardening, Handicraft, Horsemanship, Interpreting, Leather-working, Life-saving, Machinery, Marksmanship, Masonry, Mining, Bird Study, Blacksmithing, Bugling, Business, Camping, Carpentry, Chemistry, Civics, Conservation, Cooking, Craftsmanship, Cycling, Dairying, Electricity, Firemanship, First Aid, First Aid to Animals, Forestry, Music, Painting, Pathfinding, Personal Health, Photography, Physical Development, Pioneering, Plumbing, Poultry-keeping, Printing, Public Health, Safety First, Scholarship, Sculpture, Seamanship, Signaling, Stalking, Surveying, Swimming, Taxidermy and Wireless.

But neither technical ability in Scout-craft nor vocational training is the primary aim of the Boy Scout movement. The spiritual values are always given the place of honor. In Scout Law Number 3 is an italicized statement which tells the Scout that he must *do at least one good turn to somebody every day.*

Right there is the heart of the whole matter.

It was a commonplace "good turn" which brought the Boy Scout movement back to the United States, where much of its content was developed before Baden-Powell molded the ideas of Dan Beard and other boys' heroes into a world-wide movement. An American millionaire stood dazedly in London with a shilling in his hand. The coin had been refused—courteously but firmly *refused!*—by a boy in khaki shorts, who explained that Boy Scouts did not accept tips for good turns.

The millionaire lost no time in finding out what Boy Scouts were and he spared no expense in promoting the Boy Scout idea until the Boy Scouts of America was incorporated with firm moral and financial support.

Boy Scouting is not the exclusive privilege of the city lad. The remotest boy in the country can be a Scout, do the work and have the fun with all the rest of the half-million Scouts.



Come Early to Canada This Year

Lovely Lake Louise Reflects the Radiant Life of the Canadian Pacific Rockies

BEAUTY so rare that it leaves you breathless—you can hardly tear yourself away—this is Lake Louise. June, the month of glorious Alpine flowers, opens the four months summer.

Face to face with the blue sky and fleece clouds and sun-tinted snow-banks and iridescent Victoria Glacier across Lake Louise—stands the Chateau Lake Louise with its flawless cuisine and service, where the Prince of Wales so enjoyed himself.

If you enter the Canadian Pacific Rockies from the east you probably stop first at the Banff Springs Hotel, to dance, golf, and swim in warm sulphur pools in sight of snow fresh fallen on surrounding peaks! "How can another spot be as lovely as this?" you say at Banff.

Then change your mind at Emerald Lake with its Chalet in the Yoho Valley—a world of peace whose mountain ring shuts out all commonplace. And Glacier Hotel in the Selkirks where clear water rushing down from nearby glaciers sings you to sleep and wakens you later, keen for the perfect breakfast and the day's new delights. And Sicamous where you can fish for great trout.

Then the Vancouver Hotel on the Pacific, whose rose garden roof unfolds panorama of stately city and mountains in two countries and unnumbered ships starting for the Orient, the midnight sun of Alaska, the South Seas.

Then the Empress Hotel crowning Victoria Harbor—at the front door of a quaint and lovely English town.

Each Canadian Pacific Hotel is as different as each new glorious mountain range—yet each gratifies your sense of well-being, and at each you may indulge a favorite pastime—from fishing cutthroat trout to camping out or climbing with a Swiss guide.

For the Canadian Pacific hotels are the magic castles of an Alpine Fairyland. It is so easy for you to reach them. Come early to Canada this year. Stay late.

Canadian Pacific Passenger Offices in the United States

Atlanta, Ga., 220 Healey Bldg.
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Chicago, Ill., 140 So. Clark St.
Cincinnati, Ohio, 430 Walnut St.
Cleveland, Ohio, 1040 Prospect Ave.
Detroit, Mich., 199 Griswold St.
Los Angeles, Cal., 605 So. Spring St.
Minneapolis, Minn., 611 2nd Ave. So.
New York, N. Y., 1231 Broadway, cor. 30th St.
Philadelphia, Pa., 629 Chestnut St.
Pittsburgh, Pa., 340 Sixth Ave.
Portland, Ore., 55 Third St.
St. Louis, Mo., 418 Locust St.
San Francisco, Cal., 657 Market St.
Seattle, Wash., 608 Second Ave.
Tacoma, Wash., 1113 Pacific Avenue.
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Under Searching Eyes—

Do you ever wince inwardly?



AN unexpected meeting—a battery of eyes focused upon your face—can you meet it with composure? Is your skin flawless? Clear, lovely in coloring?



Or is there some blemish that stands out mercilessly in your own consciousness?

There is nothing that so destroys a man's or woman's poise and self-confidence as the consciousness of a complexion at fault. Blackheads are such a disfigurement. Enlarged nose pores, a skin that *will* get shiny—but these things can be corrected.

Take care of the new skin that is forming every day as old skin dies. Give it every night the right treatment for your particular trouble, and *within a week or ten days* you will notice a marked improvement.



Take one of the most common skin troubles. Perhaps your skin is constantly being marred by unsightly little blemishes. No doubt you attribute them to something wrong in your blood—but authorities on the skin now agree that in the great majority of cases these blemishes are caused by bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores *from outside*, through dust and fine particles in the air.

How to remove skin blemishes

By using the Woodbury method of cleansing your skin, you can free it from such blemishes.

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this special treatment until the blemishes have disappeared, then continue to give your face, every night, a thorough bath in the regular Woodbury way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold water. In this way you can guard against any reappearance of the blemishes.

Special treatments for all the commoner skin troubles are given in the booklet that is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake today—begin using, tonight, the treatment your skin needs.

You will find Woodbury's Facial Soap on sale at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada. A 25c cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment or for general cleansing use.

Would you like to have a trial size cake?

For 6c we will send you the trial size cake (enough for a week of any Woodbury facial treatment), together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1905 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1905 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



REALITY, NOT POSE

A BUSINESS WOMAN TO HER DAUGHTER—III

BY ZORA PUTNAM WILKINS

NEW YORK CITY, February 10, 1920.

DEAR SALLY:

When I urge you to make people your study, not books, you always have the samo excuse for your bookworm tastes. "People are so uninteresting," you say.

My dear, there aro no "uninteresting people!" If you find them so, you measure your limitations, not theirs. Other people merely hold the mirror to your attitude.

Unless you know how to make the connection that completes the electric circuit, there is nothing bright about an electric lamp. But once you have touched the vital point, it illumines not itself alone but all its surroundings. And however much you may think one lamp like another, they often have shades of different colors. One casts a rosy light, another a yellow glow on the ordinary tables and chairs, and sometimes when you least expect it, they pick out somo rare treasure in the far corner of a familiar room.

It is the same with people. Of course they are uninteresting until you find their interest. I dare say a gold nugget is uninteresting to a hen. But just show her a fat June-bug! To a geologist the nugget presents problems in his science. To an artist it is the precious metal from which a rare piece of workmanship may be fashioncd. To a financier it is the symbol of that power which transacts the business of the world, which opens new territories and which controls the rise and fall of governments and of nations. Mercy, how I am leeturing!

Even the greatest masterpieces of literaturo are wearisome to a dog. You may read to your Boston terrier from Balzac, Shakespeare, Goethe, Dante or Homer. If he could say aloud what he implies by his yawn and his half-closed eyes, he would remark, "Books are so dull!" What a change in him if you cry, "Rats, Billy!"

Of course, if you like, you can be a hen or a terrier and wait till a refcrence to your narrow pet-interest brings you to life.

Your grandfather, who was a small-town clergyman, used to tell me some of his experiences making pastoral calls. He'd try all sorts of conversational leads before he'd strike fire. Finally, maybe he'd mention Molly's progress in school, and then how Molly's mother would come to life! With eyes shining she'd tell what Molly's teacher had said about her marks in language and arithmetic.

And though mention of the Yellowstone and the Grand Cañon left Mrs. Smith cold, get her started on a trip to Coney Island she took two years ago and the conversation would go by its own steam.

To the average man an ant-hill is dull; to a Faber it is of fascinating interest. There remains the painful possibility that you yourself may be a resident of the ant-hill. Needless to say, the ants find Faber tiresome in the extreme. So far as they observe him at all, they doubtless reflect: "He casts a shadow on our long-established, our important, our indispensable ant-hill." But it is really a sad thing to know the world only in relation to your ant-hill. It is also worth while to know your ant-hill in relation to the world.

For this purpose not a bit of human observation and of human experience can come amiss. Just appear interested and every one will become interesting.

In the most unlikely places, among the most unexpected groups, under the most unpromising surfaces you'll find exact knowledge and rare sympathy. It only waits for you to bring it to light.

In the "Arabian Nights," you remember, the most entrancing palaces were concealed behind humble entrances. Say "Open Sesame" and you'd get into the treasure cave. My dear, you need only reach out your hand for the magic key. You can learn the mystic word.

If I were a fairy godmother, I'd give it to you; but I am only

YOUR LOVING MOTHER.

NEW YORK CITY, February 19, 1920.

MY DEAR SALLY:

On my recent flying trip for half of a college Sunday you introduced a friend who, you assured me, was one of the most intelligent girls in college.

I confess the first sight of her was such a shock that I didn't catch her name. The reason I refer to her again is because you remarked just as she approached:

"She's a girl who has a style of her own."

It seems to me you have an awfully mistaken idea of style. Her extremely severe dress, her hair, combed smack back—why, Sally, I should think it would be a dreadful strain on her eyelids! Can she *ever* close her eyes?

She reminded me of a religious zealot who believed he should leave things as God made them. So he declined all cooked foods and slept on a board instead of a bed. Why a board instead of a rock? A board is the height of sophistication. But he never thought of that.

Such overdone simplicity as hers is as bad as an imitated slouch. It's not a style, but absence of style. You know what style is in literature: it is the expression of personality through highly developed technique. Carry it over into life and you'll know what style is there.

You get self-expression by selecting. If square-cut collars show your bones, select round ones. That isn't dishonest, is it? Or would your friend think it deceitful?

Have you noticed that often the worst bores have straight hair? They like to say that they're too honest to do up their hair on curlers, whereas it's often because they're too lazy. And they say if God made it straight they think it's dishonest to make it curl. Well, God gavo them brains, too, didn't He? He expects the owncrs to use thcm. Seems to mo it's your duty to make yourself as attractive as you can, and rank folly not to make the most of yourself.

If your friend is the brilliant student you say she is, it seems to me distinctly dishonest for her *not* to curl her hair, for that pious coiffure made her look, to speak plainly, like a simpleton. Fortunately, you told me that her expression is misleading; but she can't expect a stranger to know that. She can't very well wear a label that says: "I may look like a boob but I'm a wiz in my classes." She's going to be horribly misjudged and lose a lot of what's coming to her in the way of praise and fun if she keeps up this pose—for a poso it really is.

Well, remember the warning, my dear, and forgivo the frankness of

YOUR CAPTIOUS MOTHER.

BOSTON, February 28, 1920.

MY DEAR SALLY:

You were dead right thinking I was a little amused at the very proper ideas Peggy expressed about the necessity of chaperons the last time I visited you. She apparently fancies no decent young woman can, or ever does, go out after half-past seven without the protection of a chaperon, or that she can bo trusted alone with any man—even at breakfast-time.

Of course, Peggy simply accepts this view because it has been a part of the social conventions which have always surrounded her. But you know as well as I do, that there are thousands of girls who never are protected by such a symbolic watch-dog. They belong to the working class. Well, you're going to belong to the working class, too.

Right here I'll say that you will have to bo your own chaperon. Your mamma will be too busy to fulfil that interesting function. You'll have to find your way alone through the dangers of the threatening world.

One of my friends used to laugh at all warnings, with the words: "If any man picked me up, he would drop me under the first cleetric light." In her newspaper work she went up and down the city at all hours without being molested. Of course, the secret of her safety wasn't what she implied—in fact, she was unusually good-looking—but resulted from her businesslike manner. She never loitered on the streets. At busy crossings she gave no appealing glances for help, and in the street-cars she didn't assume a pathetic air if she had to hang on a strap.

Probably you're saying to yourself that she must have been a mannish creature. Not at all! You know her to-day as Mrs. Howard Knowles, whose gracious feminine charm you've often envied. But she had the good sense to realize that a parlor manner is not a business manner. Social customs worn out of place expose you to impertinence just as surely as a fancy pink silk frock does if you wear it on the street.

Whether you're safe and free at your work depends entirely on your own choice of manner. You know that a business world is largely a men's world. You'll be associated with men more than with women; you'll come and go with them, apparently on equal terms of comradeship. You may be working among dozens of men, or you may be isolated with one man.

Apparently on equal terms of comradeship, I say. But you must never forget, after all, that you're a woman. The men won't forget it. You both may be oblivious of any such consciousness, but, as a matter of fact, it's always there, sometimes far below the surface, sometimes just flashing into view.

There's no need whatever for any girl with judgment and discretion, such as I believe you have, to come into disagreeable or dangerous situations.

Your problem is different. You have to behave as a good pal among your fellow workers, without ever crossing the line which leads from comradeship to more intimate relations.

I'm not advising you to act prudishly; nothing is more ridiculous. But you should remember that only a person with great natural dignity can afford to lay it aside. If for a moment you do discard that protecting garment, take care not to put it out of reach—you may need to recover it quickly. If you have any doubts, remember that the terms "business first" and "safety first" mean about the same.

But if Peggy opens up the subject the next time your somewhat frivolous mother attends college, I think I'll tell her that you chaperon me in Summer-time—in Winter I have to take care of myself! With the practise you have gained in pointing out the conventions to me, you'll surely be able to chaperon yourself, even without the advice of

YOUR LOVING MOTHER.

American Lady Corsets

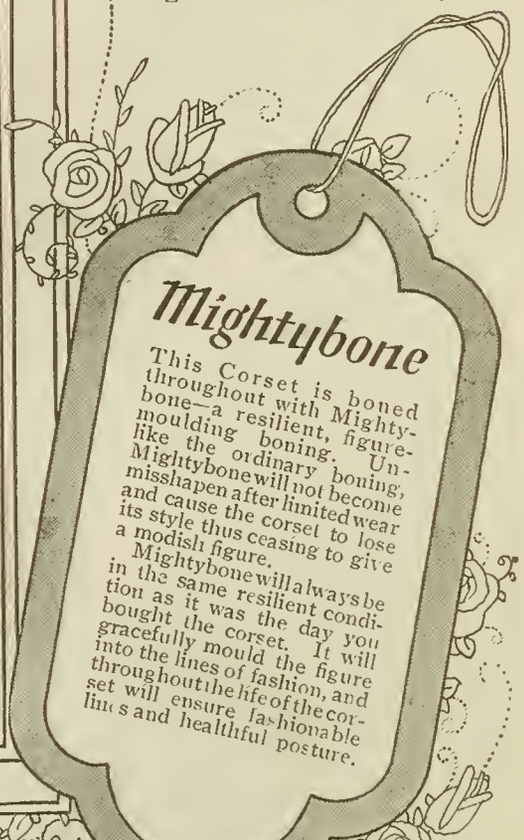
Boned throughout with *Mightybone*



THE top illustration shows the ordinary corset boning after the corset has been worn but a short time. The absence of resilience is indicated by the angle at which the boning is now *permanently* bent. The lower illustration shows a rib of *Mightybone* that has come through the same test with all its original springiness and flexibility still alive. That is why American Lady Corsets, boned throughout with *Mightybone*, ensure permanency of comfort and style.



This tag is attached to every American Lady Corset. Its use has been authorized by the Mightybone Corporation of New York. Find it—and you find lasting comfort, lasting satisfaction, and a figure fashionable—always!



BECAUSE of their individual styling, because of their superior comfort, because of Mightybone, the new and better boning, the re-created American Lady Corsets are being demanded by women of fashion everywhere.

It is most satisfying to realize that the splendid American Lady qualities are enduring, that Mightybone, the resilient non-rusting boning that always retains its original lines of fashion in the corset, will keep your American Lady model smart as long as you wear it. The Mightyboned American Lady Corset is an investment in real corset service!

No corset boned with ordinary boning can be compared with the American Lady Corset boned with Mightybone. And every American Lady Corset, regardless of price, is boned throughout with this highly superior boning.

You can select the American Lady Corset most perfectly suited to your individual requirements from a variety of models. There is an American Lady Corset for every type of figure styled to make your figure fashionable, and Mightyboned to *keep* it fashionable.

Back Lace $2.50 to $8.50
Front Lace $4.00 to $8.50

AMERICAN LADY CORSET CO. Inc.
Detroit · New York · Chicago · San Francisco



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Hinds Honey and Almond Cream

Beautiful features can be marred hopelessly by a faulty complexion; but a skin free from blackheads, blemishes, sallowness, fine lines or tendency to furrows—one absolutely clean, clear, glowing with natural color—a *perfect* complexion—makes one truly beautiful regardless of minor facial defects.

How a faultless complexion can be achieved easily, effectively, *permanently*, is answered by many thousands of women (you probably know some of them) who have used Hinds Honey and Almond Cream for years.

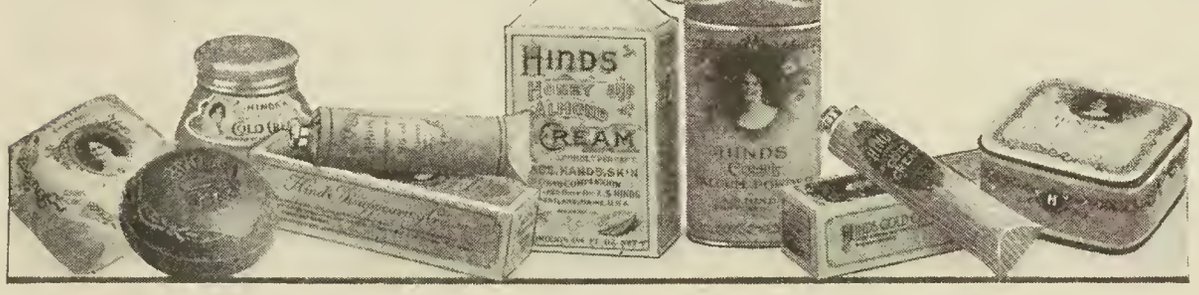
Just apply a few drops of this snowy white, daintily scented lotion night and morning, and after exposure, as directed. Hinds Cream softens, cleanses and relieves the tiny pores of dangerous germs, alleviates irritation, soreness and roughness, and gives Nature an *honest* chance to restore the velvety, pure, fresh and colorful complexion of youth.



SAMPLES: Be sure to enclose amount required, but *do not send foreign stamps or foreign money.* Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 2c. Both Cold and Disappearing Cream 4c. Talcum 2c. Face Powder, sample, 2c; trial size 15c. Trial cake soap 8c.

Attractive Week-end Box, 50c.

Hinds Cream Toilet Necessities are selling throughout the world. Mailed postpaid, in U.S.A. from laboratory if not easily obtainable.



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Your Hair Needs "Danderine"

Save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don't let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggly or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality. Get a 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs stimulating, beautifying "Danderine" to restore its life, color, brightness, abundance. Hurry, Girls!

A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

TO WHAT KIND OF GIRL DOES IT TURN?

BY EDNA ERLE WILSON

AS I crossed the campus from the Faculty Club to the Alpha Tau Fraternity House one warm Spring night my spirit was ruffled. Being the youngest petticoated member of a faculty of a coeducational college has its advantages. It always lets one in for additional chaperonage, and in apple-blossom time the young woman's fancy, as well as the young man's, shows a decided preference for lightly turning toward love rather than text-books. The eternal madness was much in evidence, dotting the big green-carpeted tree-shaded campus with couples as thickly as the stars dotted the sky.

Passing the little stone Summer-house that snuggled down under the shade of a big oak-tree, I distinctly heard Saidee Adams's teasing laughter. I frowned. Being young enough oncself to be in love and old enough to be responsible for other people's love-affairs is not an enviable position. And Saidee—well, Saidee was the principal reason that I was cross!

Bob Mason opened the door and ushered me into the frat house. Then he stuck a long sheet of paper under my nose and said, "Please look at that."

I looked. Saidee Adams's name was first on the list, and Evelyn Venable's was last. Between them stretched several sheets of typewritten Marys and Violets and Theresas, each one with a Charlie or a Donald or a Peter by its side. This important collection of names represented the lucky girls and their partners who were to be invited to the Alpha Tau banquet. As I looked, Bob Mason was leaning over my shoulder, pondering it with a troubled expression.

"Just look at this," he repeated at intervals.

I looked again—and couldn't conquer my desire to sigh. Saidee's name was heading the list in unclaimed loneliness. All the other names were as closely paired off as lovers in Central Park on a Sunday afternoon in May.

BOB resented the fact that he would have to accompany Saidee to the banquet, now that no one else claimed her. I recognized this as a natural masculine attitude. He didn't know Saidee, but he did know that he didn't want the girl whom none of the other men wanted. As he signed up for this unpleasant duty he turned to me with a question:

"What is the matter with this Saidee Adams?"

Before I could speak, even if I had been able or willing to diagnose Saidee's ailment for the young man's benefit, the query was taken up and hurled back into the room.

"What is the matter with Saidee Adams?" asked Gordon McIntosh. "She's too fresh, too effusive. She's always after some chap. The original Diana of the chase had nothing on Saidee. She's pretty enough, and nice enough—a good sort of girl—but a man-chaser and a bit cheap."

Gordon turned to Ted, a grave young man who had accompanied him into the room. Ted replied slowly. "Yes," he said, "I think she is. Everything about her is exaggerated. If Saidee isn't careful she'll queer herself."

"Well, I guess I'd better rent a suit of armor for the banquet instead of a dress suit," joked Bob, "because I'm going to take her. Nobody else wants her, and she is Henry Martin's cousin and can't be left out of this fraternity affair. Half the men wanted to take Evelyn Venable. She is the drawing-card."

"I know I'm lucky," agreed Ted. "Evelyn is the most popular girl at the Woman's Building. She has real charm."

Real charm! The term has been defined in so many ways, so many times, that it seems that the method to acquire it should no longer be a secret, and that it could be made at home by a guaranteed-not-to-fail recipe and worn around the neck like a bead-chain.

Sitting there looking into Bob's frowning face I suddenly remembered my first timid attempt to find a definition. I must have been about six at the time, for I had just started to dancing school. There I quickly discovered that some little girls were popular and some were wallflowers. Nor was it always the children with the prettiest dresses or the biggest bows of ribbon on their hair who had all their dances taken. The situation interested me greatly.

One night after I had puzzled over the question in private for several days I approached my mother with a question. "Mother, what is it that girls do to make boys like them?" I asked. Mother looked up with an astonished expression which started to be a smile and then decided after all not to be. "They are pleasant and friendly and interesting," she answered readily.

YET in spite of all that has been said and written on the subject, women keep right on searching for it. Some are born with it. Some discover it. And some live and die without it. Now psychology was my business at Tremont College. But so were girls. And this question of popularity and non-popularity with the opposite sex interested me just as much as the Freudian theory. Of course I could terminate this discussion by one word. Or I could let it continue and so get the masculine point of view. Saidee and Evelyn—they represented the to-be-avoided and the to-be-desired. Maybe if I could get the men's point of view I should find an opportunity to pass it on to poor little Saidee, who was on the borderland of becoming—cheap.

Saidee hadn't seemed to merit that adjective to me before. She was just a bit too impulsive and terribly eager to have a good time. Girls to her were divided into two classes—the popular ones whom men liked and the sticks whom men disliked and neglected.

Saidee was determined not to be in the latter class, but she was using the wrong methods to attain the desired popularity. In the college vernacular, "her technique was bad." By going all the way to meet the men, she was missing them. The boys, who were willing enough to amuse themselves by flirting with her, were beginning to put her in the class of girls whom one doesn't take to formal college affairs and introduce to mothers and sisters and fiancées.

While I was meditating, Bob produced some snapshots and held them out to Gordon.

"Here, Mac," he said, "is a group of the Woman's Building girls. Which is Saidee, and which is Evelyn?"

Gordon reached out and took the kodak picture and I leaned over to see it. "This girl," he said, pointing with a pencil, "with the fluffy hair and the come-hither glance is Saidee. This girl with the fluffy hair and the friendly glance is Evelyn."

He returned the picture to Bob, who remarked that it all seemed to be a question of eyes.

"Not of eyes," volunteered the silent Ted, "but of expression. It is as if an artist painted two almost identical landscapes. One he obscures with a cloud, and the other he drenches with sunshine. A girl's attitude toward men is a question of fine shades. She may lose out by just a fraction, as an artistic picture may. A little too much color in the wrong spot, or a false line, and a thing that would be fine becomes cheap."

"All right," agreed Gordon McIntosh. "Now, just for the sake of illustrating a story and pointing a moral, and for the benefit of the Department of Psychology," he grinned at me, "let's compare Saidee and Evelyn.

"SAIDEE is just as good-looking. She has nice eyes and skin and hair. She is full of life and vitality and vivacity. She has good clothes, although they are extreme and seem to be worn for the sole purpose of attracting attention, while Evelyn's garments seem only a part of her.

"If a fellow goes to see Saidee, she is too glad to see him. Evelyn is warm and friendly, but not—smothering! You believe in her sincerity, while you doubt Saidee's. Everything about Saidee is obvious, but Evelyn is elusive.

"Saidee makes one think of a crackerjack vaudeville performance which is loud and overdone, the kind of thing everybody likes to see once in a while. But Evelyn is like a Barrie play, that one can see over and over again and find something new and delightful in every time.

"And then there's that age-old question of familiarity," he said slowly. "If Saidee would only remember to keep her hands off! She doesn't mean anything by it, and is probably unconscious of it, but it gives a man the wrong impression."

"Having decided that a girl must be friendly without being too friendly, interested without being gushing, charming without being 'fresh,' and a good pal without losing her dignity and sweetness, let's get down to the business of the evening," I suggested.

We did, and argued for two hours over colors and favors and place-cards. But somehow I couldn't forget Saidee.

For the next week I found myself watching and studying her. Then I began to understand. Saidee trailed the men.

She called a man by his first name the second time he called. Her parting remark was invariably. "Now don't forget me!" or "When shall I see you again?" or "Couldn't we go walking some evening soon?"

YET Saidee was likable. She was impulsive and generous and kind-hearted and affectionate. The more I watched her, the more I realized, too, how very innocent most girls are. She was like an adventuresome traveler exploring a strange land without the aid of a map or a compass.

But aside from keeping friendly eyes on her, there was nothing I could do. Several times I made up my mind to talk to her, and on each occasion reminded myself that she'd only shrug her shoulders at my advice and think "Oh, what does the psychology prof know about love and popularity and men?"

Once or twice, too, in the next fortnight I noticed Bob Mason talking to Saidee with a queer mixture of liking and speculation in his manner. I wanted to tell Saidee to be a little more reserved and a little less coquettish and not so free and easy. Saidee seemed to like Bob. And I think it was liking him that did the work. Love, even the kind that grows on a college campus every Spring along with the grass and the apple-blossoms, can be a revelation. In this case it seemed to make the flighty, flippant little freshman sit up and take stock of herself.

It must have been about a week before the date set for the banquet that Saidee knocked at my door one night and asked if she might come in. When she had curled herself up on the couch among the cushions, she looked up at me and asked that same question that I had put to my parents in my little-girl days.

"What do men really like in girls?" she asked, her eyes upon the new engagement ring on my left hand.

I was glad then that I had let Gordon and Bob and Ted tell me. I passed on the advice about being friendly and sensible and sympathetic and that a man's attitude toward a girl is determined by her attitude toward him.

"If you flirt, then he'll follow suit. And a girl needn't be a prude nor a 'vamp.' There is always a middle course, and it is usually the one that leads to the happiest journey's end," I said.

SAIDEE listened very thoughtfully, and it was a different girl that I noticed the night of the Alpha Tau banquet. She was trying to remodel herself in accordance with what men like. And that night when I went home I opened the window and told the apple-blossoms and the stars how nice it was to be the youngest petticoated member of the faculty!



Close Fitting Type



Bandeau Type



Surplice Back Type



Bust Supporter Type



Dress Shield Type



Close Fitting Type

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YOUR DeBevoise gives added style and grace to the lines of your figure—the fit of your gowns—your entire appearance. DeBevoise brassieres fit better, look better, wear longer and are more comfortable and satisfactory in every way because of the superior quality of their design, materials and workmanship. You are always sure of getting the utmost brassiere value for your money if the brassieres you buy are labeled "DeBevoise."

All DeBevoise advertisements are illustrated with photographs from life—not with idealized drawings. They show the actual brassieres themselves as they fit and look on real women. Are they not truly "Brassieres that Beautify"! A type for every figure at a price for every purse, and every DeBevoise type comes in a fascinating variety of materials and trims. At good stores everywhere. Made, labeled and guaranteed by Chas. R. DeBevoise Co., Newark, N. J.—the oldest and largest House of Brassiere Specialists in the world.

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Ask your merchant for the "debb-e-voice"
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Outsize Type (Pat'd)



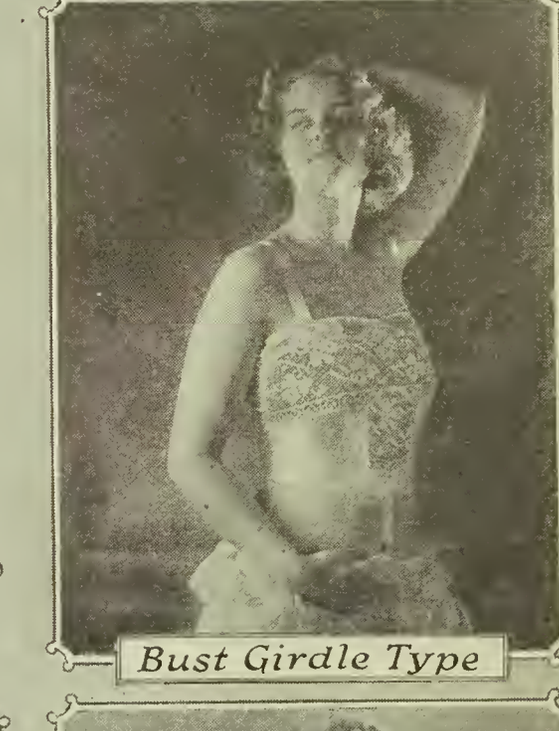
Bandeau Type



Bandeau Type



Close Fitting Type

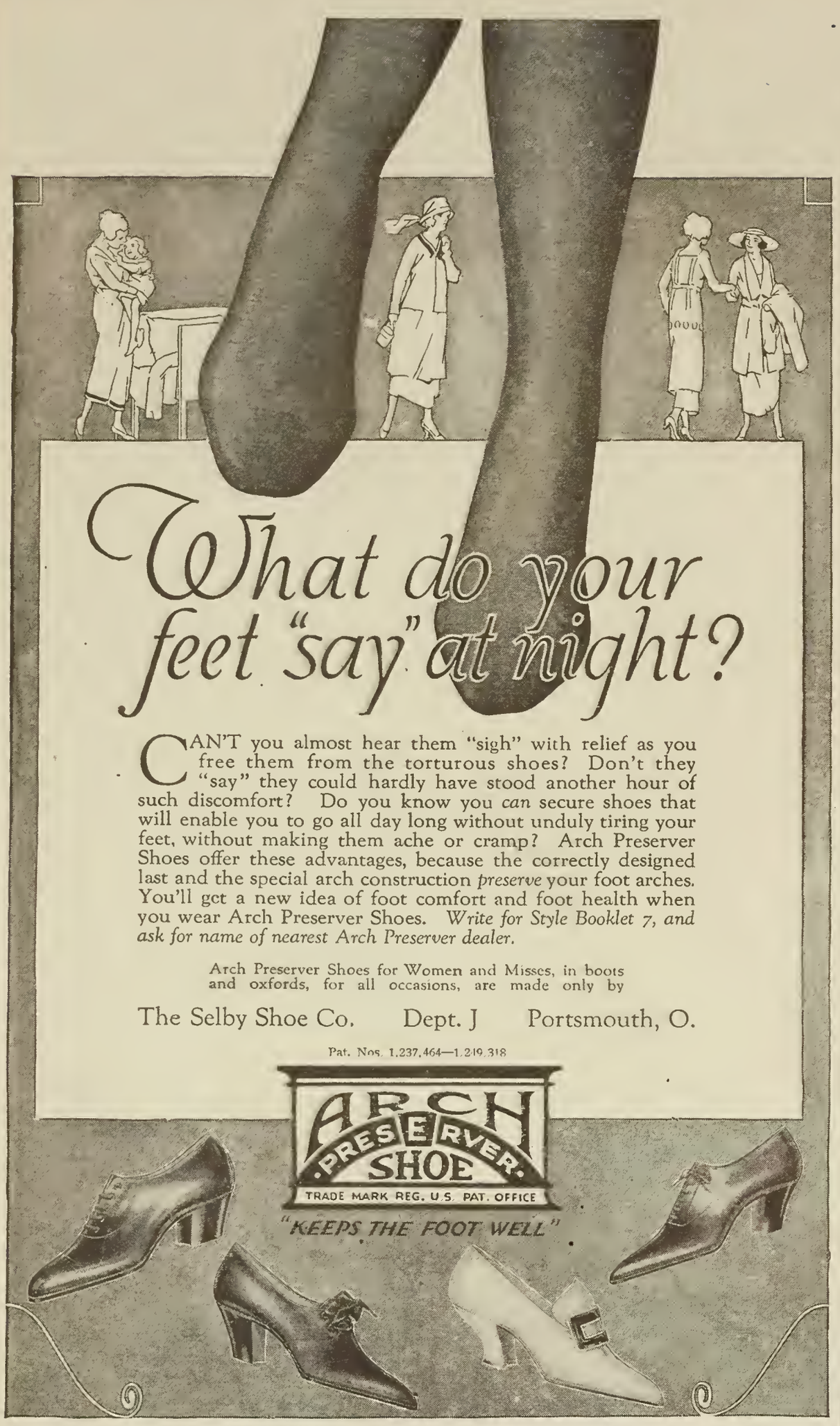


Bust Girdle Type



Bust Girdle Type

Underbodice Type



What do your feet "say" at night?

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"That They May Rest In Peace"

The Clark Grave Vault Co.

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Columbus, Ohio

AFTER YOU GRADUATE

TRY ONE OF THESE JOBS

BY MARY LENA WILSON

IT IS in response to the repeated question, "How shall I know what to do until I know something about the things that one can go into?" that schools, colleges and organizations finally took up the matter of vocational guidance. To-day, in most of the leading colleges and many of the city high schools, there are advisers from whom the girls may receive information and help in deciding their future careers. One of the most prolific sources, probably, of information concerning vocational guidance work is the Young Women's Christian Association. Perhaps it was because they had so many hundreds of girls coming to them with their difficulties and their problems that they were the first to make a move in this direction.

Their first work was with the high-school girls. In several of the New York schools, they have installed advisers, who not only talk with the girls individually and collectively, but take them on tours of inspection to some of the big corporations which offer large opportunities for high-school graduates.

If a girl had harbored a notion that she would like to become an office assistant, for instance, she might receive a surprise when confronted with the actual routine duties of that position and decide that another branch of business—statistical work—was one in which she would be happier and more successful.

For the schools where there are no advisers, vocational conferences, also under the direction of the Association, are becoming more and more popular. At these conferences, talks are given by women, prominent and successful in the various lines of work in which girls are engaged, to groups of students who have signified an interest in these particular fields.

The advantages and disadvantages, the requirements for entrance, the qualifications for success, and the salaries paid are all presented. After the formal talks, interviews are given the girls in which they receive personal advice and more detailed information.

THE general advice given high-school girls who seem to have ambition and initiative is to continue their studies. While an exceptional girl may work her way up without a college diploma, it will be greatly to her advantage to have one. There are others who would never have an inclination for anything but routine work, who are told to go into clerical work or stenography or filing without devoting more time to education.

It is the three above-named lines that most high-school graduates do take up with success. They can start in at a salary of from twelve to fifteen dollars a week and may expect to earn twice that amount within a few years' time.

There are instances of the stenographer working into secretarial positions which pay as much as fifty dollars a week, but in these cases preference is given to the girl with the greater amount of schooling.

There are also office managements held by high-school graduates of some experience, and statitiscal positions paying anywhere from twelve to fifteen dollars to the beginner without special training, to three thousand dollars a year for the experienced worker. But of course a liking for mathematics and an accurate mind are absolutely essential for progress in this line. It would be foolish for any girl to be attracted to it by the prospect of sixty dollars a week if she did not have a "statistical make-up."

If she is able to take further training, she is qualified to become a registered nurse and can earn from twenty to thirty-five dollars a week (and maintenance), according to her experience—though this amount can not be multiplied by fifty-two in determining the year's income, as her engagements are uncertain and the work so strenuous that she needs frequent periods of rest.

Library courses are also open to high-school graduates and the financial returns vary from seven hundred and twenty dollars to the novice to two thousand for the reference librarian and twenty-five hundred dollars to the expert cataloger.

THE advertising field offers openings for a girl with cleverness and originality and some gift for writing—*and* the commercial instinct, for advertising includes and demands business ability, the power to know what the public wants and to make it want it. Positions as copy-writers may be secured by submitting copy of one's own, in which case the lucky person may be given a "job" at fifteen or twenty a week. However, the high-school graduate, unless equipped with some technical knowledge, such as shorthand, may not expect to earn, to begin, more than fifteen a week.

In this connection it would be well to say that stenography as an opening wedge to larger opportunities has been somewhat misrepresented. It is one of the best means of learning any business, *but* unless a girl is going into secretarial work with the intention of remaining there, she should not take any position with a view to salary. Rather she should begin her work with an aim to learning the particular business which she has decided most interests her. She should stick to that business until she has mastered it and is ready for a position of responsibility and importance.

If you want to learn the publishing business, go in as a stenographer, but don't shift to a chewing-gum merchant just because he offers you more money—that is, not if you want to succeed in the publishing business.

The conferences with the high-school girls have proved so successful that the Y. W. C. A. has continued the plan with college-trained women, giving a series of advisory lectures at their metropolitan headquarters in New York.

But these conferences can not reach every one. For this reason the Association adviser will answer letters sent to her and give the best advice it is possible for her to give without a personal interview. For this reason also, the Bureau of Vocational Information has been established at 3 West Forty-third Street, New York. This bureau has conducted extensive investigations and the results of these are published in pamphlets which may be had for the asking and the sum of fifteen cents.

The bureau is also putting out a bulletin giving reports from the intercollegiate bureaus in the thirteen cities where they are located, which are most inspirational to the college graduate who wants to "do something different."

The girl who has majored in chemistry, who has eaten, dreamed and breathed chemistry, may take hope. The December bulletin told of the first girl chemist ever employed by an insurance company; and there are many other firms engaging them.

BEST of all would be to have a personal interview with a vocational counselor. She would tell you first of all that the essential thing is to get into the type of work for which you were fitted by temperament and talents; and having got into it, to acquire—if you do not already possess—the vision which will enable you to look ahead a few years. To think not so much of the initial salary and the tiresome routine of the first months, but to keep one's eye on the end in view.

Then she would discuss with you the particular subjects in which you were interested. You have heard a great deal about personnel management, perhaps. You think you would like it because you like people—I thought that once, too—but you don't realize that it takes much more than this. It takes an interest in and an understanding of the industry for which you would be engaging employees.

If you were told that the best way to become an efficient personnel manager would be to begin at the bench in some factory and learn the trade and the conditions, you might hesitate a little longer, even though the average salary is twenty-five hundred dollars a year and there are many openings for college women. On the other hand, you might be inspired to an even stronger inclination for this fascinating business.

Social service has always offered opportunities for women, but never so many as now. Child welfare and correctional work which require investigators, parole and department heads, usually demand special training, but a girl with very good natural qualifications may begin at sixty dollars a month and hope to work up to possibly two hundred dollars.

For the girl who writes, the advertising and publicity professions are very alluring, as they promise a larger income than almost any line of work. Copy-writers for advertising houses get from twenty-five to seventy-five dollars a week, and publicity directors get as much as two hundred dollars a week in special "drive" work which lasts a limited period. But the average would not be more than seventy-five dollars.

BESIDES an ability to write, one should have initiative, imagination and knowledge of public opinion and the means by which it is swayed. Artists in advertising houses can also earn approximately this amount, though they may have to start as low as fifteen dollars a week.

Newspaper and magazine journalism require a greater literary ability, and the former makes great demands on a girl's strength and nerves. The hours are long and uncertain and the pay seldom more than thirty-five dollars a week. Magazine editors get a higher salary than this; though there are only a few women who are editors-in-chief or managing editors. However, for the girl with intellectual or literary tastes, magazine work is extremely congenial.

Bond-selling is one of the most interesting lines for a girl who believes she has business sense and the qualities of salesmanship. The particular appeal in this field is that one's salary depends entirely on one's ability, almost all salesmen being engaged on the commission basis. While she may not hope to make a living the first year, the girl who is at all suited to the work can make three or four thousand within a few years.

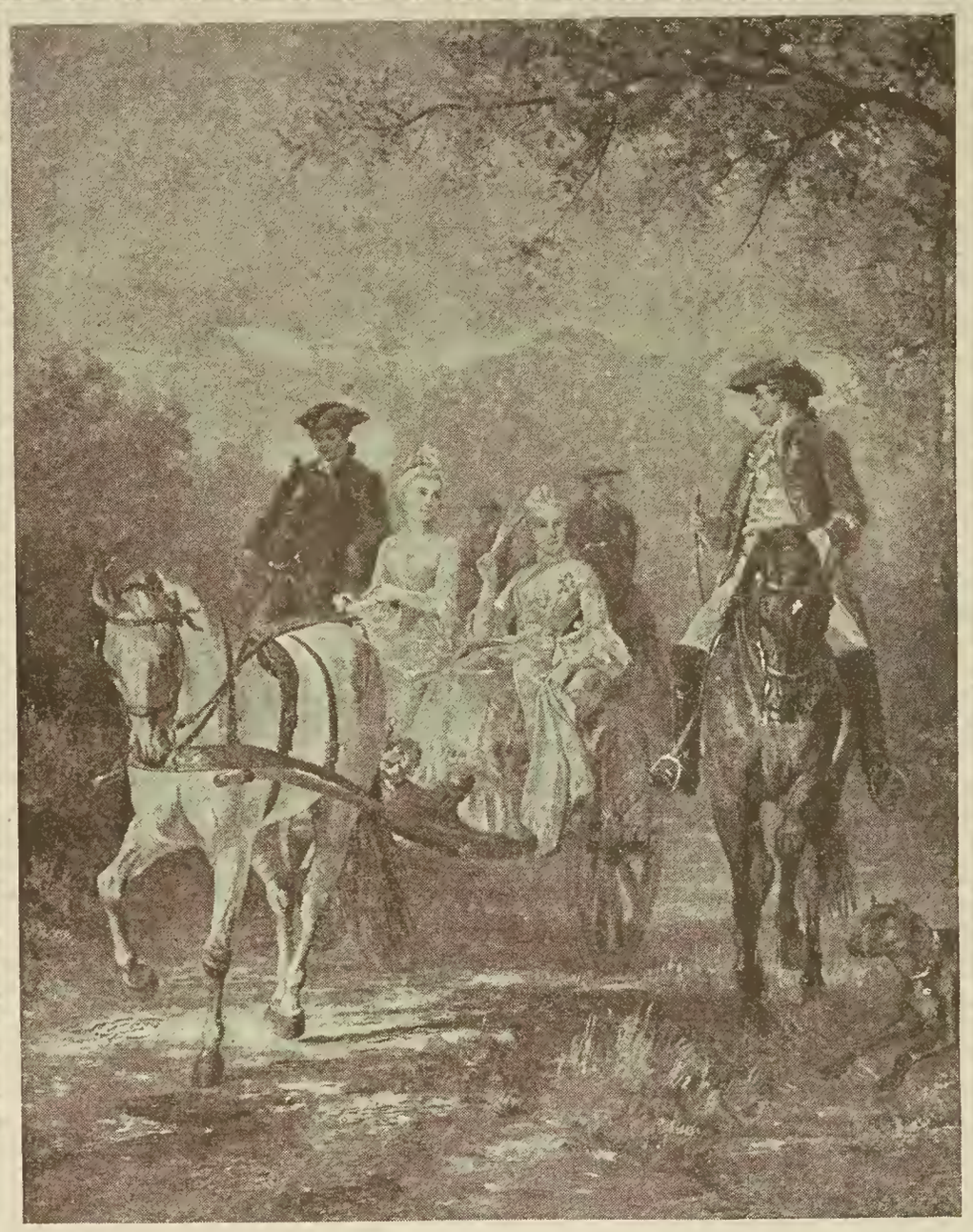
Foreign trade has attracted many women the past few years—the element af adventure no doubt having something to do with this. However, there is much routine to be gone through and a groundwork such as the courses given at the Y. W. C. A. or New York or Columbia universities, is almost essential. But there is a promising future in this field.

FOR the girl with domestic inclinations there are dazzling opportunities. Tea-room and cafeteria managements offer a very good living, and ownership of these places brings in several thousand a year to one who is willing to work extremely hard.

Medicine and law and the sciences are still pioneer ground, but are attracting more and more adventurers every year. In medicine, especially, women are proving themselves able.

One profession is still to be mentioned. The "honorable but poorly paid profession of teaching." And it is honorable—none more so. In face of present conditions it would be foolish to urge the pecuniary returns as an incentive; but it would be worse than foolish, it would be tragic, if pecuniary returns were the only standard by which the young women of our country were to determine their lives.

If our nation is not to descend to a suicidal scrambling for money and the things that money can buy, it must have the best that our schools and colleges are turning out as the teachers and guides of its future citizens.



The Return of a Friend

EACH day, for years, as you have put on and off your attire, you have appreciated the unique advantages of Koh-i-noor Fasteners.

If for some reason certain garments were made up without this satisfying fastener, you invariably went over in your mind the PATENTED perfection of Koh-i-noor, as follows:

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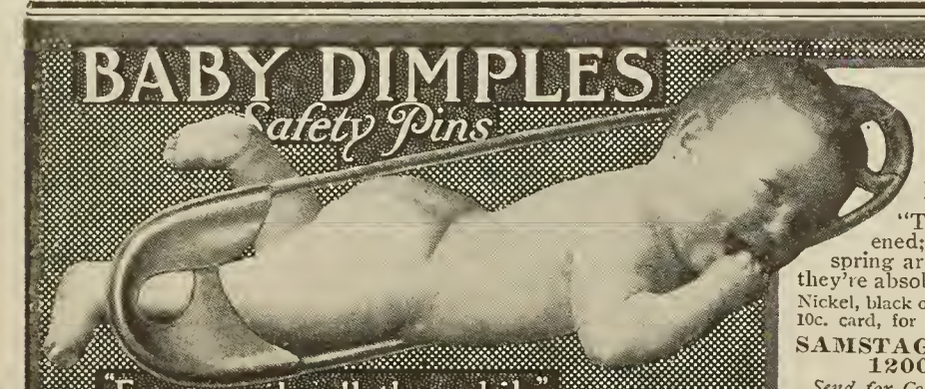
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"I wish every mother could know about Baby Dimples Safety Pins.

"They can't come unfastened; the points and the spring are both protected—and they're absolutely rust-proof, too."

Nickel, black or gold plated, in all sizes, 10c. card, for sale at good shops.

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"For a smile all the while"

Rustproof Colonial Quality Syracuse New York *Protected Loop*

INNINGS FOR THE COUNTRY GIRL

BY MARY ELEANOR SQUIRE

THERE are over five million girls in the United States who live outside the cities. Their mothers, many of them, grew up isolated, with only fortnightly meetings of the missionary society to break their loneliness. Now, in communities too small to be mentioned on the map, the entire girl population is enrolled in clubs—clubs for doing. Everything from beauty to business English interests them.

How well girls can play together, how much they can do, and what enterprising sport they can make of it, are instanced in the thousand and one clubs they have formed under the encouragement of the Town and Country Movement of the Young Women's Christian Association. This organization has played the rôle of big sister, with what luck and success the stories of the clubs themselves must tell.

The thing that has happened to the girls' clubs in Polk County, Iowa, is typical of what is taking place in new counties each month in other States. There fourteen communities, scattered over a whole big Western county, are linked together by a chain of twenty clubs, each of which has a membership of from ten to twenty girls.

This County Girls' Inter-Community League, as it is called, has a record that proves that girls have learned how to accomplish things with the team-spirit idea that they borrowed from their brothers. The league organized a community Sunday-school, contributed to a community playground, bought a community piano, bought pictures for a schoolhouse and by special request of the Drake University Community Service Department gave a county pageant at the University Community Center before an audience of twenty-five hundred.

IN SUMMIT, New Jersey, the same gingham-dressed Girl Scouts who tear back and forth to school on their bicycles asked their mothers to their club meeting and entertained them very properly at tea. A high-school club in Albuquerque, New Mexico, gave a party to some seventy children who represented the mingled nationalities of that "border" State. At Beaver Dam, in Dodge County, Wisconsin, the high-school girls' club gave a banquet and slumber party for the seniors. Only a girl in her teens knows the appeal of a slumber party. The last idea is slumber, and what with carting quilts, making up beds on hard floors and arranging barricades against the probable incursion of friendly mice, it is easy enough to keep it in the background. The masquerade party at Old Orchard, Maine, and the "open house" on Sunday afternoon at Haywood, North Carolina, swell the list of active girls' clubs that are doing things in their towns.

Iowa is great on get-together fun as well as on get-together work. The girls from Grimes started one morning bright and early at six o'clock to meet the girls from Johnson, who left home at the same witching hour. They walked until they met and then cooked breakfast out-of-doors. The Olive and Orillia girls met in the same way in the woods and went fishing together. In telling about it they neglected to say how many fish they carried home. Was this wisdom learned of the boys, too? Or feminine intuition?

In camps girls have the best times of all. It isn't the morning dips, though at Camp Daniel Boone, Kentucky, the girls never missed a day; it isn't the bugler's call to meals, though at Camp Barnstable, Fries Mills, New Jersey, this was more welcome than any other sound; it isn't learning campcraft, though at Camp Bogalus, Louisiana, girls came in relays of ten for the few days allowed them and worked like beavers at pitching tents, cooking over a camp-fire and learning to swim.

IT IS the spirit that pervades everything that goes on at camp, whether it be wading half a mile in the mud in the wrong direction (as girls on their way to Camp West Point, Mississippi, did) or dodging hot beans flying in every direction out of their innocent cans snuggled in the embers of a red-hot beach fire. This last performance was staged by the Camp Ortley girls from Burlington County, New Jersey.

Sixteen girls from the rural schools in the vicinity of Brattleboro, Vermont, wanted to try camping. The youngest was twelve; the eldest was sixteen. Some of them had never stayed overnight outside of their own homes; some had never been outside of their own villages; and some—imagine it if you can—had never seen or heard or smelled a railroad train. Half of the payment for staying at this Vermont camp came in the coin of farm produce. Butter and eggs bought board and room.

Long Island girls have uncovered a new kind of fun. They invented the "Progressive Entertainment," in which the Blue Triangle clubs from four different towns took part. Mineola had a Kitchen Band; Roosevelt gave tableaux on the four seasons; the Freeport girls produced a pageant, "The Wayside Piper"; Rockville Center starred in animated advertising. Each club performed in all four towns, so four large, delighted audiences enjoyed this composite entertainment.

Way up in the Northwest, in Walla Walla, Washington, there are some girls who wanted a class in personal hygiene, so they arranged for a member of the staff of a beauty department in one of the large stores to conduct a beauty course. Talks and demonstrations on shampooing, manicuring and the care of the skin were concluded with an impromptu pantomime designed to prove conclusively that color obtained out-of-doors is better than that which comes from a box.

Many girls want language classes and Business English, First Aid and Home Care of the Sick, Current Events and Community Civics. Sometimes they get them with stereopticon lectures, outside preparation and examinations for credit—not for fun—thrown in. Clubs that have loved nature-study want to learn about the stars. "A Trip to the Moon" and "The Sky Winter Nights" are little astronomy texts greatly in demand now. All this, in fact, throws girls back on books. One enterprising girl in Pennsylvania collected about two hundred books herself and started a lending library. In Spartanburg, South Carolina, the girls worked up a county library and circulated books among their club members.

HEALTH lures the ambitious girl, too. The girls' clubs in Polk County, Iowa, took up the study and discussion of proper food and clothing. The program included special exercise and recreation. It is club work like this that lays the foundation for the kind of a Cooperative Field Day that the Y. W. C. A. girls of Burlington County, New Jersey, have twice put on with the public schools and the Y. M. C. A. The grand stand at the County Fair grounds is jammed every year with the fathers and mothers, aunts and uncles, cousins and friends of all the competitors in the races and high jumps. Pink lemonade and peanuts are the order of the day. Contestants with blue ribbons strut along the side-lines. Rows of bloomered girls hang over the fence and yell for the winner.

"Let's have a club and go after health," said eleven girls in a little country community in southern Iowa. From exercises and drills they went on to relay races and ball games. They stretched their program to include singing, sewing and stories. On the last meeting of the year their mothers were the guests of honor. On neatly arranged tables lay some of the results of the girls' work—sheets, washcloths and pillow-slips, almost a shock, since they were perfectly normal children and disinclined naturally to do a neat seam at home. The favor of the day was an iron-holder—that badge of kitchen preparedness.

Iron-holders and afghans are among the more visible sign-posts that clubs have, but there is a kind of knowledge gained which will stand them in good stead in the community activities of years to come. Girls learn how to serve on committees, too, and conduct meetings. Did you ever hear the story of the diminutive club president who announced: "The dues will be one dollar per animal." All those in favor were to "seantify" by saying "Yes!" It's a true one.

Everybody in Coshocton, Ohio, came under the spell of the girls' enthusiasm when they went out for their Y. W. C. A. They put on a parade one Saturday night that marched around and around the town square. Gaily decorated floats vied with ropes of Japanese and Chinese lanterns. Two fine bands from the Knights of Pythias and the Salvation Army kept the long lines of girls in step. From the high school, the stenographer's desk and the factory they came to march. The next morning one of the young business girls gave a five-minute speech in each of the churches on what such a down-town club for girls as they were after would mean to the town. Needless to say, they went over the top in their drive.

SUCH girls as these, who know how to work with each other, have a good time, feed their ambitions and boost their communities, are growing up throughout the country in places you never heard of—innings for girls who live outside the cities at last.

When, let's call her Mary Agnes of Freeport, Long Island, was fifteen years old, she decided that she wanted a club of girls to be organized so that she might become a member.

The stealth with which she went about this was delicious. Tiny signs, visiting-card size, were tacked up on many of the trees in town. The plaguy things were too small to read and yet just missed being small enough to ignore. People's curiosity was whetted and they jumped mud-puddles and aired spy-glasses—anything to get up to one and read it. The message invited every one interested in the community to come to the schoolhouse on Saturday afternoon. The same invitation on posters that could be seen with the naked eye graced the schoolhouse and the post-office. Mary Agnes crowned herself a manager when she inveigled the movie man into throwing the magic words on to the screen for a week of evenings—*free*.

The letter she wrote to the New York office—the national headquarters of the club she hoped would be organized—ran something like this: "Having heard of the splendid work you have done for women, we girls are asking you to help us. We want an organization that will interest the girls and help keep them off the streets. We need some one who is older to lead and to guide us."

THE national headquarters sent some one from their files who answered to the description of guide, philosopher and friend. Before this young woman was allowed to address the schoolhouse meeting on "Clubs and how to start them," Mary Agnes drew her aside and asked her in a low tone what she thought about uniforms. She said: "We have plans and samples for a heavy coat or cape, a suit, a parade uniform and a camping outfit—separate hats to go with each costume."

That day a club was formed. It is now two years old and there are fifty active members in it. Conducting a baby campaign is one of the pieces of community service the club has performed.

From that club, typical of hundreds of others, girls are marching on into business, into college, into homekeeping, while new faces keep pressing into its ranks, keen for the business of growing up happy and getting their chance.

JOHNSON'S
Paste ~ Liquid ~ Powdered
PREPARED WAX



THE easy, practical way to polish and preserve finished surfaces is with Johnson's Prepared Wax and a cloth. You don't need brushes, sprays or mops of any kind.

Johnson's Prepared Wax polishes perfectly over any finish —varnish, shellac or oil. It forms a thin, protecting coat over the varnish, similar to the service rendered by a piece of plate glass over a desk, table or dresser top.

Your dealer has **"Johnson's"** —don't accept a substitute.



Johnson's Prepared Wax imparts a beautiful, artistic lustre of great beauty and durability. It gives a hard, dry, velvety polish which will not collect dust or show finger prints. It cleans and preserves the varnish — prevents checking and cracking.

Johnson's Prepared Wax Paste is the proper polish for floors of all kinds — wood, tile, marble, composition and linoleum. It does not show scratches or heel marks and floors polished with it can easily be kept in perfect condition. Worn spots can be rewaxed without going over the entire surface.

Use **Johnson's Prepared Wax Liquid** for polishing your furniture, leather goods, woodwork and automobiles. It polishes instantly with but very little rubbing. Does not gather dust or show finger prints.

For a Perfect Dancing Surface

Just sprinkle Johnson's Powdered Wax over any floor. The feet of the dancers will spread the wax, polishing the floor, and immediately put it in perfect condition for dancing. Johnson's Powdered Wax is conveniently put up in shaker top cans.

Unusual care and skill are used in the manufacture of the Johnson Products as all of our employees have, for several years, been our partners and share in the profits of the business.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wisconsin, U. S. A.

Established 38 years

Hamilton Beach Vacuum Sweeper

'Phone Now and Try It

Your dwindling dollar buys full value in this silent cleaner that gives most for the money. With its motor-driven brush, it is a thorough vacuum sweeper that the neighbors will envy.

The brush is unfailing and positive in shaking loose all clinging dirt and lint, and ground-in particles. The suction is more than ample to complete the cleaning.

The sweeper is finely finished throughout—well-balanced and compact; yet nothing has been sacrificed to lightness. It has strength in generous measure, and looks, and a silent motor that works without whining.

It is made by Hamilton Beach, Racine, Wisconsin, to be the unrivalled value in a cleaner that really beats and sweeps and cleans! No desired thing has been overlooked. It combines every known cleaning advantage with a motor that is guaranteed. You could expect no less of the world's largest maker of household motors.

Phone Your Dealer for a Free Trial

Hamilton Beach

R. Fingerle

SHALL I BE A HOME-TOWN GIRL?

BY MARGARET KENNETH

Pigs is pigs, but there are some
Who're happiest when they're at home.
Others enjoy the world's chill dew.
What kind of little pig are you?

OH, SHE was *such* a little pig! She wasn't pretty, and she wasn't clever, but she seemed to think that she wanted everything in the whole wide world. She wanted sueeess and money and fame and a handsome husband. So she went racing away to market, which was the big city. All her life she had heard and read that those things were to be found only in a great metropolis. When she got there—but that is the most of my story. Yes, I hate to "'fess up," but I'm going to; I was the little pig who went to market.

Along with hundreds of thousands of other girls who are leaving high school or business school this Spring, I had always lived in a small town. I was neither a wallflower nor a lovely butterfly. I had many, many friends, girls and boys. I never gave a thought to anything beyond the day's work and the day's fun.

It seems to be the fashion for every town or small city to make fun of itself, when no one is near exeept "the family." When a former native returned for a visit, deeked out in the latest fashion, the girls and women immediately began to eomplain about "being shut up in this stupid little hole." Mrs. Burns, the congressman's wife, came back each Winter to "leeture" to the girls' elub.

"Don't stagnate, my dears," she always said. "Don't let the village swallow you up."

Mrs. Burns was gorgeous and impressive, with a broad "a" about which every one wondered—and said nothing. So the spirit of unrest crept into us all, through Mrs. Burns and books and articles in the papers about the "modern" woman. One by one the girls a little older than I drifted to other cities. A few married and settled down in the neighborhood and after that, of course, they didn't eount.

GRADUATION day eame, with its flowers and class banquets and speeches. After it was all over, Henry Reed asked me to take a walk with him. It was the afternoon of commencement day, and I still had on the little bunch of pink roses he had given me. I remember it so well. Henry and I had always been good pals. I was often a little unkind to him; but his big heart never took offense, and the friendship had lasted for many years. We walked over the bridge of the mill stream, and sat down on the grass under a big syeamore.

"Well, Bess," he said after a pause, "what are you going to do now? I suppose you've been thinking about it."

I remember distinctly that I laughed.

"Why, I don't need to think! There's only one thing for any one who isn't asleep to do."

"What's that?"

"Why, get out of this plaee!"

"You're going away, then?"

"I eertainly am," I answered him. "Just as soon as I can get away and my eousin can get me a room. I'm going to Chicago."

"What do your people think about it?"

I was a little uncomfortable at this question. "Oh, of course, they're old fogies and don't want me to go! But I said I was going if eousin Ann eould find a place for me, and I had my own money saved up, so they finally said they didn't want to stand in my way, and I eould go."

I was a little out of breath.

Henry looked at me steadily.

"You didn't 'need to think' about it?" he said slowly. "It looks to me as if you did. I only hope you'll never be sorry, Bess."

My temper was up in a flash. I was furious at his suggesting that I did not know what I was doing, and Henry, calm and fine, and I, angry and petty, parted with some bitterness. I never dreamed for an instant that I would miss him, need him and want him near.

COUSIN ANN wrote that everything was settled for me. I was to have a room in the apartment house in which she had a small suite. Her employer eould use a filing clerk, and there was a good chance for me to "work up." I set off for Chicago in late July. Half the town, it seemed, was there to see me off and wish me luek. I had not realized that I had so many friends. They flooded the station platform, they filled the train, they heaped my seat with books and candy and magazines and "train letters."

When the eonduetor called, "All aboard!" and every one scrambled off, laughing and jesting, and the train began to move out, I found Henry still in the car and by my side.

"I'm going with you to the first stop," he told me. "I have to know just what you think you're going to get out of life by scurrying off into space like this."

I was in a jubilant mood, and this time his attitude did not irritate me.

"I'm going to get everything, Henry Reed," said I with my nose in the air, "suceess; and lots and lots of money—and oh, everything you can't get in a town like ours!"

In my mind's eye there was also the pieture of the handsome husband, but on this subject I was discreetly silent.

"Well," were Henry's parting words, "I don't believe you're the kind of girl who's meant for a whirlwind business career. I don't think you know what you are."

"But don't forget," he said quietly as he swung off at Clinton, "if you ever need any help—I'm back home, grubbing away as usual."

Clinton was the plaee on the map where the little pig began to find the world a different place. When I got to Chieago, Cousin Ann was not there to meet me. A fat polieeman finally got me on the right trolley-car, and a train conductor finally got me off at the right street, headed for the right number.

Cousin Ann found me in tears in her room an hour later. She was excitable, was Ann, and her hair fairly stood on end in her distress. Why she did not meet me I never knew, but her news now was of more importanee. She had accepted a position in Philadelphia. She must leave in two days. My people would never forgive her, she wailed. What would I do?

I stayed. It was the easiest thing to do, after all. And I spent two years being sorry and trying to got up the eourage to go home where I belonged! I was never "fired" from a position, but I was assuredly not a business suecess. At the end of the two years I was making three dollars a week more than when I started.

And oh, the unspeakable loneliness! I, accustomed to parties, sleigh-rides, lawn fêtes, had to go to a eafeteria dinner at night. Then I had to go alone to my shabby little room; not dingy nor poor, but shabby.

I never had a chanee to meet any one. I went to the theater three times in the first year—twiee with one of the girls at the offiee and once with an elderly friend of father's who was passing through the city.

THE second year I made friends with a few girls. I simply *had* to have friends. And finally the homesiekness that had become a part of my daily life, turned into an idea!

I realized suddenly—one evening after I had come back from a real home—that I was a fish out of water, and always would be gasping for breath until I got baek into my element. I was *meant* for a small town. I was *meant* for a home. I was *meant* for friends.

And as for Prinee Charming, I came to realize that Henry Reed was just as fine as any story-book eharmer. At the end of the seeond year he came to Chieago to see me. I had not remembered that he was good-looking; that he was tall and distinguished; that he had a look lacking in the men I passed every day on the streets.

And Henry told me a few things. Where greed and ignoranee had made me deaf before, I was willing now to listen. We analyzed the case very completely. We found that, while it looked like independence on my part, I had really followed the line of least resistance. I had drifted with the eurrent of thought most in evidence in our locality. I had been told, I had read, that the world held a path of gold for the business girl. I had wanted everything, without stopping to think whether I was fitted for the type of life into which I had trotted so blissfully. I had merely aecepted a set of ideas without applying them to my case at all.

"If you want to do something worth while," finished Henry, "why not use your gift for friendship at home, where it will have a ehanee?"

"How?"

"BY DOING anything where the ability to make people like you counts. I heard that the Red Cross wants to establish a Home Service Section in our town, or be a county secretary for the Y. W. C. A.,—that's real human service for you. If you can make just ordinary folks like you, you can help those immigrants that live in the west side of town. It's all Americanization, constructive work. But you can't take somebody else's road to reach the end of the rainbow, and expect to feel at home on it. You've got to do some thinking, and see where you *fit*."

I did the thinking; I'm still doing it. I'm going baek home, and I'm so happy at the thought of it that I can hardly wait for the day to come. I want to marry Henry Reed, if he still wants such a worthless scatterbrain. But that is a year away—even if he wants me!

The other day a group of girls of about my own age were gathered together in the home of one of the girls. All but our hostess were alone in the eity. I told them of my deeision to return to the little town again.

Every girl but one admitted that she had simply drifted there for one reason or another. The exeeption was an artist of real talent. She had always planned to study art, and had worked and saved with that one end in view.

Just drifted. Seampering away to market beeause we had never stopped to think whether we wanted to do anything else, and we had been told that the grass was greener there!

One of the other girls interrupted my thoughts.

"Let's think," she said, "whether we would leave home if we had it to do over again."

So we sat there, thinking. Belated thinking!

WE FOUND that of eight girls, five would not have left home if they had sat down, two or three years before, and "thought themselves through."

"It's five too many," said Sue, the girl who had spoken before, gravely. "I think that every graduating class ought to have a thinking-bee. Certainly every girl ought to have one of her own if she would take *one hour* to deeide where she belonged and what she wanted out of life."

We began to laugh, for sueh philosophy from fly-away Sue was most unusual. But in about forty seconds we sobered down.

We knew that she was right.

If every girl would analyze herself at the one time when she is in danger of "just drifting" into an uncongenial life, she would find that perhaps she really wanted to "paddle her own eanoe" in the opposite direction.

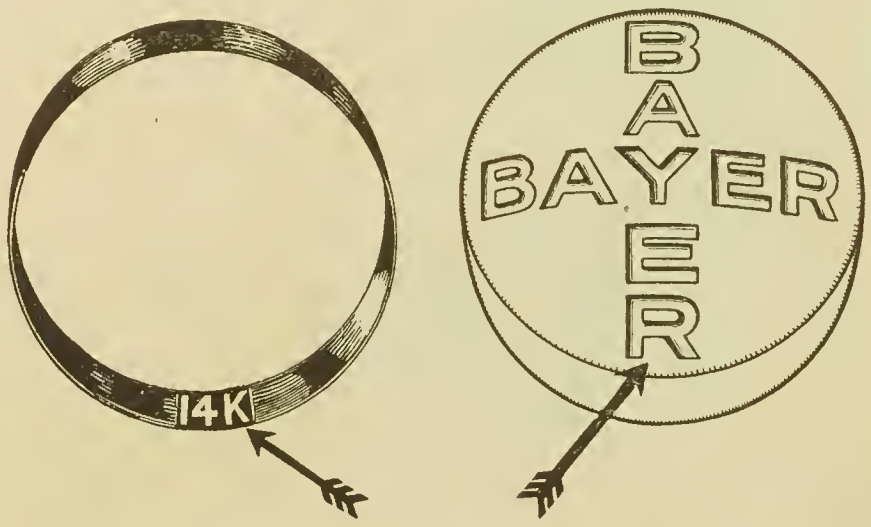
"You can laugh if you want," piped up Sue, "but most girls don't know what they are. If they stopped *to think*, they would find out surprising things. I'll "'fess up.' I thought I was artistie! And now I want to go home and help run Uncle Timmy's dry-goods store!"

I have already done my "'fessing up." The little pig that went to market is going to squeal *Wee-wee-wee* all the way home!



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Continued from page 5

MISS BARRYMORE TO OUR GIRLS

reality of her "Aliee-Sit-by-the-Fire"? The present play is called "Déclassée" and is by a woman, Zoé Akins—a character part reminding one of *Diana* in Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways," and recalling Pinero's "Iris," in its theatrical values. On the stage Miss Barrymore's presence lifts a performance to the height of her radiant personality. She dominates with no effort.

"Miss Barrymore," I said, "you come from a family of rich theatrical tradition. Both the Barrymores and the Drews are woven into the very fabrie of the American theater. What credit do you give to inheritanee for your own position on the stage?"

INHERITANCE A "LUXURY"

"INHERITANCE is an exacting luxury," she replied. "Because of my Grandmother Drew, I am supposed to have this or that, and if I don't show it, I disappoint some one. Because of my mother and father, I am expected to exhibit a certain Barrymore quality, and if it's not forthcoming, I lack something. Because of my Uncle John, it is inferred that I undoubtedly had an easy time when I first went on the stage, and if I say 'No' to this, there are a few who think I pose. So inheritance is something one must approach warily. Undoubtedly, through one's forebears eomes a true dramatic instinct, and this in goodly measure was left to my brothers and myself. I think my pliability of memory is helped considerably by belonging to a family whose long life has been pledged to repeating the lines of others."

"Yet theatrieal tradition had much to do in drawing you on to the stage?" I suggested.

"Naturally so," she replied. "I remember it was while I was at Notre Dame Aeademy, in Philadelphia, that I determined to eke out the family fortune by going on the stage. My grandmother was my guiding hand in those days, and it took some girlish persuasion on my part to get her to consent to my joining her company, which was presenting 'The Rivals.' I remember the small part of *Julia Melville* had been cut from the performance, but it was reinstated in order that I might have a part. I made my bow before the footlights in Montreal."

"Then, as in the fairy-tales, the aetress made rapid strides," I continued.

"Not at all," Miss Barrymore corrected hastily. "Of eourse my family tried to do all they could for me. Uncle John let me understudy Elsie De Wolfe, in 'The Bauble Shop,' and one glorious afternoon I was suddenly put into the breach; and I also appeared with him in 'Rosemary.' But I had to serve my novitiate like every other player. I wasn't suddenly thrust into the limelight. I went abroad and played with Sir Henry Irving. Every one was saying, 'She has the Barrymore and Drew personality.' While I was proud of this, I somehow resented it. I didn't want to be entirely beholden to personality. I thought the idea would be cramping to me. I said so to Sir Henry. 'My dear,' he explained comfortingly, 'don't let that disconcert you. It's one of the most valuable things you can have—just so you don't let it master you.' Then, when I returned to America, I was the minor support in several plays, and was sent on the road to get a taste of what that was like. It was only after this that I began to strike out on my own particular road. I think perhaps one's family is more reticent about lending a helping hand than an outsider might be."

GIRLS WITH POSSIBLE TALENT

"IN THE light of your experience, would you be inclined to say 'No' to any girl wanting to go on the stage?" I asked.

Miss Barrymore flamed into a beautiful dignity. "Why should I?" she hurriedly rejoined. "Only God has a right to dictate where genius or talent is concerned. How can we tell whether there may not be hidden in the veriest amateur that divine spark which keeps the theater alive? I most decidedly would not take on myself the responsibility of killing any such desire." One could see in this the pride of inheritance.

And so I took advantage of the moment by suggesting that maybe Miss Barrymore had a strong hope that one of her own children might in the future keep alive the family name.

"I don't think it possible for all of them to escape it," she said, smiling delightfully in anticipation. "You know," she said, "my elder and younger boys are so unlike that they might be of different races." Inasmuch as one is named Sam, after the Colt family, and the smaller one is young John Drew, I inferred that it might be the latter who was destined to continue the tradition. Yet there is the girl, Ethel Barrymore the Second, and it is she who has inherited her mother's love of music. You see, this inheritance atmosphere flickers like an artistic halo about all the Barrymores and Drews.

At this moment, Miss Barrymore looked more than ever like the Ivanowski portrait of *Madame Trentoni* in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," a picture which will ever stand to me for the very spirit of a rôle, rather than the rôle itself. This furnished me with my next cue.

"When you are playing," I asked, "do you lose yourself in the part, or do you know exactly what you are doing?"

"You are referring," she quickly rejoined, "to that famous dispute between Irving and Coquelin. The former believed that you could not portray character unless you allowed feeling to envelop you completely. The French actor held that you must know at every step exactly what you are doing.

"Well, I am with the latter. If you lost yourself in a part, where would you be? I can weep very readily and my feeling for what I am doing assuredly prompts me to weep. But I don't cry because I have lost control of myself. I weep because there is a trick of the tear-duet which is mine. If I sobbed indiscriminately, my audience wouldn't feel with me. But I weep in the same way that you punctuate a sentence. You know exactly why you place a comma; I know exactly why I mix tears with laughter; a painter knows exactly why he contrasts his colors. This sounds rather mechanical perhaps, but I assure you, it's not. It's the very heart and soul of art."

The mention of Ibsen opened an entire vista of Ethel Barrymore's ambition. It is not generally known that, had she not discovered Miss Akins's "Déclassée" at the eleventh hour, Miss Barrymore might be playing Shakespeare this season. I asked her to tell the readers of this magazine something of her future schemes. She gave me her confidence, which she would gladly share with her eager public.

"Some day," she began, in a bewitching tone which suggests that she must be an excellent story-teller in her nursery, "I'm going to have a repertoire. Perhaps this will begin by giving special matinées of the plays I love. There's John Masefield's 'Tragedy of Nan,' and Ibsen's 'Hedda Gabler,' and Dunsany's 'The Queen's Enemies.' The time may not be far off," she confessed, as though divulging a very imminent secret, "when I can appear in Shakespeare with my brothers—a desire which I have always had, but which our professional engagements have never permitted.

"I have played with John in Barrie's 'A Slice of Life,' and I've played on the same bill with Lionel, but the three of us have never been together. Those two boys are very great artists, even if I do say it.

"How sorely I was tempted, when I gave 'Camille,' to have John appear as *Armand*, but I'm afraid that it would have destroyed the illusion for a brother and sister to be cast so sentimentally.

"NEVERTHELESS Shakespeare is a different matter. I dream of a production of 'Macbeth,' that fine old melodrama, in which Lionel can be *Macbeth*, John *Macduff*, and I can put into practise some of my theories regarding the sensuousness of *Lady Macbeth*. I have some ideas regarding how Shakespeare should be read. I should stress on my company the importanee of the music of Shakespeare's lines. I don't believe in the realistic reading which robs Shakespeare of his beauty. Then again I would mount the plays beautifully, not eccentrically, as so many of the new scenery designers are striving to do."

In the course of this part of our conversation I discovered several interesting things about Miss Barrymore. It is proverbial with players that they are always striving to appear in parts not always best suited to their temperaments. I can't see Ethel Barrymore as *Juliet*, though for the Actors' Equity, during the recent strike, she gave the balcony scene at a benefit. There is only one aspect of *Rosalind* that agrees with her, the high-spirited, sunlight quality. Miss Barrymore wants to play *Rosalind* in preference to *Beatrice* in "Much Ado About Nothing," for which, in high-born breeding, she is eminently fitted, and she didn't mention *Katharina* in "The Taming of the Shrew," which her glowing manner would excellently encompass. Not since the time she appeared with her grandmother in "The Rivals" has she had an opportunity of playing in any of the early English comedies, like "The School for Scandal," and I was glad to find that this never-old Sheridan play is on her list. She'll be a radiant *Lady Teazle*.

THE "NEW" THEATER

ANOTHER thing I discovered: That here was an actress about whom every one talks, and whom every one admires, even the younger generation of theater "reformers," yet Miss Barrymore herself is not a theater insurgent. When I asked her to say something about the "new" art of the theater, she raised her expressive eyebrows, and gave a little laugh, very much as a schoolgirl might laugh who is about to poke fun, and she said, "What is the 'new' art of the theater?"

Then she added more seriously: "There is only one great and glorious theater, and we are all amateurs in it until we gain experience. But it is the gaining of that experience which makes it worth while. Little Theaters—haven't they been carried much too far? Intimate plays—are we not somewhat self-conscious as to what that means? Yes, I'll take pageantry, but not as a steady diet. I love to appear in pageants. During the war I appeared in pageants as 'Crushed Belgium,' the 'Spirit of America,' and saw for myself what appeal the large outdoor spectacular has for the crowd. But it is not the theater.

"I think, probably, the reformers are confusing the exact province of the theater with pictorial art. But it is all very interesting. Yet, when I have my theater, I won't entirely throw over tradition. A live tradition is a mighty good thing to have."

The distinct line between Ethel Barrymore the actress and Ethel Barrymore the woman is nowhere better seen than when talking with her. You feel what a splendid outdoor companion she must make, what an exciting driver of automobiles, what a fascinating picture with dogs on a country road! And when you see pictures of her at her country home in Mamaroneck, New York, off guard or among her books, there is nothing of the greenroom about her. That is why she is such a social success. She is never incongruous anywhere. It is whispered that she went to the Willard-Dempsey prize-fight—her father, Maurice, was an amateur boxer, you see; inherited taste; —and she was eloquent to me about her presence at a spiritualist séance. Two extremes, and yet in her they meet very gracefully.

"Every night after the theater," she said, "I

Concluded on page 110



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We cannot fill mail orders, but can tell you the nearest store that sells these and other new "DOVE" styles.

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By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

LISTEN TO THIS YOUNG MOTORIST

BY EMILY ROSE BURT

SOONER or later everybody asks you what your car costs you. The question is inevitable. You get so drilled up on the answer that you can rattle off the figures in one large mouthful — too large, in fact, to be polite, unless you're one of that careless little group who doesn't know and couldn't compute it if the figures were supplied ready-made in black-and-white and red ink.

It would be ever so much nicer if people asked you what your car *paid* you. Instead of that commonplace reply, "Fifty dollars a month, and that doesn't include garage," or "Five hundred a year including tires," you could answer, "Twenty-five country sunsets of assorted colors, several hundred gallons of very fresh air, hundreds of lovely views, and a thousand new ideas."

I know a country parson with a small "bus." On a fine Spring afternoon he cranks her up and is off over the Connecticut hills of his parish on a round of calls. Say what you will about walking, when it comes to six up-and-down miles with the frost coming out of the ground, motors put it all over muscles, and it's easier to clean the mud-guards than to shine shoes and sponge red clay out of black ministerial trousers.

I know a city doctor all strung up with autopsies and diagnoses and consultations; but the minute he comes down the hospital steps and snuggles into the driving seat of his sedan with his foot on the clutch and his hands on the steering wheel, he relaxes immediately.

There are two business girls who have the jolliest sorts of "bats" in their roadster. When the one-o'clock whistle blows on Saturday, they tuck a frying-pan, a pound of chops, a bag of rolls and a coffee-pot into the back part of their car and off they scud beyond the city limits.

ONCE on the ferry with the flying breeze in their faces, the world seems to lie before them and office pettinesses dwindle. Things take their true perspective. The yeast of sunshine and open air begins to work and soon they are both bubbling over with optimism. Jobs seem to offer boundless possibilities, debts appear easily eradicable, even love affairs straighten themselves out.

You can measure the gasoline they use for those trips—at least the garage man pretends to measure it—but you can't measure the broadening of spirit those girls get, any more than you can estimate the added pinkness in their cheeks and the sparkles in their eyes. Very likely, though, the extra pep they bring into their offices on Monday morning does mean actual dollars and cents in their pay envelopes.

Nobody can have a very big picture gallery in his house, but the motorist can have a wonderful picture gallery in his memory. Supplementing the colors and lightings are mingled remembrances of sweet odors and pleasant sounds and the sense of feeling against the skin warmth of sun or freshness of breeze or softness of air.

For instance, will you ever forget a certain afternoon flash of blue Rhode Island sea, white sails, rocky shores, whiffs of salt spray and pine fragrance, swift caresses of slanting sunshine and exhilarating motion?

Or the rolling golden hills of Westchester in the season of black-eyed Susans?

Riding in a car likewise opens the book of human nature and offers you fascinating stories to read.

One afternoon the two tired business girls were buzzing along a smooth stretch of road when signs of revolt were detected in the engine. A fan-belt was on strike. With unusual forethought a new fan-belt had been provided. The girls, however, hardly had time to ask themselves how they were going to accomplish the job, when an elegant twin-six drew up beside their car and an immaculately dressed person climbed out and came to look under the car's humble hood.

WELL, that motor was very hot and there was a surplus of thick, black oil in the vicinity of the shaft carrying the fan-belt. The kind and dressy gentleman burned his beautifully manicured hand and smudged his spotless and expensive silk sleeve, to say nothing of mud-pie-ing his hands completely; but he was gallant to the last, and not nearly so profane as the occasion warranted.

And there was a silent, forbidding New Englander down on the Cape somewhere who brought out an old cocoa tin full of odd bolts and tinkered up a broken brake-rod. As you know, the brake-rod is awkward to get at for it's right under a car's very "tummy." He said that would "go us" for a time, and he wouldn't accept pay.

But on a city street, beware! Do not draw up at the curb and throw back the hood unless you are ready to be mobbed by a little army of small boys, large boys and middle-sized boys, as well as passers-by of every description. You will soon learn to distinguish friendliness from curiosity.

The simplest of problems, such as flooding the carburetor, insures such a crowd that your movements are noticeably hampered; but if you should unscrew a spark plug or use any kind of a tool, the noses would be so thick in your engine-case that you might inadvertently twist one, mistaking it for a spark plug.

And never by any chance let any of these innocent bystanders touch your engine! They can do more harm in five minutes than a garage man can do in five days—especially if they're a man and you're a woman.

To put implicit faith in garage men is foolhardy. Many of them qualify merely by donning overalls and rolling over once or twice on an oily floor. They arise full-fledged garage men, the blacker the garb, the bleaker the experience. Don't allow that badge of grease to serve as a pass to the interior of your engine-case.

No, if your car won't start on the starter, wave away all wigglings of wires and wise peerings at magnetos and switches and just ask them to "turn it over, please."

Strange, how loath they are to let it go at that!

And if you're a woman you are possibly even more at their mercy, for you are never, never credited with a streak of intelligence even about your own automobile.

There was one well-remembered afternoon with an eighty-mile jaunt ahead when a car began to jerk and jump along as if it had Saint Vitus dance, and the carburetor sneezed distressingly. The driver said the trouble was in the gas line or the carburetor and at the first available garage expressed that opinion. But she was assured that with new spark plugs installed all would be well.

AT THE second garage in spite of firm requests for attention to the carburetor and gas line, the magneto was looked over and cleaned.

Finally at the third garage, on the owner's violent insistence, the gas line was blown out with one mighty whiff—and the car ran beautifully. The moral of this is: stick to your own opinion for you're more than likely to be right. Don't knuckle under to a garage man just because he is of an exploring or condescending turn of mind.

By the way, you can do this blowing process yourself when a foreign particle clogs the gas-pipe, but if you don't like the taste of gasoline use a hand-pump. It works wonders!

On another occasion the horn refused to speak and this was disconcerting enough on a Sunday evening post-road. It seemed natural to turn to a garage for help. The willing fellow who raised the engine-case eyed the cavern helplessly and was evidently much relieved when the feminine driver who had also been inspecting on her own account lifted the missing wire from the black corner where it lurked and laid it in his hand. And he was considerate enough to limit the charge to a quarter.

To blow-outs there are pros and cons. Bing! went a tire one hot Summer afternoon on a city street. As if made to order an agreeable colored chap sprang into view and offered his services. With thoughts of saving clean ruffled cuffs and fragile tempers he was welcomed. It was apparent before many minutes that this was his maiden effort in changing tires. He struggled with the jack to no avail and finally it was snatched from his dusky and inefficient hand. Apparently he didn't know that, after all, if you throw your weight on the jack-handle that's about all there is to it. Removing the nuts was an equally exasperating process. Of course he expected a fair tip for his work—the longer he spent at it the more to all appearances was the job worth.

THE "con" of this is being unbearably irked by incompetency and paying out good money for it just the same. The "pro" is illustrated by the story of the girl who was tired of wasting time and money watching somebody else change a tire when she could do it herself a hundred times better. She gummed up her gloves and begrimed a perfectly good coat so that the result was not a justification of the do-it-yourself maxim. Thus, there are times when tips are worth their weight. When and how much to tip are really questions for common sense to settle.

There comes to mind one derelict who laid his hot "dog" sandwich on the radiator top and poked the magneto unavailingly. The question arose, "Shall we tip him?" and was finally decided on the merits of the case.

But don't think your car is going to give you wonderful dividends unless you go half-way! You've got to make friends with it; don't be afraid of it, begin to get acquainted with it at once.

If you are really in love with motoring and motor trips, you will not be content till you have subjugated the miles to your own convenience. How proud you feel when at last you can depend on arriving in time to dress for dinner in your friends' country home and can sit down, duly cold-creamed, at their regular dinner hour!

But you must be willing to dare darkness, strange roads, possible detours (even impossible ones) and *rain!*

The grocery-store club in the towns can always give you pointers as to routes, and a little of its advice goes a long, long way. The members are pretty sure to be exponents of that maddening phrase, "You can't miss it." "Second road that turns off to your right. First you'll see a brick church, then there'll be a road go off there—then you go past a cemetery and a lot of barns and the second road's the one—you can't miss it."

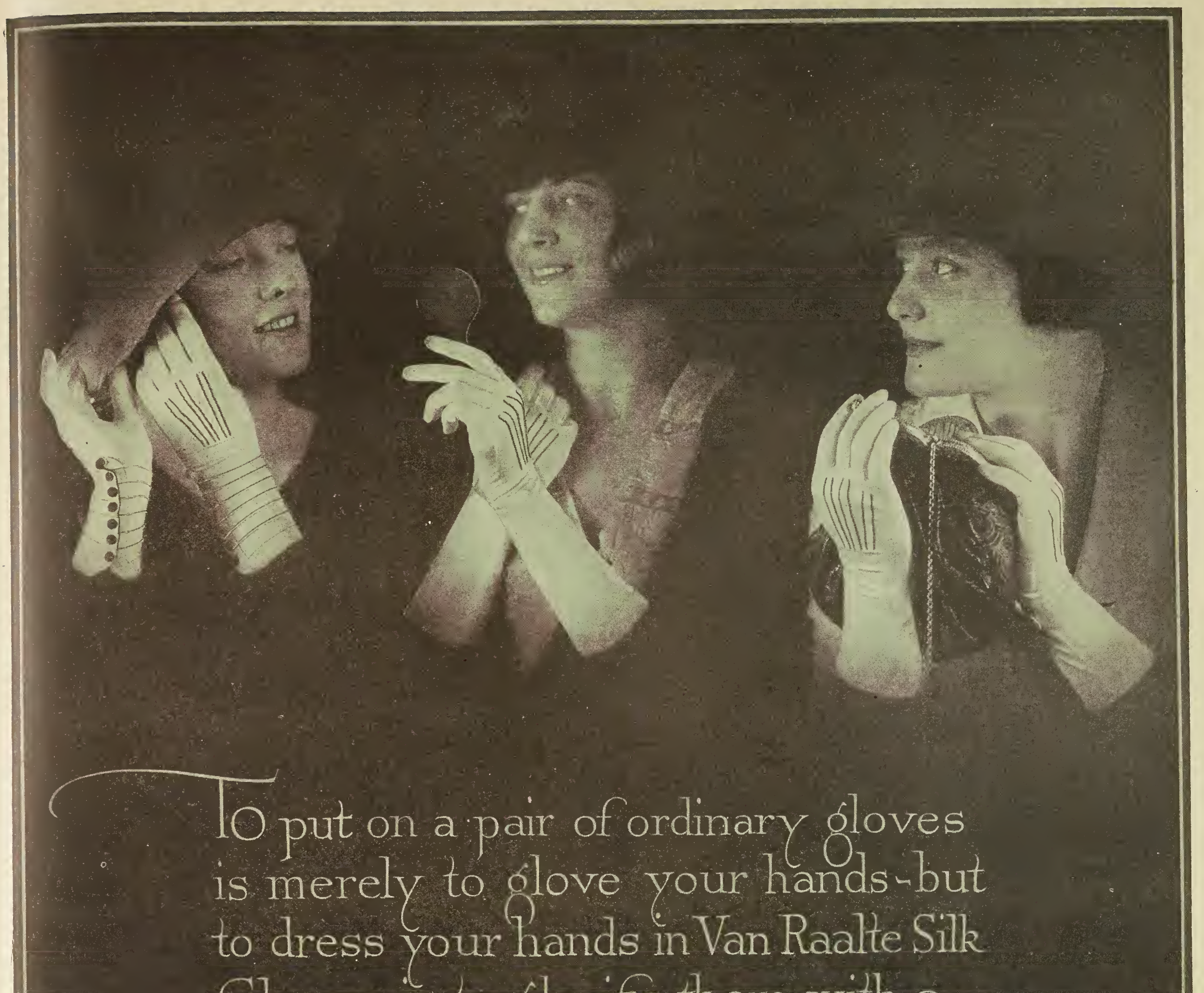
SO, TRUE to directions, just past the barns you turn, though the road seems unpromising. You find yourself gradually ascending—you have doubts, but the road is too narrow to back around in. Suddenly you bring up in a cornfield!

Curses!

So you learn to amend that "can't miss it" statement by adding, "If you keep your eye peeled."

However, many of these experiences that are so trying in the act of happening make glorious dinner-table talk. Under the pink candlelight those same dark experiences take on a rosy glow.

Everybody who hasn't an automobile looks at you enviously and says, "Oh, what fun you folks do have with your car!"



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Gloves is to glorify them with a
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Reinforced elastic diaphragm strip at lower edge supports and reduces diaphragm without pressure, and is a very great advantage. *Retail $3 and $3.50 at dealers, or write for illustrated booklet.*

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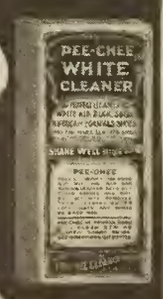
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Continued from page 13

THE PORTYGEE

Albert smiled. "I'll tell you about that by and by," he said.

He did not tell them until that evening after supper. It was Friday evening and Olive was going to prayer-meeting, but she delayed putting on her "things" to hear the tale. The news that the engagement was off and that her grandson was not, after all, to wed the daughter of the Honorable Fletcher Fosdick, shocked and grieved her not a little.

"OH, DEAR!" she sighed. "I suppose you know what's best, Albert, and maybe, as you say, you wouldn't have been happy, but I *did* feel sort of proud to think my boy was goin' to marry a millionaire's daughter."

Captain Zelotes made no comment—then. He asked to be told more particulars. Albert described the life at the Fosdick home, the receptions, his enforced exhibitions and readings. At length the recital reached the point of the interview in Fosdick's office.

"So he offered you to take you into the firm—eh, son?" he observed.

"Yes, sir."

"Humph! Fosdick, Donaldson & Hendricks are one of the biggest brokerage houses goin', so a good many New Yorkers have told me."

"No doubt. But, grandfather, you've had some experience with me as a business man; how do you think I would fit into a firm of stock-brokers?"

Captain 'Lote's eye twinkled, but he did not answer the question. Instead he asked:

"Just what did you give Fosdick as your reason for not sayin' yes?"

ALBERT laughed. "Well, grandfather," he said, "I'll tell you. I said that I appreciated his kindness and all that, but that I would not draw a big salary for doing nothing except be a little, damned tame house-poet led around in leash and shown off at his wife's club meetings."

Mrs. Snow uttered a faint scream. "Oh, Albert!" she exclaimed. She might have said more, but a shout from her husband prevented her doing so.

Captain Zelotes had risen and his mighty hand descended with a stinging slap upon his grandson's shoulder.

"Bully for you, boy!" he cried. Then, turning to Olive, he added: "Mother, I've always kind of cal'lated that you had one *man* around this house. Now, by the Lord A'mighty, I know you've got *two!*"

Olive rose. "Well," she declared, emphatically, "that may be; but if both those men are goin' to start in swearin' right here in the sittin'-room I think it's high time *somebody* in that family went to church."

So to prayer-meeting she went, with Mrs. Ellis as escort, and her husband and grandson, seated in armchairs before the sitting-room stove, both smoking, talked and talked, of the past and of the future—not as man to boy, nor as grandparent to grandson, but for the first time as equals, without reservations, as man to man.

THE next morning Albert met old Mr. Kendall. After breakfast Captain Zelotes had gone, as usual, directly to the office. His grandson, however, had not accompanied him.

"What are you cal'latin' to do this mornin', Al?" inquired the captain.

"Oh, I don't know exactly, grandfather. I'm going to look about the place a bit, write a letter to my publishers, and then take a walk, I think. You will probably see me at the office pretty soon. I'll look in there by and by."

"Ain't goin' to write one or two of those five-hundred-dollar stories before dinner-time, are you?"

"I guess not, sir. I'm afraid they won't be written as quickly as all that."

Captain 'Lote shook his head. "Godfreys!" he exclaimed. "It ain't the writin' of 'em I'd worry about so much as the gettin' paid for 'em. You're sure that editor man ain't crazy, you say?"

"I hope he isn't. He seemed sane enough when I saw him."

"WELL, I don't know. It's live and learn, I suppose, but if anybody but you had told me that magazine folks paid so much as five hundred dollars apiece for yarns made up out of a feller's head without a word of truth in 'em, I'd—well, I should have told the feller that told me to go to a doctor right off and have *his* head examined. But—well, as 'tis, I cal'late I'd better have my own looked at. So long, Al. Come into the office if you get a chance."

He hurried out. Albert walked to the window and watched the sturdy figure swinging out of the yard. He wondered if, should he live to his grandfather's age, his step would be as firm and his shoulders as square.

Olive laid a hand on his arm.

"YOU don't mind his talkin' that way about your writin' those stories, do you, Albert?" she asked, a trace of anxiety in her tone. "He don't mean it, you know. He don't understand it—says he don't himself—but he's awful proud of you, just the same. Why, last night, after you and he had finished talkin' and he came up to bed—and the land knows what time of night or mornin' *that* was—he woke me out of a sound sleep to tell me about that New York magazine man givin' you a written order to write six stories for his magazine at five hundred dollars apiece. Zelotes couldn't seem to get over it. 'Think of it, mother,' he kept sayin'. 'Think of it! Pretty nigh twice what I pay as good a man as Labe Keeler for keepin' books a whole year. And Al says he ought to do a story every fortni't. I used to jaw his head off, tellin' him he was on the road to starvation and all that. Tut, tut, tut! Mother, I've waited a long time to say it, but it looks as if you married a fool.' That's the way he talked, but he's a long ways from bein' a fool, your grandfather is, Albert."

Albert nodded. "No one knows that better than I," he said, with emphasis.

"There's one thing," she went on, "that kind of troubled me. He said you was goin' to insist on payin' board here at home. Now, you know this house is yours. And we love to——"

He put his arm about her. "I know it, grandmother," he broke in quickly. "But that is all settled. I am going to try to make my own living in my own way. I am going to write and see what I am really worth. I have my royalty money, you know, most of it, and I have this order for the series of stories. I can afford to pay for my keep and I shall. You see, as I told grandfather last night, I don't propose to live on his bounty any more than on Mr. Fosdick's."

She sighed.

"So Zelotes said," she admitted. "He told me no less than three times that you said it. It seemed to tickle him 'most to death for some reason, and that's queer, too, for he's anything but stingy. But there, I suppose you can pay board if you want to, though who you'll pay it to is another thing. *I* sha'n't take a cent from the only grandson I've got in the world."

IT WAS while on his stroll down to the village that Albert met Mr. Kendall. The reverend gentleman was plodding along carrying a market-basket from the end of which, beneath a fragment of newspaper, the tail and rear third of a huge codfish drooped. The basket and its contents must have weighed at least twelve pounds and the old minister was, as Captain Zelotes would have said, making heavy weather of it. Albert went to his assistance.

"How do you do, Mr. Kendall," he said. "I'm afraid that basket is rather heavy, isn't it? Mayn't I help you with it?" Then, seeing that the old gentleman did not recognize him, he added, "I am Albert Speranza."

Albert insisted on carrying the spoil to the parsonage. He was doing nothing in particular and it would be a pleasure, he said. Mr. Kendall protested for the first minute or so but then forgot just what the protest was all about and rambled garrulously on about affairs in the parish. He had failed in other faculties, but his flow of language was still unimpeded. They entered the gate of the parsonage. Albert put the basket on the upper step.

"There," he said; "now, I must go. Good morning, Mr. Kendall."

"OH, BUT you aren't going? You must come in a moment. I want to give you the manuscript of that sermon of mine on the Casting-down of Baal; that is the one in which I liken the military power of Germany to the brazen idol which— Just a moment, Albert. The manuscript is in my desk and— Oh, dear me, the door is locked— Helen, Helen!"

He was shaking the door and shouting his daughter's name. Albert was surprised and not a little disturbed. It had not occurred to him that Helen could be at home. It was true that before he left for New York his grandmother had said that Helen was planning to return home to be with her father, but since then he had heard nothing more concerning her. Neither of his grandparents had mentioned her name in their letters, nor since his arrival the day before had they mentioned it. And Mr. Kendall had not spoken of her during their walk together. Albert was troubled and taken aback. In one way he would have liked to meet Helen very much indeed. They had not met since before the war. But he did not, somehow, wish to meet her just then. He did not wish to meet any one who would speak of Madeline, or ask embarrassing questions. He turned to go.

"Another time, Mr. Kendall," he said. "Good morning."

But he had gone only a few yards when the reverend gentleman was calling to him to return.

"Albert! Albert!" called Mr. Kendall.

HE WAS obliged to turn back; he could do nothing else; and as he did so the door opened. It was Helen who opened it, and she stood there upon the threshold and looked down at him. For a moment, a barely perceptible interval, she looked; then he heard her catch her breath quickly and saw her put one hand upon the door-jamb as if for support. The next, and she was running down the steps, her hands outstretched and the light of welcome in her eyes.

"Why, Albert Speranza!" she cried. "Why, *Albert!*"

He seized her hands. "Helen!" he cried, and added involuntarily. "My, but it's good to see you again!"

She laughed and so did he. All his embarrassment was gone. They were like two children, like the boy and girl who had known each other in the old days.

"And when did you get here?" she asked. "And what do you mean by surprising us like this? I saw your grandfather yesterday morning and he didn't say a word about your coming."

"He didn't know I was coming. I didn't know it myself until the day before. And when did you come? Your father didn't tell me you were here. I didn't know until I heard him call your name."

He was calling it again. Calling it and demanding attention for his precious codfish.

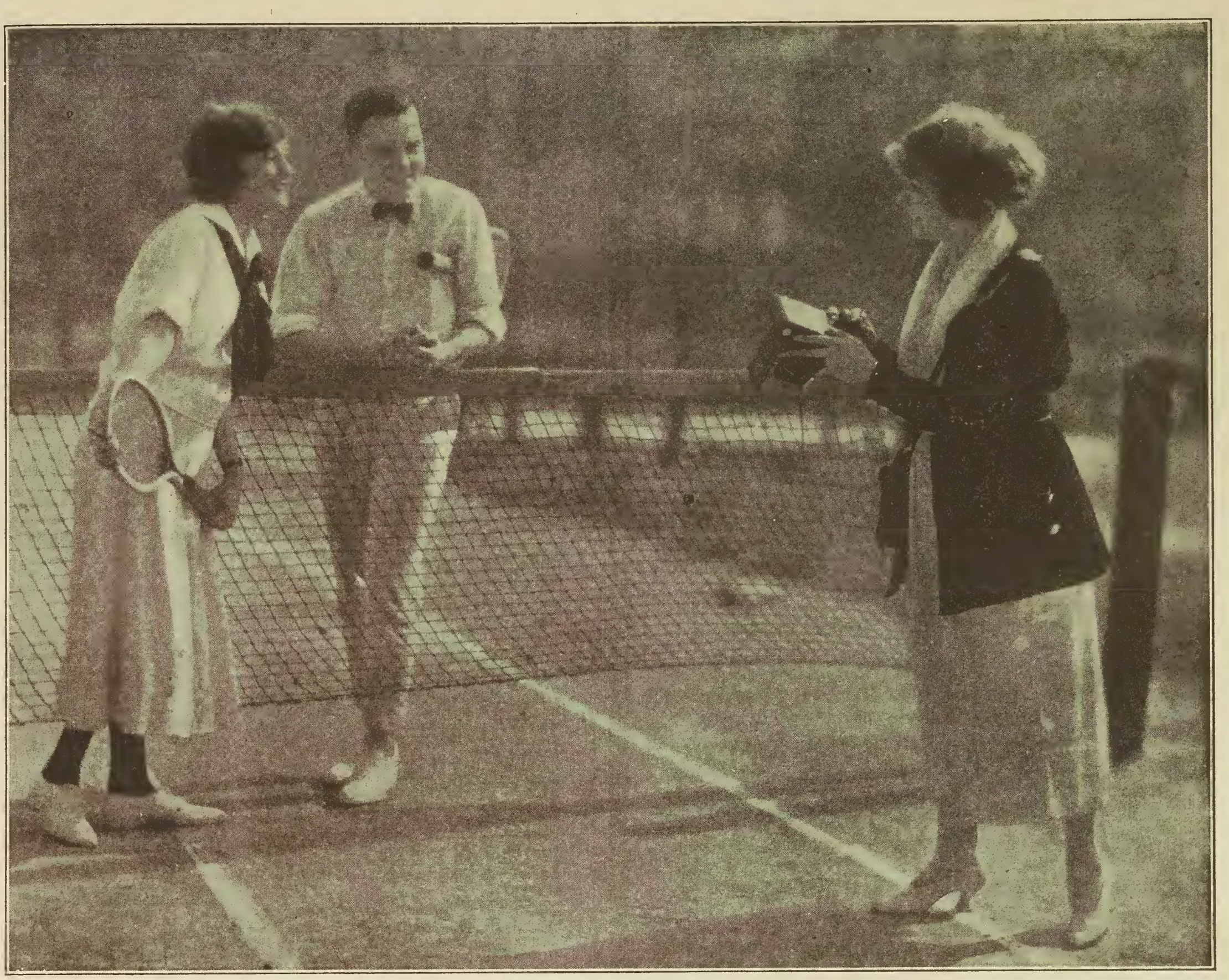
"Yes, father, yes, in a minute," she said. Then to Albert: "Come in. Oh, of course you'll come in."

"Why, yes, if I won't be interfering with the housekeeping."

"YOU won't. Yes, father; yes. I'm coming. Mercy, where did you get such a wonderful fish? Come in, Albert. As soon as I get father's treasure safe in the hands of Maria I'll be back. Father will keep you company. No, pardon me, I am afraid he won't; he's gone to the kitchen already. And I shall have to go, too, for just a minute. I'll hurry."

She hastened to the kitchen, whither Mr. Kendall, lugging the fish-basket, had preceded

Continued on page 102



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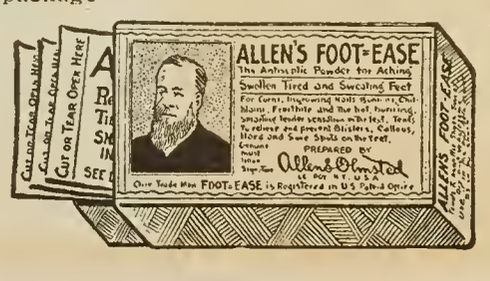
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.Continued from page 100

THE PORTYGEE

her. Albert entered the little sitting-room and sat down in a chair by the window. The room looked just as it used to look, just as neat, just as homelike, just as well kept. And when she came back and they began to talk, it seemed to him that she, too, was just as she used to be. She was a trifle less girlish, more womanly, perhaps, but she was just as good to look at, just as bright and cheerful, and in her conversation she had the same quietly certain way of dealing directly with the common-sense realities and not the fuss and feathers. It seemed to him that she had not changed at all, that she herself was one of the realities, the wholesome home realities, like Captain Zelotes and Olive and the old house they lived in. He told her so. She laughed.

"YOU make me feel as ancient as the pyramids," she said.

He shook his head. "I am the ancient," he declared. "This war hasn't changed you a particle, Helen, but it has handed me an awful jolt. At times I feel as if I must have sailed with Noah. And as if I had wasted most of the time since."

She smiled. "Just what do you mean by that?" she asked.

"I mean—well, I don't know exactly what I do mean, I guess. I seem to have an unsettled feeling. I'm not satisfied with myself. And as I remember myself," he added, with a shrug, "that condition of mind was not usual with me."

She regarded him for a moment without speaking, with the appraising look in her eyes which he remembered so well, which had always reminded him of the look in his grandfather's eyes, and which when a boy he resented so strongly.

"YES," she said, slowly, "I think you have changed. Not because you say you feel so much older or because you are uneasy and dissatisfied. So many of the men I talked with at the camp hospital, the men who had been over there and had been wounded, as you were, said they felt the same way. That doesn't mean anything, I think, except that it is dreadfully hard to get readjusted again and settle down to every-day things. But it seems to me that you have changed in other ways. You are a little thinner, but broader, too, aren't you? And you do look older, especially about the eyes. And, of course—well, of course I think I do miss a little of the Albert Speranza I used to know, the young chap with the chip on his shoulder for all creation to knock off."

"Young jackass!"

"Oh, no indeed. He had his good points. But there! we're wasting time and we have so much to talk about. You— Why, what am I thinking of! I have neglected the most important thing in the world. And you have just returned from New York, too. Tell me, how is Madeline Fosdick?"

"SHE is well. But tell me about yourself. You have been in all sorts of war work, haven't you? Tell me about it."

"Oh, my work didn't amount to much. At first I 'Red Crossed' in Boston, then I went to Devens and spent a long time in the camp hospital there."

"Pretty trying, wasn't it?"

"Why—yes, some of it was. When the 'flu' epidemic was raging and the poor fellows were having such a dreadful time it was bad enough. After that I was sent to Eastview. In the hospital there I met the boys who had been wounded on the other side and who talked about old age and dissatisfaction and uneasiness, just as you do. But *my* work doesn't count. You are the person to be talked about. Since I have seen you you have become a famous poet and a hero and——"

"Don't."

SHE had been smiling; now she was very serious.

"Forgive me, Albert," she said. "We have been joking, you and I, but there was a time when we—when your friends did not joke. Oh, Albert, if you could have seen the Snow place as I saw it then! It was as if all the hope and joy and everything worth while had been crushed out of it. Your grandmother, poor little woman, was brave and quiet, but we all knew she was trying to keep up for Captain Zelotes's sake. And he— Albert, you can scarcely imagine how the news of your death changed him. . . . . Ah, well, it was a hard time, a dreadful time for—for every one."

She paused and he, turning to look at her, saw that there were tears in her eyes. He knew of her affection for his grandparents and theirs for her. Before he could speak she was smiling again.

"But now that is all over, isn't it?" she said. "And the Snows are the happiest people in the country, I do believe. *And* the proudest, of course. So now you must tell me all about it, about your experiences, and about your war cross, and about your literary work—oh, about everything."

THE all-inclusive narrative was not destined to get very far. Old Mr. Kendall came hurrying in, the sermon on the casting-down of Baal in his hand. Thereafter he led, guided and to a large extent monopolized the conversation. His discourse had proceeded perhaps as far as "thirdly" when Albert, looking at his watch, was surprised to find it almost dinner-time. Mr. Kendall, still talking, departed to his study to hunt for another sermon. The young people said good-by in his absence.

"It has been awfully good to see you again, Helen," declared Albert. "But I told you that in the beginning, didn't I? You seem like—well, like a part of home, you know. And home means something to me nowadays."

"I'm glad to hear you speak of South Harniss as home. Of course I know you don't mean to make it a permanent home—I imagine Madeline would have something to say about that—but it is nice to have you speak as if the old town meant something to you."

He looked about him.

"I love the place," he said, simply.

"I am glad. So do I; but then I have lived here all my life. The next time we talk I want to know more about your plans for the future—yours and Madeline's, I mean. How proud she must be of you!"

He looked up at her; she was standing upon the upper step and he on the walk below.

"Madeline and I—" he began. Then he stopped. What was the use? He did not want to talk about it. He waved his hand and turned away.

After dinner he went out into the kitchen to talk to Rachel Ellis, who was washing dishes. She was doing it as she did all her share of the housework, with an energy and capability which would have delighted the soul of a "scientific management" expert. Except when under the spell of a "sympathetic attack" Rachel was ever distinctly on the job.

And of course she was, as always, glad to see her protégé. The proprietary interest which she had always felt in him was more than ever hers now. Had not she been the sole person to hint at the possibility of his being alive, when every one else had given him up for dead? Had not she been the only one to suggest that he might have been taken prisoner? Had *she* ever despaired of seeing him again—on this earth and in the flesh? Indeed she had not; at least she had never admitted it, if she had. So then, hadn't she a *right* to feel that she owned a share in him? No one ventured to dispute that right.

SHE turned and smiled over one ample shoulder when he entered the kitchen.

"Hello," she hailed, cheerfully. "Come callin', have you, Albert?" Albert looked about the room and sighed happily.

"There isn't a speck anywhere, is there?" he observed. "It is just as it used to be, just as I used to think of it when I was laid up over there. When I wanted to try and eat a bit, so as to keep what strength I had, I would think about this kitchen of yours, Rachel. It didn't do to think of the places where the prison stuff was cooked. They were not—appetizing."

Rachel nodded. "I presume likely not," she observed. "Well, don't tell me about 'em. I've just scrubbed this kitchen from stem to stern. If I heard about those prison places I'd feel like startin' right in and scrubbin' it all over again, I know I should—dirty pigs! I wish I had the scourin' of some of those Germans. I'd—I don't know as I wouldn't skin 'em alive."

Albert laughed. "Some of them pretty nearly deserved it," he said.

RACHEL smiled grimly. "Well, let's talk about nice things," she said. "Oh, Issy Price was here this forenoon; Cap'n 'Lote sent him over from the office on an errand, and he said he saw you and Mr. Kendall goin' down-street together just as he was comin' along. He hollered at you but you didn't hear him. 'Cordin' to Issachar's tell you was luggin' a basket with Jonah's whale in it, or somethin' like that."

Albert described his encounter with the minister. Rachel was much interested.

"Oh, so you saw Helen," she said. "Well, I guess she was surprised to see you."

"Not more than I was to see her. I didn't know she was in town. Not a soul had mentioned it—you nor grandfather nor grandmother."

The housekeeper answered without turning her head. "Guess we had so many things to talk about we forgot it," she said. "Yes, she's been here over a week now. High time, from what I hear. The poor old parson has failed consider'ble and Maria Price's housekeepin' and cookin' is enough to make a well man sick—or wish he was. But he'll be looked after now. Helen will look after him. She's the most capable girl there is in Ostable County. Did she tell you about what she done in the Red Cross and the hospitals?"

"She said something about it; not very much."

"Um-hm. She wouldn't, bein' Helen Kendall. But the Red Cross folks said enough and they're sayin' it yet. Why——"

SHE went on to tell of Helen's work in the Red Cross depots and in the camps and hospitals. It was an inspiring story.

"There they was," said Rachel, "the poor things, just boys most of 'em, dyin' of that dreadful influenza like rats, as you might say. And, of course it's dreadful catchin' and a good many was more afraid of it than they would have been of bullets, enough sight. But Helen Kendall wa'n't afraid—no, siree! Why——"

And so on. Albert listened, hearing most of it but losing some as his thoughts wandered back to the Helen he had known as a boy and the Helen he had met that forenoon. Her face, as she had welcomed him at the parsonage door—it was surprising how clearly it showed before his mind's eye. He had thought at first that she had not changed in appearance. That was not quite true—she had changed a little, but it was merely the fulfilment of a promise, that was all. Her eyes, her smile above a hospital bed—he could imagine what they must have seemed like to a lonely, homesick boy wrestling with the "flu."

"AND, don't talk!" he heard the housekeeper say as he drifted out of his reverie. "If she wa'n't popular around that hospital; around both hospitals, fur's that goes! The patients idolized her, and the other nurses they loved her, and the doctors——"

"Did they love her, too?" Albert asked, with a smile, as she hesitated.

She laughed. "Some of 'em did, I cal'late," she answered. "You see I got most of my news about it all from Bessie Ryder, Cornelius Ryder's niece, lives up on the road to the Center; you used to know her, Albert. Bessie was nursin' in that same hospital, the one Helen was at first. 'Cordin' to her, there was some doctor or officer tryin' to shine up to Helen

Continued on page 105

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Concluded from page 30

CURTAINS AND CHARM

ruffled bands of the net. The effect was as fresh and crisp as a ballet skirt.

English people are responsible for the great secret of the beneficence of chintz. An Englishman said to me last Summer, "If people only realized that a hundred dollars worth of chintz would give their rooms more brillianey of decoration than five thousand dollars worth of pictures!"

The old idea that chintz curtains suggested makeshift, or temporary Summer hangings, or chcapness, has long passed. Indeed, I never feel so happy as when I am permitted to use glazed chintz at two dollars a yard in a fine Georgian room with chairs and sofas of old needlework.

THERE is the same affiliation between fresh chintz and old needlework that there is between frcsh flowers and old Persian bowls. There are few rooms of English Georgian or American Colonial character that are too "good" for chintz, just as there are few French rooms that are too "good" for toile-de-Jouy, that modest, lovely cambric that is like an eighteenth-century French gesture.

A dining-room which shows how chintz may be used to brighten a dark interior is also photographed here. This particular room is paneled with large sections of walnut and has a modeled plaster ceiling.

In Winter it has curtains of heavy yellow serge with magnificent valances of needlework, but in the Summer it is really much more agreeable with its plum-colored chintz hangings covered with old-fashioned flowers in bright reds and blues and pinks.

The curtains shown are very simply made: The straight-hanging lengths are bound with narrow blue ribbons and the valances, which have small, regular scallops, are also bound with ribbon. The dining-room chairs have Summer covers of the same chintz, finished with a rough tasseled fringe of various blues, pinks and plum colors.

Typically English is the corner of the simple painted room shown. This little room, which is furnished with a mixture of unusual English furniture, has walls broken by small moldings.

The whole room, walls, trim and ceiling, is painted a light bright blue. The window-shades are of pink-and-white-striped glazed chintz, with sash curtains of white muslin.

THE curtains are of the most usual of all English glazed chintzes, a white ground patterned with garden flowers of every possible color, of which bright red, pink and light blue predominate.

The curtains are bound with a blue ribbon about the color of the paint in the room. There is no valance, the curtains being simply French-plaited at the top and hung on a small brass rod. The small, two-seated sofa is covered with the same material.

During the last two or three years, since it has been so difficult to get good materials, we have used dress materials successfully in dozens of cases. For instance, lately I had a small French room to do, with a characteristic toile-de-Jouy, deep cream-colored ground with the design printed in snuff brown. We filled the simple panels on the walls with this toile and painted the rest of the room the deep cream tone of the background.

I could not find any upholstery silk sufficiently snuff-colored to use for curtains, but I found a crêpe de Chine of exactly the right tone, and made very successful hangings of it, finishing them with narrow plaited ruffles of the same material, with very elaborate tie-backs and valances.

Often I go through old copies of *Godey's Lady's Book* and old French magazines of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and in the involved trimmings of ladies' dresses and petticoats, find the most unusual ideas of valances and tiebacks for curtains.

I often think how wonderful it would be if some of the energy that is wasted in commonplace embroidery could only be put into the embellishment of curtains. If good materials are used, there is no reason why our curtains should not become of sufficient importance to be classed among our treasures.

We find a never-failing demand for shabby old curtains, English or French or Italian. There are many women of fine taste who much prefer quiet, faded old hangings to bright new ones.

In the Directoire period, for instance, the restrained decoration of curtains was so pure, so suggestive of the Greeks, that we pay fabulous prices for the privilege of using the crumbling old things. In the period of Queen Elizabeth and the later Queen Mary, the great, embroidered bed-hangings were so magnificent that they are still preserved in museums and in noble houses in England.

Queen Anne's particular period is a very sympathetic one to us, when the Chinese taste inspired marvelous embroidered linen hangings. And as we come nearer to our own day, we find extraordinary curtains of Queen Victoria's day carefully dug out of old trunks and hung in our smartest drawing-rooms.

BUT workmanship must be subordinated to design; curtains that look overly ornate are as unpleasant as too complicated clothes. The trimmings that create charm are the tedious, repeated things. A box-plaited ruffle that really "boxes" is a nuisance to make, as every one knows, but a pair of plain red curtains (I have done them in glazed chintz and also in red taffeta) bordered on all four sides with a two-inch boxed ruffle, with diagonal ruffles crossing from opposite corners like the back of an envelope has an effect of great beauty.

Occasionally one has an opportunity to achieve really distinguished curtains, worthy of being mentioned in one's will, like the eighteenth-century hangings and bedspreads of our forebears.

I had such a privilege recently when I was furnishing a house for a gentleman of great taste. The dining-room in this house was a severely simple Georgian room, with superb silver chandelier and appliqués, and paintings and furniture of the Queen Anne period of great documentary importance.

I found a little woman who had great skill in painting on silk, and had her make a set of four painted curtains, copying them outright from four panels of eighteenth-century Chinese wall-paper. The silk was a pale blue-green, of the best quality we could buy, so that there would be no cracking. The marvelous old flowering trees, with their strange birds and flamboyant blossoming branches, were faithfully copied on the heavy silk, and the curtains are triumphant. They dominate the fine room.

The main things to remember in planning your curtains are: First, be sure they are good decoration. They will be huge spots against your wall spaces, and they must justify themselves in the picture of your room.

SECOND, be sure you make them generously. Better full, comfortable curtains of canton flannel than skimpy, miserable affairs of shoddy silk.

Third, be sure they are carefully made, smoothly and neatly measured and sewn. If the seams pull and pucker, if they suggest a too-hurried machine rather than a work-basket and thoughtful hands, they will fail you.

And lastly, make them to draw, if possible, so that on cool nights you may enjoy the full beauty of the soft folds of their outspread color and decoration.

Continued from page 102

THE PORTYGEE

most of the time. When she was at Eastview, so Bessie heard, there was a real big-bug in the army, a sort of admiral or commodore amongst the doctors he was, and *he* was trottin' after her, or would have been if she'd let him. Course you have to make some allowances for Bessie—she wouldn't be a Ryder if she didn't take so many words to say so little that the truth gets stretched pretty thin afore she finished—but there must have been *somethin'* in it. And all about her bein' such a wonderful nurse and doin' so much for the Red Cross I *know* is true—Eh? Did you say anything, Albert?"

Albert shook his head. "No, Rachel," he replied. "I didn't speak."

"I thought I heard you or somebody say somethin'. I— Why, Laban Keeler, what are you doin' away from your desk this time in the afternoon?"

Laban grinned as he entered the kitchen.

"Did I hear you say you thought you heard somebody sayin' somethin', Rachel?" he inquired. "That's queer, ain't it? Seemed to me *I* heard somebody sayin' somethin' as I came up the path just now. Seemed as if they was sayin' it right here in the kitchen, too. 'Twasn't your voice, Albert, and it couldn't have been Rachel's 'cause she *never* talks—'specially to you. It's too bad, the prejudice she's got against you, Albert," he added with a wink. "Um-hm, too bad—yes, 'tis—yes, yes."

Rachel sniffed.

"AND that's what the newspapers in war time used to call—er—er—oh, dear, what was it?—camel—seems as 'twas somethin' about a camel——"

"Camouflage?" suggested Albert.

"That's it. All that talk about me is just camouflage to save him answerin' my question. But he's goin' to answer it. What are you doin' away from the office this time in the afternoon, I want to know?"

Mr. Keeler perched his small figure on the corner of the kitchen table.

"Well, to tell you the truth, Rachel," he said solemnly, "I'm here to do what the folks in books call demand an explanation. You and I, Rachel, are just as good as engaged to be married, ain't we? I've been keepin' company with you for the last twenty, forty or sixty year, some such spell as that. Now, just as I'm gettin' used to it and beginnin' to consider it a settled arrangement, as you may say, I come into this house and find you shut up in the kitchen with another man. Now what——"

The housekeeper advanced toward him with the dripping dish-cloth.

"LABAN KEELER," she threatened, "if you don't stop your foolishness and answer my question, I declare I'll——"

Laban slid from his perch and retired behind the table.

"Another man," he repeated. "And *some* folks—not many, of course, but some—might be crazy enough to say he was a better-lookin' man than I am. Now, bein' ragin' jealous, I— All right, Rachel, all right, I surrender. Don't hit me with all that soap-suds. I don't want to go back to the office foamin' at the mouth. The reason I'm here is that I had to go down-street to see about the sheathin' for the Red Men's lodge room. Issy took the order but he wasn't real sure whether 'twas sheathin' or scantlin' they wanted, so I told Cap'n 'Lote I'd run down myself and straighten it out. On the way back I saw you two through the window and I thought I'd drop in and worry you. So here I am."

Concluded on page 106



The New Idea in Menu-Making

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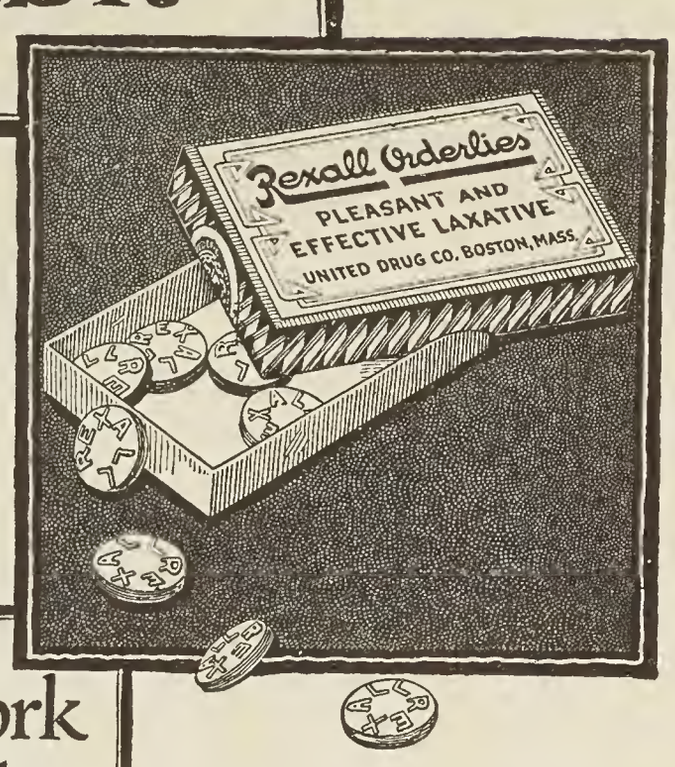
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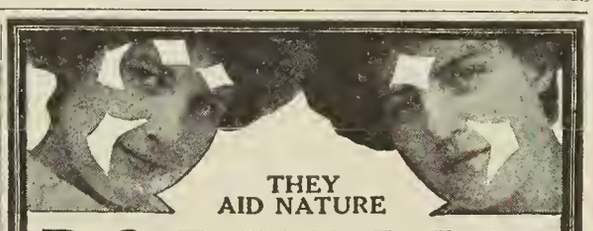
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Concluded from page 105

THE PORTYGEE

Rachel Ellis nodded. "Yes," she sniffed. "And all that camel—camel— Oh, *dear*, what *does* ail me? All that camel— No use; I've forgot it again."

"NEVER mind, Rachel," said Mr. Keeler, consolingly. "All the—er—menagerie was just that and nothin' more. Oh, by the way, Al," he added, "speakin' of camels—don't you think I've done pretty well to go so long without any—er—liquid nourishment? Not a drop since you and I enlisted together. Oh, she knows about it now," he added, with a jerk of his head in the housekeeper's direction. "I felt 'twas fairly safe and settled so I told her. I told her. Yes, yes, yes. Um-hm, so I did."

Albert turned to the lady.

"You should be very proud of him, Rachel," he said seriously. "I think I realize a little something of the fight he has made and it is bully. You should be proud of him."

Rachel looked down at the little man.

"I am," she said quietly. "I guess likely he knows it."

Laban smiled. "The folks in Washington are doin' their best to help me out," he said. "They're goin' to take the stuff away from everybody so's to make sure I don't get any more. They'll probably put up a monument to me for startin' the thing; don't you think they will, Al? Eh? Don't you now?"

ALBERT and he walked up the road together. Laban told a little more of his battle with John Barleycorn.

"I had half a dozen spells when I had to set my teeth, those I've got left, and hang on," he said. "And the hangin'-on wa'n't as easy as stickin' to fly-paper, neither. Honest, though, I think the hardest was when the news came that you was alive, Al. I—I just wanted to start in and celebrate. Wanted to whoop her up, I did." He paused a moment and then added: "I tried whoopin' on sass'parilla and vanilla sody, but 'twan't satisfactory. Couldn't seem to raise a real loud whisper, let alone a whoop. No, I couldn't—no, no."

Albert laughed and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"You're all right, Labe," he declared. "I know you and I say so."

Laban slowly shook his head. His smile, as he answered, was rather pathetic.

"I'M A long, long ways from bein' all right, Al," he said. "A long ways from that, I am. If I'd made my fight thirty years ago I might have been nigher amountin' to somethin'. Oh, well, for Rachel's sake I'm glad I've made it now. She's stuck to me when everybody would have praised her for chuckin' me to Tophcth. I was readin' one of Thackcray's books t'other night—'Henry Esmond' 'twas; you've read it, Al, of course. I was readin' it t'other night for the nincty-ninth time or thereabouts and I run across the place whcre it says it's strange what a man can do and a woman still keep thinkin' he's an angel. That's truc. too, Al. Not," with the return of the slight smile, "that Rachel ever went so far as to call me an angel. No, no. There's limits whcre you can't stretch her common sense any farther. Callin' me an angel would be just past the limit. Yes, yes, yes. I guess *so*."

They spoke of Captain Zelotes and Olive and of their grief and discouragement when the news of Albert's supposed death reached them.

"Do you know," said Labe, "I believe Helen Kendall's comin' there for a week did 'em more good than anything else. She got away from her soldier nursin' somehow—must have been able to pull the strings consider'ble harder'n the average to do it—and just came down to the Snow place and sort of took charge along with Rachel. 'Course she didn't live there—her father thought she was visitin' him, I guess likely—but she was with Cap'n 'Lote and Olive most of the timc. Rachel says she never made a fuss, you understand, just was there and helped and was quiet and soft-spoken and capable and—and comfortin'; that's about the word, I guess. Rachel always thought a sight of Helen afore that, but since then she swears by her."

THAT evening—or, rather, that night, for they did not leave the sitting-room until after twelve—Mrs. Snow heard her grandson walking the floor of his room and called to ask if he was sick.

"I'm all right, grandmother," he called in reply. "Just taking a little exercise before turning in, that's all."

The excrcise was, as a matter of fact, almost entirely mental; the pacing up and down merely an unconscious physical accompaniment. Albert Speranza was indulging in introspection. He was reviewing and assorting his thoughts and his impulses and trying to determine just what they were and why they were and whither they were trending. It was a mental and spiritual picking to pieces and the result was humiliating and in its turn resulted in a brand-new determination.

Ever since his meeting with Helen, a meeting which had been quite unpremeditated, he had thought of but little except her. During his talk with her in the parsonage sitting-room he had been—there was no use pretending to himself that it was otherwise—more contented with the world, more optimistic, happier, than he had been for months, it seemed to him for years. Even while he was speaking to her of his uneasiness and dissatisfaction he was dimly conscious that at that moment he was less uneasy and less dissatisfied, conscious that the solid ground was beneath his feet at last, that here was the haven after the storm, here was——

HE PULLED up sharply. This line of thought was silly, dangerous, wicked. What did it mean? Three days before, only three days, he had left Madeline Fosdick, the girl whom he had worshiped, adored, and who had loved him. Yes, there was no use pretending there either, he and Madeline *had* loved each other. Of course he realized now that their love had nothing permanently substantial about it. It was the romance of youth, a dream which they had shared together and from which, fortunately for both, they had awakened in time. And of course he realized, too, that the awakening had begun long, long before the actual parting took place. But neverthelcss only three days had elapsed since that parting and now— What sort of a man was he, anyway?

WAS he like his father? Was it what Captain Zelotes used to call the "Portygee streak" which was now cropping out? The opera-singer had been of the butterfly type—in his later years a middle-aged butterfly whose wings creaked somewhat—but decidedly a flitter from flower to flower. As a boy, Albert had been aware, in an uncertain fashion, of his father's fondness for the sex. Now, older, his judgment of his parent was not as lenient, was clearer, more discerning. He understood now. Was his own "Portygee streak," his inherited temperament, responsible for his leaving one girl on a Tuesday and on Friday finding his thoughts concerned so deeply with another?

Well, no matter, no matter. One thing was certain—Helen should never know of that feeling. He would crush it down; he would use his common sense. He would be a decent man and not a blackguard. For he had had his chance and had tossed it away. What would she think of him now if he came to her after Madeline had thrown him over—that is what Mrs. Fosdick would say, would take pains that every one else should say, that Madeline had thrown him ovcr—what would Helen think of him if he came to her with a second-hand love like that?

And of course she would not think of him as a lover at all. Why should she? In the boy-and-girl days she had refused to let him speak of such a thing. She was his friend, a glorious, a wonderful fricnd, but that was all, all she ever dreamed of being.

WELL, that was right; that was as it should be. He should be thankful for such a friend. He was, of course. And he would concentrate all his energies upon his work, upon his writing. That was it, that was it. Good, it was settled!

So he went to bed and, eventually, to slecp, and dreamed that once more he camc up the Kendall walk and she stood in the doorway, with that light in her eyes, and held out her hands and said:

"Oh, Albert, you have come home."

And he answered:

"Yes, Helen, I have come home—at last."

And then Mr. Kendall came out, with the big codfish in a kettle and thereafter the dream was as muddled and senseless as most dreams.

THE STORY AND THE PEOPLE OF "THE PORTYGEE" SO FAR

CAPTAIN ZELOTES SNOW: of South Harniss, Massachusetts, ex-sea-captain, dealer in hardware and lumber. He is the hard-headed, shrewd, humorous Yankee type, and carefully conceals from the common view the great disappointment of his life—the runaway marriage of his daughter, Jane, with an opera-singer named Speranza. That the man was famous meant nothing to him. He was a "Portygee." Captain Snow never saw his daughter again, and she died within a few years. When Speranza died, there was nothing for his seventeen-year-old son, Alberto, to do but to go to his grandfather Snow.

MRS. OLIVE SNOW: Captain 'Lote's wife, a perfect grandmother.

LABAN KEELER: Bookkeeper for Captain 'Lote, a delightful person except for his periodic sprees.

RACHEL ELLIS: Housekeeper for the Snows. She is in love with Laban, but will not marry him while he drinks. They have been betrothed for eighteen years.

ISSACHAR PRICE: Helper at the lumber-yard.

HELEN KENDALL: The minister's daughter, sweet, charming, and oh, so clear-headed!

ALBERTO MIGUEL CARLOS SPERANZA, THE "PORTYGEE."

THE STORY SO FAR: Albert tries his best to reconcile the Latin temperament with a New England environment. The only mitigations of his hard lot are the sympathy of Helen Kendall in his literary ambitions, the occasional sale of a poem, and delight in the humors of Issy Price and Laban. He finally decides that he can not stand any longer his grandfather's criticism of his somewhat sketchy bookkeeping at the shop and admits to Rachel Ellis that he is planning to run away. She persuades him to change his mind, and he and his grandfather make a bargain—no poetry in office hours and a decision as to his career to be made at the end of three years. In the meantime Albert's friendship with Helen Kendall lapses a bit when she goes to Boston; and Albert wins the heart of Madeline Fosdick, daughter of a wealthy New York man. When the Fosdicks find out about the Summer romance, there is a great disturbance, settled finally by Captain 'Lote's common-sense suggestion that they be allowed to write each other, Mrs. Fosdick to see all letters. Before the romance comes to any conclusion, the Lusitania *is sunk, and Albert decides to volunteer. While he is in France a book of collected poems by Albert has a great vogue. The Snows and Fosdicks both have every reason to be proud of Albert, when the news of his death in battle comes. Only Rachel refuses to believe that the news is true. After months of grief the news comes that Albert is alive. His return to South Harniss is the occasion for great rejoicing, and Mrs. Fosdick, who has acknowledged Madeline's engagement to the young poet, asks him to New York for a long visit. Albert is now much more independent, and finds the prospect of being a rich man's son-in-law a bit irksome.*

Concluded in the June DELINEATOR

What "Acid-Mouth" Does to the Teeth and How PEBECO Checks It

IN its destructive action on teeth, "Acid-Mouth" is like the drops of water that wear away the stone. It is a condition so mild that if it acted on the teeth only one day or one week it would do little or no harm. But when it becomes a condition of long standing—as it does unless it is checked by scientific treatment—then it gradually weakens the hard outer enamel of the teeth and forces cavities through which germs enter and consume the soft interior pulp—*the very life of a tooth*. "Acid-Mouth" seems to do such serious damage in so many mouths that it is believed to be the chief cause of all tooth decay, and 95 in every 100 persons are said to have it.

Now Pebeco Tooth Paste counteracts "Acid-Mouth" simply by stimulating the healthy flow of normal alkaline saliva. It is constantly flowing from glands in the mouth, and its continual play between the teeth and about the gums is effective in washing away all foreign substances that might cause harmful mouth acids, tartar, and other deposits which are believed to be responsible for the loss of teeth early in life.

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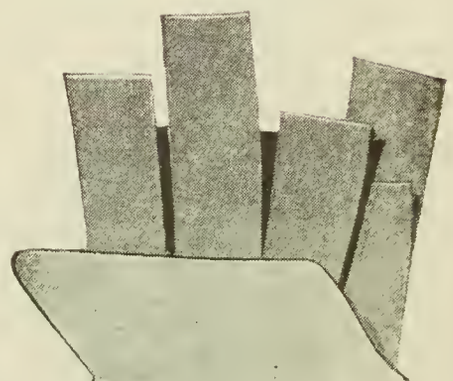
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Those people who have their teeth examined twice a year by a competent dentist and use Pebeco regularly twice a day seem to have the best chance of avoiding "Acid-Mouth" and its harmful effects. It keeps good teeth white and bright, and has a refreshing, tonic effect on the gums and the whole interior of the mouth. Its keen, undisguised flavor is one of its most valuable characteristics in the opinion of many discriminating users.

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Continued from page 22

THE SCANDAL SCHOOL

Several children were waiting for me on the stoop next morning, when I took down the keys from a nail by Mrs. Travis's kitchen door, and started off for the schoolhouse, a quarter of a mile away. It was like any other one-room rural school, standing alone in a bare, flat, dusty spot by the side of the State road, unimaginative, undecked, its respectability somewhat marred by the streaky windows and uneven blinds.

A DOZEN youngsters, mostly boys, for the girls had come down the road to meet me, scrambled up from the steps as I approached, taking off their caps as they greeted me with curious stares and a chorus of good-mornings. This formal and unaccustomed politeness I gave its full value, for I knew that never again in the nine months ahead should I be treated with such punctiliousness.

As I unlocked the padlock on the door, I observed out of the corner of my eye, the one child who had not spoken or moved in recognition of the new teacher's presence. About twelve, with stiff, lightish hair, bobbed and tied with a faded ribbon, she was standing in the corner aloof, tin lunch-pail in hand, watching us with a look on her sharp, colorless face that was distrust and defiance and curiosity all at once.

"Problem number one," I thought. "Poor youngster!" And as I moved about the school, my mind was busy wondering what could make a twelve-year-old child like that.

As the room had not been touched since the closing of the last term, it was chilly and dirty. Books, chalk and paper strewed the floor, or were stuffed into bookcases in untidy confusion. Cobwebs and dust covered everything. The pictures on the wall were small, dark and ugly. Maps and posters hung askew. But the sun streamed in at the windows, and through them, beyond the meadow, a fringe of woods glowed with Autumn.

After a difficult hour (for they had apparently little training in school discipline) I had the satisfaction of seeing my twenty-two pupils settled into the busy hush of the first work of the first day of school. I went home to lunch that day, hopeful that I might always do so, for a noon-hour of noise and watchful play direction is not the best preparation in the world for spirited afternoon classes. Moreover, the hot, varied meal of the day was always served at noon, and I rebelled at the thought of three meals of bread, doughnuts and pie, delicious though they were.

A number of the children walked home with me. Geneva, a friendly, active girl of thirteen, entertained me on the way.

"You goin' to the movies, teacher?"

I told her I should like to go.

"Then I should like to come for you if you want me to. I'd like to take you up, and I need some one to go with. They're good movies—five reels. Harry Dean, he brings them up and runs the machine, and Sarah, she plays the piano. They travel around together like that. It's kind of funny, though——"

AFTER a hasty glance at the interested babes tagging along with us, I seized the first trifle to change the subject.

"There's an auto coming!"

"I declare if it ain't Edwin and Jen. I shouldn't think they'd want to be riding around the country," said Geneva.

"Have you heard about them, teacher?" asked Esther, a nice little girl of nine, eager to tell a story. Three or four of my pupils began at once to tell me the history of Edwin and Jen Woods and Hattie Taylor. With a sinking heart I grasped the gist of their eager recital—another scandal, and one evidently that had set the four parts of town agog with excitement.

"Well, you can't expect nothin' good from a wife that likes to take care of horses and drive cars, and do man's work, like Hattie did, can you, teacher?" ended Geneva piously.

"I think it's all a very sad thing, Geneva. Let's not talk of such unhappy things on such a nice day." A silence fell on my hitherto animated escort, and I quickly added: "Can any of you row? I'm wondering if you are going to take me boating on the lake some day after school."

IT WAS a relief when the quarter-mile walk was over and I was listening to Mrs. Travis's solicitous inquiries as to whether I liked baked squash, corn on the cob, cucumbers and blueberry pie.

Just a casual remark, in answer to her question, that the children seemed to be interesting and nice young people, introduced the real subject of that meal's conversation. Old Mrs. Travis in the matter-of-fact way of age, bred of long, intimate, and intensely deep and narrow acquaintance with the life-stories of the human beings in her little sphere, related the school scandals of two or three terms past—the petty, yet appalling vulgarities former teachers had had to contend against. In one tale a missionary's child, one of my little pupils, figured largely.

"Her mother said she learnt such things in town school, but I dunno," said Mrs. Travis. "More like it's just nature, seems to me."

She drifted into a narration of the three recent scandals in the hamlet.

"Melon's Lake used to be the best part of the town so far's reputation went," she remarked, "but seem's though things is catchin'."

Her granddaughter, ten years old, came in to accompany me to school, but this did not check the story.

"Everybody talks about it. The children know as much as anybody. You can't help it when it's all over town."

Remembering the guarded and censored conversation that met my ears even in the rough mining-camps of the West, I was moved to protest; but held my peace. This was not the time to talk. I began in mind to evolve schemes to attract the children's interest to more wholesome things, amateur dramatics, perhaps. But what can be more absorbing than the drama of human passions, especially when the actors are one's every-day associates, and the stage the village of one's birth?

As we neared the school on my return from lunch, I pricked up my ears. High young voices were sounding an ominous chord, and I hurried around to the entrance. There I found them—boys and girls in a taunting semi-circle about a desperate child with bobbed hair, colorless face, and eyes narrowed with hate. She was standing with her back against the wall, kicking out viciously at any one who came close enough, and trying at intervals to break through the persecuting ring. That dissolved quickly enough when the youngsters caught sight of me, but I marshaled them again with a stern question.

They were "doin' nothin'," they said; "just havin' some fun." Beulah Sackett was as unwilling as they to explain; but when I insisted, she mumbled: "They been sayin' things about my mother," and dodging sidewise, escaped.

SO THAT was the explanation for her attitude of the morning! Distrust and defiance! *She knew the world was saying things about her mother.*

I found the schoolroom in a wild chaos that told volumes about the activities of the children at noon-hour, and when I learned that the superintendent had called with supplies and the new school register, I knew that my hope of lunch at home was vain. So it proved, for at his very next visit, the superintendent recommended that I carry my lunch, and organize the play of my pupils at noon, because of "the wildness of some of the children."

Anxious to be done with the red tape of the register, I began the work of filling out the names of the pupils, their ages, names of parents, and so forth, that afternoon. There were the usual complications—widows who had married widowers, so that children with different names had the same father; a boy who had been taken from a reformatory and practically but not legally adopted; then—

"Beulah Sackett?"

She was sitting with her eyes on her desk and a scowl on her face.

"Twelve. Born August 15, 1907," she muttered.

"Parent or guardian?" Then I remembered in time. "Your mother's name, Beulah."

"Alice R. Sackett," she answered loudly and fiercely.

There was a rustle, a sound over the room as of releasing pent breath. Beulah had *not* said her mother was Mrs. Redfern.

When recess sounded, Marian and Geneva hurried up to me, and demanded:

"Why didn't you make Beulah give her stepfather's name, Mr. Redfern, instead of her mother's name? You made us give ours."

"I didn't know about her stepfather," I hedged. "Has she one?"

"They call it that he is," said Geneva.

"Stepfather nothin'!" said Claude Pierson, with an unbelieving snort.

Some remarks of Mrs. Travis came to my mind:

"HER mother came with Beulah to keep house for Ben Redfern. Then a baby came along, and sence then they call it that they's married. I don't think nobody ever goes to their place."

I ignored Claude's remark. I had also heard rumors of his own rough, selfish father, whose brutality and scant provision a patient wife had endured for many years. Beulah came peeping in at the door, still studying me with that suspicious glance.

"Will you please ring the bell, Beulah?"

"Me?" She was surprised.

At my nod a gentler expression softened her narrow features. Evidently, the privilege of ringing the bell was not often hers. She was a restless, unlovely, vindictive child; a poor scholar; teachers had had small patience with her. During the afternoon session she neglected her language lesson entirely in order to make me a "post-card" with a colored drawing and a loving message on it. Votive offerings of apples, grapes, pictures, birds' feathers—yea, she even risked *gum*—were often slipped into my hands or left on my desk after that. But much as I longed to help and shield her, she tried my patience and wisdom terribly. She, and the minister's child.

EITHER of those two could churn up more mischief in ten minutes than half a dozen of the boys in a day, but there was this difference: Gladys Springer, ringleted and beruffled, always self-righteously and smugly denied guilt; she was always the good little girl whom the rude boys picked upon, and her mother upheld her in this attitude. She learned with brilliant ease, and she had plenty of time to play while classmates were still digging away at the assignment.

Beulah stood defiantly on her own feet, and sullenly accepted reproof or punishment without attempt at self-defense. Beulah was an atrocious student. She was mentally and physically incapable of concentration. Her body was constantly jiggling; her mind hopping from one inconsequential interest to another. Malnutrition was one answer, and I could guess others. The preceding Spring, after suffering terribly for days with toothache, she had gone nine miles to the nearest dentist, and she *had walked*. For fifty cents she could have taken the stage, but she could not get the fifty cents.

Petty problems of school discipline and teaching methods mingled with larger perplexities in the contest for my attention in the days that followed. What to do with eighth-graders to whom fractions and decimals were still jungles? How make tact and conscience meet in placing the first-graders who insisted that they should be in the second grade, and the second grade who wanted to be third grade, not to speak of half a dozen seventh-graders who were fifth grade in real accomplishment? How make a short school-day stretch over

Concluded on page 110

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Always in the little pink-and-white boxes. Send 15c and your dealer's name and we will send you a generous sample of Armand Cold Cream Complexion Powder. Address Armand—Des Moines

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Lift Corns Off!

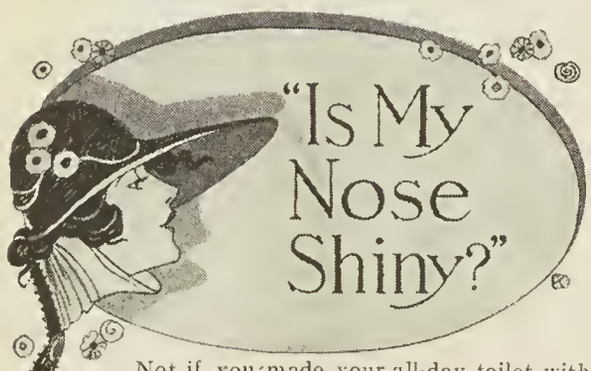
Touchy corns and calluses lift off with fingers. Doesn't hurt a bit!

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon that old, touchy corn. Instantly that corn stops hurting. Then shortly you lift that troublesome corn right off, root and all, without pain, soreness or irritation.



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Any druggist or toilet counter anywhere can get LA MEDA COLD CREAMED POWDER for you—or it will be sent postpaid on receipt of 65 cents for a large jar.

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Hoover

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Everybody's Magazine

Concluded from page 108

THE SCANDAL SCHOOL

forty-three classes, and give the upper classes, soon to have to pass examinations for entrance to high school, proper attention, and at the same time keep the little folk quiet and busy?

ROMANCE was blossoming in my school. Geneva and Edgar, and Walter and Martha were so hopelessly stricken that the utmost ingenuity was necessary to induce them to pay any attention at all to such unimportant matters as arithmetic and history. The former case was aggravated by a sighing third in Miriam, a modest girl of fourteen, in whom domestic instincts already dominated, and who was no rival for active Geneva.

"I suppose it means note-writing," I thought, looking forward to that enemy of good order and scholarship none too resignedly.

It did mean note-writing, as many missives, sometimes ignored, sometimes confiscated, soon proved. "You look as if you was mad at me." "No, I'm not mad at you." "I think you are." "Forget it; are you going to the Fair?" Such messages as these the creased and dusty scraps yielded, after being tossed back and forth several times.

But there was something more serious than that which made me dread the coming of romance. It hung about us like poisoned air. Half-hinted at, half-guessed happenings of former terms put me on the alert. But the real accusation lay in the attitude of the pupils. They lacked one essential quality of well-trained children: *They had no respect.*

The superintendent on his first visit had observed it with amazement.

"They have no respect for anything: for the teacher, for me, for their parents, for themselves, even," he had said. "It must be the evil influence of the incompetent teacher they had all last year." (She was suspected of insanity.) Part of it may have been due to her influence for, on each later visit, he remarked on the rapid transformation taking place in the attitude of the children to their work, to teacher and to superintendent. But the worst condition, and the hardest to affect—the lawless disrespect of boys for girls and girls for boys—was not due to last year's teacher.

WAS it any wonder that the veil of mystery had been torn from life, and that temporarily at least the uglinesses had obscured and profaned the beautiful and sacred?

What was the church doing to prevent this careless desecration of the temple of childhood? I went to mid-week prayer-meeting, and the specter of scandal had stalked in there, too, Mrs. Springer, the former pastor's wife (her husband was now a missionary), arose to tell something of her husband's work. A young girl, another missionary's daughter in her husband's field, had "sinned seriously."

I left that meeting profoundly bewildered.

Every day brought me greater realization of the tremendous task before a teacher in that, on the surface, ordinarily contented, comfortable little community.

Because I was equipped with several years' teaching experience and a university degree, I was receiving the exceptionally good sum of seventeen dollars a week. Ordinarily a teacher received fourteen or fifteen dollars. She paid six or seven dollars for board—reduced a dollar or so because "meat victuals" could only be secured about once a week. There were several weeks' vacation during the school year, and for these the teacher was not paid.

To support themselves during the Summer, my predecessors had done several things: they had gone home, they had worked in Manchester factories, they had worked in laundries, they had done chamberwork or waited on table in Summer hotels. It is no uncommon thing in New England to hear Summer boarders or landlords of Summer hotels *boast* of the number of teachers among the waitresses.

What was required of the teacher in return for the opportunity of exchanging a position as waitress in Summer for the less lucrative but more dignified position of schoolmistress in Autumn?

She must be a high-school graduate with teaching experience and must pass a State examination for a license. Or if she has a normal-school or university degree, she may be excused from examination.

COMING to Melon's Lake, as I did, she would have received a welcome from individuals, but she would find that as a community, absolutely no preparation had been made for the opening of school. The school-house was not cleaned; the well was untouched. One of the toilets was in an indescribable condition. A window-pane was gone, and several shades would not work. The days were very chilly, but there was no fuel at the school.

There were eight different grades, involving a fearful complexity and range of classes. Unaided by supervising specialists, the teacher was expected to teach music and drawing and conduct exercises in physical training. Because the children could not be trusted by themselves at noon, it was taken for granted that she would "direct the play" during the noon recess. That this meant the sacrifice of the only hot meal of the day for her was nothing. She must preserve a high self-control, an unvarying spontaneity and amiability throughout six unbroken hours, or she was not really up to the requirements of her job.

This sounds like a large order, but in reality it is no more than most rural school-teachers expect to handle with what intelligence and skill they possess. But—to be responsible for providing interests absorbing enough to counteract or supersede the intensely fascinating discussion of salacious gossip! That is another matter. Yet it would be impossible for the children of that community to derive proper benefit from school work and play unless they were freed from scandal's corroding influence.

ONE of the most frequent criticisms of a former teacher was that she had refused to read a psalm and have the Lord's Prayer recited at the opening exercise. To what end the Lord's Prayer? At nine o'clock they bowed their heads, and prayed "Deliver us from evil," and at recess they eagerly quizzed a schoolmate who had carried back and forth messages for two unlawful lovers.

This was the situation I, as teacher at Melon's Lake, faced at the end of three weeks. Ahead of me months of snow-bound isolation; ahead of the community months of constant turning in upon themselves for interest, feeding upon one another, ferreting out one another's secrets, large and small. What silver of hope was there for growth, for progress, for reaching out to broader, higher planes? What would happen to the soul and intellect of a teacher after nine months of it?

Well, she might spend the Summer waiting on the table, serving Summer boarders. Perhaps then, by some mysterious alchemy, she would receive the elements necessary to enrich her impoverished garden, making it blossom anew with courage, energy, inspiration for another ingrown country school in the Autumn.

Concluded from page 96

MISS BARRYMORE TO OUR GIRLS

do some reading. I must keep up with things. And it rests me. Meredith, Conrad, Hugh Walpole—and recently Blasco Ibáñez. You know, Lionel has secured his 'Blood and Sand.'"

The time between matinée and night performance was diminishing. I must not keep Miss Barrymore very much longer, though there was so much to talk about.

THOSE BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN

"THE DELINEATOR is interested in your children," I suggested.

"So am I," she laughed, "though I have no theories about them. I believe that girls and boys have to go through certain things. It's good for their physical well-being, it's strengthening for their spirit. At present I am facing the problem of school. Young Sam celebrated his tenth birthday last week, and he's in the midst of thundering literature." In parenthesis let me say that for a boy to be a member of the Colt family is like being a scion of the house of Bowie, inventor of the bowie-knife; is there not a Colt revolver which belongs to the family, and which is just as romantic?

"All three of them," Miss Barrymore continued, "love the theater. And they play-act all the time. They love the movies, too—and that's a problem, for one has to be careful in these movie days. You know, even though I have been on the screen—I like myself best in the 'Helena Ritchie' film—I don't believe the movies have anything to do with the theater. Yet they have a great deal to do with the formation of young people's character. For three children to love pictures—it makes home life somewhat complicated! The three of them are as different as they can be, but they are children, and you know what that means."

To interview Ethel Barrymore adds something to your own fame. Since that memorable afternoon in the dressing-room of the Empire Theater, several magazines have rung me up on the telephone. "We hear you had a talk last week with Ethel Barrymore! Can't you let our readers know what she had to say?"

"CERTAINLY," I replied, "if they get the May number of THE DELINEATOR, I'll be glad to tell them." This is no exaggeration. Miss Barrymore rarely talks for publication. That's one of the fascinations about her. So that, while I talked with her, I felt as though a very radiant star swept into my ken. I've charted her inadequately, I fear. But even to locate such a star is in a way a triumph, which the readers of THE DELINEATOR can share with me.

MELEK

MY MOTHER is in Beirut,
My father in Damask,
My brother in the desert—
But where is she, I ask.

Melek, Melek, where is she?
Melek, Melek, come to me.
(Your eyes are like almonds,
Your hair like black olives.)
I want to be wedded to thee.

I have a tent on the mountain,
Two camels have I, too.
I play my flute in sadness
Because you are not true.

Melek, Melek, where is she?
Melek, Melek, come to me.
(Your feet are like pigeons,
Your mouth is a ruby.)
I want to be wedded to thee.

—JOSEPH KOVEN



Corseting for the occasion

A DANCE! What a flutter of preparation! How carefully you select your most becoming gown, your fluffiest lingerie, and the best of everything you have!

Then, there's that all-important item of your dress—your corset. For it is your corset on which your good appearance depends.

And if you choose a Warner's Rust-Proof Corset you are secure in the assurance that you both look well and feel well in your clothes.

The beauty of the Warner's Rust-Proof is that it is the corset for any occasion. It's the perfect corset for every day wear, for it allows you full freedom, yielding to your every movement, at the same time holding its shape. It is double-boned, you see, although this adds nothing to the weight.

And then when you want a corset for dress, there is no need for putting on a strange make and re-adjusting all your clothes to it. For with all its comfort, long-wearing features a Warner's Rust-Proof is a fashionable corset, and enhances the modish lines of your figure.

In fact, a Warner's Rust-Proof means style, comfort, double life, and A GUARANTEE—GUARANTEED NOT TO RUST, BREAK, OR TEAR! ★

And you can keep it dainty and fresh, for you can wash it as often as you like.

REMEMBER!
Warner's Rust-Proof is the guaranteed corset

Warner's
Rust-Proof
Corsets—

A Scientific Hair Color Restorer



Science has discovered a way for restoring gray hair to its natural color.

Women have long been waiting for this discovery. For most women preferred gray hair to using the old-fashioned, crude dyes.

For years science has sought a way to end gray hair other than distasteful dyes. Now that way is found. And women no longer hesitate.

Thousands of women have restored the natural color of their hair with Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer.

This Test Free

This Hair Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, as pure and clean as water. It does not interfere with shampooing, nor with curling and dressing as usual, and positively will not fade or wash off. Simply comb it through the hair, and in from 4 to 8 days every gray hair will be gone.

Mary T. Goldman's
Scientific Hair Color Restorer

You can quickly see what Mary T. Goldman's does. And how it differs from dyes. Send the coupon for a trial bottle and our special comb. Be sure and give the exact color of your hair. Try it on a single lock of your hair. Compare the results, and the pleasure of using with the old way.

You'll not have gray hairs once you have tried this scientific hair color restorer. Send in the coupon now.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
1619 Goldman Building, St. Paul, Minn.

Accept No Imitations
For Sale By Druggists Everywhere

214

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
1619 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer.

The natural color of my hair is
black ..... jet black ..... dark brown .....
medium brown ..... light brown .....

Name .....

Street .....

Town ....

Co. ..... State .....

Be Well
why not?



IT is easier to be well than to be sick when you learn how. When you learn to daily build your vitality, disease germs, grippe and cold have little effect upon you. Be free from nagging ailments! Weigh what you *should* weigh! Have a good figure! Be happy! *Enjoy* life! Be a source of inspiration to your friends. In other words, LIVE. *As sure as sunrise*

You Can Weigh exactly what you Should

by following a few simple, healthful directions at home. I KNOW it, for what I have done for 92,000 women I can do for you. Are you too fleshy? Are you too thin? Does your figure displease you? Let me help you.

I want to help you to realize that your health lies almost entirely in your own hands and that you can reach your ideal in figure and poise.

My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural and permanent, and because it appeals to COMMON SENSE.

No Drugs—No Medicines

You can free yourself from such nagging ailments as

Excess Flesh in any part of body	Incorrect Walking	Indigestion	Headache
Thin Bust, Chest, Neck or Arms	Poor Complexion	Dizziness	Sleeplessness
Round Shoulders	Lack of Reserve	Rheumatism	Torpid Liver
Incorrect Standing	Nervousness	Colds	Mal-assimilation
	Irritability	Poor Circulation	Auto-Intoxication
	Constipation	Lame Back	

Our Soldiers Have Done So—Why Not You?

If you are in Chicago, come to see me, but sit down and write me NOW. Don't wait—you may forget it. I will send you FREE my illustrated booklet showing you how to stand and walk correctly and giving many health hints.

Susanna Cocroft, Dept. 53, 624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Miss Cocroft is a nationally recognized authority on conditioning women as our training camps have conditioned our men.

16



YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE BEAUTIFUL
EYEBROWS and LASHES

They add wonderfully to one's beauty, charm and attractiveness. A little

Lash-Brow-Ine

applied nightly, will nourish, stimulate and promote growth of eyebrows and lashes, making them long, thick and lustrous. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. Thousands have been delighted with the results obtained by its use; why not you? **Two sizes, 50c and $1.00. At your dealers, or direct from us by mail, in plain cover, prepaid. Satisfaction assured or price refunded.** *Avoid disappointments with imitations. Get the full name correct—"LASH-BROW-INE." It's imitated.* LOOK FOR *The Girl with the Rose.* It's on every box.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES, 4303-35 Grand Blvd., CHICAGO

Freckles



are "as a cloud before the sun," hiding your brightness, your beauty. Why not remove them? Don't delay. Use

STILLMAN'S FRECKLE CREAM

Made especially to remove freckles. Leaves the skin clear, smooth and without a blemish. Prepared by specialists with years of experience. Money refunded if not satisfactory. 50c per jar. Write today for particulars and free booklet

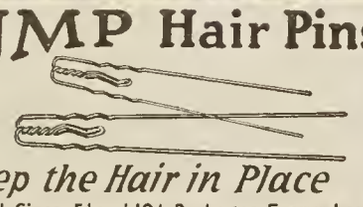


"Wouldst Thou Be Fair?"
Contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilet. *Sold by all druggists.*

STILLMAN CREAM CO.
Dept. D Aurora, Ill.



HUMP Hair Pins



Keep the Hair in Place

5 Different Sizes-5¢and 10¢ Packages Everywhere

HUMP HAIR PIN MFG. CO.
SOL. H. GOLDBERG, PRES. CHICAGO

Continued from page 15

TEN DOLLARS A MONTH

For the first time in her life Janet Horton found herself obliged to act independently. At home her natural shyness had been emphasized by the obvious fact that she was homely and stupid where the others were charming and clever, and from little-girlhood she had had no mother to remind her of her good points. While Myra's hair was a glorious chestnut, hers was sandy and dull. While Margot's nose had a piquant tilt, hers was a plain snub. Her eyes hesitated, in a doubtful gray-green, between Myra's velvet brown and Margot's Irish blue. As to cleverness, even Myra, who was too handsome to need it especially, had a pretty drawing-room wit, and Margot's brains, however Hugo might scoff, certainly furnished her with a dear little apartment not far from Gramercy Park, and with opera and prettier clothes than Janet dreamed of owning—she worked on a newspaper and wrote articles for magazines. But Janet was slow of thought, and her shyness made her seem duller than she was. At home she always faded into the background, and by the time she was married she was used to it. She had been surprised and grateful that so nice a young man as Hugo Horton should have found her attractive. Perhaps she had made the mistake of showing it too plainly.

BENT over the patch which she was setting into the baby's rompers, Janet blinked at the suddenness of it all. Five hours ago she had started down-town expecting to be told that a comfortable bequest would keep her for the rest of her life from anxiety over the wherewithals of eating and housing and clothing. And here she sat, as poor as ever, without talent, without skill, tangled in a promise to send ten dollars a month to the helpless uncle, with the first payment only sixteen days off!

Hugo was doubtless right—she had been crazy to agree to it. But she did not even now see what else she could have done in fairness. If her father had bequeathed her fifty thousand dollars, she would have taken it without a question as to her right. Since he left only obligations, one-third of these were hers, as his daughter. She could not give Hugo this reason without seeming to accuse him; neither did she care to tell him that she had insisted on doing her share over Myra's express offer to relieve her of it. However, it was settled, quite terrifyingly settled, that she had to get ten dollars a month somehow. She couldn't spend another moment in reviewing the reasons which had settled it.

She was tired, but after she got to bed with the baby beside her and Margie in the crib within reach, her mind was very clear. She could part with none of her girlhood treasures, especially as there were to be no more of the blessed home things to cherish. She choked back her grief at the thought. And of course nothing of Hugo's could be touched. She had five dollars of her own, left from the last birthday check sent by her father. That would pay half the first instalment.

UNFORTUNATELY, all the pleasant little ways of earning money which she remembered to have seen suggested in the magazines required some talent for baking or candy-making or sewing, or else access to some woodsy thing, like bayberries or balsam, which city people loved and would fantastically pay for. But she lived in the most intensive of cities, and although she cooked and sewed for her family, she did not need Hugo to tell her that she had no particular skill in cookery or knack with the needle.

Two facts remained at the back of her mind as she drifted finally into restless sleep: She must earn this money by her own efforts and she must earn it by work done at home. Perhaps the Sunday newspaper—

The advertising section was the only piece of the Sunday paper which Hugo did not wish left at his elbow until he had finished reading the whole. So Janet had a chance at it early, and as she strung beans for dinner she skimmed the women's columns. Stenographers and typists seemed most in request but stenography could not be done at home. Typewriting, too, however—which Margot had had to learn in the newspaper office—might be a stepping-stone to other work. Her fancy flew from this possibility to that. Women officers of clubs might want reports neatly made; ambitious grocers might want monthly bills typed. Perhaps among the thirty-two families in the building there might be a professor who would like his lectures typewritten, or some writer who didn't own a machine. In fact, she had heard that an author roomed with that slovenly family on the top floor—

THREE-YEAR-OLD Margie squealed and Janet turned to see the child wave her hand from the open kitchen window to somebody across the court. "Who is it, dear?" she asked absently.

"Nice lady. *Nice* lady," repeated the child, nodding. Her wide smile made her fat cheeks as hard as apples.

Janet stepped toward the window, intending to keep out of range. But the young woman ten feet away at the opposite window bowed, as she always did at sight of her neighbor. "Come across the hall some afternoon with the children, Mrs. Horton, and we'll have a baby party," she suggested in a pleasant voice which, without rising in pitch, carried across the shaft.

"Thank you," murmured Janet, confused. "Thank you," was non-committal. She had often watched this neighbor and wished she knew her: she went so heartily about her housekeeping business and looked so wholesome; she had children, too. Once she had actually dressed herself and the children and stopped at Mrs. Hubbard's door. But on the point of ringing the bell her shyness had turned her back with the thought: "Why should she want to see a stupid thing like me?" and she had taken the children to walk instead.

She returned to her string-beans and her paper, thinking that she would have no time for visiting now, and surprisingly it seemed like a deprivation.

"Typewriters Rented—All Makes—$3.00 a Month—Why Waste Time? Type by Touch, the Quick, Sure, Sight-Saving Method. Learn in a Week"—With the point of the vegetable-knife she cut out several similar advertisements and tucked them into the blouse of her working-dress, tying the mutilated sheets into the package of papers which awaited the janitor.

JANET took special pains with her dinner that noon, browning the little roast to the particular turn which suited Hugo, and seeing that the gravy hadn't the smallest lump; if it had only one, Hugo would be sure to get it. She must do everything better from now on, so that Hugo could never say justly that she neglected her house or her husband. He knew that she would not neglect the children.

That afternoon while Hugo rested from the strain of the previous day, she took the children to the park. When she brought them home she had her bills of fare and tentative market lists made out for the next two weeks. She had also her plan of campaign, and the excitement of actually planning an individual move brought color to her cheeks and gave her a sense of individuality which she did not remember to have experienced before. Hugo looked at her fresh, animated face and sighed as he watched her put away the baby-carriage. "Guess I'd have done better to go to walk," he remarked; "my nap gave me a mean headache."

The first skirmish of Janet's battle with herself came the next day. She had determined to get the typewriter on the very first morning, and to practise upon it for a week, using every minute to be spared from the needs of the apartment and the children, and during the second week to earn. On the second Saturday afternoon she would send the poor old uncle a money-order—to arrive on the sixteenth, just as when her father was alive! The thought braced her to run across the hall to ring Mrs. Hubbard's bell.

THAT cheerful young woman beamed out at her from above an enveloping blue apron spattered with suds and begged her to come in. "Do," she urged hospitably. "My woman didn't come, so I'm washing, but you can sit right out in the kitchen——"

Janet had known that she was washing and so would be at home. "Thank you," she said, appalled by her assurance, but urged by her great necessity. "I can't stay. I hate to bother you, but I've got to go down-town to-day—right away. And I don't like to leave the children with the laundress. So——"

"Bring them right over here," Mrs. Hubbard forestalled her with decision. "Two take all my time; four can't take any more. And don't apologize," she added; "I'll be returning the favor before the week's out. I've often wanted to dump mine on you!"

Before she knew it Janet was on her way, her precious V in her purse. Stopping to leave an order at the grocer's, she caught sight of her face in a gum-machine mirror. "It doesn't look natural and no wonder," she said to herself as she hurried for the street-car; "a woman who gallivants down-town leaving the laundress alone in the house and the children with a woman she doesn't know!" However, she couldn't worry. She wouldn't have time to worry for the next two weeks. And the thought that she had gained a neighbor made a pleasant feeling about her heart.

ARRIVED at the nest of typewriter agencies in the vicinity of City Hall Park, Janet soon found that her "choice" of a machine would be that of the most persuasive salesman. Whether it was preferable to have a typewriter with vitals on view, like the man's in the almanacs, or neatly boxed in, whether the machine should be light or heavy, or present three or four rows of keys, she hadn't an idea. She shut her eyes and recalled the most familiar name. In five minutes she had paid three dollars advance rent on a machine of that make, purchased for fifty cents a book explaining the touch system, supplemented by exercises, and was on her way home.

There is one advantage about living far uptown: Improving stretches of time bound one's trips to the city. By the time she left the car Janet had memorized the keyboard from the chart in the book of instruction, and knew that the first fingers took two keys each on all rows.

The September sun was hot, and she shifted the heavy machine several times from one small perspiring hand to the other before she reached home. As she traversed the brick-paved entrance-court, she noticed that an old-ish man in a rumpled linen duster, entering from the opposite direction, kept looking at her and the machine. As they reached the door together he raised his soiled Panama.

"Beg pardon," he said, "is that your typewriter?" He was rather gaunt and very untidy, but his prominent blue eyes were kindly and his manner courteous.

"Yes—rented," she answered, panting a little as she set the machine down to get breath before taking the two long flights.

"WE ARE then perchance well met," said he, mopping his high forehead. "I have a novelette to be typed. You have a typewriter. Could you—to be brief—bring yourself to do a little work for me?"

Janet was on the point of explaining her inexperience. But the latter, in the light of the advertisement, was a merely temporary disqualification. "Why, perhaps—if you aren't in too great a hurry—" she faltered; "I couldn't get at it for a week."

"A week? Splendid! 'Twill permit me to add to my masterpiece a luster here, a jewel

Continued on page 115



Painted by R K. Ryland for Standard Kid Manufacturing Co.

The Leather of Distinction

Vode KID

The Leather for Fine Shoes

HE admires the smooth fit and graceful lines which Vode Kid gives the shoe. His wife is dreaming of how perfectly this Gray shade of Vode Kid will blend with her new frock. Both are convinced that Vode Kid is the leather for fine shoes.

Shoes of Vode Kid complete the picture which a well-dressed woman always presents. They are fashionably correct. They are comfortable as well. They are sold in the smartest boot shops.

Let your shoe salesman show you shoes of Vode Kid. You may select the pair which becomes your foot in Camel, Chippendale, Aluminum, Blue, Chestnut, or Black. There is a shade of Vode Kid to blend with any costume in shoes correct for all occasions. Illustrated booklet on request.



Ask for shoes of Vode Kid

STANDARD KID MANUFACTURING CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Agencies in all Shoe Manufacturing Centers

KIRK'S JAP ROSE SOAP



EIGHTY
FOR ~~SEVENTY NINE~~
YEARS THE NAME
KIRK HAS BEEN
THE GUARANTEE OF
GOOD SOAP

For A Lovely Complexion and Glorious Hair

JAP ROSE Soap brings a delicate, lovely, natural glow to the complexion—no impurities or undissolved soap left in the pores to cause skin troubles. And for a shampoo JAP ROSE Soap is so easy and refreshing—like magic come thousands of pearly, elfish bubbles that cleanse thoroughly the scalp and hair—no back-breaking rubbing. Then a dash or two of water and all the soap is gone—no sticky, stringy strands—just soft, fragrant, pretty fluffiness.

Pure as gold, transparent as truth—That's JAP ROSE Soap—You'll like it!

An unusual value at two cakes for a quarter.

JAMES S. KIRK & CO., CHICAGO
© *Makers of Jap Rose Talcum Powder*

Continued from page 112

TEN DOLLARS A MONTH

there. I may bring the manuscript to your apartment say next Monday—and receive it the following Saturday?"

"If you will. My rates are ten cents a folio and five cents for each carbon." Janet quoted the current price given by the typewriter-agency salesman. She knew she would presently find out that she had fainted from heat and exertion and that the oldish gentleman and his offer were creatures of delirium; but the illusion was interesting while it lasted.

The man bowed again. "Perfectly regular rates," he acquiesced. "Permit me," and over her feeble protest he carried the typewriter to her very door.

"Good as kittens every minute," Mrs. Hubbard assured her as she surrendered the children. "Bring them again, any time in the world." The laundress had not vanished with the silver. Things were extraordinarily right with the world.

AFTER luncheon she rigged up for the typewriter a little sewing-table near the living-room window, and while the children napped, she laid her slim fingers for the first time on its small round keys. When they woke, the children were enchanted. The baby forgot his swollen gums in the gleam and click of the new toy, and when Margie came too close Janet had only to say: "Mother will put the ticker to sleep if you touch," to reduce her to obedient distance. Before taking the children for their daily outing, she hid the machine in the bottom of the clothes-hamper, but she took the instruction book and studied it as she sat in the park. She could hardly sleep at night for wonder at the day's progress. She could do things like other people if she had to. And wasn't it lucky she had had to——

THE week went on, and not once did Hugo refer to her plan. At first she had thought it strange; then she understood, and the understanding stiffened her determination. She had never done anything on her own initiative and he believed she never would. Well, in doing her mite for the poor old uncle she would astonish Hugo.

Her new neighbor was a tremendous help. "Suppose I take the kindergarten out to-day," Mrs. Hubbard suggested on Wednesday, "and you take it to-morrow—I'd like to do some shopping and I hate to pay to have a woman come in. We might take turns in marketing, too, don't you think so?" Janet did, with enthusiasm, and she almost forgot herself as they made out a flexible schedule. The arrangement was like a gift of two hours three times a week in exchange for a bit more wear and tear on the afternoons, which would be busy anyway.

BUT Janet had never worked so hard in all her life. With her eyes fixed on a particular pomegranate in the wall-paper to avoid the temptation of looking at her fingers, she never struck a key without knowing that it was the right one, and she practised until she couldn't practise any more without laming her hands. Monday, with its proof of her practise, drew inexorably nearer.

On the appointed day the author presented himself and with a flourish of the ancient Panama offered her a bundle of manuscript tied with a soiled string. With a dingy finger he pointed out his name, Austin Dabney, under the title. "I live alone. On Saturday I shall call for the completed novelette—my masterpiece. Original and one carbon, please," and he vanished.

IT WAS rather alarming to be so trusted. Still, the instruction book was explicit about manuscript work, and Janet hurried to the machine with her treasure. How wonderful to have this needed first job drop from heaven! Surely it would bring at least ten dollars, and of that she wanted every cent—the paper and carbons had cost a dollar and a half.

There began the most hectic week of her life. At dinner-getting time she had finished just eight pages—and it was Mrs. Hubbard's day with the children. A rapid calculation showed that she would have to work in the evenings. Which meant telling Hugo.

That afternoon she did not put away the typewriter, and gave Margie her supper with the baby and put both to bed early. When Hugo came and exclaimed at sight of the machine and paper-strewn table, she told him all about it. She hadn't had time to worry about the telling, and she hadn't any time to waste in the telling itself: she gave the facts swiftly, adding: "The only trouble is that this week I shall have to work evenings to get the job out on time. You see, I had only two weeks to earn the first payment. It will be easier after this."

HAT still in hand, Hugo stared at the gingham-clad figure as if a stranger confronted him in his own house. Purpose had deepened the color of his wife's pale cheeks, and given expression to the usually vague eyes with their long light lashes. The unimagined spectacle of the meek Janet actually getting up gumption for a tough job like that!

"But Great Scott!" he cried, and the expletive lacked its usual vigor, "you can't learn typewriting in a week—it can't be done."

Janet, already on her way back to the kitchen, answered over her shoulder. "Well, the ends of the lines aren't very even on the first page, but they get better. Please come to dinner right away so that I can go back to my work," and she hurried down the hall.

SEVERAL times during the meal he interrupted the important business of eating to look at his wife, and when at eleven o'clock she laid eight more typed sheets upon the first eight and went to bed, tired out but triumphant, Hugo lingered to examine the mechanism of the typewriter and to beat out his name with one finger. He had always wanted such a machine, but had felt that he could not afford to buy one.

Janet's eyes burned, her neck and shoulders ached, but the pile of sheets grew, and she braced herself with the knowledge that she could make her goal. Fortune favored the brave, apparently. The children kept well, and one night when fruit had been poor in the market and Janet just couldn't make a dessert, Mrs. Hubbard brought in a delicious lemon-pie. Hugo doted on lemon-pie. By noon on Saturday the typewriter was put away for over Sunday, and on the living-room table lay the completed manuscript, neatly tied, awaiting the author. On top a businesslike little bill noted that Austin Dabney was debtor to J. A. Horton for ninety-two folios at ten cents, and for ninety-two carbons at five cents; grand total, thirteen dollars and eighty cents.

JANET went singing about her work of giving the children their lunch and tucking them up for their naps. Then she dressed in a fresh tan cotton crêpe which she had made herself, so as to be ready to go for the money-order as soon as Mr. Dabney came, and sat down to her darning with a great sigh of mingled relief and new self-respect.

At two o'clock Hugo came in, drooping with the heat. But his eye fell on the heap of manuscript on the table and he omitted to descant upon his weariness and the infernal discomfort of New York in the Summertime. Instead, "All done?" he inquired. "Snappy work;" and added: "Your sister Margot telephoned me at the office that she'd be up this afternoon. I'll take the kids so you can visit, if you say so."

JANET was almost too surprised to thank him. Hugo's dislike of his sister-in-law had never before driven him to the length of taking out the children. Perhaps—could it be that he recognized that his wife needed relief from her tiring routine as a man did from his—now that she was doing something beside the taken-for-granted housework?

At about three Mr. Dabney came and received the package at the door with expressions of profound gratitude, to which Janet replied that she had been very happy to be able to do the work. He bowed with ceremony and put on his dirty Panama hat. Evidently he was going—and without paying her! Janet turned pale with panic. She had not thought of such a horrible contingency. But he had perhaps forgotten.

"Is—is the bill right?" she faltered, holding to the door-knob for support. "Ten cents a page and——"

MR. DABNEY frowned and waved his free hand as if dismissing a trifle. "I have no doubt of it, none at all," he assured her. "That is one comfort—not the only one, I assure you—of dealing with a lady. But I regret to say that at present—for the moment—I am somewhat embarrassed—ah—financially. Shortly I anticipate that the sale of this novelette—my masterpiece—will place me beyond the annoyance of unpaid obligations. Meantime, I share the tragic, debt-driven fate of my brother artists—Poe, Balzac, and the rest—an endless fraternity. May I assure you that your little bill shall receive first consideration when this child of mine"—he caressed the manuscript—"shall repay my labor?"

"BUT I was counting on the money. You are sure you can't pay me now?" Janet brought herself to ask, through her smothering sense of defeat.

"As blood from a stone, so money from me—at the moment," replied the old man loftily. "However, as I say, when I am reimbursed for this effort of mine, you shall share my prosperity. Good day." He lifted his soiled Panama and with a low bow turned and went up the iron stairway.

Unseeingly Janet stumbled down the long hall and crumpled up in the big Morris chair. After all her work, her aching shoulders, her stinging eyes, the poor old uncle would not get his money. She laid her head on the angle of her elbow on the chair-arm and cried out her bitter disappointment.

The bell rang stridently, and she got up slowly, putting back her sandy locks and wiping her eyes and nose. In her failure it was especially hard to meet her capable, money-earning sister.

BUT Margot herself, in speckless white from her tailored felt hat to her trim buckskin pumps, entered with less than her usual assured manner. "I'm in the darnedest hole," she complained as she tossed her hat with boyish carelessness to the table and sat down next the window, "and I thought you might help me out. Thank Heaven, there's a breeze—it's Topheth in town."

Janet murmured sympathy and suggested ice-water. But Margot shook her dark, bobbed mane. "Can't waste the fleeting; but thanks just the same." She smiled, for the first time really looking at her sister. At the sight her Irish-blue eyes brightened and widened, incredulously to begin with, then with delight.

"Why, you darling!" she beamed. "I believe you've been crying! Have you? Have you?" she insisted.

JANET'S mouth twitched. She never could get Margot's point of view until it was explained to her. Now she nodded, afraid to trust her voice.

"'Tis Heaven sent me here the day!" declared Margot, dragging her chair over to her sister. "In search," she went on, "of stuff for a woman's column—'Sally's Smiles and Tears,' you know. The girl who usually does it has the flu and the editor put me on. I thought the curl out of my hair before you occurred to me. Not that I expected smiles of you—and I certainly didn't expect anything so gorgeous as tears. I hoped that at most you would give me an idea that I could

Concluded on page 119



What the world expects in a woman—



Amolin

The Personal Deodorant Powder

Even under the most trying circumstances, the world expects a woman's person to be free from the unpleasant taint of perspiration odors and other odors. That is why women have welcomed Amolin, the personal deodorant powder, as an essential of the daily toilet. Amolin is the one deodorant which is safe and effective for *every* use everywhere on the body. It positively destroys all odors, but *not* by the harmful method of closing the pores and stopping perspiration. Amolin is beneficial and helpful to the skin. It heals and prevents chafing.

Send 4c in stamps for a purse-size can, with booklet of many uses.
Larger sizes 30c and 60c at all drug and department stores

THE AMOLIN COMPANY, LODI, N. J.

IN GOLDEN OAK AND SNOW-WHITE ENAMEL



MODEL NO. 1
White Enamel or Golden Oak

Every modern kitchen cabinet convenience with

2 Exclusive Advantages

The housewife who is particular about her kitchen is delighted with the Kitchen Maid, because it is just the work of a moment to wipe this cabinet spotlessly, specklessly clean.

Improved design and thoughtful construction actually does away with 78 dust-catching, dirt-gathering corners. Perfectly smooth surfaces—no panels and moldings to attract dust and gather grease from steam; every corner, inside and out, rounded and easy to clean.



You owe it to yourself to see the Kitchen Maid at your dealer's. See for yourself how it's built—it almost keeps itself clean and sweet. If you don't know which dealer handles it, write us—we will send you his name, together with our descriptive booklet. Address Dept. B-5.

KITCHEN MAID
THE SMOOTH SURFACE ROUND CORNER
KITCHEN CABINET

Wasmuth-Endicott Company, Andrews, Ind.

LET THE KITCHEN MAID BE YOUR KITCHEN AID

Make your spare time pay for your Summer Clothes

Summer is here! You naturally want to look your prettiest in these bright sunshiny days.

If you wish to earn enough money for a dainty frock, we can help you.

From every vicinity subscriptions to *The Delineator*, *Designer*, *Everybody's*, *Adventure* and *Romance* are coming to us direct, just because our staff of representatives is not large enough to take care of all this business. We need you to look after new and renewal subscriptions to these magazines in your own community.

Only a few hours a week, devoted to this work, will net you from $15.00 to $50.00 a month. Your spare time is valuable to you. Use it!

There is nothing to prevent you from earning money enough to pay for all the dresses you want this Summer.

You need not invest a cent. We furnish everything and tell you how. Take out your pencil, sign, clip and mail the coupon for particulars—NOW!

Name .....

Street .....

Town .....*State* .....

STAFF AGENCIES DIVISION
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U. S. Gov't (Bulletin 771, Agri. Dept.) shows that glass containers keep insect powder longest. Buy Black Flag in the SEALED GLASS BOTTLE instead of "insect powder" in paper bags or boxes.

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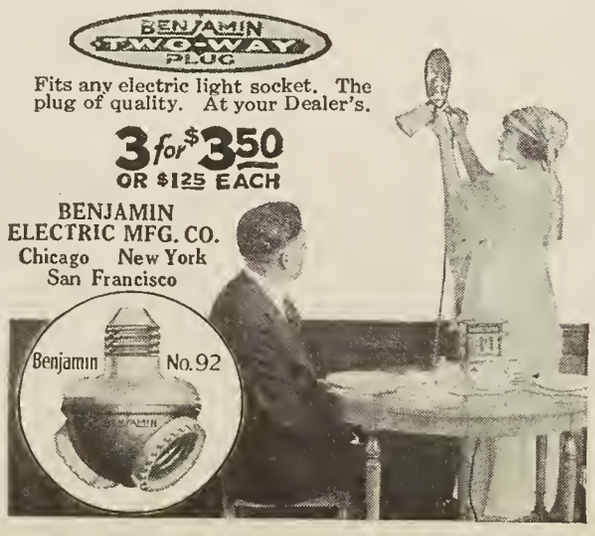
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3 for $3.50 OR $1.25 EACH

BENJAMIN ELECTRIC MFG. CO.
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Concluded from page 74

ELECTRIFY EVERY ROOM

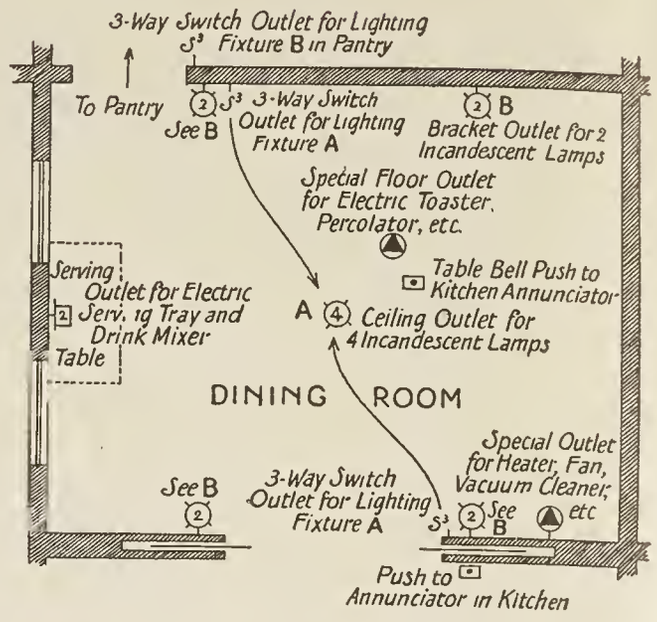
will be on the market. The time and work and worry they would save will mount up so considerably that one can not in efficiency's or wisdom's name do without them.

But practically every plug is designed for another use. Where attach them—the new heater for the bathroom, or the curling-iron near the dressing-table, or the remarkable new device for whipping cream in three minutes?

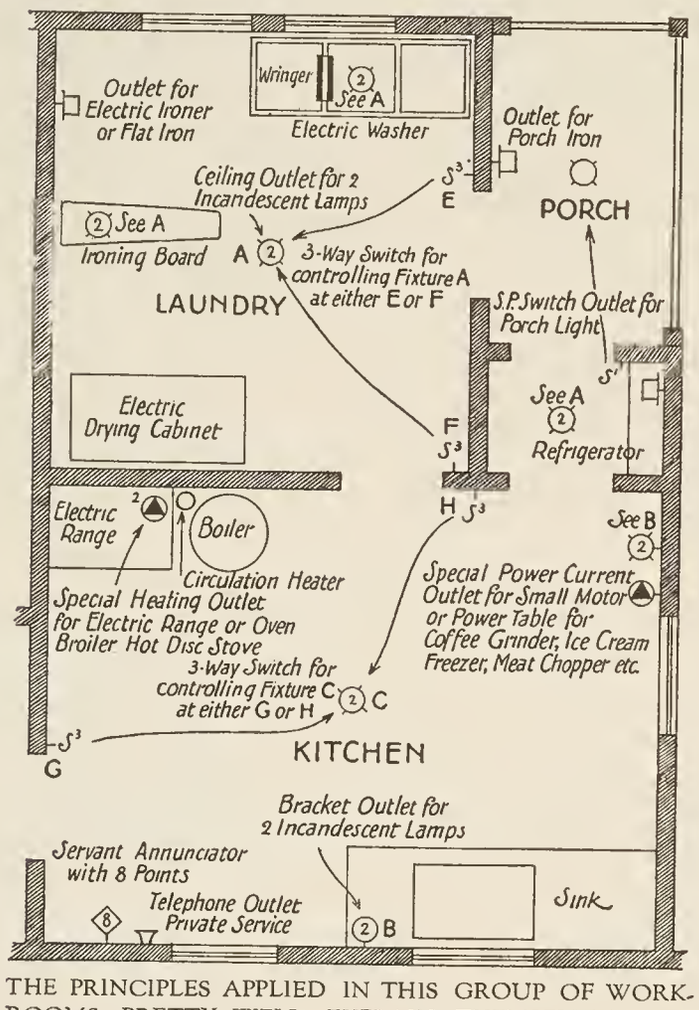
There is but one answer—an extra wall plug or two in every room even if you do not know, when you install them, just how you will utilize each.

More and more as time passes we shall become dependent on this new type of household servant. We must be forehanded in our plans and preparation.

The floor plans which appear on this page present concrete illustrations of the wiring of the dining-room, kitchen, laundry and back porch when the suggestions previously given in this article are carried out to the letter. The plans have been prepared by the best electrical engineers in the country and represent the highest technical skill. Moreover, these arrangements have been tried out and found practical in every detail.



A MODEL ARRANGEMENT OF ELECTRICAL OUTLETS, BY EXPERTS, FOR THIS PARTICULAR ROOM



THE PRINCIPLES APPLIED IN THIS GROUP OF WORKROOMS PRETTY WELL EXPLAIN THEMSELVES AND CAN BE FOLLOWED IN OTHER HOUSES

Of course every house presents certain individual problems, but with slight variations this scheme for electrical outlets can be carried out in any home. The suggestions given for the dining-room, kitchen and laundry will also be useful in planning the outlets for the other rooms in the house.

It will be seen that no task to which electricity can be put has been neglected. There are outlets through which the electric current can come to light the rooms, to heat them and to cool them, to ring bells, to clean, to cook, to wash, to iron, and so on through the whole range of tasks which can be done electrically.

The dining-room plan indicates positions for switches, center and side lighting, for floor bell. One outlet is given for heater, fan and vacuum cleaner and two outlets for cooking appliances, one in the middle of the floor and the other in the side wall.

The plan for the laundry is well worth careful study because of the arrangement of the appliances for washing and ironing. In addition to the switch and the lighting, four outlets are provided—for the washer and wringer, the electric ironer, the drying-cabinet and the ironing-board. The provision for the iron on the porch will prove very convenient in the Summer.

The kitchen plan also shows four outlets for working apparatus in addition to those for switches, lighting. bells and telephone.

The lighting fixtures in the kitchen should be so arranged that every corner of the room can be flooded with light. To make this possible, side as well as center lighting is necessary.

OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS

It's easy to throw stones. Bring on yours, reader!

THE management of a hotel is not my business, but I think I know some things I would have different if I were in charge of a hostelry. For instance, I would not force a guest to sleep in a brightly illuminated room. Transoms can be made opaque, and in well-kept hotels they are so. There is no excuse for failure to provide this relief. I would make a desperate effort, also, to have reasonably civilized and courteous men at the desk. Cheap men in this department are costly. I know of one who by his smart-Alec manners drove a multi-millionaire, a plain-appearing old gentleman, from a Summer hotel because he thought he was poor.—J. T.

"TAKE it from me," the way to get your girl friend in an office "in Dutch" with her employer, is to telephone her in business hours. If there is a nuisance which a man abhors, it is to have his secretary or assistant called away in the midst of dictation or other important work, to gabble over social and personal nothings. I might drop a hint, too, of sulfurous language I've heard when men were interrupted with calls from madam concerning chops, children, or other household difficulties.—ESTELLA.

MUCH has been written about the poor shopgirl and I'm for it! But what about the poor harassed *shopper*, who must endure the salesgirl who insists on selling her something for which she has no use, addressing her meanwhile as "dearie" or "girlie"?—F. G.

LET me build a nation's street-cars, and let who will fashion her statecraft! Would I place the lowest step three or four feet from the ground, so that a woman needs an elevator or a derrick to reach it? If I couldn't build a more convenient car than most of those I'm compelled to clamber in and out of, I'd turn hostler or window-cleaner.—P. L.

I HAVE always wondered if street-car conductors had to be as dirty as they have always been. My mother used to point out the conductor's dirty hands to prove how dirty money was, and how it should not be put into the human mouth. I wondered then whether women conductors would be as grubby. In my old age, I am now delighted to notice that conductorettes are about ninety-five per cent. cleaner than most men conductors I have seen.

There are other businesses that men have always claimed were intrinsically dirty. Maybe women will be able to keep clean hands in some other lines that they are now trying out. I am still wondering.—MRS. A. Y.

"I DROPPED into a certain hotel bar one day last week," said a writer in *Printers' Ink*, "to get a glass of buttermilk. The bar, for obvious reasons, had been turned into a soda-fountain. Now then, like most other men, I dislike a soda-fountain because it is surrounded by women and because it apparently makes no effort to please men and most of all because a person usually has to buy a check from the cashier before he can get what he wants.

"Surely this particular fountain, being the outgrowth of a bar, catering entirely to men, would not make the mistake of demanding the advance purchase of checks. But 'Buy a check, please,' was the greeting we got from the cute young thing standing behind the once-famous bar. The buttermilk wasn't purchased.

"This check business is the poorest kind of selling. It drives customers away and it arbitrarily limits the purchases of those customers who are willing to brave its inconveniences."

Very true, sir. Only the ladies don't like that check business any better than you do!—MARY L. EVARTS.

IF I were building a cottage by the sea or in the mountains, I would have the kitchen get a good view. If I were designing household goods, I would design some quaint and beautiful and cheap bathroom furnishings—bottles, soap-dishes, towel-racks. Also some scrap-baskets that would be as durable as the steel or fiber office kind, but much prettier.

THE editor has asked me to put myself in some other person's place and say what I think I should do were I that person. Well, I am for the moment the young male who makes himself hated and despised by cutting out the muffler of his car. What would I do in his place? I think I'd lose no time making for a stable where I'd make myself at home in a donkey's stall.—HERMAN P.

ELECTRICAL HOUSEKEEPING

A department for homemakers

Edited by Mrs. June Strickland

Published and copyrighted by ***Western Electric Company***

"I hope this will be read by every woman who says she can't afford a washing machine"



"I know by the signs that she's going to leave," wailed a friend of mine a few weeks ago.

"And what I'm going to do to get another is more than I know."

The departing "she" was a "wash lady" of ponderous proportions and haughty mien, and having often seen her feasting nonchalantly in my friend's kitchen with the little lady in tremulous attendance, I could not forbear a smile at the apparent disaster of her leaving.

"Why don't you do the washing yourself and do it electrically?" I asked, "you'll lose less energy and nervous force and, oh, much less pride than in acting as hand-maiden for two meals to that Amazon, besides getting the clothes ready for her, hanging around to pay her when she's ready to go and then perhaps finishing up the ironing yourself."

"Oh, but I don't want to do my own washing," was her ladyship's answer, but nevertheless she left me promising to "look into" electrical washing.

The other day I ran across her in an electrical store in the act of purchasing an electrical ironer.

"Did your laundress leave?" I asked, "and have you at last discovered that doing one's own washing is just fun when it is done electrically?"

"Oh, but my laundress didn't leave," she replied. "I put in a Western Electric Washing Machine and now she seems to actually enjoy working with it. The machine washes the first lot of clothes while she eats her breakfast and she has all our clothes on the line in less than half the time it used to take her to do them by hand. Then she cleans both bathrooms and the sun parlor and is finished more than an hour before the time she usually got through with the washing.



And the Western Electric Washing Machine saves the wear and tear on the clothes. They are not rubbed to pieces on a washboard.

"Yet she couldn't bear the thought of a washing machine when I first suggested getting one for her. She says now if I'll get an ironing machine for her she will do the ironing and clean the kitchen and back porch in the time it used to take her to do only the ironing. You see, she is not a bit tired, so she doesn't mind doing the work, though she wouldn't do *any* cleaning when she had to wash by hand. I have washed all the blankets myself. There's simply nothing to it with the Western Electric machine, except to turn on the water and turn on the current."

"How did you happen to select the Western Electric?" I asked.

"Well," she replied, "I chose it only after looking over all the machines and studying each feature in every one of them. Of course, the first point was the size and reputation of the Western Electric Company. I know that they could not afford to do anything but stand behind their machine now or ten years from now. And I also agree with them that wood is the best material for the cylinder in which the clothes are washed. I don't think I could trust my fine linens and laces to a metal cylinder.

"Until I saw the Western Electric I wouldn't have believed that any mere machine could handle the clothes so gently and yet wash them so thoroughly. You know it just rolls them gently around in the cylinder until they fall from the top with just enough force to send the swirling water through the fabric and thus loosen the dirt.

"I know that this is not nearly so hard on the clothes as rubbing them out on the old rubbing board."

Your Laundress Pays the Bill

Average Cost of Laundry for Family of Five	
Wages of laundress, 52 weeks @ $2.50 per day (Ironing seldom finished on wash day)	$130.00
Cost of soap, 52 weeks @ 12c	6.24
Car fare for laundress @ 10c	5.20
Approximate cost of luncheon and breakfast 104 meals @ 15c	15.60
	$157.04
Cost of Same Washing with *Western Electric* Washer	
Cost of soap, 52 weeks @ 8c (No soap waste in washing electrically)	$ 4.16
Electricity for operating, 4c per week	2.08
Wages paid, either to regular servant or to outside laundress for half day's work @ $1.25 for 52 weeks	65.00
	$71.24
Savings per year	$85.80

At that rate, in about one year and a half your laundress will have paid the cost of a Western Electric Washing Machine.

Add the saving from washing blankets, bedspreads, lace curtains and small rugs, which usually mean extra laundry bills.

"Has *your* machine a swinging wringer?" she added, as much engrossed in her new machine as any man is with his new automobile. "No," I said. "My family is so small that I wash and rinse right in the machine, and I do not need to wring into other tubs, so I find the stationary wringer sufficient."

"Well, I have a big washing—eight in the family—and I find the swinging wringer a great advantage in using two or three tubs.

"While I was purchasing the machine, a woman came in and said she had bought a machine that did not have the motor covered and that water had been splashed on the motor, causing it to smoke, and she had to get a new motor. I noticed then that the Western Electric motor was carefully covered so that the water couldn't get on it, and I looked at the machinery, too, and the electric cord, and saw that it was all protected and covered carefully, and that the machinery was on the back of the washer where I wouldn't lean against it and soil my clothes in doing the work."

"Well, you certainly studied your machine," I replied, "but I'll bet you don't know that you can do your ironing with it."

"Oh, yes," was the quick response, "since I have been considering ironing machines, I find that with the Western Electric washing machine I can use it to run my ironer, and so I save the price of the motor on the ironing machine."

Let the kitchen table wash the dishes*



**Western Electric Dish Washer*

In washing dishes, as in washing clothes, I never put my hands in the hot, dirty, greasy water—never even roll up my sleeves.

After the company dinner, with a Western Electric Dishwasher you can enjoy your guests instead of sitting there forcing a smile and secretly wishing those dishes were done.

The average woman spends at least half an hour three times a day washing dishes. In one year, a total of 549 hours or 68 working days—more than two months—are given to standing over a hot dishpan filled with greasy, dirty dishes.

The Western Electric Dishwasher will wash the dishes in *less* than fifteen minutes' time. Since nothing but hot water in fine spray is splashed over the dishes, there is no danger of breaking even fine china and glassware. When good hot water is used for rinsing, the dishes will not even have to be dried.

After the dishes are washed, this compact machine, with its sanitary top, serves as a kitchen table.

The light weight of the Western Electric Vacuum Cleaner makes it easy to lift.



Most housewives find use for more than one electric iron.

The Western Electric Sewing Machine makes sewing a pleasure.

You Will Want this Book

The Western Electric Co. has just published an interesting book on the use of electrical appliances in the home. Every housekeeper will find in it helpful suggestions on how to do the same work better, in less time and with less drudgery. It may help you to solve your servant problem. A request on a postal sent to Western Electric Co., Electrical Housekeeping Department, Dey St. and Broadway, New York, will bring the book promptly with our compliments.



ALL YEAR 'ROUND

CREX

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"Acheron Run"

For fear of disaster, the girl he loves prevents him from shooting the rapids in the canoe he has made. But five years later *she* shoots the rapids, straight through a burning forest, in order to rescue her lover. That's Edwin Balmer's story in the May

Everybody's Magazine

THOSE "TELEPHONICS"

HAVE YOU ONE IN YOUR HOME?

BY MAUDE ARDELLE WHITE

A TELEPHONIC is one of the smartest, newest neurasthenics. You may be one and I may be one, but neither you nor I would know it. That's part of being a telephonic. Our friends know it if we are, however, and talk about it whenever they see us coming.

We may be only temporary telephonics, for which we should thank Heaven, and for which no doubt all our social enemies do. If you catch any one trying to shut you off on the telephone, that person probably suspects you of telephonics. It's no use to mention it, however, for he'll deny it just as much as if you said to him banteringly, "I'll wager you think I'm a little off—touched, you know."

People simply haven't got to the point where they can talk about it. It probably won't be long, however, until they'll be saying of you or of me, "My dear, it was one of the clearest cases of telephonics I have ever known, and in a month she was completely cured. As soon as they took her to a place where she couldn't hear a 'phone bell she was all right. Marvelous, isn't it, when you think how she used to carry on? Why, sometimes I've been fifteen minutes getting her off the wire, the poor dear! I'm so glad for her family's sake that she's all right now."

It was only yesterday that one of the dearest, sweetest women I know called me up, and my heart just ached for her. We had completed some plans for meeting at luncheon and I was about to hang up, for my desk was piled high with work, when she started in. Had I heard the Joneses were a bit out of favor with the Winters who were, this season, the most important people at the Country Club? Did I know that Maysie, on whom she had always depended not to marry—having asked her several times not to because she needed her so badly with the children—had suddenly determined to marry the iceman and nothing could influence her? And was it true that I was about to change my job?

AS I was on the point of answering, I looked around and saw that my manager was standing behind my chair. "So this is what clogs the nine-o'clock wires," he said acidly. "'I says and he says'—there isn't a woman who can withstand it, is there?"

I rang Sadie off as gently as I could, for that's one thing you have to be so careful about with telephonics. They're so sensitive. Then I turned around and asked in a perfectly businesslike tone what was wanted. "Oh, nothing, nothing," said he airily. "*Rip Van Winkle* was the only man who could remember anything for twenty years anyway."

Later I found out what was the matter. He is such an able man I felt sorry. He exhibited one of the purest symptoms of telephonics so far known. His wife called him. She asked him a question. "Yes," he answered. She asked him another. "No," he said. There was no more than that. Yes, no. A specialist would have sent him away at once. He hasn't been under observation at all yet, but just as a friend I have written Garden-without-Bells in the north woods to ask when there will be a vacancy. I want to do everything for him I can.

Research in regard to every stage of the affection is progressing rapidly, but there is no telling when data will be complete. It comes in every day from sources that are wholly unsuspected of being able to contribute to its scientific tabulation.

For instance, banks are now making charts to show how the words "free telephone" affect telephonics. They have the best chance to watch this particular phase of the malady. They, of course, do not like much said about it as they can't hurt the feelings of their patrons. But last week charts from the banks of seven different cities showed that in not one of them had a free telephone been of use to more than eight people during banking hours.

ONE telephonic talked one hour and seven minutes to one person. She didn't show the least fatigue (it is one of the peculiarities of the malady), but the woman standing beside her said that a dull thud like a person falling was heard over the wire and that after that she couldn't get any answer.

Whole communities sometimes have it, and if they all have it in the same way, it causes practically no trouble. If two species arise the conflict is serious. One of the happiest visits of my life was made in a town which I have come now to recognize as ridden with telephonics, and no one the wiser or worse. One and all they had the same kind.

It was a June morning, a rosy, innocent morning as all June mornings should be. On this particular one a young lady of marriageable years and inclinations ran across her beau at seven o'clock and being impulsive married him just as she was. She was in a red wrapper. She was sweeping her mother's front porch when her beau went by, and her mother being in the kitchen at the rear where she couldn't see them, they went over to the court-house, got a license, stopped a moment at the office of the justice of the peace and then came home and mentioned it.

The mother wasn't much upset. She liked her daughter and was fairly fond of the boy she had picked out that morning. She merely suggested that the child change her dress—which Bessie did dutifully. Her beau took the day off from the grocery store and no one would have thought much more about it if the place hadn't been full of telephonics.

"I was standing in my window takin' my breathin' exercises," Miranda Lewis telephoned the Widow Geary, "when I saw Ralph Moser with his foot on the first step of Bessie's mother's porch. He stood there transfixed. I declare I never in all my life did see a man so affected. His very back was sort of limp and pleadin'-like. It arrested my attention. I haven't yet finished my exercises.

"Finally Bessie laid down the broom and gave him her hand, with a sort of trustin' motion. I do hope the boy is worthy of it. She did look cute in that red wrapper. I never did favor girls spendin' much on their weddin' clothes. It was starchy (I could see that) and I think it was calico.

"They were still walkin' hand in hand when I saw them last on their way to the court-house. Of course I didn't know then they were on their way to be married or I'd have run out as I was, with an old shoe to throw after them for good luck. You can't wish too much happiness for young folks these days."

The town was electrified. The wires buzzed that whole day. It was impossible to get anything by telephone from the grocer's and Old Uncle Jimmy Pike nearly died in one of his coughing spells because they couldn't get the doctor. With that exception everybody was perfectly happy. And Uncle Jimmy did live through it.

TEMPORARY telephonics scarcely have to be reckoned with at all. The attack will pass quickly and often it never returns. In a crisis alarming symptoms may show themselves, but unless they recur regularly there is no cause for anxiety.

It was that way with Cousin Leta. She was the most beautiful cousin in our whole connection. Lovers pursued her almost in herds. It had never spoiled her disposition nor her manners, so you can imagine my surprise one night to hear the following over our home wire.

"No, I'm sorry, Mr. Kenning, but I have an engagement." (I knew that she hadn't.) "But really I could not break it. It isn't that sort, you know; I'm sure you understand. To-morrow night? I——"

A long pause and then in a high official voice, "Number, number?" The man fairly bawled at the other end of the wire, "What did you cut me off for, operator?" And Cousin Leta answered in that practised voice, "I'm ringing them." "They don't answer." When, growling and fuming, the man was heard to hang up, she did too.

Now of course she really ought to have told Mr. Kenning frankly that she didn't like him and didn't intend ever to have him around. It is the only time I ever knew of her being, in the slightest, touched with this sort of complex. Old stagers at it are amazing tricksters, many of them.

There is a span of years, beginning at about sixteen and extending to twenty, which is peculiarly haunted with insistent telephonics. This sort is never to be taken seriously. No "cure" will affect it in the slightest. Like old-fashioned fevers it has to run its course. As the poets say, Nature is wonderful. If only business men agreed, this world would be a happier place to live in for the telephonic in her teens.

THERE are doubtless more maidens married for their telephone conversations than for any other single thing, not excluding manners or white teeth. And the race must be considered. But it is seldom that the head of an office holds that gentle remembrance in his heart or on his tongue when he finds his call blocked by a dulcet conversation that sounds as though it ought to be on the stage, so perfectly has it been worked out.

I will never forget Claudia. No one could ever forget her who worked with her. She was naughty when she ought to be good and good when she ought to be naughty. She could stir up more trouble in an office in ten minutes than twenty people could settle in an hour. She was a soft scratchy little kitten with the most surprisingly hard voice—usually.

One day I heard her telephoning in an unguarded moment. Her voice was wonderful. It purred, it soothed, it flattered. It implied that she came just to the edge of yielding and then drew back.

When she had hung up her receiver I mentioned that that was the most remarkable telephone conversation I had ever heard. "When I want something, I always telephone," she answered modestly, "for I always get it."

Now who would want to curb a gift like that—even if she was on the phone a good two hours a day? Speaking of racial values, Claudia ultimately engaged herself by long-distance and is, was, and ever shall be, a credit to society. May there be many more like her—on private wires.

Have you ever been blessed, or cursed, with two friends who became telephonics at one and the same time? I have. One of them is cured. She went to work. For the first time in her life she held down a real eight-hour job. The cure was immediate and final.

THE other friend remains uncured. For many months I was possessed with the desire to know how long she could talk if I did not say good-by in the middle of a breathless sentence. Once, when I had no engagement for the evening, I tried to stick it out. But I could not. My arm grew numb and my ear ached. So my curiosity remains unsatisfied.

You can see I have no simple bitter tale to tell. I have not suffered deeply at the hands of telephonics. All I have tried to do is to add my bit to the research going on in regard to this smart new affliction.

I have set these remarks down largely to make clear to my own mind what I know about telephonics and whether I am one of them. I can't discover, but if I do I shall not greatly regret it. I will go away to one of the new rendezvous built just for them. They say that since the cure excludes telephones the old-fashioned "courting tube" has been introduced there, and that with a whispered word over them guests are happier than they ever were at home with an open wire and no time-limit on calls.

Concluded from page 60

FLOORS—ALL SORTS

linoleum floor will enduro. The cost of the wax treatment and floor varnish is about the same, approximately seven cents a square foot, if the work is done on estimate. The cost of the work varies in damp or dry weather, as the shellac will not dry quickly on a damp day.

AS THE contractor must take the weather chance, he covers this cost in his estimate; whereas, if he is honest and doing the work without estimate, the owner secures the advantage of favorable weather. In the work done last Summer in my own home it cost us twenty-eight dollars for approximately six hundred square feet, whereas the estimated price would have been forty-two dollars for either the wax or floor-varnish treatment. We were very fortunate in the weather, however. The day the work was done was bright and clear, but the days preceding and following were very poor drying-days. There is a third and less expensive treatment which is also satisfactory. To the wood are given two coats of shellac, without any floor varnish on top. This preserves the wood and costs approximately five cents for each square foot. The floor can be waxed at any later time, or treated to floor varnish if the shellac is not allowed to wear through.

THE fourth treatment and the only one that can be guaranteed to stand the hard wear of children is the oiled floor. Boiled linseed oil, mixed with turpentine, is "flowed on" with a brush. Care is taken to apply it evenly. After the oil has been taken up by the wood, it is polished with a woolen cloth or special mop.

The oiled floor should be rubbed down just before it is quite dry. This removes the scum in the oil, which, if left, makes a dirty, dull floor. The scum comes off on the rag. By this procedure one can get nearly as satisfactory a polish as by the use of wax. It is better to keep off the floor for a few hours after the treatment has been given to a new floor, so that no dirt be allowed to get into the pores of the wood.

The oiled floor is very practical, because the work of renewing it can be done by a member of the family or any person of care and average skill. Oiled floors are kept in good condition by brushing them daily with a hair-brush. Spots may be taken out with a flannel cloth wrung out of hot water, or, if necessary, a little soap may be used on the spot. Once a week the floor may be wiped up with a damp cloth, soap being used where necessary.

THE floor should be wiped very dry. Then go all over the floor with a cloth or mop made damp with kerosene, or boiled oil mixed with a little turpentine. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and the floor left for a few hours before it is walked upon. The best time to have the work done is in the evening. It may be polished by covering an old brush with a woolen cloth. Both the shellacked and varnished floor may be polished with the boiled oil and turpentine.

Oil darkens the wood, giving it, in time, a very rich shade of light reddish brown. This shade looks very beautiful with dark Oriental rugs, so that, while it is an inexpensive and practical treatment, it is also beautiful and artistic. It is rarely used to any considerable extent in rented houses, as the shellacked and varnished floors seem to be preferred by the majority of landlords, possibly because these two treatments are the ones that contractors usually recommend.

AFTER the new floors have been properly treated, it is very important to have an ample supply of rugs to protect them. No floors, except the linoleum and rubber floor, can stand the average use given by children unless rugs protect the parts that are subject to the hardest wear. Even the oiled or waxed floors, which do not scratch as do the varnished floors, show wear in front of the doorways and about the edges of tables and writing-desks.

These places must be protected by rugs or runners, or else the treatment must be kept up by going over the worn spots as fast as they appear. If a floor is allowed to wear unevenly in spots, nothing will restore it to its original beauty except rescraping and retreatment. This is an expensive remedy to apply often.

"Nothing screams its price at you like a cheap rug," remarked a friend who had been very successful in purchasing furnishings for rented houses. "I never try to economize by buying anything but the best grade of rugs, for it pays in the end."

THIS has also been my experience: *Get the best of its kind.* It does not mean the most expensive rug, but the kind that will give the needed service. It pays before starting out to purchase rugs to get all the reliable information one can on the subject. There are rugs that will stand any amount of hard wear and that are easily cared for. This information covers too wide a field to be more than touched on in this article. I want now to suggest the resources of rugs made from materials that many of us have in the house. Several of the rugs in my own house gave out last year all at once, like the one-horse shay. They had given us fifteen years of faithful service, which is as much as almost any rug, except an Oriental, will give.

NEW rugs of the same kind now cost twice or three times as much as formerly. After pricing rugs at several reliable stores, I decided to buy one of the new linen woven rugs for the dining-room. It was guaranteed to stand any kind of floor treatment to which four lusty children could subject it. I decided also to see what the rug-man could do in making over my old rugs into new ones.

Two Brussels rugs, one a dark red and the other an olive green, were combined and woven in alternate strips of red and green, making very pretty soft-toned coverings. In weaving, the strips are so twisted that worn or faded parts appear as bright and new as the good parts. The two rugs, approximately nine-by-twelve each, made three runners a yard wide. Two of the runners were two and one-half yards long, the other three and one-half yards long. The cost of weaving was one dollar and twenty-five cents a running yard. This is also the cost if the rugs are made less than a yard wide. The price for the three runners was ten dollars.

I could have had the same material made into a nine-by-twelve rug, but would have had to have some additional material added by the rug-man. Large rugs of this kind are very heavy to handle, and are better suited to rooms where they can be tacked into position and taken up once a year for thorough cleaning.

RUGS of this character may be made from a variety of materials, but only materials of the same kind may be combined in the same rug. Brussels carpeting or rugs, cotton or woolen ingrain carpets or rugs, are the best materials to use. If one has not enough of any one kind to make the desired size of rug, our rug-man will furnish material for one dollar and seventy-five cents a yard. Rugs thus woven give many years of service and prove economical at the present high cost of rugs.

Other materials that make up satisfactorily into rugs are velours portières and carpet filling. They make a lighter-weight product and are better woven into small rugs. Even old upholstery may be cut into narrow strips, sewed and woven by the rug-man. In this case, one must do the cutting and sewing of the strips just as one would for the old-fashioned rag rugs.

The advantage of these remade rugs over cheap ones is their ability to endure hard service. Furthermore, if the work is done by a man of the right sort, very harmonious results are secured in the mixed colors. It is no longer the style to have woven patterns in rugs. The art rug has come to stay. Fashion and art are at last walking hand in hand, and floor-coverings must be beautiful as well as serviceable, to command general approval.

Concluded from page 115

TEN DOLLARS A MONTH

work out. But you look as if you had the whole story ready for me. Trot it out, like a lamb," she coaxed; "it's worth ten or twenty dollars to me—perhaps a better job. Not to mention sisterly interest."

A GLEAM shone through Janet's tears. She sat up and faced her sister as an equal. "I'll tell you if you'll go halves with me—and pay in advance," she bargained.

Margot stared as had Hugo of late. "Well, child, you're certainly coming on," she said; and then she began to laugh. "Done!" she cried, "Bring on your tale."

She listened keenly, occasionally scribbling with a flat gold pencil in a note-book taken from the beaded bag on her arm. "Good stuff!" she nodded approvingly at the end. "Good because it's so many women's problem. I suppose there isn't a wife in this apartment-building who doesn't wish she could earn her own pin-money—at home. You did it, whether the actual cash is in your purse or not. That's enough for one day's column. If I have to write another, I'll use that notion of Hugo's that Uncle Stephen is perfectly useless. That's getting pretty deep, but even the readers of Sally's column can see that whatever makes me save a bit and makes you call your soul your own isn't all useless. Though I'm free to say, Jan, that I didn't think it was in you; and I'd have sworn it wasn't in me!"

Janet held out a slim hand. "Is it worth as much as ten dollars?" she asked slyly.

"It is, or you wouldn't get it out of me at this juncture," Margot's bobbed head nodded decidedly. She took a fresh bill from a purse in the beaded bag and laid it in Janet's outstretched palm. "By luck, I was paid this noon." She stood up, picking up her soft felt hat. "How are the babes? Forgive me if I seem to eat and run, so to speak. Oh, by the way—I know several old-fashioned authors who write their stuff—originally—in long-hand, and then growl because the typist does fool things with their manuscripts. I'll tell them about you—if they look like ready money. And of course the old bird up-stairs may sell his masterpiece—in time. Miracles happen. I saw one to-day."

Half an hour later Janet sat down at her little oak desk and wrote a glowing letter to her uncle. Her heart warmed toward the lonely old man who had been the spur to prick her out of her self-distrust, and she told him how grateful she was.

When it came to the old man, he read it, shook his white, ghostly head and, muttering, tore up the letter. The money-order, however, he pinned carefully to his undershirt. Then he peered with difficulty under the table to see whether he had enough missiles to keep off the cats for the night.

Of course, taken alone, he was perfectly useless. But not even *Robinson Crusoe* was alone for very long.



How to do over your floors and what it will cost

Are your floors dull, lifeless and monotonous in finish? They do not need to be that way.

There is an easy, inexpensive way to make them gleam with a soft, rich, translucent polish, full of lovely lights and shadows—a way to bring out the fine beautiful tone of the natural grain of the wood.

Just apply a thin, transparent coating of Old English Wax, rub to a polish with a cloth or with the Waxer and Polisher shown below—and you have a shimmering lustre that will last for months. A hard, glass-like wax film which nothing can get through—neither water nor grease nor heel marks nor constant daily wear. The cost (in U. S.) is only 75c for 1 pint of Wax, enough to cover 252 square feet or a room 14 x 18.

If your floors are in very bad condition, or if you are thinking about the finish of new floors in the "new house," write for free special advice, or buy a can of Old English Wax and read the complete instructions on it. No need to call in outside help or employ expensive labor. Thousands of women are "doing over" their floors the Old English way and having wonderfully beautiful floors for a few cents. THE A. S. BOYLE CO., 1105 Dana Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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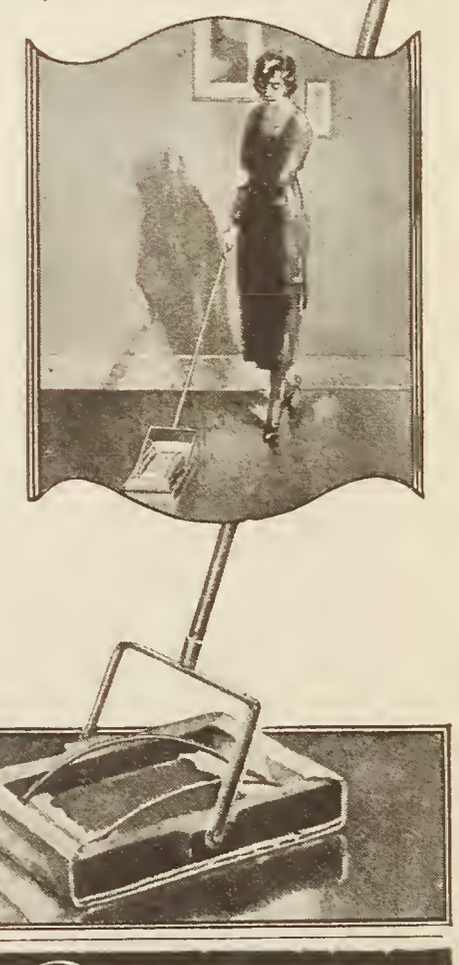
How to clean your floors

Clean your waxed, varnished or shellaced floors always with Old English Brightener. It makes the original finish last twice as long. It not only cleans but polishes, brightens and protects against wear. It will not remove wax nor injure the finest finish. One pint, 70c—enough for 252 square feet.

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Concluded from page 29

A VISION FULFILLED

and she was aware also of a pathetic air of despair and discouragement that had settled upon the whole family. With tact and with persistenee the nurse finally persuaded the rcluctant mother to go with her to a hospital to be carefully studied and examined by competent physicians. The X-ray disclosed a serious condition of the spine which could not have been detected in any other way; and which, though curable at that time, would have grown steadily worse without treatment and caused unendurable suffering.

NOT content with having restored the baby girl to health and securing the much-needed treatment for her mother, the nurse determined to get at the cause of that enveloping gloom that persisted. By degrees she learned that the young couple, with their baby, had come from a lovely hilly part of sunshiny Italy. They were used to wide stretches of country, blue sky as far as they could see and the thousand and one indescribable joys that are held by country life for those who love Nature.

They did not complain, but body and spirit were being smothered and crushed out in their tiny dark tenement. And so this wise nurse appealed to an agency that could help in just such cases and explained the soul-hunger that needed to be satisfied. Together they found congenial work in the country for the man, and for his family a tiny cottage close by that has a garden in front and blue sky overhead.

LIFE now goes by with a song for this little family and all because the baby girl happened to be one of the forty-five thousand patients cared for by the Henry Street Settlement nurses: and because that nurse was just the kind of a woman she was.

I think of another visiting nurse in a small town where foreigners abounded. A patient told her one day that there was a very sick baby in the house next door and that the mother, recently from Greece, was young, inexperienced and frightened. And so the nurse went next door, as a matter of course, to see if she could help. But the young mother explained that her "man" had ordered her to let no one in. That the caller was a nurse only made matters worse, for nurses were meddlesome and to be avoided.

This nurse made a few inquiries and found that the "man" was a little Greek shoemaker down the street. Armed with a pair of old shoes, long since discarded, the nurse descended upon the unsuspecting cobbler. She talked of "ships and shoes and sealing-wax," and of his native land; praised its art, the valor of its heroes and the grace of its women, by means of which she won her way to his heart. When the conversation threatened to lag, she bought shoe-strings, and then more shoe-strings.

FINALLY the little shoemaker told her his whole pathetic story, and when he tearfully spoke of his sick baby she listened with deepest sympathy. In the end, not knowing that she was a nurse, and a designing one at that, he asked in his loneliness and despair if the "kind lady" would go to see his wife and baby.

She would be delighted, she said, if he would go with her to show the way.

So off came the leather apron and bang went the shop door and down the street the excited and utterly unsuspecting little Greek cobbler led the "kind lady" straight to his home. And there he begged her advice about the care of his baby, the thing that she had meant he should do from the very beginning.

It took a long time to get in, she told us, and lots of shoe-strings; but she got a doctor and they saved that baby and incidentally built up the pale, worried little mother. As a result, there isn't a Greek woman in that town to-day who will undertake the care of her baby without the nurse's guiding help.

Sometimes the effect of a nurse's effort is not just what she looks for, and the expressions of gratitude are sometimes a bit ambiguous.

There was one deeply religious nurse with a gentle manner and soft voice. She had a patient who was not able to stay in bed as the doctor ordered, because her husband refused to work and she had to take in washing to support the children.

REALIZING that the wife's recovery depended upon the husband's industry, the nurse talked to him earnestly and persuasively. The result was that he immediately went to work and his wife to bed. In due course of time she recovered completely and all was gay as a cricket. A little while later the nurse went to pay a "follow-up" visit to assure herself that all continued to go well. The recovered wife, looking well and happy, grasped her hands fervently and to the nurse's utter amazement, even consternation, said: "I t'ank you ver' much that you give my man hell. He work all time now. Sunday too!"

ALL of which hints faintly at the infinite variety of services that public-health nurses can do and offer in the course of the day's work. And because they can bring so much relief and comfort to human beings who are sick in "mind, body or estate," one wishes that they were to be found in every community and every neighborhood in the land. Unhappily, there are many communities where the public-health nurse, though sadly needed, is unknown.

For the purpose of preparing and sending more laborers into the field, the National Organization for Public-Health Nursing and the Red Cross Nursing Service have joined hands. For not only are these "health nurses" a comfort, and of inestimable value in saving and prolonging life, but they are practically indispensable in preserving the health of the community.

"It is generally recognized by health authorities," says a bulletin of the New York State Department of Health, "that the health officer, for the effective execution of his duties, requires the services of a public-health nurse."

Miss Nightingale undoubtedly would have been very happy could she have known that in fifty years her followers would so justify her pleadings as to receive such recognition from important government officials; and could she have known that two such women as Miss Noyes of the Red Cross and Miss Crandall of the Public-Health Nursing Organization were together working to provide the entire country with trained "health nurses."

The Red Cross, because of its nation-wide activities, is undertaking the "organization and administration of Public-Health Nursing Services under the entire or partial direction of Red Cross Chapters through the machinery of the Division or State Staffs and in cooperation with State Departments of Health."

So eager is the Red Cross to promote and extend public-health nursing in all parts of the country that it has established scholarship funds to help individual nurses to fit themselves for this service. And it will help communities to inaugurate this work by paying a nurse's salary until her worth has been so demonstrated and appreciated that the town or district will gladly assume its own financial responsibility.

IT IS gratifying to observe that when visiting or public-health nursing is once started in a city, town or village it is never given up. Whether the nurse starts with the babies or with the schoolchildren; with tuberculosis patients or with the employees in a large industry, she proves to be so necessary and she is so wanted that her townspeople would as soon part with the schoolhouse, post-office or library as with her services.

In order to be of this peculiar value to her patients and to the community, the nurse must be prepared for her work, and this preparation, or education, is one function of the National Organization for Public-Health Nursing. It standardizes and assists in establishing courses for training the public-health nurse herself and for the character and scope of her work in the community. This in order to make sure that patients in their homes will really be given the best possible care.

"The public-health nurse must be a graduate of an accredited hospital training-school of good standing," says Miss Crandall, secretary of the National Organization for Public-Health Nursing, "and a registered nurse, if living in a State where there is a law providing for registration of nurses. She should have taken a post-graduate course in Public-Health Nursing and have had experience in the field of Public-Health Nursing with an association which provides careful supervision.

"THE usual hospital course of two or three years does not fit her to meet the family and community problems which constitute a large part of her daily responsibility, nor does it supply the requisite knowledge of how to do practical work without the apparatus to which she has been accustomed. In addition to her hospital training, a nurse must have some knowledge of health administration and of social service. A post-graduate course will also add a great deal to her probably meager knowledge of communicable disease, and the practise of preventive medicine with its problems of housing, sanitation and so forth."

Courses which will give such training as this are being rapidly developed in nurses' training-schools and in colleges and universities throughout the country. Teachers are being prepared; books are being written; libraries are being enlarged; legislatures are making appropriations, departments of health are creating new divisions; all in order that young women may be prepared and sent to care for an isolated mother and baby on the top of a mountain or a sick old man in the tenement "fourth floor back" in a crowded city block.

BUT training-schools, university courses, libraries and State appropriations are of little value in preparing the public-health nurse for service unless she has within herself the qualities that will make her work acceptable and effective.

Really to bring light and hope into dark places—and the nurse is only called to places that are dark with trouble—she must have training; but she must have also infinite kindness, sympathy, understanding and resourcefulness. And she needs a wealth of cheeriness and common sense and patience. We are told that "Heaven's last, best gift to woman is tact," but I believe that that last, best gift is a sense of humor. Certainly the visiting nurse has need of it, to help her keep her poise, along with courage and all the other womanly virtues.

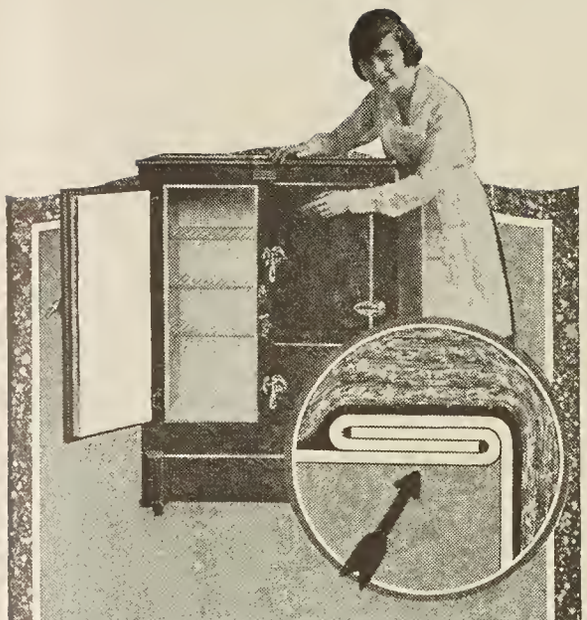
ARE you wondering what she gets out of it, this trained versatile follower of Miss Nightingale, who must be and give so much?

She lavishes the best that she has upon those who need her. In return she has a salary, of course, but there is in addition a certain priceless something that has no relation to the coin of the realm.

The maternal instinct that is strong in every normal woman finds exquisite gratification in this vicarious service to the suffering children of other women. For no matter what may be the age, color, creed or social status of those who suffer, there is something appealingly infant-like in their dependence and need.

THE appeal of their helplessness goes straight to that which is maternal in the heart of the nurse. And to her is given the joyous privilege of relieving human suffering with her own hands, and in them bringing comfort.

If you would like to have more information about Public-Health Nursing, either from the standpoint of the individual nurse or of the community which she serves, write to Carolyn Conant Van Blarcom, THE DELINEATOR *Service Department, Butterick Building, New York.*



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OUR CHILLY FRIEND

BY MARIA LINCOLN PALMER

THERE once was an old woman who said, "Clean my ice-box? Heavens, no! We keep it clean all the time."

And in these days when groccry bills arc the size they are, it is easy to see the old woman's point of view and likewise her refrigerator, which never contained enough food to soil it.

But in spite of the store-to-mouth existence which most of us lead, we must always have on hand certain staple and perishable articles of food which justify our maintaining a refrigerator and put us under the obligation of seeing that the refrigerator is kept clean and sanitary at all times.

Lucky, indeed, are those of us who have a voice in the selecting of our refrigerators, for we can then not only save food and ice, but can save ourselves energy lost in cleaning a poorly built, dirt-collecting refrigerator.

In selecting a new refrigerator there are certain points to keep in mind.

First: do not let price influence you too much. Rather forego some other article of furniture and get a good refrigerator. It will pay for itself in food, ice and time saved.

Second: white linings are desirable because they show the soil readily.

Third: choose a plain exterior with few moldings.

Fourth: when possible, buy white enamel dishes to keep food in. If bowls and oval dishes are used they may also serve as covers as well as holders.

Those of us who have inherited or otherwise come by refrigerators not of our own choosing, will have to bear with part of the additional labor involved in keeping them clean. but we can use care in putting the food away in the proper way and lighten our task in that way.

Never use cracked or chipped dishcs as containers, because bacteria find cracked dishes an excellent place in which to breed.

Cut-glass and china should also be dispensed with in refrigerators.

IN CLEANING a refrigerator, the same fundamental rules apply to all types. They are rules we all know, but it will not hurt any of us to line them all up and look them squarely in the facc. It may even have the effect of making refrigerator cleaning look like not such a drudgery after all.

DAILY CARE

1. Wipe out the ice-chamber every time a new piece of ice is put in. Always keep the ice-chest well filled.
2. Cover all food well—never with paper—and wash milk-bottles before putting in the refrigerator.
3. Never put hot or even warm food in the refrigerator.
4. Be sure that eggs have no barn soil on them.
5. Examine the contents of the refrigerator daily, and clean up any spilled food at once.
6. Wash off the shelves and floor daily with a soda solution.

All this will take but a few minutes a day, and sandwiched in with other little kitchen duties it is hardly noticeable, while it saves a great deal of food and ice, and also time and energy when the weekly cleaning-day for the refrigerator comes around.

WEEKLY CARE

ONCE each week the refrigerator should be cleaned thoroughly. Remove all the food and wash the shelves, racks, floor and walls with hot soapy water. Scald them well and dry thoroughly. Whenever it is possiblc, give the shelves and racks a sunning before replacing them.

The drain-pipe of a refrigcrator is often neglected in many homes because it is not so evident as the rest. But instead of being neglected it should be given a great deal of attention, because it is a place where bacteria find favorable breeding conditions. Although bacteria can not breed in the ice because of the low temperature, the water in the drain-pipe is fairly warm, and the place is dark—idcal conditions for our microscopic friends.

Use a long-handled brush to wash the drain-pipe thoroughly and then scald it out carefully. Be sure that the drain-pipe is never neglected.

In no other piece of kitchen equipment docs careful attention count so much. We can not be too careful of the food we are to eat, both because of health and the price of food. The refrigerator is part of the housekeeper's barrier raised against poor health and high grocery bills. Give it a thought every day.

A NEW-OLD REFRIGERATOR

A CAN of flat white paint, a can of white enamel, a brush, and a few hours' labor will do wonders toward transforming your old-fashioned, zinc-lined ice-box into an up-to-date refrigerator.

Scour the sides and the trays very thoroughly and then paint them with flat white paint. Let this dry and then give them a second coat. When the second coat is dry apply the white enamel.

Warm soap-suds will cleanse white enamel easily and quickly and leave it shining and spotless. Stains are easily removed. Zinc on the other hand, must be scoured and even then it is likely to present a spotted appearance.

Because the zinc-lined refrigerator never appears entirely clean without hard scouring, the housewife is tempted to excuse the absence of a daily cleaning with the thought that the walls and trays are stained, not really dirty. There is a distinct incentive in the spotless aspect of the white-enameled interior.

The exterior of the ice-box is of minor importance in comparison with the interior. But while you are painting the inside of your old refrigerator, it is a good plan to paint the outside also. An ugly brown ice-box can in this way be transformed into an attractive piece of kitchen or pantry furniture.

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THINK of the stored-up richness in purple Concord grapes. Sun and rain and dew and elements of Mother Earth, combined by the miracle of Nature into a joyous, wholesome refreshing drink.

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Welch's Grapelade, a velvety smooth spread made from whole ripe grapes, without seeds, skins, or acid crystals. Only pure sugar added. At your grocers in 15 ounce glass jars and 5 ounce tumblers.

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Mayonnaise Dressing

½ teaspoon mustard
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon powdered sugar
Few grains cayenne
1 egg yolk
2 tablespoons Sunkist lemon juice
¾ cup olive or other vegetable oil

Sift together mustard, salt, sugar and cayenne; add egg yolk and onc-half teaspoon Sunkist lemon juicc. While stirring constantly add, drop by drop, three teaspoons of oil; then add oil, in a fine, steady stream, continuing the beating, and thinning occasionally with lemon juicc, until all the oil and lemon juice is used.

Salad Dressing Recipes

With Lemon Juice instead of Vinegar

Here is a recipe for salad dressing made with lemon juice instead of vinegar.

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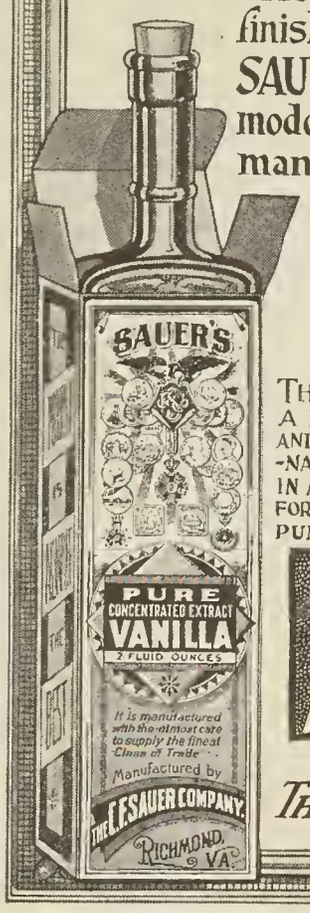
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Concluded from page 54

SIMPLE GOOD TIMES

Of course it is. I do not venture to defend Village parties. I only know from experience that they are lots of fun.

Refreshments at these affairs cause the hostess little worry or time. Popcorn and candy is a favorite menu, the corn being popped and the candy made as a part of the evening's entertainment. Cocoa, tea, or coffee and sandwiches, sometimes a simple salad, followed by a layer cake or ice, are other forms of refreshments.

THE party seldom disperses until the member who can read aloud particularly well has read to the others a poem or two or a story, and the bard who sings to the accompaniment of his ukulele has persuaded the crowd to sing as they toast marshmallows round the open fire.

Such is the picture, as nearly as I can describe it, of a small Village party. But what of the larger sphere of Village entertaining, that which encircles hundreds of strangers every day and is done on a commercial basis?

I refer to the Village tea-rooms.

One finds these eating-places tucked away in the most unexpected places—in cellars, in former saloons, in attics, and one well-known one whose only approach is up a ladder and over a roof.

THE people who run them come from all walks of life. One is an ex-congressman. Another a gipsy. One the mother of three children who hit on this way to earn them a home.

Another one used to be a Latin teacher, but got tired of teaching *rosa, rosæ, rosam, rosa* to a group of giggling girls. Still another is a mother whose two daughters are in business in New York and in order to be with them she closed her farm in Maine and turned her hand to running a tea-shop in Greenwich Village.

The service in these eating-places is slow. In many places there is a complete absence of table-linen—just clean board tables, the places marked by paper napkins and benches running beside the tables in lieu of chairs.

Yet these places are crowded day after day, night after night.

It is their novelty, you explain.

BUT the novelty of sitting on a hard, board bench and eating without a table-cloth soon grows old.

The food may be exceptionally good, you venture.

Yes, the food is without exception good. But so is the food served in many of the Broadway restaurants or those in other parts of the city.

Perhaps it is cheaper to eat in the Village, you risk your last hazard.

A meal *is* generally cheaper in the Village, but then, it is very simple. Luncheons are seldom more than two courses, and the average seventy-five-cent dinner that is served consists of soup, meat, potatoes and one other vegetable, salad, and a home-made dessert.

I THINK, however, it is something besides novelty and the chance of getting good food at reasonable prices that draws people in ever-increasing crowds to the Village eating-places.

Let us go together into some of them so that you may judge for yourself.

We are caught by the glow of an open fire through a window. We venture in and find a cheery room, hung with fir boughs and across one end of it a big red-brick fireplace. The hostess bids us good evening and leads us to one of the tables close to the fire, which she herself keeps piled with driftwood and boughs. We eat a leisurely meal, lingering over our coffee to watch the quivering shadows of the fire rise and fall on the opposite wall. All is quiet and peaceful. The din and rush of the great city is forgotten behind the close-curtained little windows.

ANOTHER night we go down a short flight of steps, through a narrow passage lighted only by a lantern, and so find ourselves at last in a long low-ceilinged room with black painted tables lighted with yellow candles and with yellow walls decorated with painted silhouettes. Two girls and their mother run this place. One of the girls is an author, the other works in an office. If we go here for dinner, however, we find them both waiting on the tables, stopping every now and then to chat with the guests and always quick to see that those who are lonely have the opportunity, if they wish, of being acquainted with others.

AGAIN, let us go down one of the narrow, crooked streets of the Village just after dusk comes.

We are attracted by a lantern swinging over a shadowy door. Even in the shadows, however, we read the welcoming "Come in!" written on the door.

Inside, there are little oblong tables with high-backed benches running beside them. If we have been here before, we may be sure that the charming, besmocked young person who conducts this little shop will call us by name.

After we have been here several times we need no longer explain to our hostess that we never eat white bread and that we like a glass of milk flavored with a little vanilla to drink with our meals. She will remember our whims and see that they are gratified with no effort from us. Can anything be more flattering or delightful?

COME with me now into one other little tea-shop, which, contrary to most of the others in the Village, serves only afternoon tea. On its tête-à-tête tables with their low bowls of flowers we are sure to find also a book of poems or a game of checkers or dominoes. Here we will spend a quiet half-hour with a cup of tea and some dainty sandwiches to relieve moments of tension in our game of checkers when I have jumped two of your players with my king and you reciprocate by jumping three of mine.

What is the charm of these eating-places? Why do so many prefer them to the Broadway restaurants with their orchestras and cabarets?

Why has their fame swept clear across the nation, yes, even to far corners of the world?

YOU have already guessed the answer. It is their unfailing and genuine hospitality. To be sure, as my friend warned me when I ventured to ask if all Villagers like Suzanne left the doors unlocked to guests on rainy days, Village hospitality is never expressed twice in the same manner.

But this is as it should be. The thing that is surprising is that Greenwich Village should be allowed to have a copyright on anything so cheap, so easy, so attainable by all as just the art of good fellowship and of giving to friends and strangers a joyous hospitality that passes over the surface and reaches deep down to the heart.

Concluded from page 52

AN OLD-SCHOOL WEEK

one who had been cast for a poet was a practical man of affairs, and so on down the list.

Faculty impersonations in which the teachers of a departed year were recalled to life and impersonated in appearance, action and talk were enthusiastically received. No names were given and after an actor had finished his stunt, the audience was allowed to guess who was being impersonated.

One of the most popular of the dramatic offerings was that entitled "The Story of Our School," which proved to be a series of tableaux illustrating the evolution of a New England school from early days to 1920. A scene from Bigville's first schoolhouse on Main Street was acted, portraying the early history of the town and reproducing local color as faithfully as possible. A typical meeting of the debating society of a bygone day, a sewing-class, and a spelling-bee were given. This sketch was followed by a tableau staged by the graduating class, bringing the school history up to date.

NO SCHOOL reunion would be complete without an edition of the school paper. An editor was appointed by the entertainment committee who in turn chose a staff of able assistants.

Reporters went among the guests in true journalistic style, demanding interviews. In addition, contributions were solicited by notices posted on the bulletin-board. When the special copy of the school sheet made its appearance it was as thrilling as the "extra" of a New York daily.

MOVIE-THEATER parties vied with picnics in making the days pass very quickly and happily.

Class luncheons, parties, afternoon teas and evening dancing on Main Street under the light of the stars and Japanese lanterns put magic into the hours. And everywhere old friends met again for the first time perhaps in many years and renewed school days and friendships.

The week's gaieties reached a climax on the evening of the last day, when a banquet was given for the guests. This affair was held in the gymnasium which was decorated with the school colors. A border of pennants ran around the walls in a vivid medley of color, there being one for each class. The guests were seated at a number of small tables scattered around the room. The alumni of a certain year were placed at the same table.

EACH table had for a centerpiece a blue jar filled with gorgeous yellow jonquils. Over the center of the table a large yellow crêpe umbrella, with streamers of yellow and blue falling from it, was suspended. Name-cards were in the form of saucy little school boys and girls, and the menu was written on diminutive primers, which were propped up before each plate. The list of toasts for the evening with the names of the speakers was also given. The toastmaster sat at the center table and presided over the ceremonies with appropriate jollity and wit.

The refreshments carried out the color scheme in a thoroughly charming and appetizing manner.

First, yellow fruit was served in tall glasses, the stems of which were tied with butterfly bows of yellow gauze ribbon. Amber soup came next and was followed by chicken à la Maryland, with hominy, carrots and asparagus mousseline. The salad was made of fresh vegetables, served with mayonnaise dressing.

Frozen custard took the form of flowers, flecked with yellow and decorated with yellow-rose petals. Sunshine cakes accompanied the dessert followed by cheese, crackers and coffee.

When the last course had been served, the last toast drunk, and the last class yell given, the guests gave three lusty cheers for "Bigville's old-school week."

Directions for carrying out the athletic events and mock contests mentioned in this article will be sent upon request. Address Edna Erle Wilson, DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City. Enclose addressed, stamped envelope.

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The material is the same fine quality used in our high grade athletic union suits for men. Sizes two to twelve years.

But the feature which will most impress you about all Sexton garments, whether men's union suits and pajamas or our splendid children's union suit—is the workmanship—the skilful sewing—the evidence of deft, highly trained seamstresses.

Sexton Underwear is made in big, clean, sunny, airy factories in a Southern Illinois county seat—a community of home folk who trace back their American ancestry for generations and who preserve true American standards of living and working.

The men of your family will appreciate our Sexton Athletic Unionsuit—a generous garment—skimped nowhere—full in seat but no bunching—a scientifically designed and splendidly made union suit which gives real satisfaction. We make it in a variety of fabrics.

Sexton Underwear is not only better but actually costs less than you usually pay. That is because it costs less to live in Fairfield than in big cities.

If you have any trouble in finding Sexton Underwear for children, ask your dealer to send for them. We can supply him at once. Or we will tell you of a store that sells them.

Sexton Manufacturing Co.
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Sexton
UNDERWEAR
AND NIGHTWEAR



Continued from page 11

FACTS VERSUS EDUCATION

replied quietly with every appearance of saying the expected thing, that she had no idea how to spell it. Astonishment and consternation on the part of her parents.

"Why, Molly, you must have learned how to spell cat at school—a great big girl in the second grade!" To which Molly, "Oh I know how to spell it at school, all right, 'c-a-t,' but I didn't know it was spelled that way anywhere else."

THIS is dramatic and picturesque, but it is only analogous to the state of mind of many a child about his geography, for instance, or his grammar. He learns the names of the capes along the west coast of Africa. Well, and what *of* it? He certainly gets no help in the average home to know "what of it?" Most of us limit our connection with the child's school work to looking at his report-card, perhaps the very most unimportant part of the great enterprise of teaching him to use his brain. We look at that once a month, praise the child if the arithmetical symbols marked on it show that he is doing what is expected of children in his grade, and scold him if they do not. Then we sign it, and there is an end of that matter!

Even "mothers' meetings" and other attempts of teachers to get in touch with parents are nearly always concerned with the teachers' interest in "how" lessons may be better learned. But of the parents' interest, the awakening of the child's mind as to "why" those lessons should be learned at all, there is seldom any mention.

At this point I feel boiling up with a great surge of emotion. The thousand reasons why it is so essential, now since the war, more than ever, that our children shall be educated and not merely informed; why, now a thousand times more than ever, the *meaning* of facts is important.

I COULD easily (and it would ease an anxious heart to do it) spend all the rest of this article, presenting to you heatedly how lack of real education accounts for many dreadful phases of the war, and particularly for many phases of the lamentable period of fumbling that has come after the war; I could try to bring out how the mass of our modern fact information has far outstripped our capacity to make any sense of it, and quote innumerable instances of comments on international and domestic affairs made by well-informed Americans which show that, no more than Molly with the spelling of "cat," do they realize the significance of the facts they possess.

I could throw all my heart into proving that disciplined and right-minded intelligence, the *habit of using the intelligence* on facts which everybody knows, would automatically solve a large percentage of our worst problems.

But it seems to me it can not be necessary to take the time to do this. Everybody must know all that I would say, as a matter of ordinary sense and observation, and I am eager to get on to a concrete presentation of how the information acquired at school may be linked up with education at home.

TO LINK HOME WITH SCHOOL "TALK"

THE name of the method is short. It is called "talk," and if you consider this a trivial means to accomplish a great end, remember a flat-nosed old stone-mason called Socrates, and what he accomplished with nothing but talk as a tool. Of course we are none of us Socrates, but we are setting ourselves no such task as his. We are only trying to think of some way to induce in our children the habit of never acquiring a fact without trying to see the sense of it. And when I say "talk," I mean just that—real conversation, give-and-take, "chatter" if you like, not the sort of "talk" the teacher gives when she stands up before a silent class.

We do not wish to teach the child any more new facts, but to help him to assimilate those he has. And the best way to do that is for us in the home to live a little with him in his own world, to share his life at times. I know this does not sound at all like a new idea to you, but one rather wearisomely repeated by moral exhorters. We all desire conscientiously "to share the children's interests" as we have been told we ought, but, apparently, we all tacitly limit a child's interests to the most childish, un-adult, impermanent part of his life, where we are least naturally at home, to his games and parties and sports and athletic contests.

The good father is the one who "keeps up" on hockey, so that he may have a topic of conversation with his boys; and on basket-ball, so that he and his girls may have something to say to each other. This is good as far as it goes, and should not for a moment be abandoned, although we not infrequently fail in this attempt from the very nature of things. We are grown-ups, or we would not be parents, and our interest in the purely childish section of our children's lives is apt to have, if we stretch it too far, an artificial, pumped-up quality which the children infallibly detect.

NOBODY, not the most devoted and sympathetic mother can, in the long run, play dolls with a little girl so well as three or four other little girls who really and truly love dolls and believe in them. Nobody, not even the youngest, gayest "good sport" of a father can in the long run be such fun coasting down-hill with a little boy as a suitable bunch of other little boys. Perhaps the best way for us to see that our children have companionship in their genuinely puerile and childlike interests is to provide other children as companions. They will do the job a great deal better than we.

But in addition to these interests, impermanent as childhood itself, the child, as a young human being, has his own variety of intellectual and spiritual life and growth. Isn't it rather a pity if parents do not share in this? Have they not an infinitely better chance of finding a common ground of interest in their children's immature questions and speculations about the nature of things, than in their children's much more immature enthusiasms for paper dolls and footballs? When we want to get on common ground with the children, why go the whole distance, over to their own allotted terrane of childishness? Why not go half-way, and lead them to come half-way to a genuinely common ground of intellectual and moral activity?

"ALL PRIGGISHNESS"? NO!

AH! NOW I can fancy you shying off with the bashful, perverse Anglo-Saxon aversion to any articulate recognition of intellectual or moral life! I can hear you saying, impatiently, "Nonsense, what 'intellectual activities' have healthy children? All priggishness!"

Well, then, why do you send them to school at all? The shyest Anglo-Saxon, in the worst spasm of racial reluctance to speak aloud of the life of the brain and spirit, can not avert his eyes from the spectacle of his children, all children, going endlessly to school for all the days of their childhood. What are they doing there if not engaging in "intellectual activity"? And why shouldn't we help them to feel at home in such activity? And why in the world should the parent not share in that which is a natural common ground between the two generations so widely separated by most things?

There is no use pretending that a father with business cares, and anxiety about the future of society can really sincerely share in the agonized hopes and fears of his daughter over a basket-ball game. But the curious fact, which makes us think twice about our probable unimaginativeness, the fact that ever so many people in the Middle Ages really were convinced that the world was round, but nobody thought to put the idea into practise till Columbus came along, is genuinely, honestly interesting both to the girl and her father. And those capes of western Africa, will they be so superlatively dull if, after a casual chat with his mother on the street-car, going downtown, the twelve-year-old boy sees them as the extreme limit of first one and then another of the timid, play-it-safe Portuguese explorations, fumbling along for years and years toward the goal at which Columbus launched himself in his magnificently imaginative flight? And this is a conception which is almost as thought-provoking to the mother as to the boy.

THERE is no more civilizing agent in human life than good conversation. How much of it do our children get? Make a list, for a week of just what subjects are touched on in ordinary family talk between parents and children. Your family life is superior to most, if the list does not run something like this:

Before breakfast: exhortations to hurry up, remarks about ears and nails; at breakfast: remarks about not eating too fast, arrangement of hair, weather, rubbers, too-large mouthfuls, being late; after breakfast: hurry up, forgetfulness, disorder. At luncheon: not eating too fast, giving or refusing consent for movies, play, making candy, etc., not taking too-large mouthfuls, reminder of music-lessons, endless accounts by child not listened to by parent of some incident on the playground at school, cleanness of nails, "How *could* you get that grease-spot right there in front!" hurry up, not being late to school. Dinner: "Don't talk so loud. . . so much"; remarks on not eating so fast, finger-nails, outcome of hockey game, neighborhood gossip, not taking such large mouthfuls, requests for spending money, talk of what other people have.

After dinner: "No, you mustn't take that magazine yet, sit right down and do your lessons first," whistling or singing latest popular tune, more neighborhood gossip, reading aloud out of newspaper outline of remarkable murder, or potato-crop or two-headed calf; "Now it's bedtime. Yes, it *is!*"

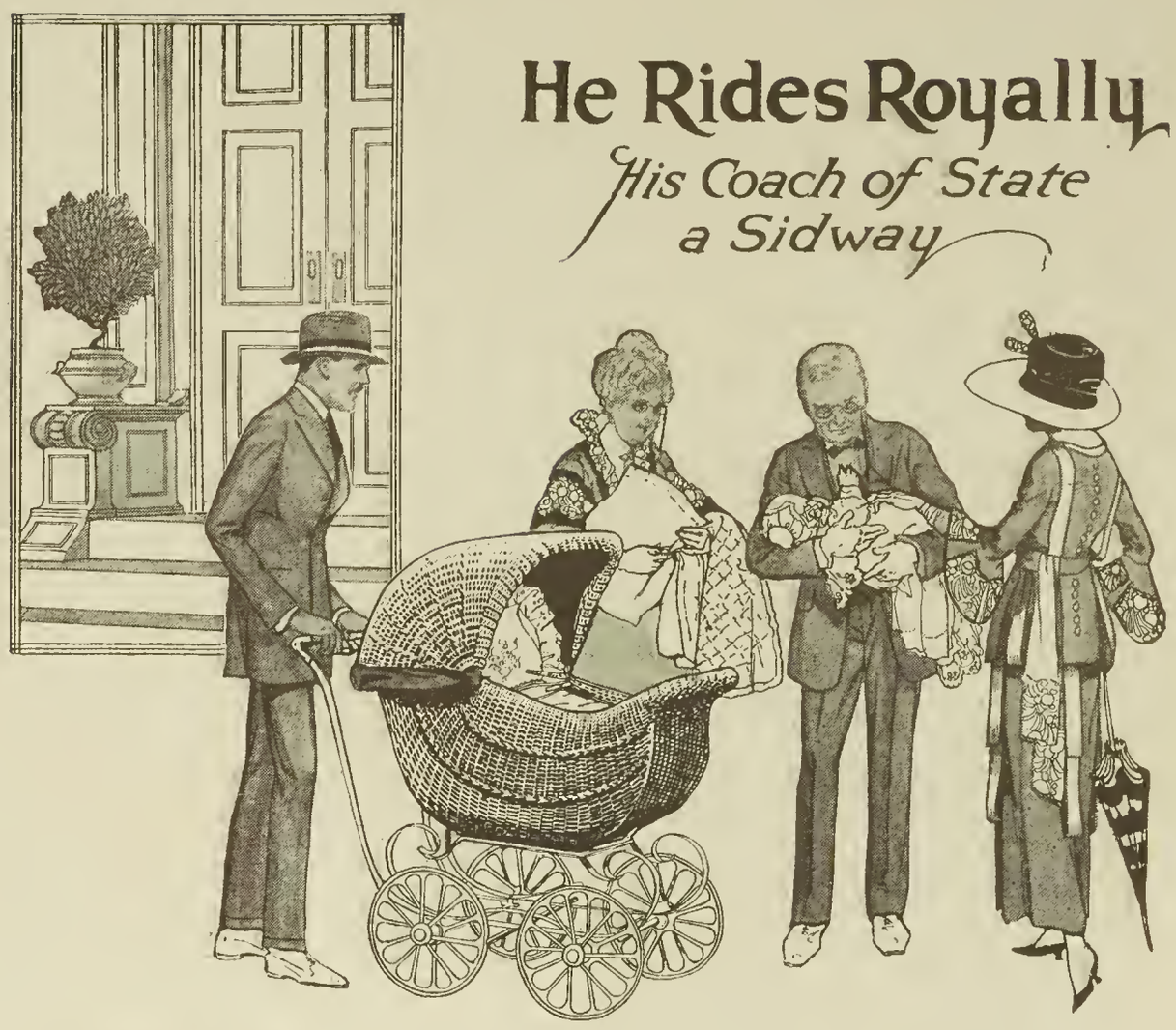
Would family life be necessarily a stilted and highfalutin affair if once in a while there were a little more talk on the impersonal and eternal matters of the mind and spirit? I don't mean that it would be well to have the family talk turn always, or even often on school studies; I am only suggesting that we break through the tradition that they should never, never, from one year's end to another, be talked about in a human, natural way. They *are* human and natural, as inherently so as the who-said-what-to-whom personalities which now make up most of that part of our home chat which is not given over to the fifty-seven varieties of "Don'ts."

I AM not even arguing that there should be no "don'ts" in home talk. I am too closely up against the stern realities of actual, not theoretical family life, to have any such dream. I am only saying that there ought to be something better than "don'ts" and small chatter of personal news, and that the child's advance in intellectual growth is at least as interesting as the state of his teeth.

I don't believe we have, any of us, any idea how the days go sliding by, the few, priceless days of the children's short childhood, with nothing spoken of at home that can in any way enrich or lighten or stimulate the growth of their intellectual power.

Having children, young children of my own, I know how pressingly, fatally necessary are many exhortations to clean nails and against grease-spots on coats; but it occurs to me, when I stop to think of it, that the state of the child's mind is almost as important as the area of skin back of his ears. But we look at that area once a day without fail, scorning mothers who do not, yet we often let years go by without looking to see what the children are putting into their minds. If you don't believe this, ask almost any father, almost any mother of children from seven to fourteen, just what subjects their children are studying in their grade at school and see how many can answer you accurately.

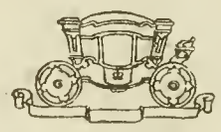
Continued on page 126



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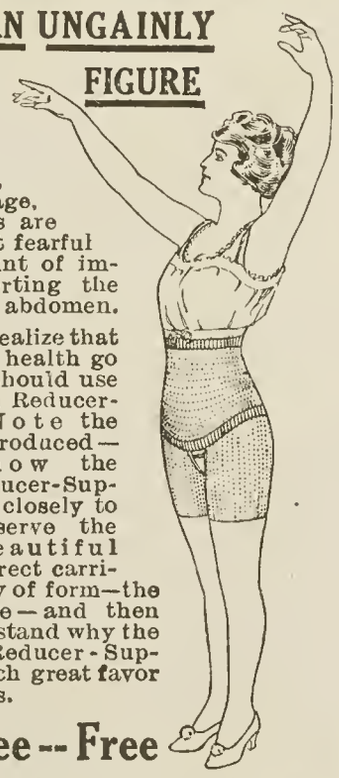
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STORK

Continued from page 125

FACTS VERSUS EDUCATION

I am between laughter and exasperation that it should be necessary thus to argue over the advisability of putting into the home life and home talk, topics of broad general human interest connected with the growth of the human intelligence; but I know perfectly well how strong is the national tradition against this, how we think it "wholesome" and "natural" for a father to talk over the baseball score with his schoolboy son, but that it would be "highbrow" to talk over with him the character of the Amazon valley and why it has never been settled more thickly, or what sort of a man William Penn really was; and this, although we consider those topics valuable enough to occupy the child's school-mind for hours of every day—valuable enough for that, but not for the casual, intelligent reference to them at home which would bring them up from the low level of a memorized fact to being a significant part of the child's mental equipment for life.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR EDUCATIVE TALK

THERE are a thousand ways of going at the matter, and all of them are good if they are managed as a part of ordinary home life. Such sort of talk can be carried on at the same time onion-beds are being weeded, or while waiting for the dentist, or while the table is being set. It need not interfere with these sacrosanct processes of home-life at all. The very fact that it all happens at home catches the child off his mental guard, so to speak, before he can slip behind the screen of bored inattention which hangs as a rule over the act of sitting down at his desk in his classroom.

Now, I wonder if I have been correct in guessing what lies beneath this curious American habit of never discussing the subjects which are at the center of the child's intellectual life! Is it really only and solely that queer, nervous Anglo-Saxon reticence about mentioning anything more vital than the weather? I wonder if the answer can be a simpler one, the answer Dr. Johnson gave when the lady asked him why he put an incorrect definition in his dictionary. The valiant old truth-teller growled out to her, "Ignorance, pure ignorance, madam." Is it possible that we don't help our children to what they will never get without us, a notion of what geography is all about, and why they study history, and what is the use of "English work" *because we don't know ourselves?*

IF THAT is so, it is very encouraging, the obstacle being infinitely easier to overcome than if it were some queer, deeply lying, racial inhibition. And there is no greater fun than in overcoming it. Without a single external aid, any grown person, by putting his grown-up mind on it, can figure out a great deal more about the real meaning of any childish study than the child can see in it unaided. Suppose the most extreme of improbable cases: that you have no books at all. Suppose your little daughter, thirteen years old, is studying about the discoverers of America. As you wash dishes, or darn, or shave yourself, or have your shoes shined, put your mind, your grown-up mind, on the early discoverers of America.

You will probably say in a panic, that you don't remember anything definite about them. Very well, you don't need to. Your little girl's retentive child-memory can beat you on lists of dates and names. But you can open her eyes to the extraordinary spectacle of humanity, spending a hundred years fruitlessly refusing to see or understand the rich and vital significance of what it had blundered on. You need only to know that Columbus discovered America in 1492 and that it was more than a century after this before the first settlement of importance was made, to have a thing or two to say to your little girl.

ALTHOUGH she may be able to tell you all the explorers, their voyages and their dates, I shall be surprised if she has ever stopped to think of the *meaning* of that century of wasted effort, if she has ever taken in the fact that all those men refused to see that the vast extent and fertility of the two Americas were a million times more important than the passage to India for which they were searching. There were great and gifted men in those days, who wrote dramas, poetry, philosophy, ruled countries, built magnificent buildings, painted glorious pictures, did many things which we envy them now, but none of them were open-minded and flexible and imaginative enough to see what the new discovery meant for mankind. Make your little daughter try to realize how long a century is, and how many men must have lived and thought and struggled and died in that time, without ever having once conceived the idea, so obvious to us, that the two newly-found continents would alter and transform the life of mankind. Keep bringing her back to the big, fundamental wonder that men were so slow to understand the sense of what lay before their noses, and you may perhaps plant deeply in her mind, so that it will live and grow, and always modify her judgments, the wholesome speculation as to whether we, now, may not be overlooking something just as obvious, just as wonderful in the realm of industry, agriculture, mechanics or social life.

IF SHE can have, even once, even a glimmering of this conception, if she can just once truly feel the wonder of it, her mental horizon is widened forevermore; her brain has expanded to take in an *idea*, not a fact, and can never entirely contract to the narrow limitations of mere fact again. Now this was an idea inherent in the facts which she had learned in her history class at school, and yet it is practically certain that she would have missed the idea if she had not "happened" to talk it over with her father as they walked down-town together. But if she does not take in the meaning of the facts she learns, it is a waste of time for her to learn them. Why else *should* she study history, if not to learn something about the way men are apt to act and to think?

There is the sort of general meditation which can be accomplished without the slightest recourse to books, merely by considering with adult brains a few of the facts which the child knows. But books do help, and practically everybody in the United States can secure books. Any grown-up person can find out in three evenings of application to the right books, enough about the general significance of any subject studied by his child at school to enable him to bring out the sense and significance of any set of facts the child is likely to learn—but having begun, he will not stop at three evenings! It is vastly more absorbing than he expects.

A grown-up, well-written modern book on what geography really is, for instance (such as you can buy for fifty cents from the Home University Edition), or even the article on geography in any good encyclopedia, is a revelation for the average reader, who, unless he is driven to it by such a crisis as this of being a parent, is apt to shy off from the look of the covers, and take up an illustrated weekly instead. He will find as he reads, that if he recalls any facts at all of those he painfully and unintelligently committed to memory in his far-away school-days, he is amazed and enchanted to see them fitting into an intelligible general scheme of things, of which he never dreamed when he learned them, and of which his little boy also does not dream.

Now, probably, to begin with, so fixed is that curious tradition which we all recognize, it will need tact and good sense even to venture to mention a "school study" at home. Your child is used to your asking him "How about those shoes that were to be half-soled?" or "Did you go to the dentist to-day?" but ten to one, he rolls amazed and apprehensive eyes at you if you ask, "Well, what are you studying in geography these days?"

TRY A GUESSING-GAME

PERHAPS one of the easiest, smoothest expedients for beginning to mention school studies, is a variation of the old guessing-game familiar to every one. It could run something like this: "I am somebody," announces a member of the family, and the rest are to find out who he is by asking questions which can be answered with yes or no. "Are you an American?" "Are you a historical person?" "Did you live before the Revolution?" and so on, till the hidden personality is tracked down. This is a game which can be carried on with any sort of other occupation except practising a music-lesson.

Or it can be played for geography. "I am a river," or "I am a mountain." I never saw a normal child, no matter how much he hated geography, who did not respond to this detective game of tracking down an unknown quantity.

One of the first things you will run into is the child's suspicion that your purpose is to teach him more facts. To make him realize that you wish only to have him think a little about the facts he already knows, is a difficult undertaking, because it will be his first experience of being asked to think about his facts. All that the school asks him to do is to pile up his facts and keep his mental eye on them till after examination-day. This sounds exaggerated and paradoxical, but I think if you delve a little into his mind you will find this the plainest statement of truth. You will find that he has, in most cases, not the faintest conception of an idea that he is being sent to school to learn anything, just to learn it, for the sake *of possessing it as a tool in the effort to understand and master life.*

NOT at all! His sincere feeling is that his relation to modern knowledge consists in acquiring in any given year enough information on those branches taught in one grade at school to pass the examination into another grade. Naturally enough, therefore, his first tendency is to associate any home talk about human knowledge with the well-known process of fact-collecting and hoarding. Nothing that intelligent home talk can do for him is more valuable than to break up this absurd, vicious and well-nigh universal childish attitude toward what he learns.

You will find this, moreover, not at all a hardship for the rest of the family. It is possible that the child's horizon is not the only one that will be lifted by putting the family mind occasionally on something else than the price of coal, the style in skirts, the shortage of cooks, the latest movie-star, and what has been done by personal acquaintances. There is not a study which children under fourteen take up, which is not essentially more interesting to any normally intelligent person than the usual trivial subjects which do get themselves discussed at our tables day by day.

WHAT *is* arithmetic, after all? And what can be told and taught the child about it except his multiplication-table? Why, viewed imaginatively, the child with his arithmetic book is one of the most dramatic figures in the great human procession. Behind him there stretch centuries and ages of continuous human effort, from the days when the Babylonian shepherds counted their sheep "One, two, three, many," because they had no words for more than three, down to the latest mathematician who, using experimental psychology, has seen an easier way to teach children to do subtraction rapidly. That moderate-sized little arithmetic book under the child's arm, what would not Aristotle have paid to own it!

Your child says to you one day, "Tomorrow we are going to begin on multiplication," and two weeks later he shows you sums in multiplication successfully and easily finished. But it required centuries of groping, ardent human thought to take that one step which he passes in a fortnight! There is hardly another department of human knowledge in which the child is more picturesquely,

Concluded on page 127



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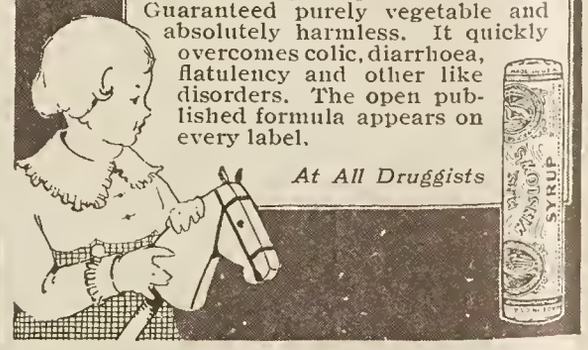
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Concluded from page 126

FACTS VERSUS EDUCATION

more literally the heir of all past ages than in his arithmetic, profiting by the accumulation of untold generations of thinking men.

He himself has not any conception of this, accepting his arithmetic as he does his bread, as the most natural and inevitable thing in the world, and his teacher is too busy preparing him for an examination to tell him about it. Ten to one, the child has never had a single general abstract idea about the science of numbers in all his life, not even the obvious one, which is sure to strike his imagination once he is made to think of it, of the universality of the Arabic numbers.

ASK him if it doesn't seem queer that although there are so many, many languages in Europe and America, there is only one way to write numbers, so that a Finn and a Sicilian can do business in a universal language, although they may never have heard of each other's national tongue. Tell him, too, that this universality of our way of writing numbers is comparatively recent, and that in old Europe, at the great annual fairs, they had an international sign language with their fingers and thumbs which all traders had to learn, and see if he does not look at the neat, handy numbers in his arithmetic book with new respect. Ask your little girl to try to do a simple sum in division, using Roman numerals, and see if her brain does not open to a new conception of the ease of the modern processes.

And besides this historical interest, so vivid, so colorful, arithmetic stands alone in the child's life as his first intimate encounter with eternal, immutable law. It is his first, often his only contact with the inevitability of effect following cause, of the mysterious and hidden relationship of disparate things in this varied universe. A child is, of course, incapable of taking in much of this; the wisest mathematician is a child before the endless labyrinths of the science. But the child's imagination can be lifted and shaken by a breath from the great wind. Let him once, only once before he leaves school, get a glimpse of the wonder of the fact that two and two always, always, *always* make four, everywhere, forever, now and evermore, no matter under what conditions, that no power on earth can in the slightest degree modify this result, and he has conceived a general abstract idea of logical sequence which will modify his judgment for all his lifetime.

"BRING ON YOUR BEARS"

DO I hear a chorus of sceptical questionings: "How about spelling, the dryest grind of all the dry fodder fed out in the schoolroom? How on earth can spelling ever be spoken of 'in a simple natural human way at home'? There is nothing human *about* it!"

I find myself gurgling like an overfull bottle, incapacitated for rapid utterance by too much to say. Nothing human about a spelling-lesson! Where is anything more deeply, mysteriously human, more entirely a creation of human needs than a word, the very breath out of our mouths and yet outliving us by eons? Consider a word, any single human word, its immense age, its prolonged, intimate association with human life, how it has been worn down and smoothed as it has been rolled over and over in the rushing torrent of human speech: its travels from one continent to another, from one language to another, from one epoch to another; and the fresh vitality with which, vastly more enduring than its creators, it faces new centuries, new continents, new languages.

If you never happen to have had your attention called to this, there are innumerable books on the subject, longing to enlighten you. You need only to choose something with "etymological" in the title. Take one you are almost sure to have already in the house, a practical etymological dictionary, and sit down with the child who "hates his spelling."

LOOK up the etymology of the ten or twenty words he has in his spelling-lesson, see how many different languages are represented, and from what remote pasts these words have traveled down to rest on the page in his spelling-book. Make him estimate, roughly, how much older than the United States is such a raw modern word as "cotton," how much older than France is "institute," how much older than European civilization is "brother," and how the first word he ever pronounced, "mama," goes back into the dimmest recesses of time—one of the first words pronounced by his race.

If you do not know all this, ten minutes inspection of the dictionary will tell you; and you may find it more entertaining for once in a way, instead of reading the comic cuts in the evening newspaper, to investigate with your little boy how "calculate" got its meaning; how "riding-coat" went visiting in France for fifty years or so, and came back to England as "redingote," so transformed by its foreign experience that its own family did not recognize it; how oddly "knave" has come down in the world from its original harmless meaning, while "knight" has gone up like a parvenu; from what ends of the earth "helmet" and "indigo" came traveling to live together forever in our language.

EVEN if it were not really much more interesting than most of the things we talk about or read, it would be worth doing to help the little boy to stop seeing words as merely another senseless task in a senseless school routine, to change spelling from being a memorized exercise really stupefying to the finer intelligence, into a humanizing element in the child's life, another way to make him at home in the splendid, complex, fascinating inheritance which his forebears labored to create for him, to make him move easily and graciously in the midst of his riches and manipulate with mastery the finely adjusted tools of language.

So much for the two traditionally most tedious subjects in the school curriculum. Bring on the others! Geography? What is geography?

Did you ever see a family of lively children exploring the new house where they had been taken to live? Do you remember their scurrying from one corner to another, the squeals of delight over the quaint little close under the stairs, the slightly scared relish of the cold attic's dusky corners, the exclamations over the coziness of the kitchen, and the way the sun comes pouring into the living-room? Do you perhaps even remember some personal experience of this sort, when you were a child, and can you feel again a thrill of the quivering interest of this exploration of the place that was to be your home?

What is geography if not just this and nothing else?

IT SHOULD be an exploration of the place that is to be home, and if the children do not feel it more or less so, a splendid opportunity is absurdly and lamentably wasted. The children should and could tiptoe up to the frozen expanses of the arctic regions with something of the same awe and fascination they feel for the attic corners; they should and could feel the quaintness of Holland as they do that of an oddly shaped and pleasant room, and expand in the vast fertility of our plains country as they do in the sunshine streaming into a living-room.

The children do not know that geography is anything but a tedious desert of names and dimensions; the teacher has no time to think of it as anything but examination material, so much of which must be carved off the central chunk and fed out to the class before a certain date. It is only home talk that is free enough of these chilling preoccupations to pick the child up blithely and roam with him all over the miraculous and astounding world he inhabits.

And as to history! Oh no, I will not even begin on history. No alert-minded human being can be anything but interested in what has happened to our race: in the adventures, the ups and downs, the wonderful, arresting events which mark the progress of the human family staggering along toward its unknown goal. If we listen with interest about what happened in the course of an automobile ride taken by our neighbor, how is it possible not to follow what happened during the revolution in England, when, a hundred and fifty years in advance of any other nation, a part of the English people made a bold attempt to live without a king: struggled, succeeded, failed; and came pouring over to the new America to go on with their ideas?

Or if we are amused and tickled by some picturesque, colorful local character, and his sayings, how escape an infinitely quicker and keener relish in the sayings and doing of our shrewd old "Poor Richard," plain and homespun, penetrating through all the artificialities of the Parisian eighteenth century?

How can we not sit up quickly, with a brightening eye of pleasure when we see our children making the acquaintance of their forebears and their goings-on, coming for the first time as they do, on such eternal treasures of the human tradition as Washington's steadiness, Daniel Boone's boldness, or Lincoln's strong-hearted patience?

BUT I said I would not begin on history and I will not. A child with a history book—the latest comer on the globe looking backward at what his predecessors have done with life, a new human being finding out the weaknesses, the strength, the achievements, the failures, the hopes of his fathers—it is a spectacle to make you catch your breath! To look at it dully, not to feel the significance of it—well, no words can make a lump of putty feel the thrill of an electric current.

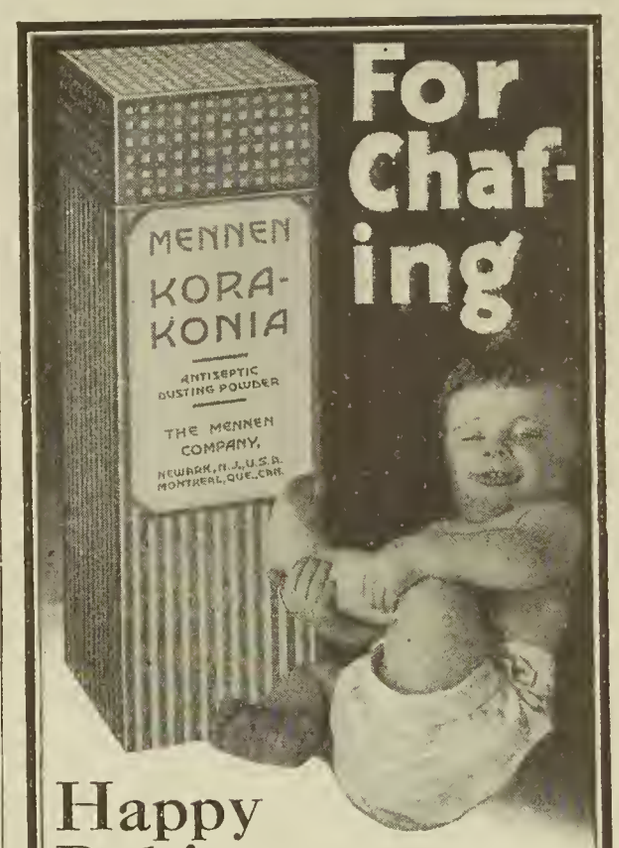
CLAIRVOYANCE

THE whole long day my heart has said
That some one I loved well was dead;
All day beside my passing feet
Some grief has darkened house and street;
Grief follows by me up and down
Like a child pulling at my gown;
And yet my own still breathe and smile,
Safe, close, thank God! a little while!

I think perhaps to-day, to-night,
Some woman with a heart yet light
(So close we are, so helpless all,
When God would garner or recall),
Unknowing, lost the only thing
That gave her heart its leave to sing;
And, no more heeding stars or skies
Or love or tears, her dearest lies.

If this be so, God, let her keep
Unguessing still, blithe day, calm sleep,
Until the swiftly hurrying sun
When she must learn her joy is done;
And if it be her sorrow's shade
That makes my heart so heavy-weighed,
Oh, let the peace that is my right
Console her in her grief that night!

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Concluded from page 14

A GREAT LI'L OLD TOWN

fear, but simply because the nice boy was enjoying it so.

At the "nigger-baby" booths Gallegher outdid himself. His throwing was disastrously accurate, and the poor darkies who had to dodge his deadly arm owed their corporeal integrity only to the softness of the balls. "Played ball at college, didn't you?" commented Fanny graciously.

"Earned me letter, b'gosh!" responded Gallegher with glibness and the fervor of true pride.

AND they rode in a gondola through dark, mysterious canals. It was all papier-mâché—cheap tinsel—to Fanny. But Gallegher said eagerly, when they came out: "Let's go 'round again!" Such eagerness, added to the fact that he had not even attempted to hold her hand in the dark, proved to Fanny that he had found glamour in the ride. It added at least ten years to her stature. "I feel like a big sister and a godmother all in one!" she told hersolf with the intellectual sobriety due to all great discoveries.

They dined at Brighton Beach on a balcony that hung out over the surf. It was twilight, and the orchestra was not offensive, and they were tired and hungry. After dessert had been served and they were cozily watching a great white moon swimming steadily up in a sky that was breathlessly beautiful, Gallegher leaned forward.

"I—I want to thank you for—for to-day," he said. "It was wonderful!"

The lights of the restaurant came to their table in a dim glow and blended with the moonlight to give an elf-like appearance to Fanny's head, to give a softness and mystery to her hair and eyes. She really did not look very old, or very sophisticated, or in any way like one of these brisk, self-reliant, high-collared working-girls of the better kind which, according to a census of our best popular stories, form half of New York's population. This does not mean that she did not *feel* that way. One afternoon with a nice boy from the Middle West could not submerge the worldliness which a bright young girl like Fanny gets from six months in New York. If she had been in New York six years instead of six months, this story would have been a story of naive romance and frank sentiment, which is old stuff, as everybody knows, instead of the snappy, up-to-the-minute tale it is.

THERE was mystery in Fanny's eyes and softness in her hair. Gallegher leaned forward again. "You're not the kind of girl men usually—usually—flirt with," he began.

Fanny smiled, and straightened up.

"No," she said, with admirable frankness, "I'm not. But then," graciously, "neither are you the kind of a boy that would flirt with most women!"

Gallegher smiled. His face was in shadow, so Fanny could not see his smile very well. "I guess I *am*—safe!" he sighed.

Fanny almost patted his hand. "We'd better be going," she said, still the undisputed mistress of the day.

They took the moonlight excursion boat home. They sat in the stern, where it was dark. Dozens of couples around them were spooning. Music floated up to them from the gay interior of the boat. The waves leaped in light, complicated rhythm against its sides, as if—as if speeding it lovingly on its journey, Fanny thought dreamily. And then Gallegher placed his arm gently about her, drew her head toward his, raised her chin and kissed her.

Older than music, than painting, than sculpture, than poetry and dancing, older than all the arts, is the art of the kiss. And from pole to pole, from Orient to Occident, from Adam's first-born to the latest baby named after Pershing, there are and have been no two humans who kiss alike. But those who kiss (and this includes all humanity), just as those who essay the arts, may be divided effectively into two classes: the talented and the untalented, the gifted and the ungifted. And Fanny discovered in that moment that Gallegher, the nice boy from the Middle West, had the spark. She discovered that he knew how to kiss!

SHE discovered much more. She discovered that she was a very, very little girl, and that she was scared, and that her heart was beating rapidly, and that she didn't know *what* to do! She discovered that she wanted to cry, and then she discovered that she wanted to laugh, and then she discovered that she wanted to be kissed again, and then she discovered that Gallegher was talking.

". . . Sweetest child—just the sweetest . . . and your eyes . . . beautiful—just *beautiful* . . . just a baby—a dear little, wonderful baby, that thinks it's all grown up and—and tired of life! . . ."

Ye gods! what sentimental nonsense was this, said something dimly far back in Fanny's consciousness; but she turned her back on that dim something, for fear that she might miss some of the sentimental nonsense.

". . . Mad about you—want you to order me around all my life. . . ."

Was he proposing? Fanny straightened up. As she patted her hair into a semblance of order she kept her eyes from his. And then, suddenly, she found that she *couldn't* look at him. So he had to turn her head gently until their eyes met.

AS WAS mentioned a while ago, there was a moon—a white moon that had been swimming up, up, up. Well, that moon had reached the top of its curve and was on the point of going around, when, glancing down, it saw Fanny and Gallegher, and stopped and beamed on them with all its might! In the radiance of that accommodating moon Fanny saw a new Gallegher. His eyes were not the simple, grave eyes of a nice boy, but the simple, grave eyes of a nice man. They were steady, and keen, and—kind. His lips were not boyish lips, they were the unsullied lips of a strong man. Why, thought Fanny, he was wonderful! And she began to tremble.

Gallegher took her hand.

"Listen, child," he said. "When I saw you to-day, I was on the point of leaving New York. I had no idea where I wanted to go. I was sick of the city; that was all I knew or cared to know. Everything in it seemed shallow, false, gaudy. I have lived in New York all my life, and I am thirty, so you can see how strong that feeling was when it did come. I have always had enough money to do, most anything I wanted to do, so I have seen most of the outside of New York, most of its surface. And once, when I was nineteen, my father cut off my allowance, and I had to work for five years, so I have seen some of the inside, too. Dad and I are together now in business, and until the war I had loved New York. But ever since I've been back I've been restless. Nothing seemed real to me. It got pretty bad. I tried California for a month this Summer, but it didn't help much. I came back. This day, with you, has changed it all. You are so young, so fresh, so eager! You have shown me New York all over again, through the eyes of a healthy, naive, wholesome, sincere human being! You see it all in its true light, your very pretenses prove it, and it has suddenly become as real to me as it is to you— What is it, child?" Fanny's brown eyes had widened until they stared like a baby's, and now she had suddenly gasped.

"WHAT is it?" Gallegher repeated.

"Nothing," she said, almost hysterical. "Nothing at all!"

Her hands clutched his, and the lids drooped over her eyes. He was young enough to be puzzled at this, but he was old enough to know enough to draw her head to his and hold her close. Thus they sat in silence. The boat plunged on through a silver sea, and the brilliant yellow sky-line of New York blazed closer and closer, its noises coming with an increasing, soothing mightiness, like the crescendo of some vast symphony.

As they stood on shore, waiting for a taxicab to veer about to the curb, Gallegher patted her arm. "All right now?" he asked.

"You bet!" said Fanny, smiling up at him like a schoolgirl.

So for a moment they stood there, while the buzzing taxicab snorted, and street-cars clanged, and great jumbles of coughing noises came to them from the city.

Gallegher waved his arm. "Do you like it?" he asked, smiling down at her whimsically.

"I think it's great!" said Fanny. Were there tears in her eyes?

THE taxicab had been waiting about a minute, but they still stood on the curb, looking into each other's eyes, and the chauffeur, an unsung but real man of the world, patiently shut off his engine.

"Don't you?" asked Fanny.

In answer, Gallegher bent down and kissed her.

As the unastonished chauffeur adjusted the meter to register five passengers instead of two, he paused for a bit of philosophy. "Great li'l old town—New York!" he said.

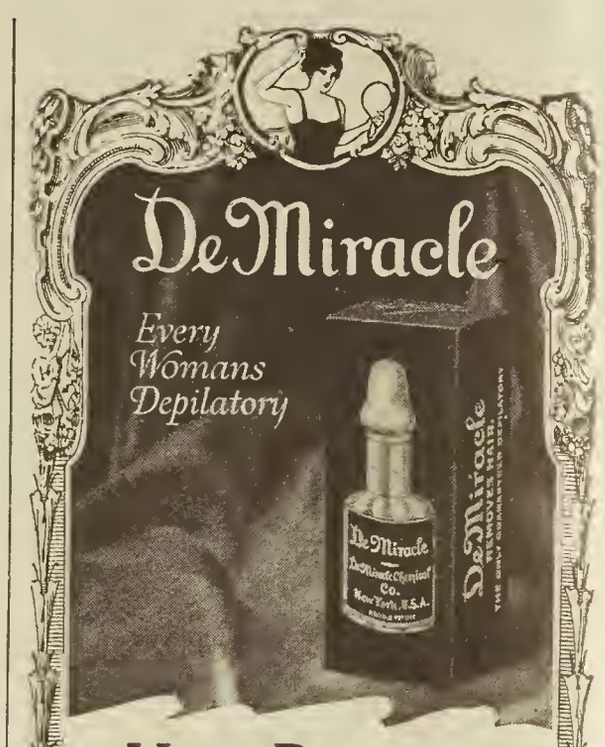
EVENING

I TOIL AT HOMELY TASKS THE WHOLE DAY THROUGH;
THE FOOD, THE LINEN AND HOUSEHOLD NEEDS,
AND ALL THE LITTLE THINGS THAT MOTHERS DO—
AND STILL AM WEARIED BY UNFINISHED DEEDS.

THEN EVENING COMES, THE QUIET, VELVET EVE—
I GATHER TO MY BREAST MY BABY SON,
AND TENDERLY HIS SMALL, MOIST FINGERS WEAVE
A CHARM ON ALL THAT GARISH DAY HAS DONE.

THE TOIL, THE FRET, THE SUBTLE DISCONTENT,
HE COVERS WITH A COBWEB, BRIGHT WITH PEARLS,
AND WEARINESS IS PERFUMED BY THE SCENT
AND SILKEN CLINGING OF HIS WARM, BROWN CURLS.
HE GAZES AT ME, DREAMY, FILMY-EYED,
AND EVERY HOMELY TASK IS GLORIFIED!

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Concluded from page 39

BULBS TO PLANT NOW

In culture the dahlia is a little more particular than the gladiolus, but by no means difficult to grow. It requires *good drainage*, soil that stays soggy and wet after rain will not produce good flowers. The use of fresh manure near the bulbs, when planting, should be avoided, but plenty of fertilizer is appreciated, as the plants are hearty eaters.

WOOD-ASHES, worked in about the plants, in addition to bone-meal and well-rotted manure, is good. If the soil is very heavy, even sifted coal ashes, dug in deeply before planting, will help, as they improve the condition of the soil. After the plants have formed the third or fourth set of leaves, pinch out the central shoot, to induce branching growth. This will give more flowers and make sturdier plants, that do not have to be staked up to get the finest flowers. Some of the buds should be pinched out as soon as they form that the strength of the plants may be thrown into the remaining ones.

TAKE up the roots after killing frost, first cutting the tops back to within a few inches. Dry thoroughly, out of danger of frost, and then store where the temperature will keep between thirty-five and fifty—they will keep well where potatoes will.

The modern canna is a development of comparatively recent years. From an insignificant foliage plant, as the old "Indian Shot," that used to be set in the center of geranuim beds and vases, it has been brought up to be one of our very finest bedding plants; and it is well worth while as a cut-flower. The finest of the newer varieties have flowers that are *six to eight inches across*, borne in big trusses that stand up well above the foliage, and are produced freely week after week until killing frosts.

THE gorgeous and delicate colorings and the broad, delicate-textured petals of the newer varieties, have won them the name of "lily" cannas and "Summer orchids." A few of the striking kinds are the President, a flaming scarlet of immense size; Snow Queen, a glistening white; City of Portland, a deep clear pink; Golden Gate, yellow; King Humbert, orange and scarlet; Venus, rose pink; Wyoming, orange, growing seven feet tall. Try these half-dozen or so, and see what wonderful discoveries you have to make, if you don't know them yet.

You can get cannas as pot-grown plants, ready to make an immediate showing—for the foliage is almost as attractive as the flowers—and to bloom in a few weeks. Even the roots, however, will make a very quick showing for themselves. They like a rich soil, but will bloom freely in any fair soil. They should have plenty of sunlight. Lift in the Autumn, after frost. Store these as you would potatoes.

FOR a continuous show of color, and general beauty, in a partly shaded location you can't beat tuberous begonias. These also may be bought either as dormant bulbs, or as growing plants, usually in bloom. The latter is the more satisfactory way. They will continue to flower all Summer, and may be readily kept over Winter, for use again the next season. The colors are particularly clear and bright, and the whole plant very showy. I have never known them to be attacked by any insect or disease, but they like a rich soil—old, thoroughly rotted manure being the best thing to use. While generally sold in mixture, the named varieties, such as Lafayette and Zeppelin, are particularly fine.

THE little oxalis is not widely known. It makes a small drooping or trailing growth, with leaves like those of a shamrock. But the cheery little flowers are borne in such a rain of profusion, and fit in so well with other flowers, that they make themselves welcome everywhere. With them, as a porch plant, the fairy lilies or *Zephyranthes*, are a unique addition to our usual Summer flowers. They have a grass-like foliage and flowers something like those of that harbinger of Spring, the early crocus.

Planted in clumps, or as a low, narrow border for small beds, they are unique and attractive. The bulbs may be taken up after frost, and stored for the Winter.

MONTBRETIAS are sort of distant cousins of the gladioli. They are much smaller, the spikes being but twelve to eighteen inches long, and the foliage is more grassy. But the flower spikes are very graceful, and the coloring runs through most attractive shades of orange, red, maroon and yellow. They are especially effective for cutting. The bulbs are hardy enough to Winter in the ground, if thoroughly protected, except in the Northern States.

From all of which it is quite evident that there is plenty of material for quick garden-making in the Summer bulbs. Get better acquainted with them! Try out a few of the sorts you've never tried before—and keep in mind that every cent you invest in these things, will keep on growing year after year.

AS TO LOVE

Smile and speed him
On his way,
Love, that was
Our guest a day.

Hold him not;
Let no tears fall.
But be glad
He came at all!

—MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

What Happened to Ruth

By Beatrice Imboden

ILLUSTRATION BY C. H. TAFFS

IT was Spring on the campus! Fairies had come and suddenly spread over the gray buildings and brown lawns a mystic net interwoven of green and gold, of fragrance and sunlight, of bird twitterings and happy young voices.

But there was no Spring in the heart of a slender, dark-eyed girl crossing the quadrangle. Her sombre expression caught the eyes of a friend.

"Cheer up, Ruthie! Maybe it's not so bad as you think," laughed this rosy-cheeked maiden, slipping her arm in Ruth's. But there was no answering raillery.

"Dot, what's the use of it all?" passionately burst out Ruth. Dot looked startled.

"I'm going to give up—quit college! I'm young, alive—I don't want to grind away three more dull years!"

"Why—gracious me!—college is just the place where one can have good times!" began Dorothy.

"You know it is not—for us!" Ruth repressed her almost sternly. "Let's be frank, for once. You and I don't have good times. We just study and go to poky lectures and slip into the back seats of concerts so no one will notice our clothes, and study some more and go to classes. And that's all! No, I'm going to stop! I'll go to the city next year and work. Maybe I can save some money."

"For what?" asked Dot, ready for any revelation now.

"For clothes! Of course! What do you suppose I'm haranguing about?" jerked out Ruth. "Did you think I meant for a cemetery lot? Though I might as well be d-dead!" She turned her head away quickly as Dot squeezed her arm in silence. "I w-wouldn't care if I could have just one new Spring suit—I wouldn't ask for *many* clothes!"

"Oh," murmured Dot knowingly. For a couple were approaching—a tall, laughing boy with an attractive girl who wore jauntily a pretty Spring costume. She greeted Ruth and Dorothy pleasantly, but a bit patronizingly.

"Why, hello Ruth!" exclaimed the boy. "Say, I had a letter from home yesterday. Want to hear the news?"

"I—I haven't time now," Ruth hurried on, dragging Dot with her.

"Why won't you let Alex talk to you?" reproached Dot. "He's a dear—and about the most popular boy in the University."

"In my old blue suit—and Grace Morrison all togged out?" demanded Ruth icily. "A lovely contrast!"

"She isn't as pretty as you," declared Dot with warmth. But Ruth's gloom was compliment-proof.

"Well, goodbye. I'm going upstairs to study," she said as they reached their boarding place. In her room at last, the books lay untouched. She was wistfully recalling a moonlight night last August when she and Alex had planned to spend this Spring together.

They were from the same little town and for years Alex had sent her wonderful valentines and deserted his fine, big home on the hill to spend evenings in Ruth's rather threadbare little sitting room, where her schoolteacher father and dear mother made him welcome. But in Millersville it had been different! There everyone knew and loved the Allisons—clothes didn't count. At college they did, it seemed.

"I don't think all those pretty, happy sorority girls are snobs," Ruth told herself gloomily. "It's just that I'm strange—they don't know me and my plain clothes make me awkward and shy."

And it certainly was not Alex's fault—he had tried his loyal best to take her into the circle where his good looks, good clothes and good car had quickly placed him. But after one or two unhappy evenings, when Ruth had suffered agonies in her plain white graduating frock, among butterfly girls in tulle and silk, she had refused his invitations. Finally, cut by her refusals, he had ceased to see her.

"I don't care!" muttered Ruth. And to prove it she flung herself on the couch and sobbed—

Saturday, Ruth's Aunt Susanna ran down from the city to see her.

"She's wonderful!" Ruth told Dot. "Uncle Harvey lost his money three years ago but she manages to dress even better than before. She's so clever!"

Aunt Susanna proved chic and fashionable—and wise. She attended a lecture or two, visited classes, and eyed Ruth critically.

"Where are the parties and athletic events and such?" she suggested. "I thought college nowadays was one glad dream for you young folks."

"Not for me," said Ruth shortly.

"Well, well, I must look into this when you come to visit me in June," and Aunt Susanna deftly turned the subject.

College dragged out to the year's end. Ruth persistently declared she was not coming back.

"Dad and mother will be disappointed," she told Dot. "They have scraped and saved for years so I might go to college. But the college they remember was different—all plain living and high thinking. I want a little froth in my life, too. Isn't it funny? In Millersville I thought a hundred dollars a year would be an ample clothes allowance! But after I got a coat and this blue serge suit and a ready-made blue silk there was nothing left."

Dot heard little from her that Summer. A mysterious card came in June bearing the word "Eureka!" Then one in August, "Meet me at the train in September," which Dot did eagerly one crisp Fall morning.

"Where is Ruth?" she was wondering as passengers filed off the train, not recognizing a smart, slender figure in a blue traveling dress whose tailored touches and good lines simply cried "Style!" Then Ruth hugged her.

"You dear, to come back!" cried Dot. "Why, how stunning you look—and how happy!" Yes, Ruth was more than pretty, she was beautiful now! Some miracle had touched her.

Alex rushed up to her just then. "So glad to see you," he cried. He had been in the West all Summer.

"How dar-er-dandy you look," he rushed on, a little confused. There was a little confident air about Ruth now that held him off! But it certainly was fascinating!

"Our frat gives a little dance tomorrow night," he hesitated. "May—may I come for you?" And Ruth smiled acceptance.

After lunch two trunks came for Ruth, much to Dot's amazement. Last year one small one had sufficed.

"I'm dying to know what's in it," Dot said. "May I see? I scent a surprise—you seem so mysterious!"

At once Ruth unlocked it. Then she drew from its tissue-paper wrappings a miracle of a visiting costume, soft chiffon velvet, a lovely taupe color, Frenchily set off by a tiny vest of gold and pink brocade. With this went a taupe georgette blouse, beaded in gold, pink and old blue.



"Where in the world did you get that beautiful costume?"

"Where in the world did you get that beautiful costume?" Dot was wide-eyed now. "It's too lovely to wear, almost!"

Ruth smiled, then lifted out an evening dress, crimson silk covered with petal-like tiers of tulle, ranging from rose to flame color, shoulder-strapped with tiny hand-made satin roses.

"Ruthie Allison, you don't mean that dream of a gown is *yours*? Haven't you gotten Miss Vanderbilt's trunk by mistake?"

Not answering, Ruth took out another party dress, with panniers and quaint peasant bodice. "Corn color! The color I always said you should wear!" exclaimed Dot.

"Here is my favorite," smiled Ruth calmly, displaying a dainty creation of cream-colored satin and silver lace. Dot gasped again. "Pinch me—am I still on earth?" she whispered. "Three party frocks! Surely there can be nothing more!"

But there was—a blue silk "for Sundays," exquisitely braided and faintly touched with scarlet; an intricately draped printed voile, all misty grays and lavenders with a violet girdle; a smart brown serge sailor suit and an even smarter checked woolen frock with clever flare pockets and tiny leather belt. Dot, lying on the couch in pretended exhaustion, sat up.

"Has a long-lost uncle returned from Klondike? Or did your father strike oil in the back yard?"

Still the mysterious, mischievous smile as Ruth took out a crisp linen and a demure sashed gingham.

"Just one more, except for shirtwaists and such."

"One more" proved a wonderful evening coat, aero blue with white marabou collar.

Then Ruth sat down and faced her friend.

"No, I didn't rob a bank or find a pot of gold," she began. "And I didn't exceed my clothes allowance of $100." Dot turned frightened eyes on her—something had surely affected Ruth's brain!

"Honestly! I'll prove it by this expense account. Taupe velvet, brocade and georgette, $28 (I plunged on that costume). Tulle for party gown, $6.50. The foundation (don't laugh!) was an old red silk cover for our square piano, laid away and forgotten.

"The evening coat was mother's long-ago party cape, aided by a few yards of marabou. The corn-color silk was an old dress of hers. And do you recognize the braided taffeta?"

"Not your last year's best dress!"

Ruth nodded. "The other party dress contains three and a half yards of crepe satin and three of silver lace, at a total cost of $21.70."

"Don't *dare* analyze that compound of moonlight and mystery!" commanded Dot.

"The serge traveling dress was my last year's suit, the checked wool a made-over, too."

"But who *made* them? Has a Fifth Avenue modiste adopted you?"

"Why, *I* did!" came the astounding reply.

"You!" was all Dot could utter.

"Yes. You see, Aunt Susanna told me her secret. She learned to sew wonderfully right at home, and she insisted that I could, too. And I did! Why, after only four lessons I made some dear 'undies,' two waists and this crepe kimono! Then I made over that checked wool horror Miss Simms, the Millersville dressmaker, had evolved. Don't you like it?"

"It's wonderful! But tell me, how did you learn all this at home? Who taught you? I'm breathless to know!"

"Why, the Woman's Institute, of course. I was soon able to make really elaborate things, so I took a trip to the city and copied some models from a fashionable shop. Dad and mother were wild with delight. They had guessed my unhappiness. Soon I made some darling clothes for several kiddies at home and earned enough for slippers and boots. During Christmas vacation I've promised to help on a bridal trousseau—and thereby earn my Spring suit!"

"Do you think I could learn to sew, too?" Dot's voice was unsteady now and Ruth knew that underneath her friend's saucy manner all the while had been the hurt a normal girl feels when wearing shabby clothes.

"Learn!" exclaimed Ruth. "Why, you couldn't *help* learning! The text books seem to foresee and answer every possible question. The pictures are simply marvelous and the teachers take just as personal an interest in your work as they do here in the college classrooms!

"It isn't necessary to know anything at all about sewing—the instruction is so complete! And the course can easily be completed in a few months by studying an hour or two a day. You see it makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you wish, and just whenever it is convenient.

"I know that the Woman's Institute has really made me more capable than most professional dressmakers—after just these few months of study at home."

"Well, you won't be able to keep Alex away *now*," said Dot meaningly. Ruth's eyes grew dreamy. She saw herself in the moonlight-and-mystery gown, queening it among his frat friends, while he watched her jealously, or in the velvet one on the way to a sorority tea, dainty, aristocratic, every inch a lady of his own world. She saw herself in the rose-and-flame dress which turned her into a vivid, glowing gypsy, transformed her lips to scarlet petals and eyes to deep dark pools of allurement, listening to an ardent question. And she knew her dream was really a prophecy!

For a sequel to Ruth's story peep into a sorority house the following Spring.

There are Ruth and Dorothy in a group of girls. They had "joined" in the Fall.

"And it should have been a year earlier!" exclaimed one girl. "But we never would have known what darlings you two are had we not been attracted first by your delightful clothes! Clothes really are a sign-post to one's character. What are you going to do this Summer, Ruth?"

"I won't tell," she laughed. "But just you girls bring back all the feathers and scraps of velvet you can!"

"I know," said one wise maiden, "the Woman's Institute teaches millinery, too. Going to make us some bridesmaid's hats, Ruthie?" And Ruth's blush was no denial.

What happened to Ruth can happen to you. More than 50,000 women and girls in city, town and country have proved that you can quickly learn at home, in spare time, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes and hats or prepare for success in dressmaking or millinery as a business.

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Concluded from page 23

SAKES ALIVE!

town this afternoon. She thinks it is very picturesque."

"You'd better not try any pictures there," warned Hermine, who knew the ways of her country. "Miss Rodman wouldn't think of letting you."

"I suppose she wouldn't," said Sakes.

Hermine looked into the guileless gray-blue eyes suspiciously, but experience had taught her silence.

THE rough path down the edge of Nightingale Valley had taken them rather longer than Miss Rodman had reckoned upon, and the boat was about to draw up the gang-plank when she panted up to the ticket-office.

"Let's see." She turned to count her brood. "One, two, three, four, five—*where's* Sakes?"

The deck-hands holding the plank showed signs of impatience. Just then Sakes's familiar yodel sounded at the top of the street leading down to the *skala*, and they saw her coming, her long legs flying with incredible speed over the rough paving stones, her long arms motioning them to go aboard. Behind her with considerable difficulty but much spirit raced two fat gipsy women, several dogs and some half-naked children. As Sakes boarded the boat with a flying leap, the deck-hands pulled the gang-plank in after her, and the little steamer chugged out into the Bosporus.

"One moment," gasped Sakes, "and I'll explain!" She made for the side of the boat toward shore. An outraged howl rose from the group on the *skala*. "There!" Sakes sat down, her camera in her lap. "That last one ought to be good. The light was fine and their expressions were wonderful!"

WHEN all the details of Sakes's photography experience in Nightingale Valley were known, she was requested to call on the Dean. Sakes emerged from the office contrite.

"We never can go round by Nightingale Valley to the *skala* again," she reported. "They are all so mad at me for pointing the evil eye at them. It's too bad. I should have rigged up a bag or something so they couldn't have seen the camera." And again her eyes took on their reflective look.

Unfortunately the Ningtingale Valley pictures were a tremendous success. As Sakes prophesied, the expressions were wonderful. Members of the faculty who were collecting albums of interesting views for relatives at home considered how to get prints without seeming to encourage Sakes. Sakes, realizing the situation, and being hard up from the drain of dark-room equipment, guilelessly offered them for sale with a quantity of innocuous prints of the college. She made no comment when the gipsy prints disappeared and the others were left, but pocketed her *cherecks* and considered future subjects.

"MISS Rodman has permission to take our art class to a mosque that is almost never opened to strangers," reported Hermine one afternoon. "Two of the men servants are going, too, because Miss Rodman is so absent-minded about tickets and girls and things, and we are to have special carriages meet us on the Stamboul side of the bridge."

"Guess I'll go," said Sakes. "I'm interested in art."

Hermine looked doubtful.

"I'll just remind Miss Rodman how little America has to offer in the way of art," Sakes reflected. "She will let me go."

At two the next afternoon the girls, two servants, Miss Rodman, and Sakes took the boat over to town. The day was cold and raw, and Sakes had on her greatcoat buttoned snugly under the chin. One of the large pockets bulged curiously, but Sakes kept that side away from Miss Rodman. The old Stamboul bridge was crowded as usual with its moving mass of color and life, men in costumes of all nationalities, veiled women, sheep, ducks, horses. Sakes looked back from the end of the bridge where they stopped to pay toll. It certainly would make a delightful snap-shot.

"I'll take it coming back," she thought. "No use getting into a mess first thing and spoiling my chances for the mosque."

THREE carriages took the load, and after rattling through many dirty back streets deposited them in front of a small mosque in an enclosed court.

"A perfect example of Byzantine art," Miss Rodman explained, mounting the steps, the eleven girls trailing after her.

At the door the *imams* in long robes and turbans met them. Miss Rodman showed her permit, speaking rapidly in a kind of pidgin Turkish as was her custom. The men shook their heads and pointed to their feet.

"Oh, yes, your rubbers, girls! I told you they wouldn't have the slippers here for unbelievers, because they don't have visitors, and of course they couldn't let our Christian shoes touch their floors. It's lucky I thought of our rubbers."

THE narrow outside corridor of the mosque for a few minutes was filled with girls unrolling paper packages of rubbers and urging them on over dusty shoes. "Going in wading?" asked Sakes of the *imam* as he finally drew back the heavy curtain. He only scowled and dropped the curtain behind them, leaving the group to look the mosque over.

The place was very still except for the high voice of an *imam* chanting his Koran at the far end. The girls spoke in whispers and followed Miss Rodman about on tiptoe as she pointed out beautiful mosaics and the dark-stained pillars of porphyry and serpentine.

Sakes, who loved beauty although she could not express it, followed the art group with deep absorption. At last she withdrew regretfully.

"I suppose," she decided, "that since the light is so dim, I'll have to give rather a long time exposure. I'd better be about it. I think I'll take a view from the entrance end. Perhaps when I look at the picture I can keep that quiet feeling I got when I first came in."

She drifted back from the absorbed group, stopping here to run her fingers over a luminous bit of mosaic and there to stare up at the lovely arches over her. "I suppose they will all be able to draw it when they go back; but anyway, I shall have my picture to look at," she thought. "Now what can I set the camera on? Oh, just the thing!" as she caught sight of the money-box nailed to the wall near the curtain.

She drew her camera from the greatcoat pocket, set the time exposure, and balancing it carefully on the money-box, snapped the lens open and waited. As the camera gave its final click, Sakes felt a cold draft of air whisk past her neck, and instantly, before she could turn her head, she found herself swept behind the curtain, camera and all, into the outside corridor. Startled and furious at the interruption, she drew herself up to a height rather above that of the squatty *imams* who stood on each side of her.

"What do you mean by almost spoiling my picture?" she stormed, and then as her eyes stared into theirs, her heart turned over. "I'm in for it now!" she thought. "*What* are they going to do with me?"

For the *imams*, with no ceremony, had seized her hands and drawn her, resisting all the way, down the corridor and to a door in the wall.

"I suppose I could scream," Sakes thought, "but if I do, I'll only get Miss Rodman and the girls into the mess and that wouldn't be fair. I've got to get out of this myself somehow."

INSIDE the room the dark-faced *imams* closed in on her and, though Sakes could not understand a word they said, "I judged," she said later, "that they were discussing the camera and me." Thoroughly frightened, she attempted the method of ingratiation that she had never known to fail; she emptied her purse into their gesticulating hands. When they tossed the money on the floor and spat on it she knew that if *bakshish* failed, here were dire straits indeed. Sakes looked at the heavy stone door. "Miss Rodman couldn't hear me now, anyway," she thought. "What shall I do?"

Suddenly the two men dropped into earnest discussion and Sakes heard the word *imam* repeated several times.

"They are going after some more of these priests," she guessed as they started for the door. She heard the bolt snap on the outside, and stared about her in desperation. "I'd better be going," she remarked aloud, even as her lips shook. Then she steadied herself with a long breath. "And I'd better hurry," she added. Then her face lit up. "I'll bet I can get out of that little window," she cried.

IN AN instant she had dragged a chair under it, leaped on the chair, and with desperate strength was pushing on the old wooden hinges of the lattice. It gave way finally, and she pushed her head out. When she pulled it in to throw a long leg over the sill, her face was radiant. "A wisteria vine, and not so far from the ground, anyway! Hurry! Hurry!" Yet even as she sat poised on the sill, one foot slipped into a sturdy branch, she paused, cocked her head listening, and was back in the room like a flash.

"Got to have that picture!" she said, tucking the camera into her pocket. Another moment and she was down her wisteria trellis and in the courtyard of the mosque.

But the camera had taken just the extra minute she had needed. Over her head the angry face of the *imam* was thrust out of the window. Sakes lingered for no explanation.

"He's too fat to get through," she thought, "and it will take him longer than it will me to run to the entrance." Then she picked up the skirts of her greatcoat and with the running stride for which she was famous raced around the corner of the mosque. The two college servants were lounging against the carriages in conversation with the drivers. Sakes flung herself into the nearest seat.

"FOTI, come to the *skala* with me," she gasped. Then to the other man. "Tell Miss Rodman I wait at the *skala*. Headache." And she pressed a hand to what was without doubt a fevered brow.

The men looked a little bewildered.

"*Heidi!*" she cried out her only Turkish word. "*Heidi git!*" and with faces full of concern at her illness, the two men obeyed. Just as the carriage flew about the corner, Sakes, her eyes discreetly peering above the back of the seat, saw three plump black-robed figures running back and forth on the steps.

"They look like water-bugs," she said. "Hope they've got their rubbers on!" Then as she settled down in the carriage: "Lucky they didn't see me drive off. Now, they'll think they dreamed it. I don't believe I'll take a picture of the bridge to-day after all."

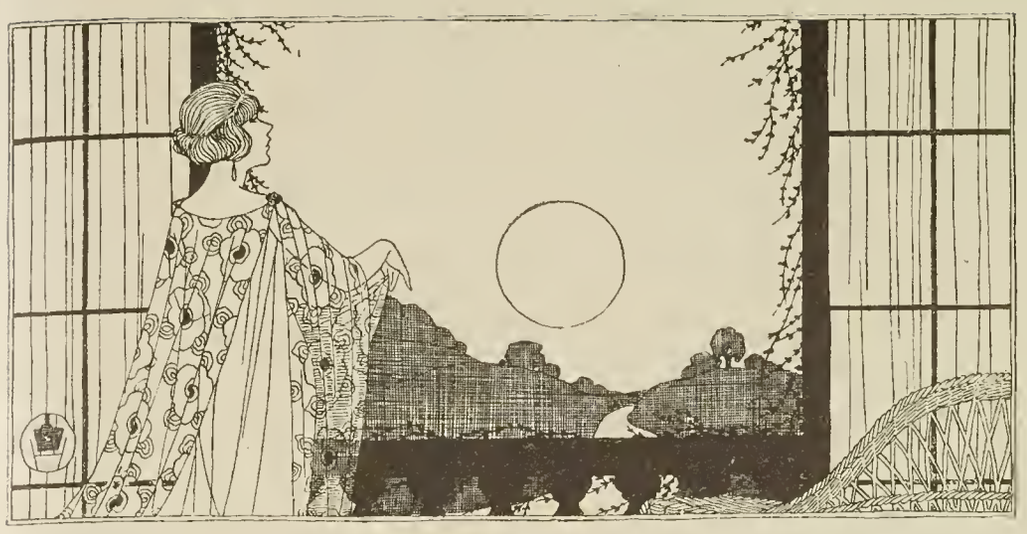
WHEN, an hour later, Miss Rodman and the girls drove up to the *skala*, they found Sakes sitting comfortably at one of the little tables in the waiting-room drinking Turkish coffee, while at a near-by table sat Foti, much pleased with coffee and cigarets.

"Oh, my dear!" cried Miss Rodman. "Should you drink black coffee if you have a headache?"

"I haven't one." Sakes blushed. "Could you lend me twenty *paras*, please, to pay for our coffee? I left my money behind me."

"Such a treat you missed," went on Miss Rodman, counting out the money and busily ushering the girls onto the boat. "Only," she walked with Sakes behind the last pair up the gang-plank, "only I could not quite understand what was the matter with some of the *imams* when we came out. They seemed to have something on their minds."

"They had," said Sakes, feeling of her coat pocket. "I'll tell you what it was when the boat gets started."



THE OPEN WINDOW

BY MARGUERITE WILKINSON

THREE hundred years ago at about this time the brave Pilgrim fathers and the dear Pilgrim mothers, who are not mentioned with them half so often as they should be, were packing up their spinning-wheels and pewter pots and cradles and getting them ready to be brought to this country in the *Mayflower*.

The twenty-first of next December will be the tercentenary of tho landing on Plymouth Rock. It will be celebrated in all parts of our country even by those who had no ancestors on the *Mayflower*, and preparations for the celebration are already being made.

The Pilgrims, as all good Americans should know, were Puritans of the Separatist group, who could not be satisfied to remain in the English Church, as many of the Puritans did, and endeavor to change its practises. They formed congregations of their own, at first in England and with difficulty and danger, but later in Holland, where they were allowed to worship in their own way after they had made their escape from England.

The Pilgrims of the *Mayflower* lived near Leyden until 1620, when they put all their savings into the fund necessary to purchase their passage to the new world. Governor Bradford, their leader, first called them the Pilgrims. He also wrote the famous and very interesting account of their lives and adventures called "Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation, 1606-1646." All who want to know the intimate truth about these pioneers who landed on a "stern and rock-bound coast" after two months on stormy seas in a small ship, living most of the time on beer and hardtack, will find this account, with its queer, old-fashioned language, most interesting.

There are several other books that may be helpful to clubs and schools planning their programs. I shall be glad to advise concerning them.

SUGGESTIONS for reconstruction are contained in the new Plumb plan, so named after Mr. Glenn B. Plumb, who worked out the theory of it. Some time ago Mr. Plumb put forward a plan for the control of railroads. His new plan is a program intended to apply to all modern industry. It has been indorsed by the railroad brotherhoods and other labor organizations.

Home industries, like farming, and all individualistic industries would have the same status as at present. But according to the Plumb plan all organized industries with ownership separated from labor, all industries with a franchise or monopoly privilege and all industries of transportation and communication, would be brought under triple control of capital, labor, and the general public. This plan appears to provide an equal division of management and income between the general public and the persons engaged in the industry, which latter half is again equally divided between capital and labor.

The Peace Conference at Paris provided for representation of capital, labor, and the general public in labor conferences in connection with the treaty. A similar type of organization was arranged by our government for many of the war boards and conferences. The Plumb plan should be thoughtfully studied and discussed in clubs and homes in spite of the people who will say that it is just "plumb crazy." Without careful consideration, who can tell whether anything is wise or foolish?

TO THE true rambler, a new flower, a new knowledge of an old bird friend, or a novel encounter with a toad, may be a thrilling romance. "The Book of a Naturalist," by W. H. Hudson, describes in a fascinating way the author's rambles and his imaginatively studied adventures in the out-of-doors. Mr. Hudson is what all writing naturalists should be, a good deal of a scientist and a bit of a poet.

Mothers of boys with a fondness for bringing home strange and alarming pets and "specimens" will give these boys much pleasure by giving them this book. Snakes, moths, worms, and other living things play the chief parts in many absorbing narratives and wise little anecdotes. The book will show any one how to study living things to advantage and how to enjoy their beauty at its best.

Bird-lovers will find the chapters on herons interesting, and also the chapter on ants in a pine wood and the chapter about Mr. Redburn's experiences. Mr. Redburn had the privilege of watching a burglary in the bird world, and he also saw the lost property safely recovered. He watched a robber rook steal a twig from an unguarded nest in a rookery. Soon the owners of the nest returned and knew at once that something was wrong.

Standing on the nest they put their heads together, fluttering their wings and cawing excitedly, and presently they were joined by others, and others still, until almost the entire colony was congregated on the tree, all making a great noise.

After a few minutes of noise and quarreling the crowd dispersed as our neighbors would in similar circumstances. But the pair of rooks that had been robbed did not leave their nest together after that. One always remained on guard. After a time the robber pair flew away together, however.

No sooner were they gone than the bird they had robbed, keeping guard on his tree, flew straight to the nest they had left, and after what appeared like a careful examination, took hold of a stick and tugged vigorously until he succeeded in pulling it out. With the stick in his beak he flew back to his nest and proceeded to adjust it in his fabric.

When the robbers returned they were evidently afraid to alarm the rookery and make a fuss. They accepted the situation. The remarkable thing, according to Mr. Hudson, is that the robbed rooks knew instantly who the thieves were.

JUST as bird-lovers and botanizing ramblers will enjoy Mr. Hudson's book, lovers of poetry will enjoy "The Second Book of Modern Verse," by Jessie B. Rittenhouse (Houghton Mifflin). It is a sequel to "The Little Book of Modern Verse," published in 1913, and is bound uniformly with it, so that the two books are happy companions on a shelf.

It goes without saying that there are poems in this book by most of the poets worth reading, although no anthologist ever makes exactly the selection that any other anthologist would be likely to make. But Miss Rittenhouse has been fairly liberal, including selections from "The Spoon River Anthology" and from the free verse of Carl Sandburg and brief singing lyrics by Sara Teasdale and brilliant character studies by Edwin Arlington Robinson and large, ringing poems like Vachel Lindsay's "General William Booth Enters Into Heaven." Robert Frost's beautifully quiet and natural speech in poetry is admirably represented.

IN 1905 Albert Einstein, a Swiss Jew, and a professor in Berlin, wrote a paper of about four or five pages in length which set all the physicists in the world by the ears. In it he offered a new theory of the universe which seemed mad and revolutionary to many scientists, for it promised to overthrow Newton's theories of gravitation and some of the old geometrical propositions of Euclid.

The laws and theories of Newton and Euclid, provided Einstein is right, will be valid only for the solution of crude and practical problems of the sort comprehensible to the average person. They will not be considered accurate enough for scientific purposes.

The average person cannot understand Einstein, however. There are said to be only twelve men in the world with sufficient equipment of knowledge to enable them to follow his theory in detail. In spite of this, everybody with intellectual pretensions is talking about it. One reason why this is true is that it has been tested, recently, in two of the threo ways necessary to demonstrate its validity and it has stood the tests.

Calculating by his theory, Professor Einstein made certain prophecies with regard to the behavior of light rays which were studied in connection with the eclipse of the sun May 29, 1919, by the British astronomers who went to Africa to observe it. Newton's theories proved to be wrong, Einstein's right. Einstein, also, was better able to calculate the shifting of the orbit of the planet Mercury. What then, is Einstein's theory?

Briefly stated, and with the crudest simplicity, it is, first of all, that all motion is relative and that we should never be able to discover motion save by comparing objects apparently moving with other objects, and secondly, that nothing travels faster than light, one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second, and that we cannot make light travel faster than that. These statements sound innocent enough and very far from revolutionary until one pauses to consider their implications—which the logic of science makes inevitable.

If nothing can travel faster than light, then gravitation cannot act instantaneously, as Newton thought it did. Another old idea overturned would be the idea that parallel lines never meet. According to Einstein they would always meet. Scientists will not dare to fill the great gulfs of space with the cleverly imagined "ether" we used to hear about in our school days. If Einstein be right, there is no ether. Instead there may be a fourth dimension.

When the British astronomers made their report on the eclipse of May twenty-ninth, apparently confirming Einstein's theory, Sir Joseph Thomson, president of the British Royal Society, said of the theory that it is "one of the greatest—perhaps the greatest—of achievements in the history of human thought." That is a good deal to say!

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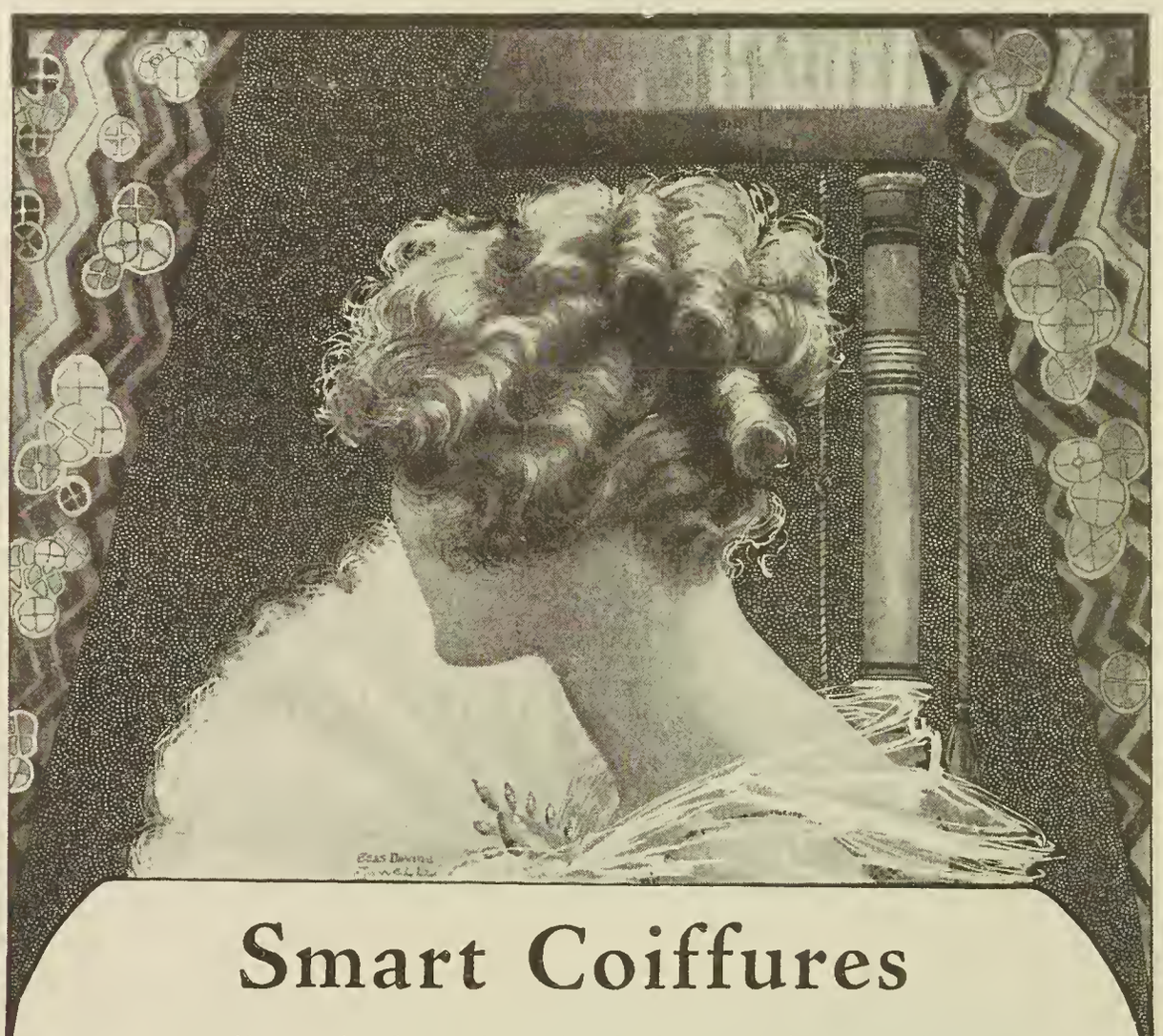
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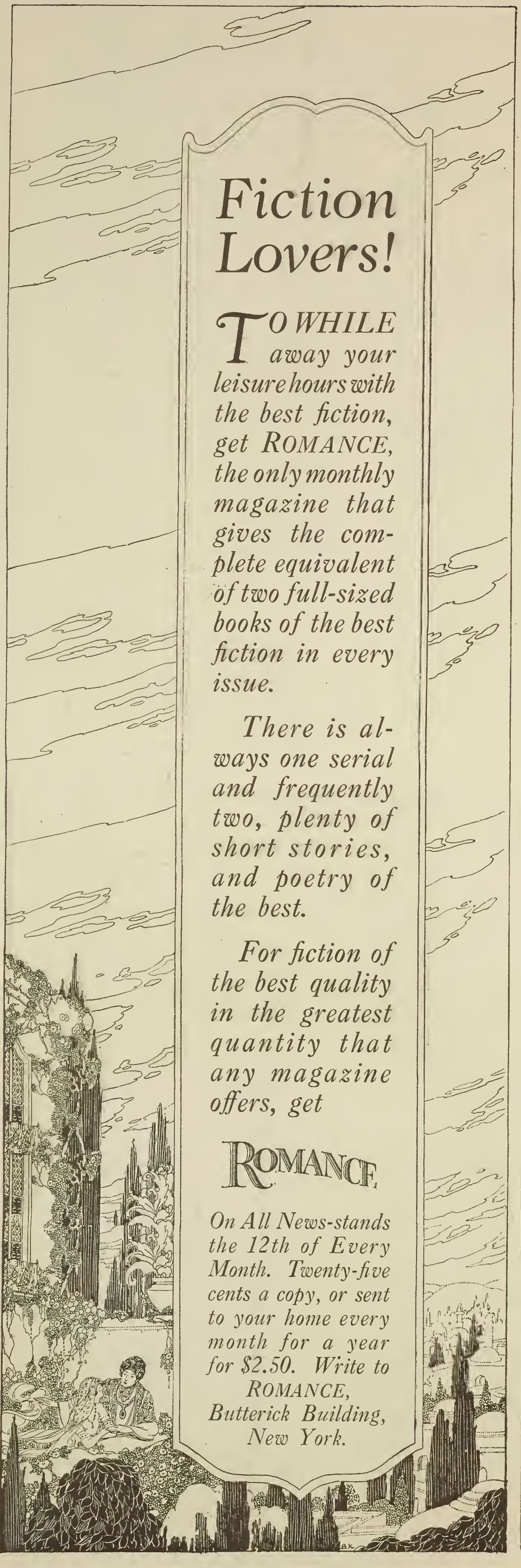


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Concluded from page 10

IMITATION PARADISE

bank-account. Besides, her golden curls were going greenish, and the fellow who had invited her to the theater the night before had bought gallery seats for the movies.

SHE wasn't wise to any of this new-fangled character-analysis business about how the point of the chin measures up with the length of the nose; but she could tell by the time she'd clipped the cuticle around the thumb-nail whether a man had his watch or a pawn-ticket in his vest pocket, whether he preferred Congress slippers or patent-leather pumps for evening wear, and whether he took his best girl with him to help him pick it out when he went to buy a new suit of clothes. She claimed that all members of the male sex could be classified under one of two heads: boobs or bounders. Jerry, of course, fitted into the former as neat as an egg fits its shell; so Faustine decided to give him the gentle do-so-enjoy-an-evening-at-home racket, the same as she handed to the fellows who told her to-day was their little girl's birthday, or how much comfort their wife got out of the new washing-machine.

In the meantime, or along about the same time, Mary was also doing some thinking.

"I love Jerry," she told the big sweet-faced girl in the mirror of her bureau, "and I want to go back to Alaska with him as Mrs. J. Britt. I'll do my best to bring it about. I won't try to make him think I'm different from what I am; but I am going to try to make him see me as Mary Garrity, a girl, instead of something which has always been around, handy and comfortable, like a quilt across the foot of the bed down at the Garritys' house."

Now you know that when a woman plans anything, her first move, and her last move, and some in between are concerned with clothes.

It was a regular thing for Faustine to go into Jeannie's Hat Shop. But Mary usually found places that had cards up saying, "Any Hat on this table $7.50"; so when she stepped into Jeannie's, on Oriental rugs, and looked around at the French-gray woodwork and the velvet hangings, with only a hat or two in sight, and those on high stands making them seem like piano lamps, she pinched her mother's arm and whispered something.

"Pooh," said Mrs. Garrity, "I guess they can't charge us anything for coming in, nor for leaving, either."

A YOUNG lady, who was neither but looked something like it, came sleazing up and led them into a bay window made out of mirrors, gave them chairs, and began to produce hats which she crammed down over Mary's nice smooth hair, saying that they were wonderfully good, or exceedingly smart, or simply stunning. But they didn't look to Mary like anything she had ever owned or ever hoped to own, and she was about ready to leave when the young lady brought out a hat she called a little imported thing.

It was about the size of a waffle-iron, made of two layers of taupe velvet (taupe is the color of gravy when you let the flour brown in the skillet before you stir the milk in), and between the layers, kind of oozing out short in front and trailing down longer in the back, were bird-of-paradise feathers.

When Mary saw that hat on her head, she knew that, just the same as Jerry was the one man in the world for her, so this hat was the one hat. The young lady said that paradise was very good this season, though nobody but a brunette should try to wear it; that the way the hat set up on Mary's head was especially smart; that it was made of the best panne-silk velvet, and that, though of course one might not care to, one could, perhaps, use the feathers another season.

"How—much is it?" Mary faltered.

"One hundred dollars," purred the lady.

Mary stepped outside to get the air. When she came to, she and her mother went down to Dillon's department-store and described the hat, stitch by stitch and feather for feather, to the head trimmer there. The head trimmer said sure she could duplicate it, with imitation paradise, for twelve-fifty. That was two-fifty more than Mary had ever paid for a hat before, but she strangled her conscience with thoughts of Jerry and told the trimmer to go ahead and do the best she could.

That afternoon Faustine went into Jeannie's Hat Shop and the same young lady put the taupe and paradise feathers affair on her head and said that paradise was very good this season, though nobody but blondes should try to wear it, that the way it fitted down close over Faustine's hair was especially smart, and that it was one of the hats they kept laid away to show only to their regular customers. Faustine dug down in her mesh-bag and told the young lady to be sure to see that it was sent out before evening.

ALL the way home on the boat and the train Jerry thought about the two girls. Not being blessed with an ounce of conceit for the entire hundred and eighty-seven pounds of him, he hardly dared hope that either of them would say yes; but that didn't prevent him from trying to decide which one he wanted to say it.

He got in on a Sunday, at noon, and the Britt family and the Garrity family turned out *en masse* to meet him at the train. It took him nearly five minutes to sort Mary out from the rest of them, but after that he didn't have any trouble keeping her there. The trimmer had made a good job of the hat, and the way she wore the new suit to match no one could have guessed that it came from a sample shop instead of a tailor's; and what with her eyes shining, and the dimples jumping in and out around her smile, the odds, which up to then had been about ten to one in Faustine's favor, went to even as Jerry stood looking at her.

"Gee, Mary," he said, when the bunch got untangled and was walking up to the street-car, "you sure are looking fine! And that is an awfully pretty hat you have on."

"I'm glad you like it, Jerry," said Mary, improving the hat fifty per cent. with the way she blushed under it.

"She bought it on purpose to wear when you came home," chirped in Mrs. Garrity, usually a sensible woman, but sometimes letting her mother's instincts get the best of her.

The whole crowd went up to Britts' for dinner; and, after it was over and the dishes washed, things fell flat, as they always do at home-coming when folks, like a kid trying to inflate his balloon with one blow, try to crowd all the past and most of the future into the first fifteen minutes. It would be all right as soon as they got their second wind, but in the meantime Jerry fidgeted around and at last stepped out into the hall and closed the door and got busy with the telephone. The upshot was that when supper-time came Jerry wasn't there to eat the hot rolls his mother had set the night before and gone to all the trouble to make.

Faustine met him in the lobby of the apartment-house where she lived. She had judged that it wouldn't be wise to spring the rose-colored surroundings up-stairs on him for a while, not even with her alibi of taking care of them for a friend. She had on a plain little suit, straight-line effects, at about fifty dollars a throw for each line; and she was wearing the hundred-dollar hat, but it blended so smooth into the rest of her that Jerry didn't see it right off, like he had Mary's.

SHE told him he was bigger, and stronger, and ever so much better-looking than she had remembered; and, on that flow of talk they drifted down to the Puss and Fiddle for old time's sake and also for something to eat.

They were seated at the table with Faustine pursing her lips and batting her eyes across at him, before Jerry consciously noticed the hat. It gave him a turn. That he should have only two girls out of a worldful, and that they should have only one hat between them, struck him as a right singular situation. It made him feel like he was back in Alaska with the old squaw working the fade-aways on him again.

"That," he put out as a feeler, "is a pretty hat you have on, Miss Fordyce."

"Don't," she cooed, "call me Miss Fordyce; people who like me call me Faustine."

The way he was staring at it was beginning to get on Faustine's nerves. She had put him down for a boob, but maybe she had flattered him some in doing it.

"I am so happy," she said, heavy on the happy, "that you like it, because I made it just for you. Poor little Faustine can't go and buy lovely hats, but she can try them on and go home and copy them. It is the French in me, I think; my grandmama was a French duchess. I copied this from a hat that cost a hundred dollars. I had some little scraps of velvet——"

One hundred dollars for a hat! He'd have to work ten days, up in drear Alaska's frozen wastes, to pay for the covering Mary had worn on her head that afternoon. One hundred big dollars for one little hat! He began to see that hundred dollars in terms of everything but hats. How much milk would it buy for babies starving in Europe? How many holidays would it provide for the slum kids? How many empty Christmas stockings would it fill? How many pairs of shoes would it get to cover little cold bare feet during the coming Winter? How many blind soldiers would it help to educate? Any betting man on earth, right then, would have grabbed at the proposition with the odds at fifty to one in Faustine's favor.

UNTIL, of a sudden, his thoughts bumped flat into his memory, stopped with a jerk, and started off again considering that hundred-dollar hat in different terms—in terms of Mary Garrity. You see, he knew Mary. He knew how she'd pour the coffee off the grounds after dinner and heat it up for supper; he knew why she wasn't wearing a wrist-watch, and why old Mrs. Gelz was riding in a wheel-chair; he knew as well as Tommy Dunn, just getting over measles, knew where the Garrity phonograph was that day; he knew, because his mother had told him, that Mary made her own undies out of strong muslin, and had never had a pair of silk stockings in her life; he knew she was working from seven in the morning until six in the evening keeping books at the Standard Market, getting eighty dollars a month, forty of which she paid in to her folks for board. Well, then, if good, honest, economical Mary would blow a hundred dollars—more than a month's wages—to buy a hat to wear when he came home, what did it mean?

Shucks, it couldn't! Yes, but it had to. And if Mary did! Great jumping crickets, if Mary Garrity, queen girl of the world, had stooped to care about a long-legged, homely, dizzy-headed scrub like himself!

By this time his peculiarity of manner had completely got on Faustine's nerves and was riding them to tatters.

"Of course," she offered, sweetly frank, "I have only imitation paradise."

HE KEPT on staring at her. Maybe he saw that her golden curls were growing brassy, maybe he saw the artificial shine in her greedy eyes, the yellow smudges on her first fingers, the red wax on her lying lips. Maybe he did, and maybe he was too big a boob to notice those things. Anyway, she had said it, and he knew it. Imitation paradise. And he knew more than that: He knew where he could find the genuine article, not a cheap copy of it, no imitation, but paradise sure and everlasting; and it was waiting for him not half an hour away.

He pushed back his chair and stumbled up to his feet. "I'm—I've got to be going," he said. "I just happened to think of something important I'll have to attend to right away. Awfully important. Can't be put off. I'll fix it with the waiter as I leave. And—Good-by, Miss Fordyce, in case I don't see you again——"

"Well, I must say—" began Faustine; but he didn't give her time to say it then, and what she said later I could be pinched for repeating

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Continued from page 21

HILLS OF HAN

doing a serpentine from one areaway to another, and waving and shouting merrily as they passed. There was still the singing somewhere; one of the songs of Albert Chevalier, who had not then been forgotten. He heard vaguely, with half an ear, the enthusiastic outburst of sound on the final line:

"Missis 'Enry 'Awkins is a first-class nyme!"

So it was a day of celebration! He had forgotten that it would be. But of course! Even the Chinese were at it; he could hear one of their flageolets wailing, and, more faintly, stringed instruments.

HE WALKED directly to the building occupied by the Boatwrights; sent in his card to Mr. Doane.

He was shown into a little cubicle of a room. Here was the huge man, rising from an absurdly small work-table that had been crowded in by the window between the wall and the foot of the bed. He was writing, apparently a long letter.

Brachey, an odd figure to Doane's eyes in his well-made suit and stiff white collar, stood on the sill, as rigid as a soldier at attention.

"I am interrupting you," he said, almost curtly.

For the first time Griggsby Doane caught a glimpse of the man Brachey behind that all but forbidding front; and he hesitated, turning for a moment, stacking his papers together, and with a glance at the open window laying a book across them.

HE HAD said, kindly enough: "Oh, no, indeed! Come right in." But his thoughts were afield, or else he was busily, quickly rearranging them.

Brachey stepped within, and closed the door. Here they were, these two, at last, shut together in a room. It was a moment of high tension.

"Sit down," said Doane, still busying himself at the table, but waving an immense hand toward the other small chair.

But Brachey stood, waiting, in his hand a folded paper.

Finally Doane lifted his head, with a brusk but not unpleasant, "Yes, sir?"

Brachey for a moment pressed his lips tightly together.

"Mr. Doane," he said then, clipping his words off short, "may I first ask you to read this cablegram?"

Doane took the paper, started to unfold it, but then dropped it on the table and stepped forward.

AND now for the first time Brachey sensed, behind this great frame and the weary, almost haggard face, the real Griggsby Doane, and stood very still, fighting for control over the confusion in his aching head. This was, he saw now, a big man; a great deal more of a personality than he had supposed he would find. Even before the next words, he felt something of what was coming, something of the vigorous honesty of the man. Doane had been through recent suffering, that was clear. Something—and even then, in one of his keen mental flashes, Brachey suspected that it was a much more personal experience than the Looker attack—something had upset him. This wasn't a man to turn baby over a wound, or to lose his head in a little fighting. No, it was an illness of the soul that had hollowed the eyes and deepened the grooves between them. But it didn't matter. What did matter was that he was now, in this gentle mood, surprisingly like Betty. For she had a curious vein of honesty; and she said, at times, just such unexpectedly frank, wholly open things as he felt (with an opening heart) that the father was about to say now.

"Mr. Brachey"—this was what he said, with extraordinary simplicity of manner—"can you take my hand?"

If Brachey had spoken his reply, his voice would have broken. Instead he gripped the proffered hand firmly and warmly. And during a brief moment they stood there.

"Now," said Doane quietly, "sit down." And he read the cablegram. After some quiet thought he asked, with the same quiet manner, "Have you come to ask for Betty?"

THE directness of this question made speech, to Brachey, even more nearly impossible than before. He bowed his head.

Doane had dropped into the little chair by the little table. He sat, now, thinking and absently weighing the cablegram in one hand. Finally, reaching a conclusion, he rose again.

"The best way, I think, will be to settle this thing now." He appeared to be speaking as much to himself as to his caller. "I'll get Betty. You won't mind waiting? They don't have call-bells in this house." And he returned the cablegram and went out of the room, leaving the door ajar behind him.

Brachey stepped over to the window, thinking he might see Betty when she came, but it gave on an inner court. He stared out at the gray tiling. The moment was, to him, terrible. He stood on the threshold of that strange region of the spirit that is called happiness. The door, always before closed to him (excepting the one previous experience when it proved but an entry into bitterness and desolation) had opened, here at the last, amazingly, at his touch. And he was afraid to look.

IT SEEMED an hour later when footsteps sounded outside, and the outer door opened. Then they came in, father and daughter.

Betty, rather white, stood hesitant, looking from one to the other. Doane placed a gently protecting arm about her slim shoulders.

"I haven't told her;" he said. "That is for you to do. I want you both to wait while I look for the others."

He was gone. Betty came slowly forward. Brachey handed her the cablegram.

"I—I can't read it," she said, with a tremulous little laugh. "John—I'm crying!"

The door squeaked. Miss Hemphill looked in, stopped short, then in a sudden confusion of mind in which indignation struggled with bewilderment for the upper hand, stepped back into the hall. Before she could come down on the decision to flee, Doctor Cassin joined her; curiously, carrying her medicine-case.

TO THE physician's brisk, "Mr. Doane sent word to come here at once. Do you know what is the matter?" Miss Hemphill could only reply, rather acidly, "I can't imagine!"

Mrs. Boatwright came into the corridor then, followed by Doane. She walked with firm dignity, her enigmatic face squarely set. And when he ushered them into the room, she entered without a word, but remained near the door.

For a long moment the room was still, a hush settling over them that intensified the difficulty in the situation. Miss Hemphill stared down at the matting. Mrs. Boatwright's eyes were fixed firmly on the wall over the bed. The one audible sound was the heavy breathing of Griggsby Doane, who stood with his back to the door, brows knit, one hand reaching a little way before him. He appeared, to the shrewd eyes of Doctor Cassin, like a man in deep suffering; but when he spoke it was with the poise, the sense of dominating personality, that she had felt and admired during all the earlier years of their long association. Of late he had been ill of a subtle, morbid disease of which she had within the week witnessed the nearly tragic climax; but now he was well again. Mary Cassin was a woman of considerable practical gifts. Her medical experience, illuminated as it had been by wide scientific reading, gave her a first-hand knowledge of the human creature and a tolerant elasticity of judgment that contrasted oddly with the professed tenets of her church, with their iron classification as sin of much that is merely honest human impulse, or human need.

SHE saw clearly enough that the quality in the human creature that is usually called force is essentially emotional in its content; and that the person gifted with force therefore must be plagued with emotional problems that increase in direct ratio with the gift. Unlike Mrs. Boatwright, who was, of course, primarily a moralist, Mary Cassin possessed the other great gift of dispassionate, objective thought. I think she had long known the nature of Doane's problem. Certainly she knew that no medical skill could help him; her advice, always practical, would have taken the same direction as Doctor Hidderleigh's. It brought her a glow of something not unlike happiness to see that now he was well. The cure, whatever it might prove to have been, was probably mental. Knowing Griggsby Doane as she did, that was the only logical conclusion. For she knew how strong he was.

"There has existed among us a grave misapprehension"—thus Doane—"one in which, unfortunately, I have myself been more grievously at fault than any of you. I wish, now, before you all, to acknowledge my own confusion in this matter, and, further, to clear away any still-existing misunderstanding in your minds. Mr. Brachey has established the fact that he is eligible to become Betty's husband. That being the case, I can only add that I shall accept him as my only son-in-law with pride and satisfaction. He has proved himself worthy in every way of our respect and confidence."

MARY CASSIN broke the hush that followed by stepping quickly forward and kissing Betty; after which she gave her hand warmly to Brachey. Then with a word about her work at the hospital she went briskly out.

Miss Hemphill started forward, only to hesitate and glance in a spirit of timid inquiry at the implacable Mrs. Boatwright. To her simple, unquestioning faith, Mr. Doane and Mary Cassin could not together be wrong; yet her closest daily problem was that of living from hour to hour under the businesslike direction of Mrs. Boatwright. However, having started, and lacking the harsh strength of character to be cruel, she went on, took the hands of Betty and Brachey in turn, and wished them happiness. Then she, too, hurried away.

Arthur Boatwright was studying his wife. His color was high, his eyes nervously bright. He was studying, too, Griggsby Doane, who had for more than a decade been to him almost an object of worship. Moved by an impulse, perhaps the boldest of his life—and just as his wife said coldly, "I'm sure I wish you happiness," and moved toward the door—he went over and caught Betty and Brachey each by a hand.

"I haven't understood this," he said—and tears stood in his eyes as he smiled on them—"but now I'm glad. Betty, we are all going to be proud of the man you have chosen. I'm proud of him now."

THE day of sudden and dramatic peace was drawing near its close. Seated on the parapet of a rifle-pit, Betty and Brachey looked out over the red-brown valley. Long, faintly purple shadows lay along the hillside and in the deeper hollows. From the compound, half-way down the slope, a confusion of pleasant sounds came to their ears—youthful voices, snatches of song, an energetically whistled Sousa march, the quaintly plaintive whine of Chinese wood-winds—while above the roofs of tile and iron within the rectangle of wall (that was still topped with brown sandbags) wisps of smoke drifted lazily upward.

"It seems queer," mused he aloud, "sitting here like this, with everything so peaceful. During the fighting I didn't feel nervous, but now I start at every new sound. I loathed it, too; but now, this evening, I miss it, in a way." He gazed moodily down into the short trench. "Right there," he said, "young Bartlett was hit."

"And you brought him in under fire."

"A Chinaman helped me."

Continued on page 136

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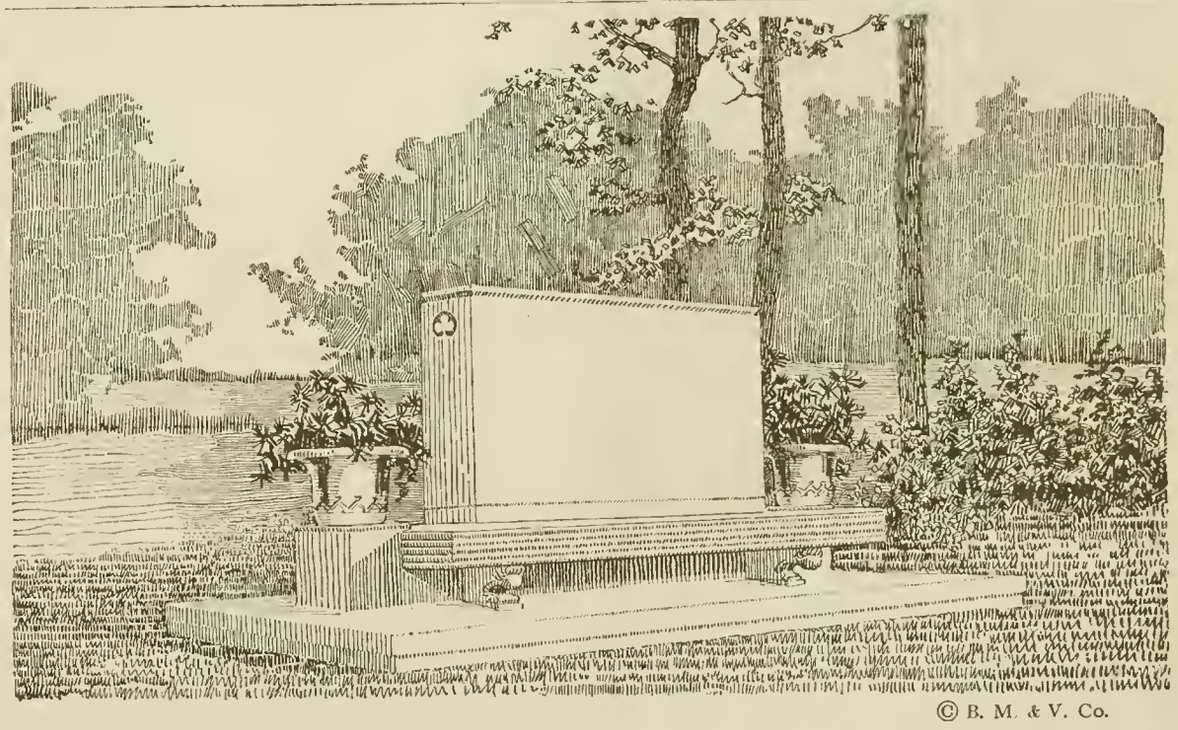
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Continued from page 135

HILLS OF HAN

"Oh, it was you," she said. "He wouldn't have done it. I watched from the window." Her chin was propped on two small fists; her eyes, reflective, were looking out over the compound and the valley toward the walled temple on the opposite slope with its ornate, cruving roofs and its little group of trees that were misty with young foliage. "I've been thinking a good deal about that, and some other things. All you said, back there on the ship, about independence and responsibility."

"I DON'T believe I care to remember that," said he quietly.

"But, John, if you will say startling, strong things to an impressionable girl—and I suppose that's all I was then—you can't expect her to forget them right away."

His face relaxed into a faint, fleeting smile. But she went earnestly on:

"Of course I know it wasn't really long ago. Not if you measure it by weeks. But if you measure it by human experience it was—well, years."

He was sober again, cheek on hand, gazing out into those lengthening, deepening shadows.

"That was what we quarreled about, John. I felt terribly upset. I was blue—I can't tell you! Just the thought of all your life meant to you, and how I seemed to be spoiling it."

A strong hand drew one of hers down and closed about it. "I'm going to try to tell you something, dear," he said. "You thought that what I said to you on the ship was an expression of a real philosophy of life."

"But what else could it have been, John?"

"IT WAS just a chip—right here." He raised her hand and with it patted his shoulder. "It was what I'd tried for years to believe. I was bent on believing it. You know, Betty, the thing we assert most positively isn't our real faith. We don't have to assert that. It's likely to be what we're trying to convince ourselves of. I'm just beginning to understand that, just lately, since you came into my life—and during the fighting. I had to bolster myself up in the faith that a man can run away, live alone, because it seemed to be the only basis on which I, as I was, could deal with life; the only way I could get on at all. But you see what happened to me. Life followed me and finally caught me, away out here in China. No, you can't get away from it. You can't live selfishly. It won't work. We're all in together. We've got to think of the others. I'm like a beginner now—going to school to life. I don't even know what I believe—not any more. I—I'm eager to learn, from day to day. The only thing I'm sure of"—he turned, spoke with breathless awe in his voice—"is that I love you, dear. That's the foundation on which my life has got to be built. It's my religion. I'm afraid."

Betty's eyes filled; her little fingers twisted in among his; but she didn't speak then.

THE shadows stretched farther and farther along the hillside. The sun, a huge orange disk descending amid coppery strips of shining cloud, touched the rim of the western hills, slid smoothly, slowly down behind it, leaving a glowing vault of gold and rose and copper overhead and a luminous haze in the valley. Off to the eastward, toward Shau T'ing and the crumbling ruins of the southern wall (which still winds sinuously for hundreds of miles in and out of the valleys and over and around the hills) the tumbling masses of uphcaved rock and loess were deeply purple against a luminous eastern sky.

"Will you let me travel with you, John? I've thought that I could draw while you write. Maybe I could even help you with your books. It would be wonderful—exploring strange places. I'd like to go down through Yunnan, and over the border into Siam and Assam and the Burma country. I've been reading about it, sitting in the hospital at night."

"There would be privation—and dangers."

"I don't care."

"You wouldn't be afraid?"

"Not with you. And if—if anything happened to you, I'd want to go, too. Of course there'd be other problems coming up. Don't think I'm altogether impractical, dear."

"What are you thinking of?"

SHE hesitated. "Children, John. I know we sha'n't either of us be satisfied to live just for our happiness in each other. I couldn't help thinking about that, watching you here during the siege."

"No, we sha'n't."

"And with your work what it is—what it's got to be—there's our first problem."

"We'll have to take life as it comes."

"Yes, I know." They were silent again. Gradually the brilliant color was fading from the sky and the distant hills softening into mystery. "Father says that we'll find marriage a job."

"Oh, it's that!"

"Full of surprises and compromises and giving up. He says it's very difficult, but very wonderful."

"I should think," said Brachey, his voice somewhat unsteady, "that it would be the most wonderful job in the world. Its very complexities, the nature of the demands it must make."

"I know!"

After a long silence he asked, so abruptly that she looked swiftly up:

"Do you ever pray, dear?"

"Why—yes, I do."

"Will you teach me? I've tried—up here in the trenches. I've thought that maybe I'd pick up a copy of the English prayer-book. They'd have it at Shanghai or Tientsin."

DUSK was mounting the hill slopes.

"It was a strange talk father and I had. Nearly all the afternoon—while you were checking up ammunition and things. It's the first time he's really sat down with me like that—like a friend, I mean—and talked out, just as he felt. Oh, he's been kind. But it's queer about father and me. You see, when they sent me over to the States, I was really only a child. Well, thirteen. Mother was dead then, you know. Father was always hoping to get over to see me, but there was all the strain of building up the missions after the Boxer trouble, and then he'd had his vacation. And he couldn't afford to bring me out here just for the journey."

Brachey broke in here. "Did you ask him if he would marry us?"

She nodded. "Yes. And he won't. That's partly what I'm going to tell you. He's resigned."

"From the church?"

"Yes. He thought of having Mr. Boatwright do it. But it seems that his position is rather difficult. On account of his wife. She'll never be friendly to us."

"Oh, no!"

"I COULD see, though, that dad was glad about our plan for an early wedding. Of course he's had me to think of, every minute. He did say that the certain knowledge that I'm cared for will make it easier for him to carry out his plans. But he wouldn't tell me what the plans are. It's odd. He doesn't like to think of me as a responsibility. I could see that. I mean, that he might have to do something he didn't believe in order to earn money for us. He said that he's been for years in a false position. He hasn't turned against religion. At least, he was never so kind and frank and nice. And I never saw him so happy. He acts as if he'd been set free."

"Perhaps he has," Brachey reflected aloud. "It is strange—almost as if we represented opposite swings of the pendulum, he and I. Perhaps we do. I've not had enough responsibility; he's had too much. Probably one extreme's as unhealthy as the other."

"I've worried some about him, John. But he begs me not to. He's planning now to sell all his things."

"All?"

"Everything. Books, even. And his desk, that he's had since the first years out here. Mr. Withery is going to be in charge at T'ainan, and dad's leaving the final arrangements to him."

"YOU speak as if your father were going away, far off. And in a hurry."

"He is. That's the strange thing. Just to tell about it, like this, makes it seem—well, almost wild. But when you talk with him you feel all right about it. He's so steady and sure. Just as if at last he's hit on the truth."

The night drew its cloak swiftly over the valley. For a long time after this conversation they sat there in silent communion with the dim hills; she nestling in his arms; he dreaming of the years to come in which his life—such was his hope—might through love find balance and warmth.

Doane was at the residence when Brachey left Betty there—at the door, chatting with M. Pourmont. He walked away with Brachey. And the tired but still genial Frenchman looked after them with a puzzled frown.

"Stroll a bit with me, will you?" said Doane. "I've got a few things to say to you." And outside the gate, he added soberly—"About the beastly thing I did."

"I'VE forgotten that," said Brachey stiffly, in spite of himself.

"No, you haven't. You never will. Neither shall I. What I have to say is just this—it was an overwrought, half-mad man who attacked you."

"Of course, I've come to see that. All you'd been through."

"What I'd been through, Brachey, wasn't merely hardship, fighting, wounds. It was something else, the wreck of my life. I'd had to stand by, in a way, and look at the wreckage. I was doing the wrong thing, living wrong, living a lie. For years I fought it, without being able to see that I was fighting life itself. You see, Brachey, the power of dogmatic thinking is great. It circumscribed my sense of truth for years."

He fell silent for a moment, looking up at the stars. Then, simply, he added this:

"I want you to know the whole truth; I feel that it is due you. My struggle ended in sin. The plainest kind—with a woman—and without a shred of even human justification. Just degradation. I can see now that it was a terrific shock. It nearly pulled me under, very nearly. They want me to stay in the church; but I can't, of course."

"NO," SAID Brachey, "you wouldn't want to do that."

"I couldn't. I went through the more or less natural morbid phases, of course. That attack on you——"

"That was partly exhaustion," said Brachey. "You weren't in condition to analyze a situation that would have been difficult for anybody. And, of course, I was in the position of breaking my pledge to you."

"It was more than that, Brachey. The primitive resurgence in me simply reached its climax then. No—let me have this out! I suspected you because I had learned to suspect myself. That blow was a direct result of my own sin. And I want you to know that I've come to see it for what it was."

"H'M!" MUSED Brachey. They were standing by a pile of weathering timbers, beside the old Chinese highway. "Shall we sit here a while?" Then, "I'd have to think about that." Finally, "I don't know but what your analysis is sound. But"—he mused longer; then, his voice clouded with emotion, broke out with: "What you must have suffered! And after our row—I can't bear to think of it." And then, quite forgetting himself, he rested a hand on Doane's arm. It was perhaps the first time in his adult life that he had done so demonstrative a thing.

Concluded on page 137

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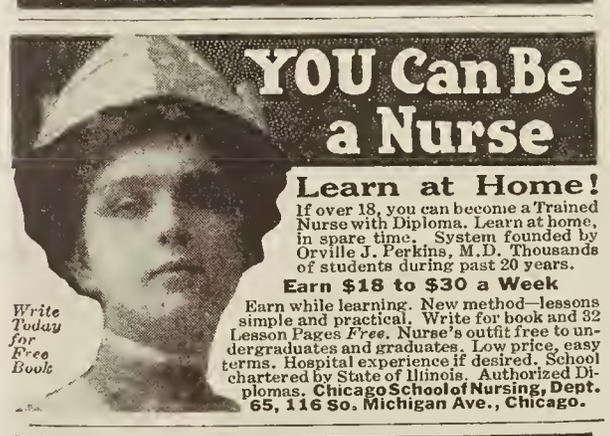


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EVERYBODY'S Magazine

PLAYS for Amateurs; Monologs, Recitations, Drills, Minstrel and Vaudeville Jokes and Sketches; ideas for entertainments. Send for free catalog.
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Concluded from page 136

HILLS OF HAN

Doane compressed his lips in the darkness and stared away.

"Oh, yes," he replied, after a moment, "I've suffered, of course. I even made a rather cowardly try at suicide."

"No—not——"

"ON MY return from Shau T'ing I walked into the Looker lines in broad daylight. I rather hoped to go out that way. But the fighting was over. I couldn't even get killed."

He seemed as confiding as a child, this grave, powerful man. And he was Betty's father. Brachey was sensitively eager to help him.

"Betty said you had new plans. I wonder if you would feel like telling me of them."

"Yes. I've meant to."

"Are you going back to the States?"

"No. Not now. Not with things like this. My worldly possessions, when everything is sold, will probably come down to a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars. My library is worth a good deal more than that, but won't bring it. I have a little in cash; not much. I've estimated that two hundred dollars—gold, not Mex.—will get me down to Shanghai and tide me over the first few delays. I'm giving Betty the rest, and arranging for Withery to turn over to her the proceeds of any sale."

"But what are you going to do down there?"

"Work. Preferably, for a while, with my hands."

"You don't mean at common labor?"

"Yes. Why not? I have a real gift for it. And I'm very strong."

"THAT would mean putting yourself with yellow coolies. The whites wouldn't like it; probably they wouldn't let you. And you have a brain. You're a trained executive."

"I won't take a small mental job. A large one—that would really keep me busy—yes. But there'll be no chance of that at first. And I must be fully occupied. I want to be outdoors. I may take up some branch of engineering, by way of private study. But at the moment I really don't care." He smiled, in the dark. Brachey felt the smile in his voice when he spoke again. "I was forty-five years old this Spring, Brachey. That's young, really. I have this great physical strength. And I'm free. Don't you see what a joy it's going to be to plunge all fresh at life? If I have sinned, I have really no bad habits. I probably sha'n't be happy long without slipping my shoulders under some new burden—a good heavy one. But don't you see how interesting it will be to start new, at nothing, with nothing? What an adventure?"

"IT WON'T be with nothing, quite. There's your experience, your mental equipment. With that, and health, and a little luck, you can do anything."

"Yes," said Doane, "it is, after all, a clean start. I've been terribly shaken."

"So have I," said Brachey gently, "and I'm starting new, too." He rose; stood for a moment quietly thinking; then turned and extended his hand. "Mr. Doane, here we are, meeting at life's cross-roads. You're starting out on something pretty like my old road, and I'm starting on a road not altogether unlike yours. The next few years are going to mean everything to each of us. And what we both do with our lives is going to mean everything to Betty. Let's, between us, make Betty happy." His voice was a little out of control, but he went resolutely on. "Let's, between us, help her to grow—enrich her life all we can—give her every chance to develop into the woman your daughter has a right to become!"

Doane sprang up, stood over him, enveloped his hand in a huge fist and nearly crushed it.

THE REV. HENRY WITHERY came in that night on a shaggy Manchu pony, with his luggage behind on a cart. And late the following afternoon a wedding took place at the residence. A great event was made of it by the young people of the compound. The hills were searched for flowers. A surprising array of presents appeared. Mrs. Boatwright was prevented from attending by a severe headache, but her husband at the last moment came. The other T'ainan folk were there. His Excellency Pao Ting Chuan, with fifteen attendant mandarins in full official costume, among whom was Mr. Po Sui-an, lent the color of Oriental splendor to the occasion. His Excellency's gift was a necklace of jade with a pendant of ancient worked gold. Withery performed the ceremony and Griggsby Doane gave the bride.

The young couple were leaving in the morning for Peking, at which city the groom purposed continuing for the present his study of the elements of unrest in China.

Directly after the wedding and reception a remarkably elaborate dinner was served in the large dining-room, at which Griggsby Doane appeared for a brief time to join in the merry-making with an appearance of *savoir faire* that M. Pourmont, shrewdly observing, found reassuring; but he early took a quiet leave.

AT DUSK, after the talking-machine had been turned on and the many young men were dancing enthusiastically with the few young women, the newly wedded couple slipped out and walked down to the gate. Here, outside in the purple shadows, they waited until a huge man appeared, dressed in knickerbockers, a knapsack on his back and a weather-beaten old walking-stick in his hand.

The bride clung to him for a long moment. The groom wrung his hand. Then the two sat, arm in arm, looking after him as he descended to the highroad and strode firmly, rapidly eastward, disappearing in the village and reappearing on the slope beyond, waving a final farewell with stick and cap—very dimly they could see him—just before he stepped through the old scenic arch at the top of the hill.

The End

THOSE SEVEN

SHE had her home by the old church-spires,
As snug as a dame could be.
Her children played by the Winter fires,
And seven of them had she!

They grew up tall, and they grew up strong,
And they grew away from the spires
(She boiled the kettle with pray'r and song
And tended the Winter fires).

They stepped in all of the Devil's snares.
They bullied her round, those seven.
They laughed at sermons and mocked at pray'rs
And bartered their hopes of heaven.

The icy Messenger came at last
And beckoned them each to him;
She stirred the porridge and held them fast;
But their eyes grew glazed and dim.

She washed the dishes, and banked the fires.
And buried them all in town.
But there came a day by the old church-spires
When her clock seemed running down.

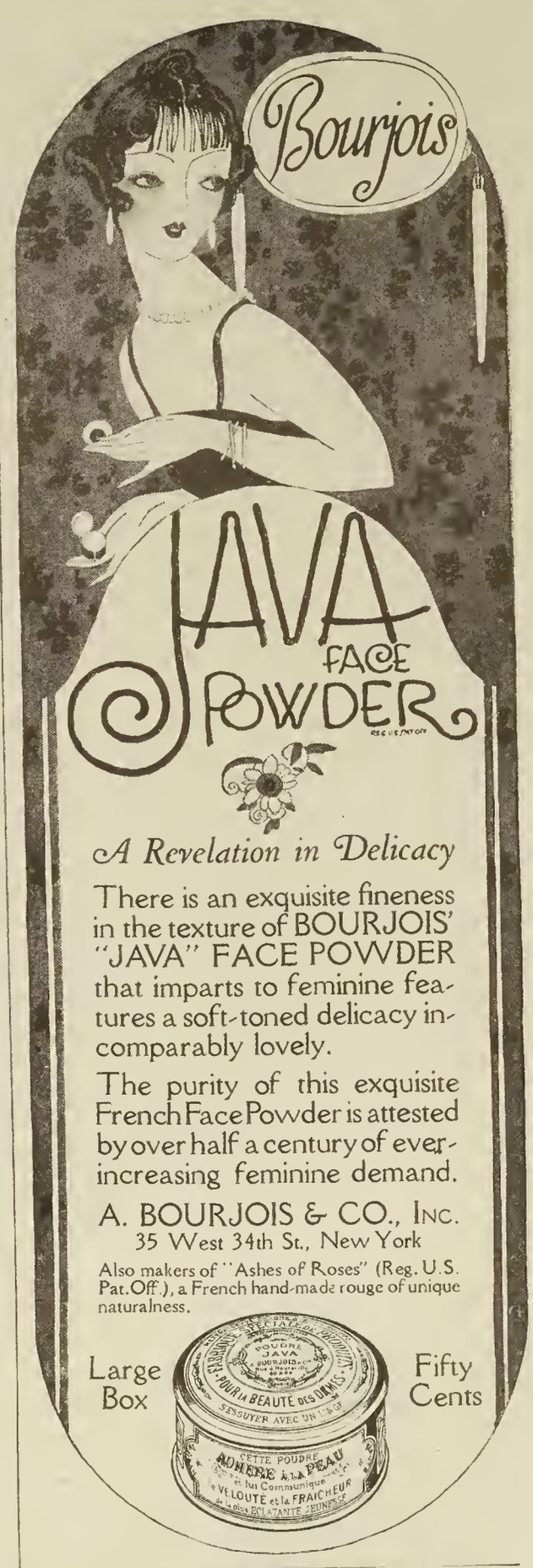
"Going up?" called the angel, prepared to start,
And he swung to a higher stage;
But she clapped both hands to her clogging heart
And ran from the up-bound cage.

She gained the spot where the basement stairs
Wind down like a darksome well.
She asked the blessing and said her pray'rs
And hurried along to hell.

She searched out the corner where they sat,
And they saw her come in there—
In her best black dress, and her last year's hat,
And her poor old thin gray hair.

They glimpsed a vision of old church-spires,
When they saw her there, those seven!
Forgot the brimstone; forgot the fires,
For hell was changed to heaven!

—LON BRIER.









Miss Martha Mansfield, who plays the rôle of Dr. Jekyll's fiancée, in the Paramount production of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," in which John Barrymore is starring

Courtesy of Paramount Pictures *Photographs by Alfred Cheney Johnston*

HISTORY and Fashion are subjects that can be repetitions without being tiresome. Possibly because they may say the same thing twice but never twice in the same way. The costume illustrated above, which Miss Mansfield wears in the screen version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," is a case in point. With its drooping shoulders and spreading skirt it might have served as a model for a Lanvin frock sketched in Paris by Dartey and printed in THE DELINEATOR a few weeks ago.

The same yet not the same. For fashion progresses on a sliding scale and the bouffant skirt of to-day, even when it is upheld at the hip by a hoop-like cord or ruffles and flounces to an apparently unlimited degree, is not the full skirt of the Fifties. We take a little off here, add a little there. We shorten our skirts, widen our waists, dispense with hips and the thing is done. The kimono sleeve we wear now is not the kimono sleeve we wore a few seasons back. The hip draperies of this season are not the sheath-skirt draperies of yester-year. Tunics, Etons, fichus, redingotes return, but in a new mood and the present tense. There is only one changeless thing in fashion—its abiding charm.



If beauty is its own excuse for being, the screen version of the story is amply justified in its interpolation in this noted piece of fiction of the fictitious character of Millicent Carewe as played by Miss Mansfield

THE DELINEATOR

MAY
1920



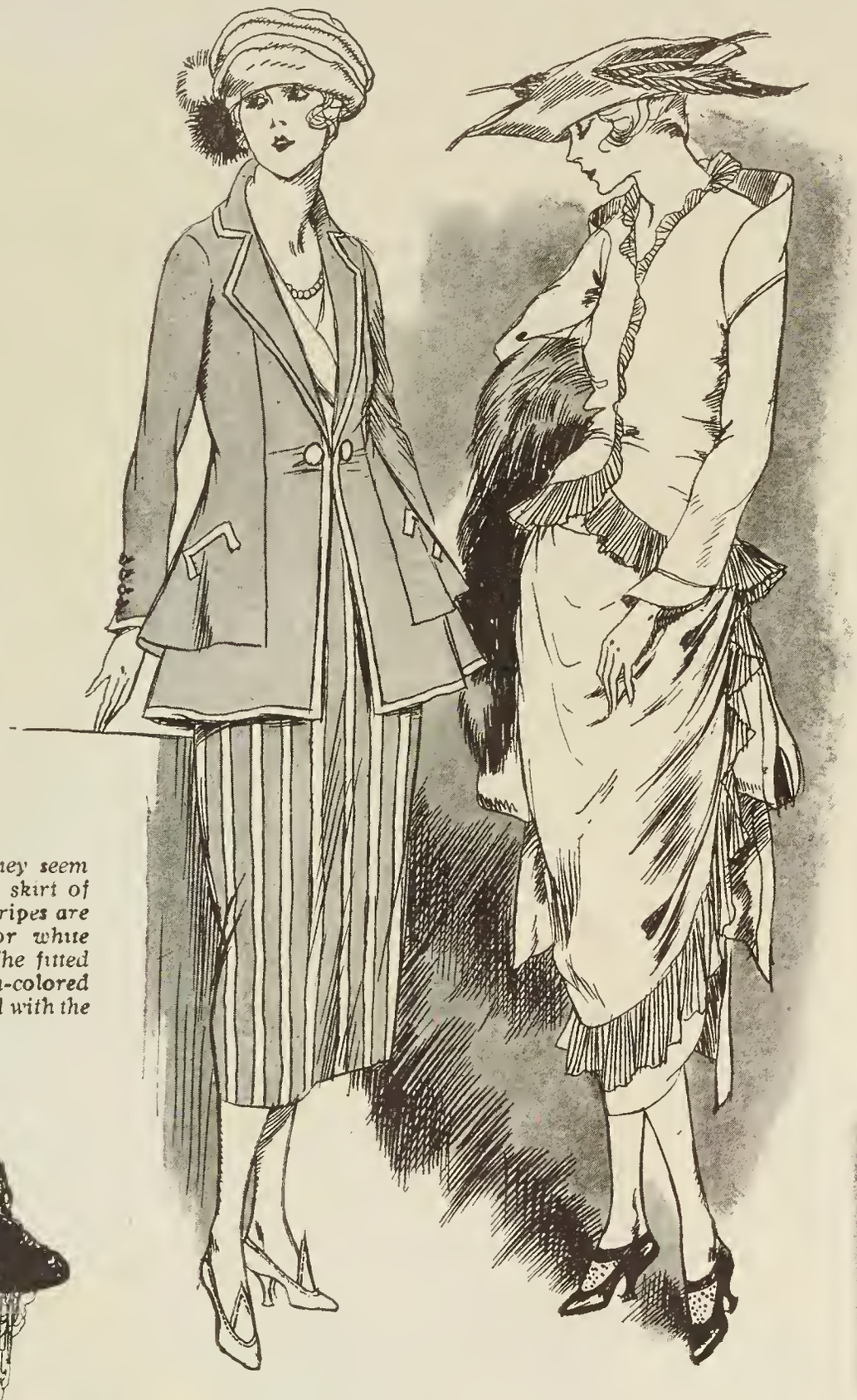
Things that lie close to the heart of France appear in this dress from Agnès—the red and blue of the flag in the pattern of the white foulard, the tablier of embroidered organdy copied from the historic costume of Alsace-Lorraine, the wheat and poppies in the corsage bouquet of the hip. Sketched by Soulié.

THIS Spring there are as many modes as there are minds, as many types of dress as there are types of women. There is the straight silhouette with its soft easy width such as Soulié has sketched in an Agnès dress on this page, the Victorian mode with its prim bodice and ruches in the frock from Marion Belle, the butterfly fashion of tulle draperies over a straight plaited skirt in the evening gown from Berthe-Hermance. One can be tuniced, flounced or ruffled, one can hide one's hips under a chemise dress of the same apparent width from shoulder to hem, or exaggerate them by loops, cascades or multiform trimmings.

It is all rather like the fairy-tale in which one can do everything except ——! The exceptions are that however far the skirt may spread at the hip it must remain reasonably narrow at the hem, and the waistline must be low or lower and must have the new softer, wider look that comes with a loosely tied ribbon or hip-knotted sash. Sleeves may be long or short, preferably short, and necks may be collared or collarless, but they must be open and rather low, and skirts, whatever their other vagaries, should be short or they will not be smart.

Taffeta and foulard are the silks of the season and the newest trimmings are fluted organdy, tinsel embroideries, brightly polished waxed cloth and black Chantilly and blonde lace.

SOULIÉ SKETCHES THE VICTORIAN TENDENCIES OF BASQUES AND BODICES FROM PARIS



Things are seldom what they seem when it comes to the striped skirt of a suit by Molyneux. The stripes are in reality "galon piqué" or white braid stitched in black. The fitted jacket is of plain mushroom-colored Kasha with its edges stitched with the white braid

An originality of Lelong et Fried is the sleeve top that forms a collar across the shoulders. The dress is of coral shantung trimmed with plaitings on the long basque and apron tunic. The dress holds a suggestion of the Victorian styles of the Eighties in the lifted tunic and the bustle-like sash



Suit coats may go to any length, from the short Eton to the long coat reaching to the hem. Bernard has used the latter in a Spring suit of navy gabardine that follows the figure above the waist and spreads out under bands of ciré satin at the hip

MAY is the gayest month in the Paris year. April has an uncertain charm, warming you one day, turning a cold shoulder on you the next. June is a month of departure for châteaux and *propriétés*. But May is brilliant with flowers, with the great races at Longchamps, polo at Bagatelle, fêtes and smart *réunions* of every kind. It is at this season that the great French dressmakers create their most charming models for the French *femmes du monde*. They are the costumes that the Parisienne wears for her daily promenades in the Bois, for her tea engagements at Pre Catalan and Armenonville, for dinner at the Ritz or a dance at the Claridge. And it is these costumes, elegant, discreet and altogether delightful, that Soulié has sketched for THE DELINEATOR.



Out of Egypt come the blue-green scarab colors of brocade on cloth of gold. The bodice is of blue-green net embroidered in stras and the net is used again to edge the hip draperies and in a cape-like empiècement that veils the shoulders at the back. By Drecoll

LINES, AS SOULIÉ SEES THEM, THAT ACCENT OR ELIMINATE THE HIP



A charming dress from Alice Bernard is of white Moroccain crêpe with embroidered side tunics and facings of crêpe Georgette in a brilliant shade of cerise



That the charm of the Victorians has been very much underrated is proved by an 1830 dress of black taffeta with a yoke guimpe of white organdy on the fitted bodice and ruchings of taffeta on the spreading flounces and sleeves. By Marion Belle



From Charlotte et Germain comes a redingote suit with a coat of beige gabardine over a black satin slip. The edges of the coat and the Directoire collar are bound with tinsel braid and the satin slip has a tunic of string-colored organdy



Black tulle is festooned over plaited black satin and draped at each side of a short tunic of embroidered net. Red wax flowers bury themselves in the tulle on the hip. From Berthe - Hermance



Margaine-Lacroix follows the straight line in a soft dress of gray crêpe de Chine and chiffon with empiecements of coral mousseline set within squares of gold braid

YOUNG HEADS DRESS THEIR HAIR IN WAYS THAT SHOW THEM OLD IN FEMININE WILES

Photographs by A' bé



The lovely, spirited head of Miss Betty Compson, a very young actress whose very beautiful hair falls naturally into a mass of curls that frame her face. For the young girl the finest art is apparently the artless, unstudied arrangement of the hair, such as this



Hair as blond as ripe wheat and as fine as a toss of co n-tassel Helen MacKellar arranges in a simple coil at the back of her head. Miss MacKellar has scored an unqualified hit as the appealing little French Canadian Manette Fachard in George Broadhurst's production of "The Storm" by Langdon McCormick

PRESENT fashions in hair-dressing, like other fashions, do not limit themselves to any one style. There is a certain simplicity in them all and they follow only one rul·: they suit themselves to the individual face. One must understand one's own features, type and, above all, one's own hair. Hair like Miss MacKellar's is so beautiful that it should be dressed in the simplest possible way, while Miss Owen's hair, which is also beautiful in another fashion, lends itself to an exquisitely artificial and formal style



A hair-dressing that follows and does uot alter the shape of a beautiful head is possible when the hair lends itself to soft, close curls. Posed by Miss Seena Owen



Miss Betty Ross Clark parts her waved hair a little at one side. The arrangement is very simple and has the advantage of looking well either with or without a hat



Irene Castle's hair is a law unto itself. Cut short, the brouze curls take quite lovely red and brown lights. Mrs. Castle's latest Paramount picture is "The Amateur Wife," by Nalbro Bartley

FROM EVERY FASHION INDICATION SPRING IS HERE

Sketches by Dartey, Paris

Paris has a word to say on the subject of wedding-veils. The three arrangements sketched by Dartey are of tulle or lace bound to the head with pearls or orange-blossoms. For a very elegant afternoon costume is the hat by Valentine About, of black lace with flowers in flat shades of rose color. The black satin hat would be smart with a silk frock or a suit.





A new bag from Paris announces "Spring is here!" with the petal-like ruffling of its narrow-ribbon frills



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Billie Burke, whose latest Paramount picture, "Away Goes Prudence," will shortly be released, wears a Summer frock of the type, fragile, exquisite and ephemeral, that is peculiarly her own



Embroidery reaches out for new fields and takes to itself the responsibility for the elegance of many of the new coats and suits



New collars of lace and net that give a light touch to the dark suit when we shed our furs for the Spring serge and tricotine

IT'S THE HAT THAT MAKES THE MAID, THE MATRON AND THE DANGEROUS AGE

Photographs from Underwood and Underwood

THESE six chapeaux de Paris from Lewis, photographed on Mlle. Caur d'Anjou, prove the adage that a woman is as old as her hat. Whether one will be a débutante making her first demure courtesy to society in a Dutch cap of silver lace, a minx with a come-hither in her eye that can not be extinguished by a Hindu turban, or a dangerous siren in black Chantilly and jet, depends to a large degree upon one's hat.

In these hats one may see certain well-established conventions of Spring millinery. The transparent effect of lace is achieved by Chantilly, Spanish lace, metal laces, tulle, maline, and horsehair braid. The high lights of jet, varnished straw and toile cirée are extremely smart. Hats for the most part are small and toque-shaped and come well down on the head, covering the forehead to the eyes.

Very little trimming is used on the Spring hats, but for Summer, larger hats in leghorn and Milan will be used trimmed with chintz, toile de Jouy ribbon, painted flowers and embroidery.

The smartest colors for the new hats are black and the dark shades of wood brown, Etruscan and lacquer red, jade green and pale lemon yellow.



The tiara shape varies in height and breadth from season to season, but does not alter in its popularity. Here Lewis has embroidered the coronet with rafia



An Eastern turban draped in cashmere silk over lacquered ribbon or "toile cirée" as Paris calls it. The new hats are worn well down on the head. By Lewis



Suggesting a Polish student's cap is a hat of liseré silk straw trimmed with a fantaisie tassel of ostrich. By Lewis

Few feathers are used this year, but in this instance Lewis binds the brows with uncurled ostrich in a small hat made of braided silk





With evening gowns the Parisienne likes an evening hat to meet the semi-formal requirements of restaurants and theaters. Here the dress is of silver tissue under black embroidered tulle, with a hat of silver lace



"Femme du Monde," Lewis might have called an evening hat,—a combination of the utmost sophistication and Chantilly lace trimmed with jet



An ingénue type is the Dutch cap of silver lace with double wings of the lace over the ears. By Lewis

EAST COMES WEST WITH VEILED FACES AND A HINT OF THE ORIENT IN THE NEW HEMS

Photographs from Underwood & Underwood

JUST why, when Turkey is under an extremely dark cloud, the influence of the Near East should be felt in fashions is not quite clear. Perhaps it is due to the recent Paris-London visit of that very plump young man, the Shah of Persia, who, it might be flippantly remarked, could bring a lot of weight to bear on any subject. One sees a lighter touch, however, in the Eastern veils of the new hats, the harem hems of the new skirts and the Oriental look of boleros and Etons worn above wide, loosely knotted sashes. With the advent of gayer, softer fashions the Parisienne has gone back to larger hats with silk frocks and silk suits. But the small hat remains the favorite for the promenade, "the voyage," as the Parisienne calls her Springs visit to Biarritz and the Côte d'Azur, and for motoring and sports. With the suit the hat is of flowers, of feathers, or of straw, but for the car and the railway carriage it is of dust-shedding silk





A poppy hat by Lewis throws back its lace veil from the face



The new veils take to volumnious and picturesque proportions and are therefore worn almost altogether with a small hat. By Bl. Visl



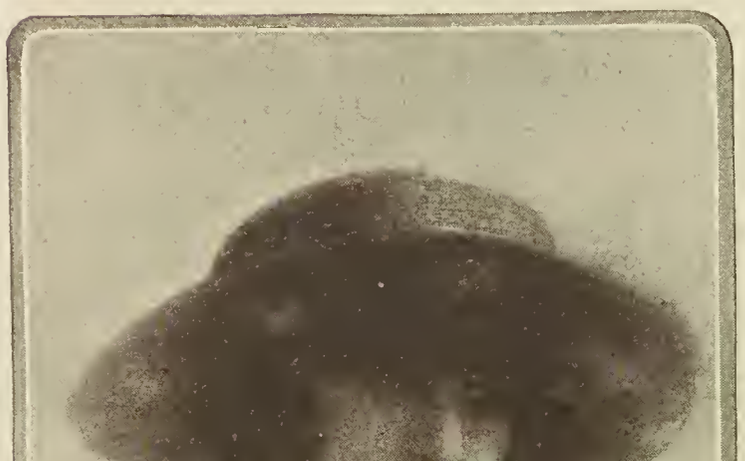
Usually the mesh of the veil is plain and the design is confined to the border—a becoming style and easy on the eyes. (Bl. Visl)

There are different ways of arriving at the conclusion of the harem hem. This way is Deddy's



Where is the fringe of yesteryear? An echo of it, at least, is to be found in the chenille edging of an hexagonal mesh veil. (Bl. Visl)

The charming hat below by Curtil is of horsehair and blond maline, such a hat as one would wear with a silk frock for luncheon or tea



The sailor shape is for youth just graduated from sailor suits and with a bright outlook from under the rose-colored wafer spots on the brim. By Antoinette

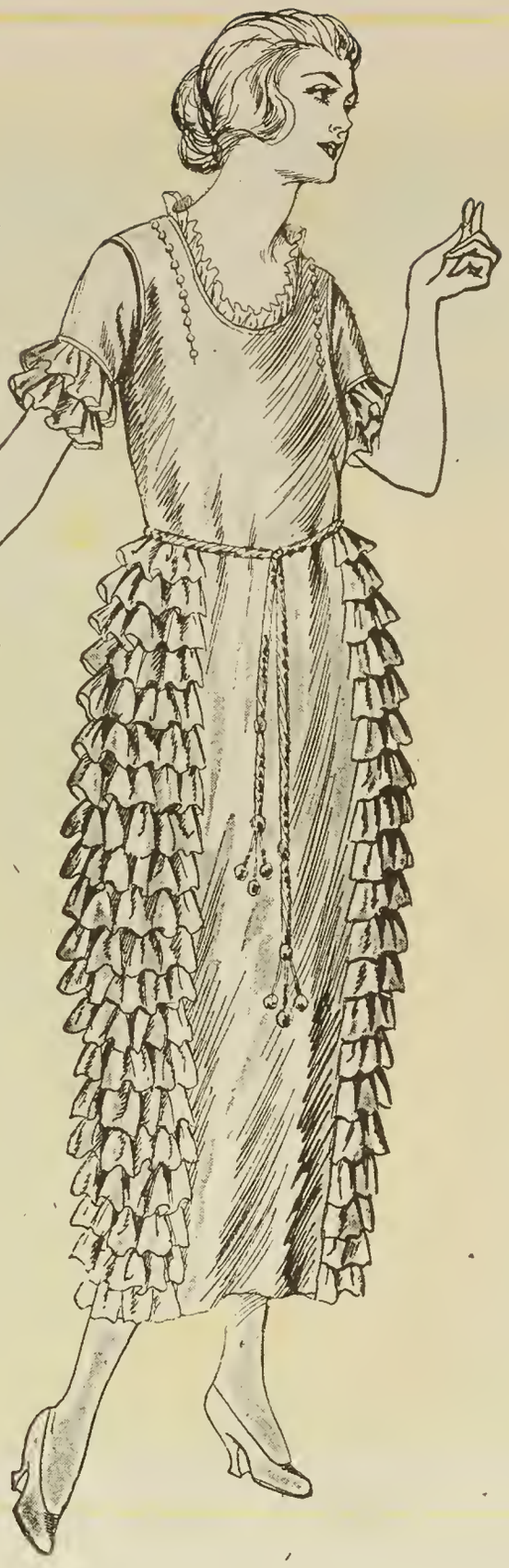




A swirl of sea-colored coque feathers follows the shape of a small hat that is so beloved by the Parisienne. By Bl. Visl



Dress 2361



Dress 2371



Dress 2269
Embroidery design 10636

LENGTHENING DAYS CALL FOR A VARIETY OF SOFT SILK AFTERNOON FROCKS

A Refreshing Quaintness Suggested In Fichu and Draped Waist While Much Attention Remains Centered On the Skirt

2361—A difference of opinion as to the way stripes should go results in an interesting frock. . It is made with the kimono waist and straight skirt. The joining of the upper and lower part of the skirt offers the opportunity of contrasting the stripes. The blouse body lining can have the camisole top. Use plaids, checks, foulard, taffeta, radium, satin, crêpe meteor or crêpe de Chine, or combine silk or satin with Georgette or silk voile. For Summer use cotton voile, cotton crêpe, gingham or chambray or linen, etc., with batiste, etc.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards striped silk 32 inches wide, ⅝ yard Georgette 40 inches wide, 2½ yards ribbon 5 inches wide for a sash. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2371—Narrow ruffles claim that there is much to be said on both sides, but it's all in favor of a one-piece frock. Trimming a dress at the sides in this manner is a French fashion. The closing comes on the left shoulder and underneath the arm, and the mere excuse for sleeves is sewed into the blouse body lining. Taffeta, satin and radium can be used and for the Summer there is linen, cotton poplin, repp, gingham or chambray. If the ruffles are not used it would be smart made of tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, checks or duvetyn, alone or with satin.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards taffeta 36 inches wide, 2⅛ yards extra material 36 inches wide for ruffles to trim. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust, also for misses.

2269—Accordion-plaited ruffles would completely conquer a new frock if they were not stopped by a front panel which deserves some attention in its own right. The waist is cut in kimono fashion and the blouse body lining beneath has the camisole top. The skirt is two-pieced. Use silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, satin or crêpe meteor, or use lace, silk voile, Georgette or net with a satin or taffeta panel. A Summer frock with gathered ruffles would be pretty in cotton voile, batiste, organdy, fine dimity or swiss.

36 bust requires 5¾ yards Georgette 40 inches wide, ⅜ yard extra material 40 inches wide for sash, 2¼ yards material 27 inches wide for back of skirt. Embroidery design 10636 is used. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

2271—Quaintly smart is Fashion, so she drapes a taffeta waist to follow the lines of the figure, adds a dainty tucker and then combines it all with the new frill-draped sides. The skirt is cut straight and made in two pieces. The drapery is inserted at each seam. The blouse body lining can be cut with a camisole top. Use taffeta, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, foulard, satin or fine serge. It would make a dainty Summer frock in gabardine, gingham, chambray, cotton poplin or dimity.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards taffeta 36 inches wide, ⅝ yard extra material 36 inches wide for plaitings, ¼ yard Georgette 18 or more inches wide. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

2364—With a fichu collar and puff sleeves one might say a frock started demurely enough, but it was modern ingenuity that thought of adding a French flounce to a smart tunic skirt. The foundation skirt, tunic and flounce are straight. Use taffeta, radium, satin, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine or foulard with a net, organdy or Georgette fichu. Cotton voile, cotton crêpe, batiste, organdy, swiss, lawn, net and lace can also be used. The back extends over the shoulders and has the front gathered to it and the blouse body lining has a camisole top.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards dotted net 40 inches wide, 2¼ yards satin 36 inches wide for foundation skirt and to trim. Lower edge of foundation skirt 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2366—It is the tunic that takes upon itself the responsibility of the loop-draped hip. This is a charmingly simple model for the Spring silks such as taffeta, radium, foulard, satin, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine and charmeuse. The vest combined with the soft front, gathered to the back which comes over the shoulders in shallow yoke effect is very becoming. The blouse body lining is cut like a camisole and the tunic and drop skirt have straight lower edges. For Summer use cotton voile, cotton crêpe, dotted swiss, batiste, organdy and lawn. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards faille 40 inches side including plaitings, ⅜ yard net 27 or more inches wide, 1⅝ yard material 32 inches wide for upper part of skirt.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

2339—The simplest way is very often the smartest, particularly when it results in a soft, becoming frock like this. The surplice closing is pretty and the wide tuck gives just the right distinction to the skirt. The front of the waist is gathered to the back which comes over the shoulders. This and the little vestee give the soft, becoming effect which is the charm of simple dresses. The blouse body lining can have the camisole line and the skirt is cut in two pieces. Foulard, Georgette, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine or silk voile, or dimity, batiste, lawn, cotton voile and cotton crêpe are the materials to use for this dress.

36 bust requires 4 yards foulard 40 inches wide, ½ yard Georgette 40 inches wide. Lower edge 2 yards.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 52 bust.

2340—When one lowers her waistline in the new way she does well to wear the broad Zouave sash with it and turn under her hem in Oriental fashion. The blouse is made with the becoming round neck and no sleeves to speak of. The straight skirt is gathered to it at a slightly low waistline. The hem is caught under to a straight foundation skirt and the blouse body lining has the camisole line. Use taffeta, crêpe meteor, tricolette, foulard, crêpe de Chine, satin, Georgette or silk voile. For Summer there is cotton voile, etc. Lower edge 2 yards.

36 bust requires 4 yards figured tricolette 36 inches wide, 2⅜ yards velvet ribbon 9 inches wide for girdle, sash ends, 1⅞ yard material 32 inches wide for foundation skirt.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

2368—Narrow plaitings mark the inverted scallop-joining lines of a frock made in contrasting fabrics. The waist is cut in kimono fashion and the straight skirt follows the waist's example and divides itself into an upper and lower part. Use satin, taffeta and charmeuse with crêpe de Chine, or combine foulard with plain silk, Georgette or silk voile, or taffeta with Georgette or silk voile. The dress can be made of any of these materials alone. Serge can be combined with satin or foulard. The blouse body lining has a camisole top.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards taffeta 36 inches wide including plaitings and sash, 1⅜ yard Georgette 40 inches wide for lower part of waist and upper part of skirt. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2333—The spider-web motif may catch your attention but the contrast of the draped surplice waist to the umbrella-fold loop will hold you a willing victim. Taffeta, satin, foulard, radium, crêpe meteor and crêpe de Chine are lovely materials for this type of frock. The hem of the two-piece skirt is caught to a straight foundation in Oriental fashion and the blouse body lining is made like a camisole. Tricotine, serge and gabardine could also be used and cotton voile, cotton crêpe, gingham and chambray would be pretty for Summer.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards charmeuse 40 inches wide, ¼ yard Georgette 40 inches wide. Embroidery design 10741 is used. Lower edge when falling free 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

Other views of these garments shown on page 166



Dress 2271

Dress 2366

Dress 2364

Dress 2339

Dress 2340

Dress 2368

Dress 2333
Embroidery design
10741

Other views of these garments are shown on page 166

"BE BRIEF"—IS FASHION'S WORD TO THE NEW WRAP

Kimono Effects, Eton, Raglan and Cape



Coat 2397
Dress 2351

2397—2351—The Eton is new and the one finished in a band is the newest. The dress beneath is the long-bodied style with the straight skirt, that can be accordion plaited in either of two widths. It closes on the side and has a blouse body lining with the camisole top. Use satin, taffeta, tricotine, gabardine, soft twills or serge. Both the dress and Eton are good style for a young girl.

36 bust requires 6¼ yards taffeta 40 inches wide, ⅝ yard contrasting taffeta 36 inches wide, 2⅝ yards ribbon 2 inches wide for a sash. Lower edge measures 2⅞ or 2¼ yards with the plaits drawn out.

The coat, 2397, is for ladies 32 to 42 bust, also for misses; the dress, 2351, is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.



Coat 2396
Skirt 1065

2396—1065—A box-coat of plain duvetyn made in raglan style is combined with a tailored skirt of checks. The long shawl collar is good-looking. The skirt is cut in two pieces. Use tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, serge, light-weight velours, mixtures, tweeds or homespun for a costume of this kind. The combination of plain and plaid, striped or checked material is very smart. This new box-coat is very becoming to young girls, too. The raglan line is new.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2 yards duvetyn 54 inches wide, 1⅛ yard contrasting material 18 or more inches wide, 1⅝ yard checks 44 inches wide (special quantity with piecing at center back). Lower edge measures 1½ yard.

The coat, 2396, is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses; the skirt, 1065, is for ladies 35 to 49½ hip.



Coatee 2400
Embroidery
design 10713

2400—The Parisienne's ingenuity in calling attention to her hips seems inexhaustible. One of the short wraps that she is so fond of for Spring stops just at this line and hugs the hips in the smartest manner. The coatee is made in kimono fashion and there is a becoming long, shawl collar. This is a delightful separate wrap made in novelty silks or it is very good-looking as part of a suit. Use satin, taffeta, moire, faille, silk poplin or tricolette, or tricotine, serge, gabardine or soft twills. Embroidery trimming is very effective.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards charmeuse 40 inches wide, ⅝ yard contrasting charmeuse 40 inches wide. Embroidery design 10713 is used to trim.

This coatee is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Cape 2399

2399—Fashion has her shortcomings this season but they seem to add to her attractiveness. There is the new cape, for instance. It is cut in a shorter length and makes a most charming wrap worn over a separate dress, or it is very smart when used as part of a costume. Although very effective in its graceful lines it is an unusually simple garment to make. It can be cut from half a square of wide material and made in a very short time. Tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills and checks are used. Tricolette, satin, taffeta and moire make lovely wraps. A figured lining in contrast is effective.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards satin 40 inches wide, 2⅝ yards foulard 40 inches wide for facing and to line cape.

This cape is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.



Coat 2398
Skirt 2365

2398—2365—A belted sport coat made in kimono fashion has the new long collar and is smart for either a woman or a young girl. The straight skirt is cut in one piece and has the standout pockets. Velours, duvetyn, camel's-hair, blankets, serge, satin, taffeta, tricolette and novelty silks are the materials used for sports coats, and skirts like this are made of crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, sports silks, tricolette, tricotine, gabardine, serge or soft twills. This makes a very smart costume for sports wear.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1⅞ yard camel's-hair cloth 54 inches wide, 2¼ yards sports silk 36 inches wide. The lower edge of the skirt measures 1½ yard.

This coat, 2398, is for ladies 32 to 42 bust, also for misses; this skirt, 2365, is for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 166

A LONG VEST, BOLERO AND NEW HIP EMPHASIS

Interesting Variety In the One-Piece Idea



Dress 2264



Dress 2272
Embroidery
design 10784



Dress 2307



Dress 2371
Embroidery design 10821

Dress 2296
Bag 10810

2264—The fashionable widened hip and the new long body with the aid of two large buttons, front and back, join forces to produce a smart Spring costume. The long collar and open vest front are particularly becoming both for the woman and the young girl. The use of the blouse body lining is optional. Tricotine, gabardine, serge and soft twills can be used alone or combined with foulard or satin. Checks and plaids are effective with satin, or satin, taffeta and charmeuse would be smart alone. The lower part is straight.

36 bust requires 2½ yards satin 36 inches wide, 1⅜ yard check 54 inches wide. ⅜ yard crêpe de Chine 18 or more inches wide for vestee. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.

2272—Perhaps it was her devotion to her umbrella that first suggested the umbrella-fold-loop idea to the Parisienne. She embroiders the straight lower part, made in this fashion, beautifully, and then adds the graceful long body for good measure. It is the simple type of street frock suited to the young girl also. A blouse body lining is offered. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge and soft twills, or combine checks and plaids with satin, or use satin, taffeta and charmeuse alone. For Summer there is linen, cotton gabardine, cotton poplin, gingham, etc., with batiste, lawn, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards gabardine 54 inches wide, including a sash. Embroidery design 10784 is used. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.

2296—A case where fashion eats her cake and has it, too, is where she manages to combine the new bolero with a long body and hip emphasized lower part which is cut straight. It is splendid for a combination of materials such as tricotine, gabardine, serge and soft twills with satin, foulard, crêpe meteor or taffeta. The wool materials could be used alone or checks could be combined with satin. Or taffeta, foulard, satin, crêpe meteor or heavy crêpe de Chine used with silk crêpe or silk voile. It is smart for a young girl.

36 bust requires 2 yards taffeta 36 inches wide, 1⅞ yard serge 54 inches wide for bolero, lower part and pocket section. The bag is 10810. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.

2307—A vest front gets right to the bottom of the fashion question in a new tricotine frock. The full-length collar is new and a most becoming arrangement for both the woman and the young girl. The dress is made in one piece and it can have a blouse body lining. The vest in contrast is an effective yet simple way to trim it. Tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, checks, stripes, duvetyn, velours, or satin, taffeta and faille can be used. A Summer frock could be made of linen, cotton poplin, repp, gingham and chambray.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards tricotine 50 inches wide, ⅞ yard satin 36 inches wide for vest front and a sash. Lower edge of skirt measures 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 46 bust; also for misses.

2371—Realizing that there's much to be said on both sides of the silk-and-wool question a new one-piece frock chooses both. It is that simple, distinctive type of Spring frock so smart for both women and young girls. It can be embroidered effectively or trimmed on the sides with narrow ruffles in French fashion. The sleeve is sewed to the blouse body lining and the closing comes on the left shoulder and under the arm. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, checks or duvetyn alone or with satin, or use taffeta, satin and radium. For Summer there is linen, cotton poplin, etc.

36 bust requires 2½ yards gabardine 54 inches wide, 1¼ yard satin 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 48 inches bust; also for misses.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 166



THE SPRING BLOUSE, LIKE THE NEW FROCK, MAKES EASE OF LINE ITS OBJECTIVE

The Overblouse or Frilled Front and the French Trimmed Skirt

2350—The smart raglan line is introduced in one of the new Spring overblouses. This line is not only becoming but also offers the opportunity of using an interesting combination of fabrics such as plain materials with figured, plaid or check materials, colored material with white or crêpe meteor with Georgette. Georgette crêpe, silk voile, crêpe de Chine, satin, crêpe meteor, batiste, cotton voile, handkerchief linen and dimity could also be used alone. The blouse slips on over the head, a style which is liked by both the woman and the young girl.

36 bust requires 1½ yard plain Georgette 40 inches wide for front, back, 1 yard figured Georgette 40 inches wide.

This blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.

2362—With a vestee that extends below the waistline and a full-length, narrow collar, an overblouse can face the new season with high hopes. The abbreviated sleeve is French and the back of the blouse comes over the shoulders in shallow yoke effect and has the front gathered to it giving a soft, becoming fulness. If the bloused-over line is desired an elastic run through a casing at the waistline will give it. Georgette crêpe, silk voile, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, foulard, tricolette, satin, charmeuse, or cotton voile, batiste and handkerchief linen can be used.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards tricolette 36 inches wide. Embroidery design 10812 is used.

This blouse is for ladies 32 to 46 inches bust.

2347—The softly frilled blouse finds its opening at the front of the Spring suit and proceeds to captivate all feminine attention. Underneath the broad collar the front is softly gathered to the back, which comes over the shoulders, giving the effect of a yoke. The deep frills on the collar and the cuffs are very pretty and lighten the simple tailored suit wonderfully. Georgette, crêpe de Chine, silk voile, batiste, cotton voile and handkerchief linen are the materials used for this type of blouse. This soft effect in front is very fashionable for Spring.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards handkerchief linen 40 inches wide, 4 yards filet-lace edging.

This blouse is for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

2385—Let not the front see what the back does was Fashion's thought when she introduced one of the new blouses that comes over the skirt in a most interesting manner. It is made in the popular French way with the sleeve cut in kimono style. There is one deep point in front and two at the back at each side of the smart closing. The blouse is a very simple one, but with a graceful line in its soft drapery. Crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, satin, taffeta, foulard, Georgette crêpe, silk voile and tricolette, or cotton voile, batiste and handkerchief linen can be used.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard satin 36 inches wide, 2 yards silk feather fringe.

This blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2381—With no sleeve to speak of, a new blouse cut in kimono fashion smartly grasps the mood of the Spring season. It has the popular youthful lines in its round neck and simplicity. Blouses worn over the skirt are very fashionable this season. This one is unusually simple in its construction, as it slips on over the head and has two seams, one under each arm. Crêpe meteor, tricolette, crêpe de Chine, Georgette crêpe, silk voile, satin, foulard, cotton voile, batiste and handkerchief linen could be used.

36 bust requires 1½ yard taffeta 36 inches wide, ⅜ yard Georgette 40 inches wide for frills. Embroidery design 10820 is used.

This blouse is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

2354—Tucks increase in number but decrease in size as they mount up to smartness on a Spring taffeta. This dress is the popular one-piece type which both women and young girls like. It has the short sleeve and a round neck with a becoming, narrow band-like finish. The blouse body lining can be cut with a camisole top. The lower edge of the skirt is straight. Georgette crêpe, silk voile, crêpe de Chine, taffeta and crêpe meteor could be used, and for the Summer months it would be delightful made of cotton voile, cotton crêpe, batiste, lawn, mull, swiss or organdy. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

36 bust requires 5¼ yards taffeta 36 inches wide.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust; also for misses.

2349—Not satisfied with acquiring a tunic, a taffeta frock uses a cord to distend it at the hip, in hoop fashion, and scallops it at the bottom. This scallop idea is also carried out on the long collar and short sleeve. There is a drop skirt beneath the straight tunic and the blouse body lining can have the camisole line. The back comes over the shoulders and has the front gathered to it. Use taffeta, radium, foulard, crêpe meteor or crêpe de Chine, or use Georgette crêpe, silk voile, net or lace alone or over a foundation of satin, taffeta or messaline.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards taffeta 36 inches wide, 3½ yards 5-inch ribbon for sash. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2342—For the present vogue of ruffles there is nothing lovelier than Georgette. This dress is made with the new bolero that has the becoming round neck and short sleeve. It closes on the left shoulder and underneath the arm. There is a one-piece straight skirt beneath the ruffles which are also cut straight, and the blouse body lining has the camisole top. Use Georgette, silk voile, lace or net alone, or with a taffeta bolero, or use taffeta, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor and radium alone. Cotton voile, organdy, etc., could be used for Summer. Lower edge 1½ yard.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards Georgette 40 inches wide, 2¼ yards lace edging.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

2275—For the warmer days of Spring there is the foulard dress, simple and smart in line and delightful for street wear. A vestee in contrast adds interest to the waist, which is made with the becoming new full-length collar. The front being gathered to the back, which comes over the shoulder, gives the soft, full effect. The blouse body lining can be cut with the camisole line and the two-piece skirt is trimmed with a wide tuck. Taffeta, Georgette crêpe and crêpe de Chine can be used, and for Summer there is batiste, etc. Lower edge 2 yards.

36 bust requires 4⅝ yards foulard 36 inches wide, ½ yard plain foulard 36 inches wide for vestee and pipings.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 52 bust.

2309—A French model is draped in a new way across the front and back to give the fashionable widened hipline. The simple waist is cut in kimono fashion and made with a surplice closing and the new short sleeve. It can have a blouse body lining cut like a camisole. The skirt is in one piece and caught under in Oriental fashion to a short, straight foundation skirt. Charmeuse, taffeta, satin, foulard, crêpe de Chine, or soft serge, gabardine and tricotine can be used. For Summer there is cotton voile and cotton crêpe.

36 bust requires 4½ yards charmeuse 40 inches wide, 2½ yards feather fringe. Lower edge when falling free 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2305—With a flying panel to back it up and an embroidered bib and hip draperies that come to the front to acclaim its smartness, a tricotine frock is introduced to the Spring season. It closes at the back and has the waist and one-piece skirt joined in a one-piece dress effect. The blouse body lining can be cut with the camisole top. Tricotine, gabardine, serge and soft twills can be used alone or with satin, foulard, charmeuse, taffeta or plaid silks, or satin, taffeta, charmeuse, faille and foulard can be used alone. For Summer use gingham, etc., with batiste. Lower edge 1⅜ yard. Embroidery design 10693 is used.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards tricotine 54 inches wide.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2356—If the bolero is tucked, the soft, Oriental skirt quickly follows suit and is trimmed in the same way. The skirt is cut straight and can be turned under and caught to a foundation skirt which is also straight. The blouse underbody can be cut in camisole effect. Use foulard, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, Georgette crêpe, silk voile, taffeta, satin or charmeuse. The ball fringe trimming is new. For a Summer frock there is cotton voile, cotton crêpe, batiste, swiss, organdy or net.

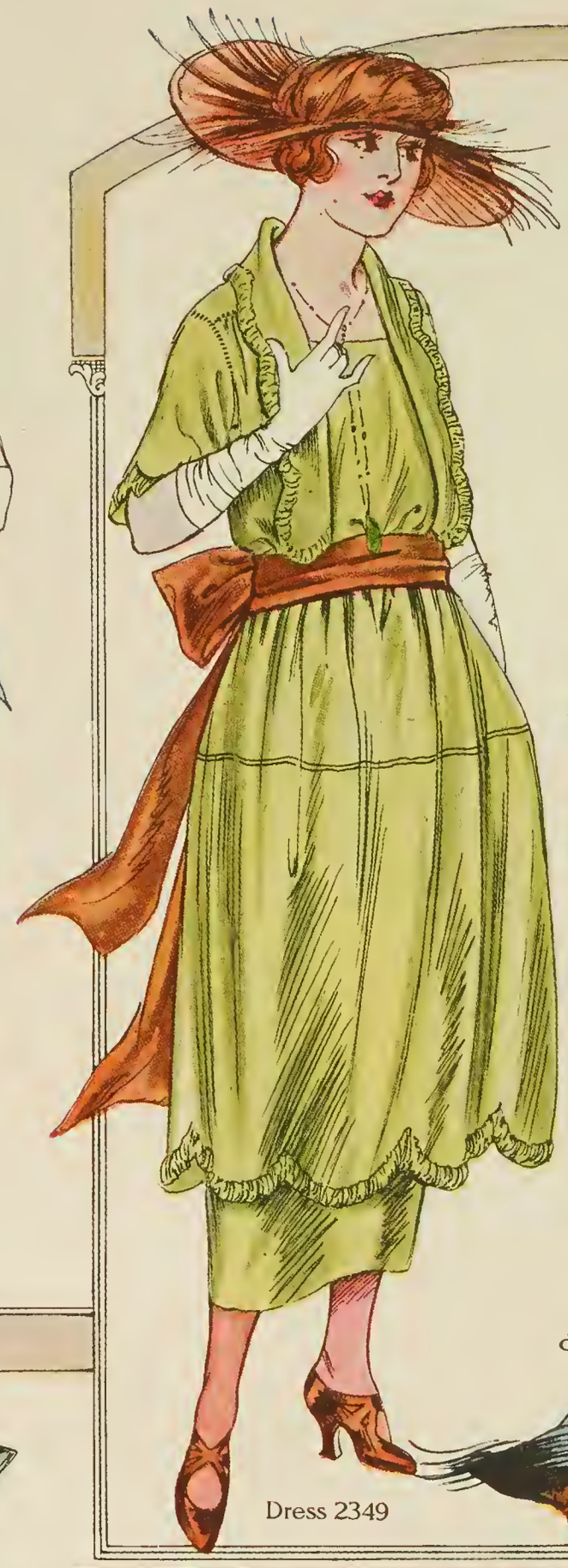
36 bust requires 4¼ yards crêpe meteor 40 inches wide, 2¼ yards lace for collar and cuffs, 8½ yards ball fringe. Lower edge 2 yards.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

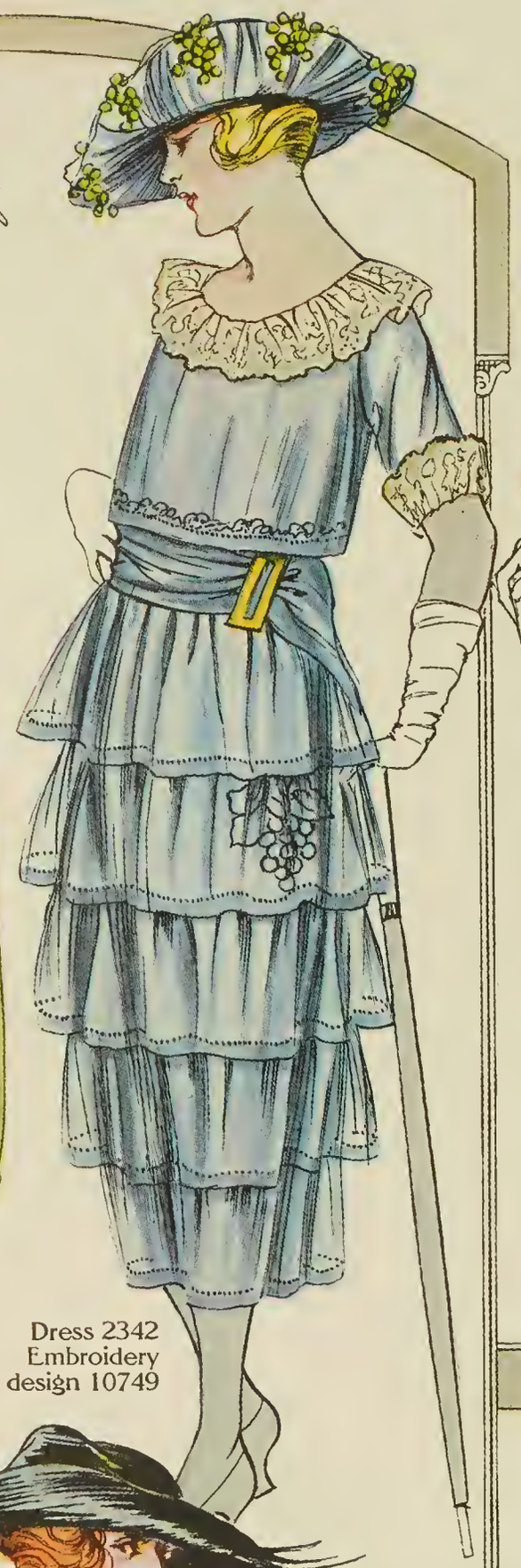
Other views of these garments are shown on page **166**



Dress 2354



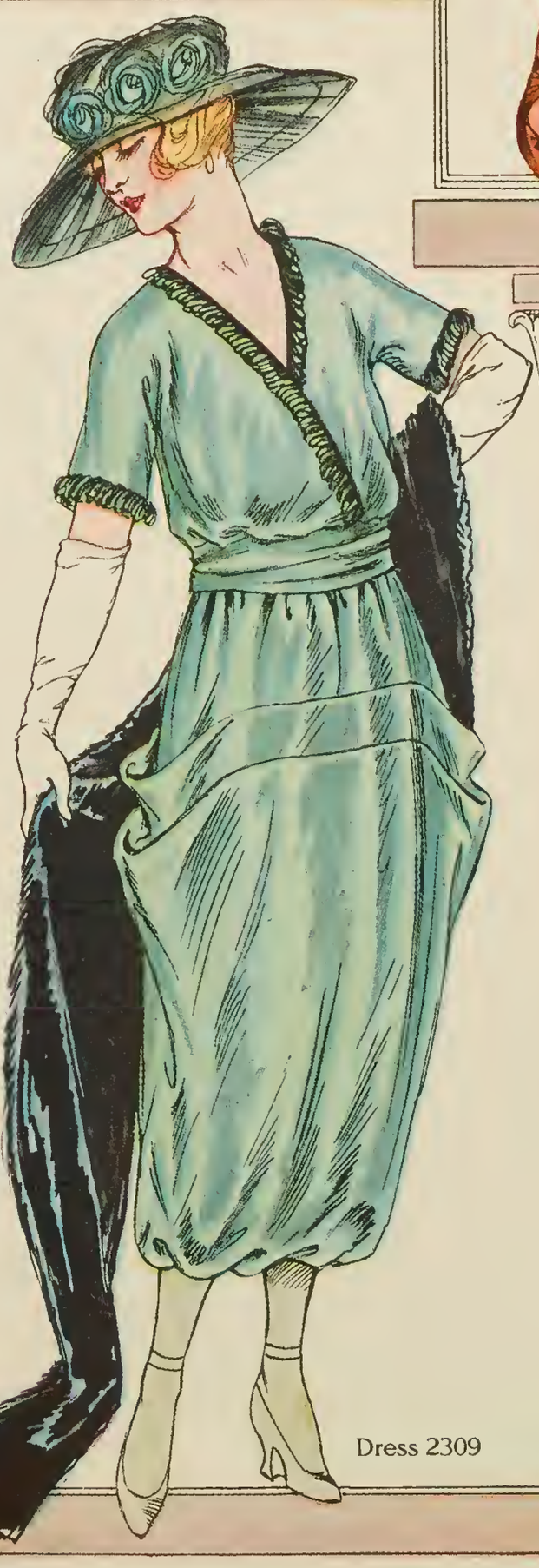
Dress 2349



Dress 2342
Embroidery
design 10749



Dress 2275



Dress 2309



Dress 2305
Embroidery
design 10693



Dress 2356

Other views of these garments are shown on page **167**

Dress 2351
Embroidery
design 10816

Dress 2302
Embroidery
design 10806

Dress 2346

Blouse 2226
Dress 2344

Dress 2358
Embroidery
design 10814

Dress 2290

Dress 2281

Other views of these garments are shown on page 167



Dress 2378



Waist 2265
Skirt 2336



Waist 2383
Skirt 2327
Embroidery design 10820

THE SEASON OF THE DRESS IS AT HAND

Four Apron Tunics Appear on a French Model and a New Frock Is Made in Jumper Style

2351—Within the limits of the straight silhouette one finds the interesting combination of a youthful long body and fashionable accordion-plaited skirt. The side closing is smart and the lower part, which can be plaited in either of two widths or gathered, is cut straight. The blouse body lining can have the camisole line. Use taffeta, satin, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, foulard, tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, plaids or checks. Or combine satin, foulard or plaid silk with tricotine, etc., or use a plain silk or wool body with a plaid or check skirt.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards taffeta 40 inches wide, ⅜ yard contrasting taffeta 36 inches wide for collar. Embroidery design 10816 is used. Lower edge 2⅞ or 2¼ yards.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

2302—A strip of embroidered silk is used in an unusual way to mark the side closing of a one-piece frock of tricotine. The soft blouse lines of the waist are new and very well liked by the young girl as well as the woman. The use of the blouse body lining is a matter of choice. The broad collar is youthful and very becoming for Spring. Tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, checks, taffeta, satin and pongee would be the materials to use, and for the tub frock linen, cotton gabardine, cotton poplin, repp, gingham and chambray could be used.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards tricotine 54 inches wide, ⅝ yard silk 36 inches wide. Embroidery design 10806 is used. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

2346—Late Spring brings the fashionable foulard frock out in all its smartness for street wear. A charming model has the vestee front, so becoming and youthful, and the new long collar which meets in a point at the broad sash belt. The skirt is cut in two pieces and the blouse body lining has the camisole top. Taffeta, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine and satin can be used, and for Summer it is a pretty style in dimity, cotton crêpe, cotton voile, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards foulard 36 inches wide including sash, ½ yard messaline 36 inches wide for collar, ⅜ yard Georgette 18 or more inches wide for vestee, ½ yard extra material 36 inches wide for plaitings. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 52 bust.

2226—2344—A woman may change her blouse as well as her mind if she selects the one-piece jumper frock made with the umbrella-fold loops. The blouse is cut in one piece and slips over the head. The dress, also in one piece, has the longer body with the straight lower part. Tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, checks, plaids, taffeta, satin or foulard can be used with a blouse of Georgette crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor or silk voile. Pongee, linen, etc., can be worn with cotton voile, etc.

36 bust for blouse and dress requires 1⅜ yard figured Georgette 40 inches wide, 1⅝ yard gabardine 54 inches wide. Lower edge 1½ yard.

Blouse 2226 is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; dress 2344 is for ladies 32 to 42 bust, also for misses.

2358—For a combination of duvetyn and satin the smart panel front is used. This panel is made in one with the straight lower part which extends from the hip in looped effect. The blouse body lining can be made in camisole effect. This type of dress is very becoming to the young girl as well. Tricotine, gabardine, serge or soft twills can be used alone or with satin, taffeta or foulard. Checks are often combined with satin. For Summer use linen, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine, gingham or chambray alone or with batiste, cotton voile or dimity.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yard satin 36 inches wide for sleeves, side front and back, 1⅝ yard duvetyn 54 inches wide. Embroidery design 10814 is used. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

2290—In the new polonaise model for street wear one has the smartness of the suit with the advantages of the frock. A blouse body lining can be used beneath the polonaise and the straight skirt is cut in one piece. Tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills and checks can be used alone or made over satin. Satin and taffeta can be used alone, and for Summer wear pongee, linen, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine and repp can be used alone or in a combination of two colors. The diagonal line in the lower part of the polonaise is new and very smart.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards tricotine 54 inches wide, ⅜ yard satin 18 or more inches wide for vestee, 6½ yards braid. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for ladies 34 to 48 bust.

2281—It's the smart overblouse of a Spring taffeta that widens the hipline in French fashion with its big pockets. The short sleeve is very becoming to both the woman and the young girl and the straight skirt is gathered. A blouse body lining is offered. Taffeta or satin would be smart, and tricotine, serge, gabardine or checks can be used. For Summer there are tub silks, linen, cotton poplin, gingham, chambray and repp. For a tub frock a combination of two colors or a color and white is smart.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards figured tricolette 36 inches wide, 2¼ yards plain tricolette 36 inches wide for collar, cuffs, pockets and skirt, ¼ yard Georgette 18 or more inches wide for vestee. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

2378—Wide plaited frills of Georgette show what a frivolous turn of mind fashion can have in regard to the simplest of one-piece charmeuse frocks. It slips on over the head and has a blouse body linging. It is the type of frock that young girls as well as women select. It could be made of crêpe de Chine, foulard, taffeta, Georgette, silk voile, satin, crêpe meteor or pongee. Tricotine, gabardine, serge and soft twills could be used alone or with taffeta plaitings. For Summer use linen, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine, repp, gingham, chambray or cotton prints.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards charmeuse 40 inches wide, 1⅜ yard Georgette 40 inches wide for vestee and frills. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

2265—2336—It was Paris that showed that four apron tunics could not only be in perfect harmony but were actually needed for the success of a new afternoon frock. The draped waist is joined to the side body in jumper effect and is made over a blouse body lining with the camisole top. Beneath the tunics there is a straight drop skirt. Taffeta, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor and foulard could be used alone or combined with silk crêpe. Tunics of Georgette, etc., would be pretty over satin, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 6 yards taffeta 36 inches wide including plaitings, ¾ yard Georgette 24 or more inches wide for side body. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

Waist 2265 is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; skirt 2336 is for ladies 35 to 45 hip.

2383—2327—When the sash ties at the back the embroidered hip draperies turn toward the front. The draped kimono waist has a surplice closing and can be made over a blouse body lining. The skirt is cut in two pieces and draped. The hem is caught under in Oriental style to a straight foundation skirt. Crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, foulard and satin could have a tucker of Georgette, net or silk voile. It would make a dainty Summer frock in cotton voile or cotton crêpe with a batiste, mull or net tucker.

36 bust and 38 hip require 4⅞ yards faille 40 inches wide, ⅝ yard Georgette 40 inches wide for vestee and plaiting. Lower edge when falling free measures 1½ yard.

Waist 2383 is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; skirt 2327 is for ladies 35 to 45 hip.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 167

BOTH SIDES OF THE WARDROBE QUESTION ARE INFLUENCED BY PARIS FASHIONS



Negligée
2386



Combination
2352



Dress 2376
Bag 10810

2386—As the days grow warmer and hours of relaxation more frequent fashion plans a dainty negligée for such materials as dotted swiss, cotton voile, figured lawn, cotton crêpe and mull. The Empire line is becoming. Crêpe de Chine, Georgette, figured silk voile or Japanese and Chinese silk would make a lovely negligée.

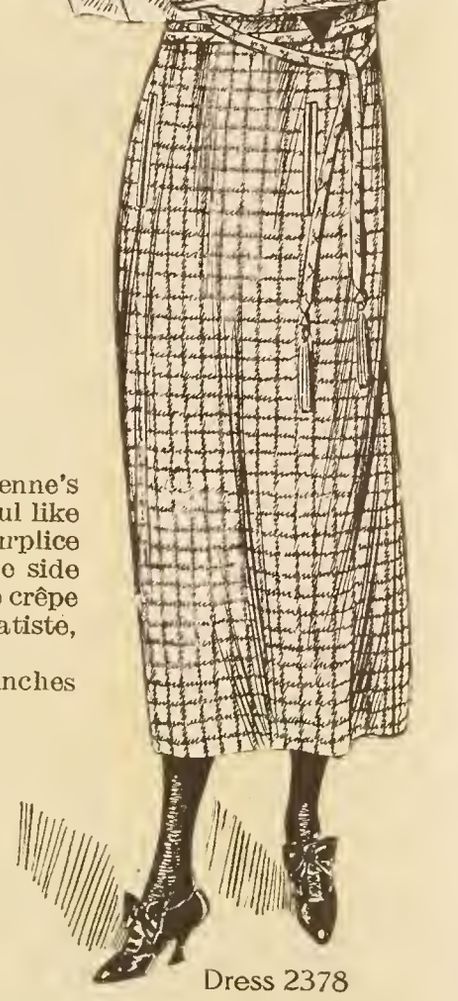
36 bust requires 4¾ yards dotted swiss 36 inches wide, ⅜ yard plain swiss 40 inches wide. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

This negligeé is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2352—One might guess that beneath the Parisienne's interesting costume there was something delightful like this combination. The corset-cover is cut in surplice fashion and the petticoat is made straight. The side trimming is the vogue in French underwear. Use crêpe de Chine, Georgette, wash silk, wash satin, batiste, nainsook, long-cloth, cotton voile, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This combination is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Dress 2378

2376—A redingote of gabardine worn over a satin slip is made with the abbreviated kimono sleeve. The slip is cut in two pieces and has a blouse body lining in camisole effect. Use tricotine, serge or soft twills alone or with satin, or use silk crêpe over satin. The dress could be made of satin, taffeta, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, tricolette or foulard and for Summer there is linen, cotton poplin, etc. Lower edge of slip 1½ yard.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards gabardine 54 inches wide, 2½ yards satin 36 inches wide for slip front and lower part of back, ⅝ yard material 27 inches wide for upper part of back.

This dress is for ladies of 32 to 44 bust.

2378—Checks accentuate the smartness of a one-piece street frock. It slips over the head, a style liked by both the woman and young girl, and a blouse body lining can be used. Tricotine, gabardine, serge and soft twills can be used alone. If trimmed with plaiting at the side in French fashion, these materials can be used alone or with taffeta. Taffeta, satin, crêpe meteor and pongee would be pretty, and for a tub frock there is linen, cotton poplin, etc.

36 bust requires 2½ yards check cloth 54 inches wide, including a sash, ¼ yard velours 36 or more inches wide. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.



Blouse 2388
Skirt 2372



Blouse 2369
Skirt 2365
Embroidery design
10814

2388—2372—When Spring activities call for the blouse-and-skirt costume there is a softly tucked model that can be made with a shoulder yoke and worn with a plaited skirt. The skirt is cut in four pieces and can be made with darts or gathered at the side. Use batiste, cotton voile, handkerchief linen or crêpe de Chine, Georgette or silk voile for the blouse; and tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, checks, satin, etc., for the skirt. Lower edge 2⅝ yards.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2⅛ yards batiste 36 inches wide including frills, 2½ yards tricotine 54 inches wide.

The blouse 2388, is for ladies 32 to 46 inches bust; skirt, 2372, is for ladies 35 to 55 inches hip.

2369—2365—The long collar and the hip-extended pockets assure a woman of at least two points on her fashion score for Spring. The soft fulness of the front is gathered to the back which extends over the shoulder. The straight skirt is cut in one piece. Use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, silk voile, cotton voile, batiste, dimity and handkerchief linen for the blouse and crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, sport silk, tricolette, tricotine, gabardine, or linen etc., for the skirt.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2¼ yards Georgette 40 inches wide, 2¼ yards taffeta 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This blouse, 2369, is for ladies 32 to 46 bust; the skirt, 2365, is for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 167

ACCESSORIES AND NECESSITIES THAT ARE A SIMPLE MATTER TO MAKE

The New Quaint Collars and Garments That Take Little Material



House dress 2374

2374—The problem part of the servant question becomes a myth when to-day's woman dons the new house dress and does her own work. Made in one piece, the apron has a most becoming collar and cuffs to match. Gingham, chambray, percale, madras and cotton poplin are the materials that make fresh-looking, practical house dresses.

36 bust requires 4½ yards percale 36 inches wide, ⅝ yard chambray 32 inches wide. Lower edge about 1¾ yard.

This house dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

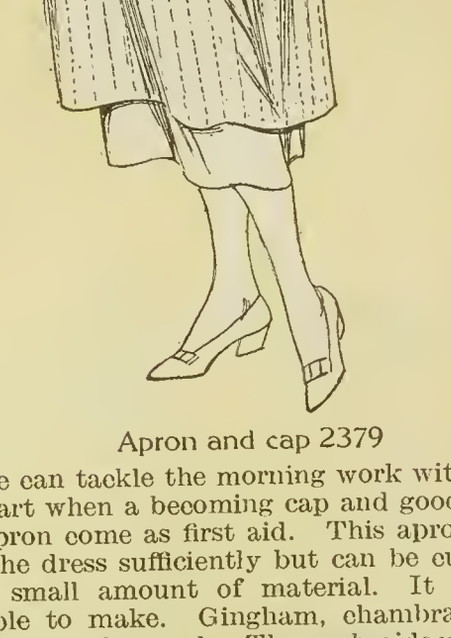


Collars and fichus 2390

2390—These new collars are in quaint bertha style and fichu effect.

Medium size, 35 to 38 inches bust, requires, View A 1 yard organdy 40 inches wide, View B ¾ yard point d'esprit 40 inches wide, View C ¾ yard all-over lace 30 or more inches wide, 2⅜ yards edging, View D 1 yard Georgette 40 inches wide.

These collars and fichus are for ladies and misses in small, medium and large sizes.



Apron and cap 2379

2379—One can tackle the morning work with a light heart when a becoming cap and good-looking apron come as first aid. This apron protects the dress sufficiently but can be cut out of a small amount of material. It is very simple to make. Gingham, chambray and percale can be used. The embroidered scalloped edge makes a pretty finish.

38 hip requires 2⅝ yards gingham 27 inches wide for apron and cap, 4⅞ yards of braid.

This apron and cap is for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.



Nightgown 2382—Cap 2040

2382—2040—A really fascinating boudoir cap completes the demurest of bedtime costumes that has a round yoke and puff sleeve. The sleeve is made with one seam. Use nainsook, batiste, long-cloth, cambric and muslin. Crêpe de Chine, Georgette crêpe, etc., are used for the cap.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards nainsook 36 inches wide, 2⅛ yards insertion, ⅞ yard edging; the cap, in ladies' size, requires ⅝ yard Georgette 40 inches wide.

This nightgown, 2382, is for ladies 32 to 46 bust; the cap, 2040, is for ladies and misses.



Underwaist 9319
Knickers 2380

2380—9319—Even the small girl knows the advantage of having her knickers snap securely over her underwaist without a button or fastener to worry her. These knickers are worn above the knee. Use nainsook, longcloth, batiste, cambric and muslin. For the underwaist use dimity and cambric. These knickers can be worn under a frock. The same material as the dress is used and the frill is omitted.

8 years requires 2 yards batiste 36 inches wide, 3¼ yards edging.

Underwaist, 9319, is for girls and children 2 to 15 years; the knickers, 2380, are for girls 1 to 12 years.



Union suit 2387

2387—For the ardent admirer of his dad and all things about him there is a union suit made like his. It is a very practical garment for a boy, being easy and inexpensive to make. The construction is very simple and allows plenty of freedom for a boy's athletic activities. Nainsook, mercerized cottons, crossbar, linen and cambric, madras and muslins, in white are used. It is a new type of undergarment for the boy and one that he will find to be both practical and comfortable.

8 years requires 1¼ yard muslin 36 inches wide. This union suit is for boys 2 to 12 years.

2334—To get to the bottom of fashion matters the young girl finds that a pair of bloomers is one of the most satisfactory foundations for a smart costume. The bloomers are made in circular style, insuring a smooth-fitting garment at the hip. They are worn by small women, too. Serge or sateen and satin are usually the materials selected for this type of garment.

A 16-year size requires 1⅞ yard of serge 44 inches wide. These bloomers are splendid for misses 14 to 19 years; they are also good for small women.



Bloomers 2334

Other views of these designs are shown on page 167



2270—One could live happily ever after in a batiste frock that ended in dainty ribbon-loop trimming. This little dress is made in one piece, with clusters of tucks and slashes for a sash arranged at the Empire line. The broad round collar is becoming and the sleeve cut in kimono fashion is quaintly puffed. Batiste, mull, nainsook, lawn, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, Georgette crêpe, crêpe de Chine, net, organdy and handkerchief linen are dainty materials to choose from.

8 years requires 2 yards batiste 36 inches wide, 6½ yards lace insertion, 8¼ yards ribbon, 1¾ yard ribbon 3 inches wide for sash.

This dress is for girls 3 to 12 years.

2353—This is ruffle season so she groups hers in a dainty way on the straight skirt and around the neck and sleeves. The waist is cut in kimono fashion and has clusters of fine tucks for trimming. It is a simple little frock but can be made very effective by trimming with plaitings, ruchings, ribbon, insertion, etc., as well as the narrow ruffles. Batiste, swiss, lawn, organdy, net, Georgette crêpe, crêpe de Chine and taffeta are the type of materials that are pretty in this sort of a frock.

12 years requires 2¼ yards point d'esprit 40 inches wide, 1 yard plain material 40 inches wide for frills.

This dress is for juniors and girls 4 to 15 years.

2335—Frilled taffeta looks as well as sounds delightfully youthful and Springlike. A particularly smart frock is draped to follow the lines of the figure at the waist in contrast to the hip-widened line of the draped skirt. The waist is made in kimono fashion and the skirt is cut in two pieces. The blouse body lining can have the camisole line. Use radium, satin, foulard, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, silk gingham, or tricotine, serge, gabardine or soft twills. Cotton voile, cotton crêpe and chambray are good for Summer. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

16 years requires 4 yards taffeta 36 inches wide, ¾ yard extra taffeta 36 inches wide for plaitings.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years, also small women.

2331—Spring silks and the young girl fall readily in with Fashion's schemes when she suggests an Oriental hem and the new hip draperies. The skirt is straight and caught underneath to a foundation also cut straight. The waist is draped over a blouse body lining made with the camisole top. Both the young girl and small woman use taffeta, radium, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, foulard, tricolette, messaline, or Georgette, silk voile, lace, cotton crêpe, voile or batiste.

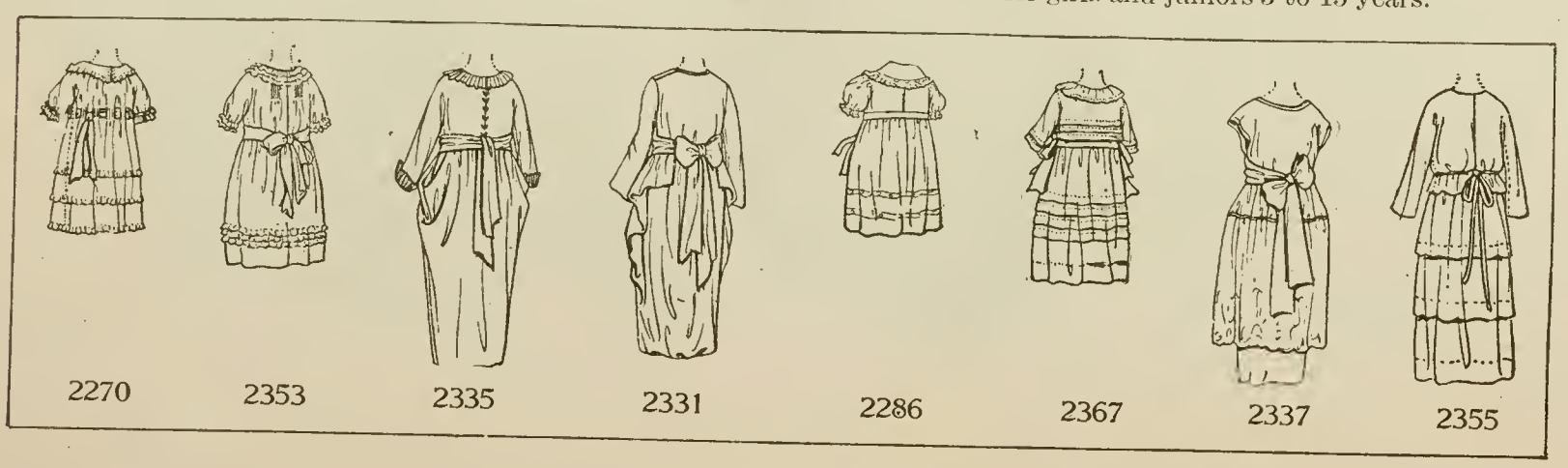
17 years requires 3⅞ yards foulard 40 inches wide, ¼ yard contrasting material 36 inches wide for pipings, 1⅞ yard material 27 inches wide for foundation skirt. Lower edge when falling free 1⅝ yard.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years, also for small women.

2286—We're afraid that even the lovely flowers when gathered up won't be able to claim much attention with so dainty and quaint a little frock for competition. The fichu style is particularly pretty for girls and the ruffles make a simple but lovely trimming. Plaitings, ribbon, insertion, ruchings, etc., could be used just as well. The gathered skirt is cut straight and the puff sleeve is very becoming. Crêpe de Chine, net, Georgette crêpe, organdy, swiss, batiste, lawn, mull, cotton voile, handkerchief linen and China silk are the materials used.

8 years requires 2⅝ yards batiste 40 inches wide including frills. Embroidery design 10732 is used.

This dress is for girls and juniors 3 to 15 years.



COMMENCEMENTS, AND SEASON'S VERY

2367—At the age of ten she discreetly tucks her skirt and then tucks her new bolero just to emphasize its smartness. These tucks together with the soft frill about the neck serve as trimming. It is an unusually simple frock to make and one that is particularly lovely in batiste, net, cotton voile, lawn, mull, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, swiss or Georgette crêpe. The straight skirt is joined to the underbody beneath the bolero. The sash tying at each side is new and emphasizes in French fashion what would be hips if she were older.

10 years requires 2¾ yards cotton voile 40 inches wide, 3⅜ yards ribbon for sash.

This dress is for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.

2337—The tunic distended by a cord at the hip and the waist abbreviated in the sleeve are the long and short of a most charming dance frock for the young girl. The waist cut in one piece and draped slightly about the figure at the Empire line is what the very young Parisienne wears, and the many narrow ruffles of the drop skirt below the straight tunic are effective. The blouse body lining has the camisole top. Combine taffeta, satin, messaline, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine or radium with tulle or lace or flowered silk with tulle. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

17 years requires 4½ yards taffeta 36 inches wide including plaitings, 2 yards tulle 40 inches wide for tunic.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years, also for small women.

2355—Virtue is its own reward when commencement day brings a diploma and the softest of lovely frocks made of batiste. It has the French kimono waist with an interesting peplum and wide insertion-trimmed tucks. The skirt is straight and the blouse body lining has the camisole line. It is lovely for both the young girl and small woman in cotton voile, cotton crêpe, net, point d'esprit, organdy, swiss, Georgette, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, messaline, crêpe meteor and figured silks. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

16 years requires 3¾ yards batiste 36 inches wide, 6¼ yards lace insertion, ¼ yard net 40 inches wide for frills.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years, also for small women.



SUCH AFFAIRS CALL FOR THE PRETTIEST FRILLS

2343—Being a commencement frock we speak in terms of awards and say that each ruffle represents a special merit. The simple kimono waist with its abbreviated French sleeve is very becoming and the straight skirt is gathered at the Empire waistline. Ruchings, plaitings, folds, ribbon and lace and such things can be used to trim the dress. The blouse body lining is cut with a camisole top. Organdy, swiss, cotton voile, batiste, lawn, taffeta, radium, messaline, satin and crêpe de Chine are the materials used. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

16-year size requires 4⅞ yards Georgette 40 inches wide for dress including ruffles, 2¼ yards ribbon 5½ inches wide.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years.

2280—To the point, is the motto of the batiste frock. The smart little bolero is finished that way and the side tunics and the insertion at the hem follow suit. The straight skirt is gathered to an underbody at the Empire waistline. This line is a very becoming one to a girl. Batiste is very lovely, particularly when lace-trimmed and hand-embroidered, and lawn, cotton voile, swiss, net, Georgette crêpe and crêpe de Chine are pretty. All-over embroidery and lace flouncing can be used nicely and taffeta would be smart. Embroidery design 10799 is used to trim.

12-year size requires 3 yards batiste 36 inches wide, 9 yards insertion, 10¾ yards edging.

This dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

2348—Paris mentions deep flounces and as she is only big enough to have one she uses it on the daintiest of lingerie frocks. The soft waist has an interesting cluster of tucks on each shoulder and the straight skirt beneath the flounce is gathered. Lawn, batiste, cotton voile, swiss, net, crêpe de Chine, Georgette crêpe, flouncing and organdy are pretty materials for this frock.

12-year size requires ⅞ yard material 36 inches wide for front and back, ⅞ yard flouncing 10½ inches wide for sleeves, 1⅞ yard flouncing 13 inches wide for flounce, 1⅞ yard flouncing 21 inches wide for skirt, 1¾ yard insertion to trim.

This dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

2375—A ruffled frock of point d'esprit is suggested for graduation. Many of the new French frocks show ruffles. These are cut straight and gathered on. The skirt is also straight and the blouse body lining can be made with a camisole top. The dress would be delightful made of organdy, swiss, lawn, batiste, mull, net, point d'esprit, flouncing, Georgette, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, messaline or crêpe meteor. The round, ruffled neck is quaint and the waistline is slightly raised.

16-year size requires 5 yards point d'esprit 40 inches wide, 3 yards 1-inch ribbon for sash, 20 yards ribbon to trim. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years.

2391—The fashionable bolero is combined with the two deep flounces of the skirt. The bolero, which has a straight lower edge, is made over a blouse body lining cut with the camisole top. Beneath the straight flounces the skirt is also cut straight. Flouncings, cotton voile, batiste, net and lawn would be dainty, especially for commencement. Crêpe de Chine, Georgette crêpe, taffeta, messaline, satin or foulard would also make a pretty frock.

16 years requires 2 yards flouncing 16 inches wide for bolero front, back, sleeves, 3½ yards flouncing 21 inches wide for flounces. Bottom 1⅜ yard, lower flounce 1¾ yard.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years.

2341—The becoming bertha leads the way with its new square cut scallops and the hem of the frock follows its good example. This is the type of dress that the small Parisienne wears. It is simple in itself, but exquisite in its hand-work and fine trimming. The little dress is in one piece. The arrangement of the sash coming through the collar and tying at each side is interesting. Nainsook, lawn, batiste and cotton voile are very pretty embroidered. Taffeta and flowered silks would be lovely and for a simple dress you can use linen, cotton poplin, gingham, etc.

8-year size requires 2¼ yards batiste 36 inches wide, 6 yards lace insertion, 9 yards lace edging.

This design is for girls 2 to 12 years.

2360—There is no such thing as a party without ice-cream or a party frock without frills, for that matter. A delightfully dainty lingerie affair is trimmed with lace edging put on in scalloped effect. The broad collar is trimmed in this way and so is the straight gathered skirt. Gathered or plaited frills, ruchings or ribbon could also be used. The waist beneath the big collar is tucked. Cotton voile, batiste, organdy, swiss, crêpe de Chine, Georgette crêpe or net and taffeta are the materials to use for this type of Empire dress.

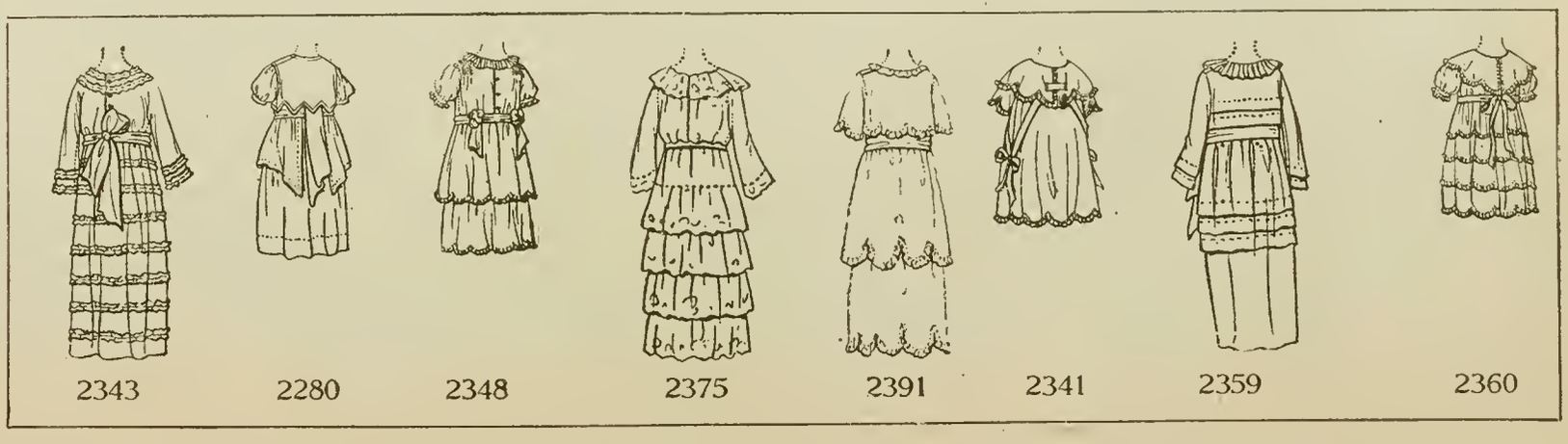
10-year size requires 2⅜ yards nainsook 36 inches wide, 15 yards insertion, 19 yards edging.

This dress is for girls and juniors 4 to 15 years.

2359—For the girl who decides upon a soft silk such as crêpe de Chine for her commencement frock, this wide tucked model would be lovely. There is a bolero, broad sash and graceful Oriental hem. The lower edge of the straight skirt has the Empire waistline and is caught underneath to a straight foundation skirt. The blouse body lining can be made in camisole effect. Use crêpe meteor, Georgette, silk voile, taffeta, satin, charmeuse or foulard, or cotton voile, cotton crêpe, batiste, etc.

16-year size requires 3¾ yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide including frills to trim. Lower edge falling free 1¾ yard.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years, also for small women.





YOUTH'S OUTDOOR · COSTUMES

2297—2187—Umbrella-fold loops are in contrast to the plain body of a coat worn over a long-bodied frock with an accordion-plaited lower part. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge, satin or taffeta or combine a plain wool coat with a plaid, stripe or check dress.

16 years requires 4½ yards gabardine 54 inches wide, ⅝ yard satin 36 inches wide. Lower edge 2¾ or 2⅛ yards.

This coat, 2297, is for misses 14 to 19 years, also for small women. The dress, 2187, is for misses 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies.

2267—An interesting skipper, but of the land and feminine variety, is the girl who wears a one-piece sailor frock of linen. The dress slips over the head and is made with box plaits that come from a deep yoke. Cotton poplin, repp, piqué, chambray and serge are the best materials for this type of dress.

8 years requires 2¾ yards linen 36 inches wide, ½ yard contrasting linen 36 inches wide.

This dress is pretty for girls 4 to 14 years.

2395—April showers bring May flowers, but Paris is responsible for the appearance of this very small, smocked coat. The yoke is most becoming to one of few years, and faille, taffeta, pongee, satin, crêpe de Chine, serge, broadcloth, gabardine, light-weight velours, henrietta and cashmere would be the materials to use.

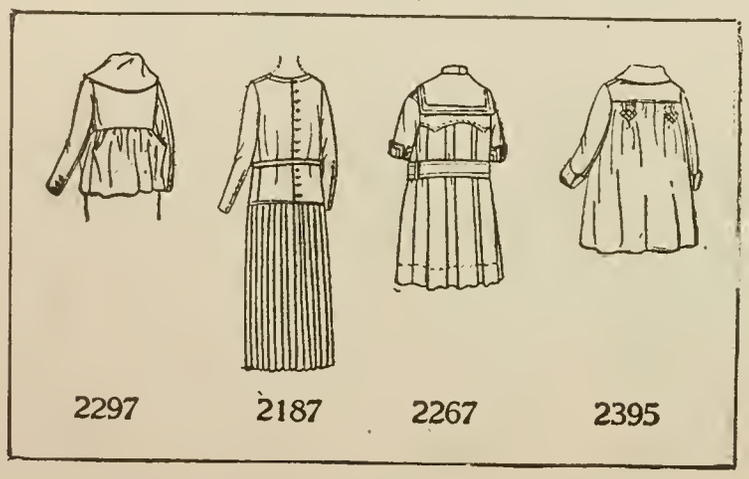
4 years requires 1⅞ yard taffeta 36 inches wide, ⅜ yard satin 36 inches wide for collar and cuffs, ½ yard lace 18 inches wide to cover collar and cuffs.

This coat is for children ½ to 4 years.

2319—Not only the small dog but everybody will be interested in the appearance of the new cape, charming in its soft youthfulness. The lower part hangs fully from a deep round yoke and the large draped collar frames the face prettily. This collar is made in one with the sash ends. Taffeta, faille, satin, charmeuse, serge, tricotine, velours and soft twills can be used.

16 years requires 2⅝ yards tricotine 54 inches wide, 1⅝ yard taffeta 18 or more inches wide to face collar.

This cape is for misses of 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies.



2394—Most likely it's her very first suit, so Fashion plans something especially smart for her. The coat is cut in kimono style and the dress beneath is made in jumper effect and slips on over the head. Serge, gabardine, checks, soft twills, light-weight velours, taffeta, faille and pongee make splendid suits for girls. Linen, repp, etc., are used for Summer.

13 years requires 3 yards serge 54 inches wide, 1 yard contrasting color serge 32 or more inches wide.

This suit is for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.

2345—To make the most of these bright days and Spring air one really needs the new cape. It is made with a deep round yoke that suggests the line of the shoulders prettily and a full lower part is gathered to it. The collar is draped in the new fashion and continues in sash ends that cross and tie about the waist. Serge, tricotine, gabardine, taffeta and satin are the materials used.

12-year size requires 2¼ yards serge 54 inches wide.

This cape is for girls 4 to 14 years.

2326—2288—The kimono-cut Eton worn over the one-piece jumper frock makes a smart three-piece costume for the young girl and woman, too. Use satin, charmeuse, taffeta and pongee, or tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, etc.

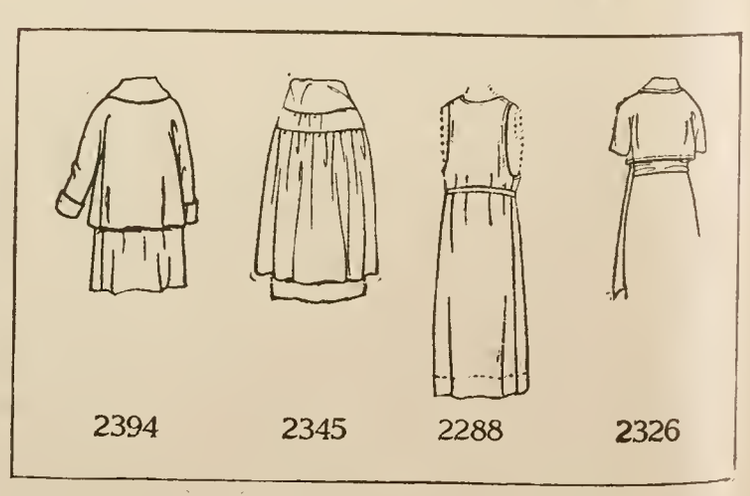
16 years requires 3½ yards taffeta 40 inches wide, ⅜ yard contrasting taffeta 36 inches wide, 2¼ yards ribbon 8 inches wide. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

The coat, 2326, is for misses 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies. The dress, 2288, is for misses 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies.

2392—Spring means outdoor games and activities and the new sport coat is the smart attire. Made in checks with a full-length contrasting collar and cuffs to match, it is very good-looking for the girl. The slip-through arrangement of the belt is interesting. Camel's-hair cloth, velours, checks, serge, gabardine and tricotine are the materials used for this type of coat.

10 years requires 1¾ yard checks 44 inches wide, ⅝ yard velours 36 or more inches wide.

This coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.





WHERE SIMPLICITY IS THE VOGUE

2389—The lower waistline emphasizes in true French fashion the becoming scarcity of skirt. The frock slips over the head and if worn bloused has a body lining which if the dress is drawn down is a matter of choice. The skirt is cut straight. Batiste, lawn, cotton voile, linen, gingham, chambray and dotted swiss are used.

8 years requires 2 yards batiste 36 inches wide, 4¾ yards insertion, 5½ yards edging.

This dress is for little girls 2 to 10 years.

2298—One can't start too young to select a smart style like the bolero. This dress is youthful and the separate plaited skirt is straight. Use serge checks or plaids for the bolero and skirt, with blouses of crêpe de Chine, pongee or wash fabrics, or linen, repp, cotton poplin, chambray and gingham with lawn, batiste, etc.

12 years requires 1¾ yard dotted swiss 36 inches wide for blouse and frills, 2½ yards taffeta 36 inches wide including sash.

This dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

2288—She would do well to turn the camera on herself and snap one of the smartest frocks of the new season. The jumper dress is made in one piece and slips on over the head. Women as well as young girls like the idea of varying their blouses. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, wool jersey, satin, charmeuse, taffeta, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, foulard, pongee or tricolette.

32 bust or 15 to 16 years requires 1¾ yards serge 54 inches wide including a sash. Lower edge measures 1⅝ yard.

This dress is for misses 32 to 34 bust; also for ladies.

2344—Umbrella-fold loops assure themselves of having a long body in jumper effect by securely buttoning themselves down to it. This one-piece frock is becoming to women also. The lower part is cut straight. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, checks, plaids, taffeta, satin, foulard or pongee and also linen, cotton poplin, gingham, etc. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

34 bust or 17 to 18 years requires 1⅝ yard checked material 54 inches wide.

This dress is for misses 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies.

2377—Ready for vacation days is the new play frock. The separate bloomers proudly appear below the straight skirt. The separate blouse can be changed as often as necessary. Use gingham, chambray, linen, cotton poplin, serge and checks with nainsook, lawn, batiste and dimity, or crêpe de Chine and pongee with serge.

8 years requires 1⅜ yard lawn 36 inches wide for blouse, 3⅜ yards gingham 32 inches wide.

This dress is for girls 4 to 10 years.

2373—The modern daughter "hangs her hat on a hickory limb" and goes just about where she pleases in her new bloomer frock. The dress slips over the head and is made with a straight lower part and separate bloomers that appear below the frock. Use gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, linen, serge, checks and plaids.

8 years requires 3¼ yards chambray 32 inches wide, ½ yard percale 36 inches wide.

This dress is for little girls 2 to 10 years.

2393—A forerunner of Summer is the little girl in her dimity frock with its crisp organdy trimming. The straight little skirt is joined to the plain body so that it looks very much like a one-piece frock and the wasitline is at the normal line. Gingham, chambray, linen, cotton poplin, cotton voile, lawn and dimity and also serge and checks can be used.

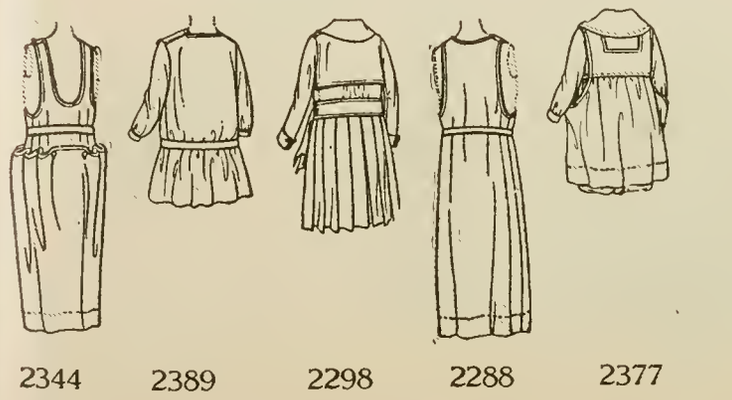
9 years requires 2 yards dimity 32 inches wide, ¾ yard organdy 40 inches wide including frills.

This dress is for girls 8 to 15 years.

2123—2332—For active sports wear there is the becoming middy that slips easily over the head and the side-plaited skirt made with a straight lower edge. Use serge, drill, etc., for the blouse, and checks, plaids, gabardine, etc., for the skirt.

16 years requires 2⅛ yards drill 32 inches wide, ⅝ yard contrasting drill 32 inches wide, 2⅛ yards serge 50 inches wide. Lower edge 2½ yard.

The middy blouse, 2123, is for misses 12 to 19 years, also for small women; the skirt, 2332, is for misses 14 to 19 years, also for small women.







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Women say La-may stays on better than any other face powder.

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SMALL FOLKS AND THEIR FASHIONS

Stand-Out and Jumper Effects the Favorites

2384—She is quite a baby, but old enough to sit up and take notice of what's going on in fashion circles, so she selects a raglan-style sleeve for her batiste frock. The inverted plait under each arm allows for splendid creeping activities and the pointed collar is not only new but most becoming. Nainsook, lawn, batiste, cotton voile, mull, linen, cotton poplin and chambray are used for a dress of this kind. The finer materials are lovely when hand-embroidered.

A 1-year size requires 1½ yard of batiste 36 inches wide and 2¼ yards of lace edging.

This dress is for little girls 1 to 10 years.

2338—Most any one would want to run ahead and be the town crier if she had a new smocked dress like this to tell about. The unusual outline of the upper part somewhat suggests the fashionable jumper. The smocking, puff sleeves and frill pockets are quaint and the lower edge is cut straight. Cotton voile, nainsook, lawn, batiste, mull or organdy can be used, and silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, handkerchief linen and pongee would be very dainty.

A 6-year size requires 2¼ yards of batiste 36 inches wide and 2 yards of lace edging.

This dress is for girls 2 to 12 years.

2357—He is delighted to see that Friend Frog shows the same fashionable tendency in the stand-out effect that he himself has in his new rompers. This peg-top outline is new in children's rompers and it is unusually becoming. Gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, seersucker, dimity and gabardine can be used. Checked material can be combined with a plain body. These rompers are very simple in their construction.

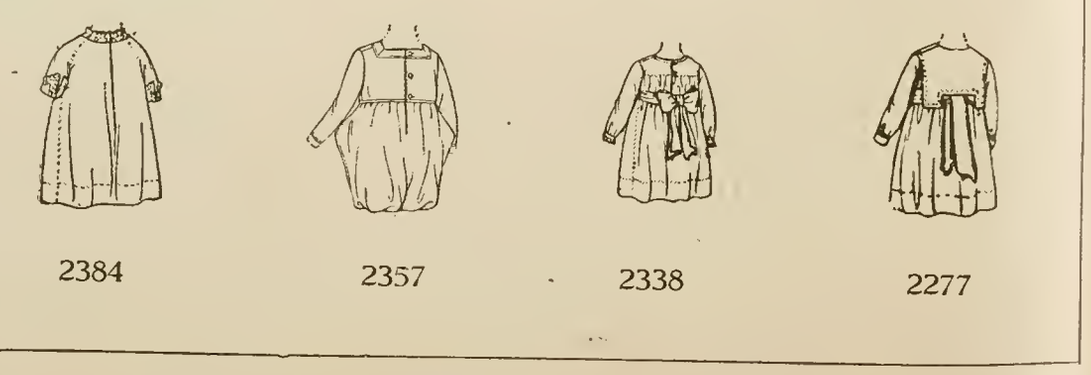
3 years requires 1⅝ yard chambray 32 inches wide, ⅜ yard white material 32 inches wide.

These rompers are for children 1 to 5 years.

2277—A really modest young lady is she who can be attracted to a mere butterfly instead of being charmed by her own English print frock. The jumper effect is very becoming and the gathered skirt is cut straight and joined to the plain underbody. Use gingham, chambray, linen, repp or cotton poplin alone or with lawn, batiste or dimity; or use serge with pongee or checks or plaids with taffeta. The large sash is very dainty.

6 years requires 1½ yard of English print 36 inches wide for the front and back and skirt, 1⅛ yard of lawn 36 inches wide.

This dress is for girls 4 to 12 years.





CLOTHES THAT MAKE THE MAN

A Jumper Suit and Buttoned-Down Blouse the Newest

2363—It's not that he's afraid to jump, but it troubles him to bring his new jumper suit down to an ordinary level. Made in one with the trousers it is very simple in construction and allows for the changing of waists which will often freshen up the small boy's costume sufficiently. Use linen, galatea, madras or chambray, or use white or self-colored lawn or linen waists with colored piqué, chambray, cotton poplin or linen trousers. The frills are good-looking for a little boy.

3 years requires 1 yard lawn 36 inches wide for waist including frills, 1¼ yard cotton poplin 36 inches wide.

This suit is for little boys 2 to 5 years.

2304—His mother considers them good-looking and he finds them highly interesting—these simple suits made in contrasting fabrics. The straight trousers of a new model have an unusual outline at the top and button on to the waist. Use linen, madras, galatea, chambray, cotton poplin, drill, serge, gabardine or piqué or use poplin with serge, or crêpe de Chine and dimity with silk poplin or shantung trousers. Suits of this type are very becoming to small boys.

4-year size requires 1 yard linen 36 inches wide, 1 yard contrasting-color linen 36 inches wide for trousers.

This suit is for little boys 2 to 7 years.

2224—Not only into the sand but deep into the ways of fashion digs the small boy who selects the new type of sailor suit. The blouse with its sailor collar is very becoming to the boy and buttons over the straight trousers in a new way. It slips on over the head. Serge, gabardine, galatea, chambray, mixture, drill, cotton poplin, linen or dark trousers with a white blouse would be good-looking. The suit can be trimmed in contrast.

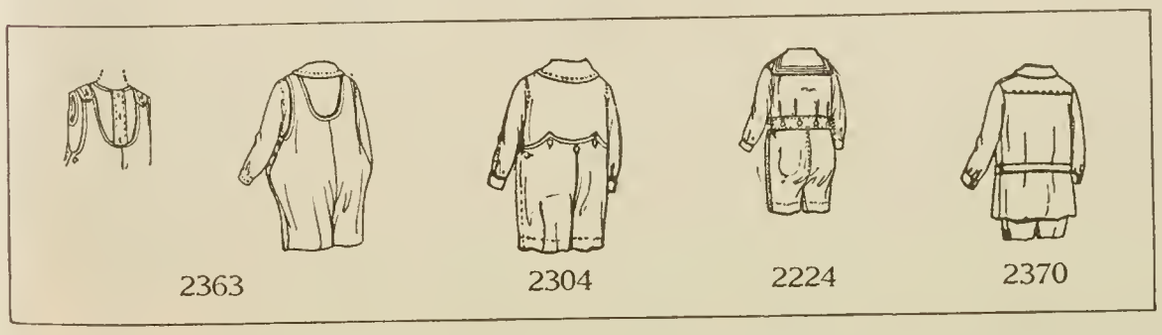
6-year size requires 1¼ yard serge 44 inches wide, ½ yard flannel 44 inches wide, ¼ yard material 18 or more inches wide for shield, 2 yards braid.

This suit is for little boys 2 to 7 years.

2370—Master of any situation but particularly of his appearance and comfort is the boy who has his suit made with a long blouse worn over straight trousers. The yoke is very good-looking for the small boy and the wide plait at the front gives the smart panel line. Chambray, galatea, piqué, corduroy, serge, gabardine and poplin are the materials used for this type of suit. The collar and cuffs in contrast make an attractive trimming. It is a very simple suit to make.

5-year size requires 2⅛ yards repp 36 inches wide, ⅜ yard contrasting-color repp 36 inches wide.

This suit is for little boys 2 to 6 years.



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ATHENA Underwear

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Ordinary Underwear

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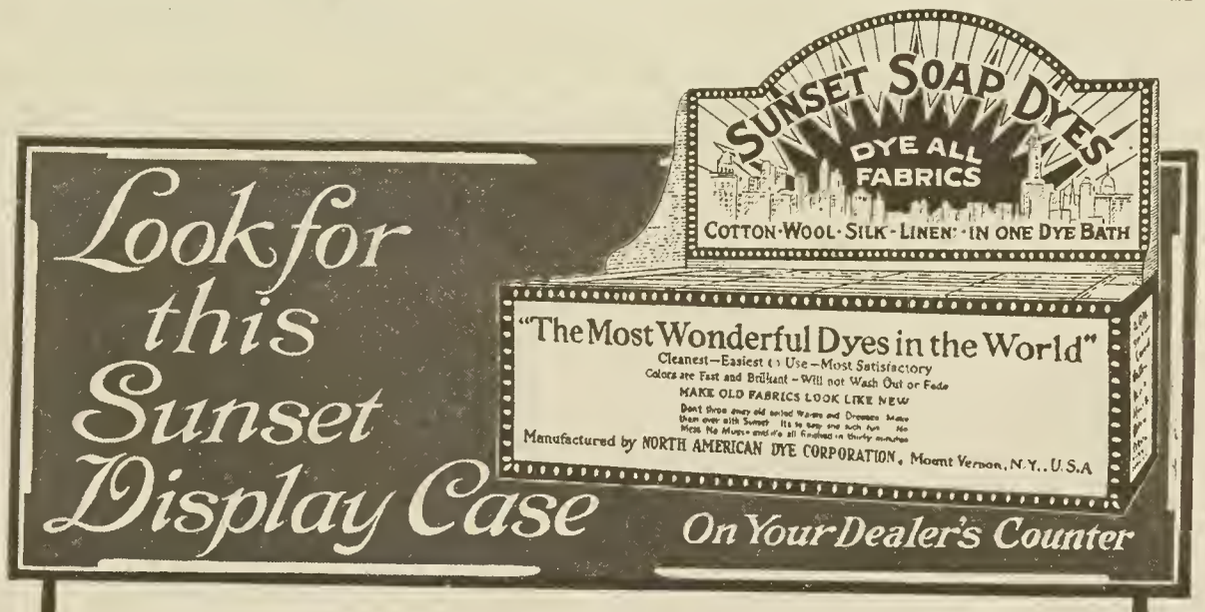
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BUTTON! BUTTON! WHAT MAKES THE BUTTON?

BY MARIE ASHLEY

TO KILL two birds with one stone is the ambition of the button of to-day. A button leads a busy life. It believes that it should decorate as well as button. Where a button finds that it can do only one thing well it always chooses to decorate.

There are two different types of crocheted button. One is made over a mold, the other is stuffed with cotton. These buttons are usually made of dark-color crocheted silk for the cloth or silk costume and of crochet cotton in color or white for use on tub frocks.

The embroidered button can be made of any material Embroidery design 10812 has five different motifs adapted for use on buttons.

In the crochet button a wooden mold should be used for the silk or wool type only. A composition button-mold is made that will stand washing. The stuffed buttons also wash well.

ABBREVIATIONS—Ch.—chain; st.—stitch; s. c.—single crochet; d. c.—double crochet; tr. c.—treble crochet; sl. st.—slip stitch.



CROCHET BUTTONS FOR BUTTON-MOLDS

FLOWER (Ill. 1)—You will need 1 button-mold ½ inch in diameter. Ch. 5, join in a ring, chain 5, work (1 d. c. into ring 3 ch.). Repeat between parentheses 4 times. 3 ch., sl. st. into center of 5 ch. to close row

Second row—Work 1 s. c., 4 d. c., 1 s. c. into each chain of previous row, sl. st. over every d. c. of previous row, 6 ch. * sl. st. into next stitch of first row. (Take this stitch behind the scallops of second row.) 4 ch. Repeat from * all the way around ending with 3 ch., 1 d. c. into base of first chain. * 6 ch. sl. st. into center of next chain of previous row. Repeat from * all the way around. Close row with sl. st. Break thread. Cover button-mold with material and then with the crochet, drawing it in at the back by taking a stitch through each chain of previous row.

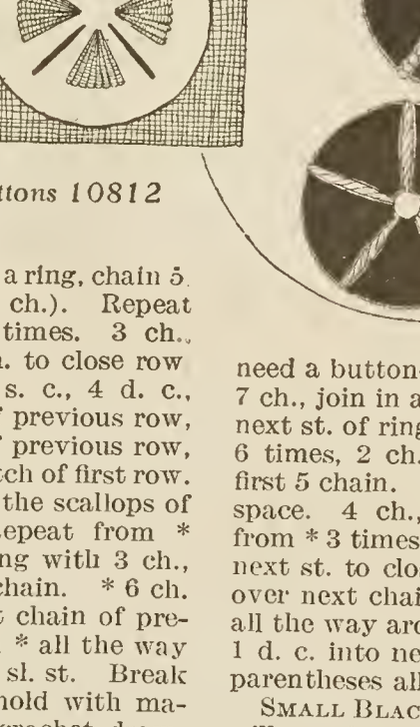
SQUARE BUTTON (Ill. 2)—You will need a button-mold ¾ inch square. Ch. 13, skip 5 sts. next the hook, 1 tr. c. into each of next 4 sts. This completes square in center. 14 ch., sl. st. into first ch. of center square. * 10 ch., 1 tr. c. into next corner of center square repeat from * once, 10 ch., sl. st. into fourth ch. of next 14 chains. * 5 ch., 1 d. c. into same st. (2 ch., skip 2 sts., 1 d. c. into next st.) Repeat between parentheses twice. Repeat from * all the way across. (5 ch., 1 s. c. over next d. c.) Repeat between parentheses all the way across. Cover button-mold with cotton batting and material. Cover it with crochet, drawing threads through the loops all the way across.

ROUND BUTTON (Ill. 12)—You will need a button-mold ¾ inch in diameter. Make the center like the center of the square button (5 ch., skip 3 sts., 1 s. c. into next st.). Repeat between parentheses all the way around. (5 ch., 1 s. c. into center of next chain of previous row.) Repeat between parentheses all the way around. Cover button-mold with cotton batting and silk and cover it with crochet, drawing the last row of loops in with a needle and thread

LARGE BUTTON IRREGULAR (Ill. 8)—You will need a button-mold 1 inch in diameter Ch. 3, join in a ring, 3 ch., work 15 d. c. into the ring, close row with sl. st., 7 ch. * skip 1 st., 1 d. c. into next st., 5 ch. Repeat from * 6 times. 4 ch., sl. st. into center of first ch. 3 ch., work 5 d. c. into next chain of previous row. * Skip 1 st. of next chain, 1 s. c. into next st., 3 ch., work 5 d. c. into remaining sts. Repeat from * all the way around. Sl. st. into base of first d. c. to close row. Sl. st. up side of 3 ch. Chain 7 ch. * 1 d. c. into top of chain at end of next group of double crochet. 5 ch. Repeat from * all the way around. Close row with sl. st. * 5 ch., skip 2 sts., 1 s. c. into next st. Repeat from * all the way around.

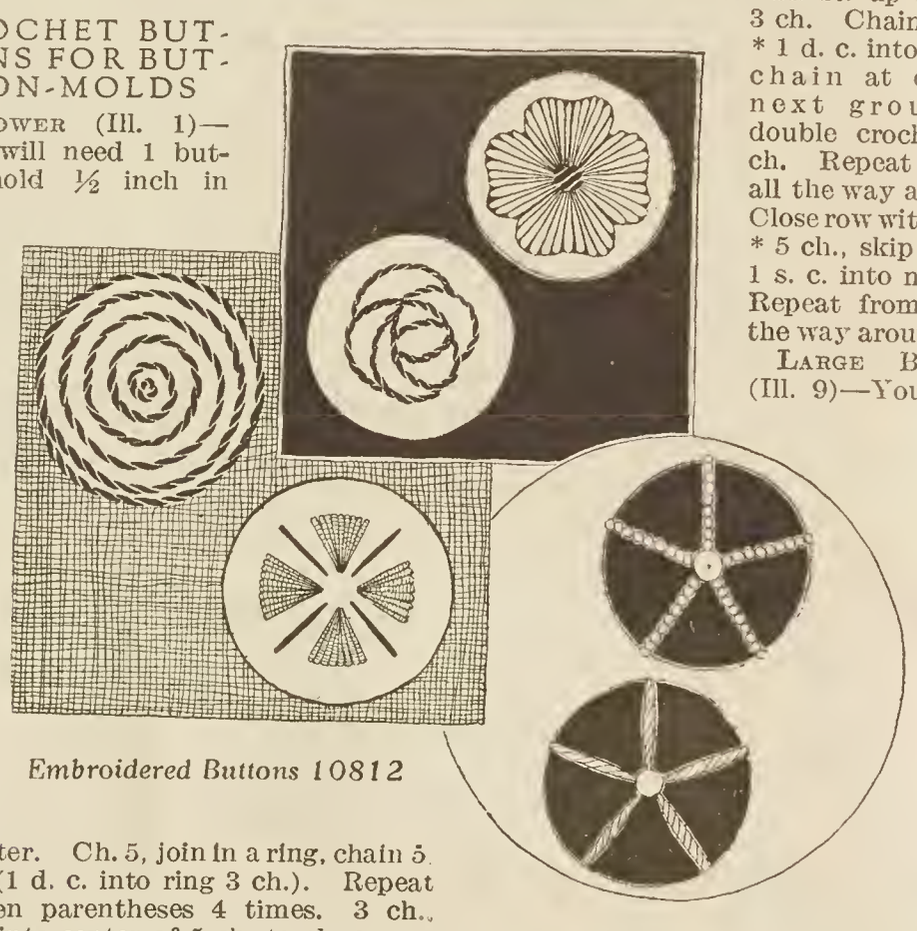
LARGE BUTTON (Ill. 9)—You will need a button-mold 1 inch in diameter 7 ch., join in a ring, 5 ch. * 1 d. c. into next st. of ring, 2 ch. Repeat from * 6 times, 2 ch., sl. st. into third st. of first 5 chain. 3 ch. * 4 d. c. into next space. 4 ch., skip 1 space. Repeat from * 3 times. 4 ch., sl. st. into top of next st. to close row. 9 ch. * 8 d. c. over next chain, 6 ch. Repeat from * all the way around. (5 ch., skip 2 sts., 1 d. c. into next st.) Repeat between parentheses all the way around.

SMALL BLACK BUTTON (Ill. 10)—You will need a button-mold ½ inch in diameter. 4 ch., join in ring, 4 ch. * (wind thread 6 times around hook, draw a loop through ring and draw this same loop straight through all the sts. on the needle. This stitch should be straight.) Repeat between parentheses twice. Repeat from * twice, close row with sl. st., 2 ch. * 1 s. c. between next st. of previous row, 1 ch. Repeat from * for 3 rows.



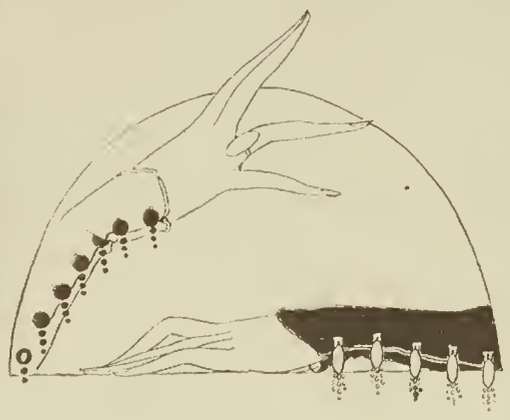
LARGE OVAL BUTTON (Ill. 11)—You will need an oval button-mold 1½ inch long. Ch. 4, join in a ring. Ch. 5 * wind thread 6 times around hook. Draw a loop through the ring, draw this loop through all the sts. on the needle. 1 ch., 1 tr. c. into ring. Repeat from * all the way around. Close row with sl. st.

Double a heavy crochet-cotton and hold it along the edge of the circle of crochet,



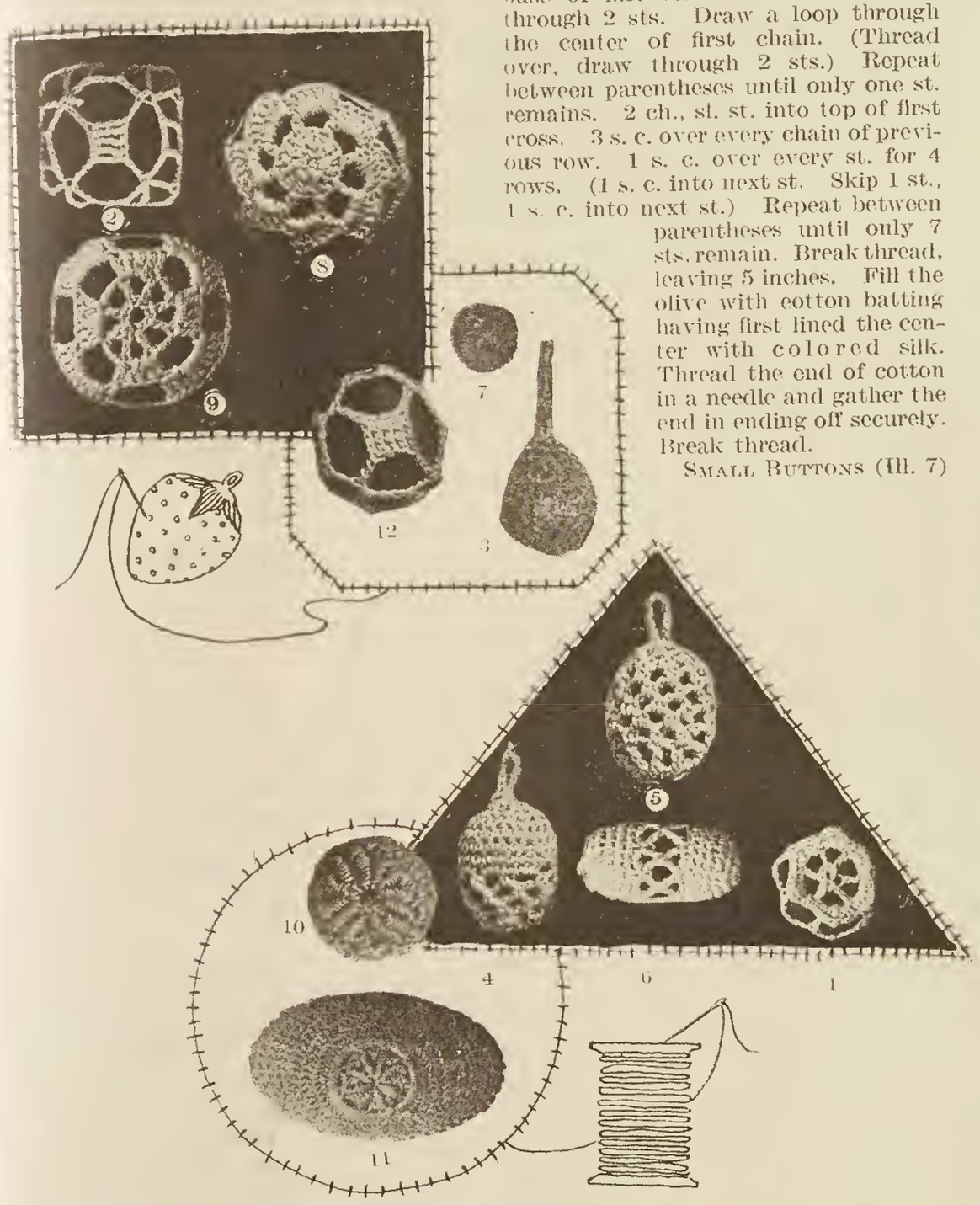
Embroidered Buttons 10812

working 2 s. c. into every st. of the circle taking these sts. over the card. Cut the end of the card. Work 1 s. c. into every st. of previous row for 2 rows (work 1 s. c. into each of next 2 sts., 2 s. c. into next st.). Repeat between parentheses all the way around. Work 1 s. c. into every s. c. all the way around. * Work 8 s. c. into next 8 sts. Turn, decrease * 1 st. on end of row. 1 s. c. all the way across, decrease 1 st. * Repeat from * once. Break thread, make other end the same. Work 2 rows of s. c. into every st. all the way around. * 5 ch., skip 2 sts., 1 s. c. into next st. Repeat from * all the way around. Cover button-mold with material and draw crochet together in the back, taking a st. through each chain.



BUTTONS STUFFED WITH COTTON

Pendant Button (Ill. 3)—3 ch., join in a ring (draw a loop ¼ inch long through the ring. Thread over, draw through 2 sts.). Repeat between parentheses 15 times. Close row with sl. st. (3 ch., 1 s. c. between next st. of previous row, 3 ch., skip 2 sts., 1 s. c. between next st.) Repeat between parentheses all the way around. (1 s. c. into next chain of previous row, 3 ch., 1 s. c. into next chain.) Repeat between parentheses for 4 rows. Line the button and fill it with cotton. Repeat between last parentheses for two rows. Now work * 3 ch., 1 s. c. into center of next ch., 3 ch., 1 s. c. into center of next ch. (1 s. c. into center of next chain making 2 s. c.) to decrease. Repeat from * for 2 rows.



Acorn Button (Ill. 4)—4 ch., work 1 d. c. into first st. of chain. (1 ch., 1 d. c. into same st.) Repeat between parentheses 7 times. 1 ch., sl. st. into center of first chain to close row. (3 ch., 1 s. c. into center of next chain.) Repeat between parentheses all the way around. * 3 ch., 1 s. c. into center of next chain. 3 ch., 1 s. c. into same chain (to increase), 3 ch., 1 s. c. into center of next chain. Repeat from * all the way around. Repeat between parentheses for 2 rows. Work 1 s. c. into every st. of previous row for 5 rows. 1 s. c. (skip 1 st., 1 s. c. into each of next 2 sts.) Repeat between parentheses for 1 row. (1 s. c., skip 1 st.) Repeat between parentheses for 1 row. Line the acorn and fill it with cotton batting. Gather the opening in and form a 1-inch chain into a loop.

Oval Button (Ill. 5)—Ch. 4, join in a ring. Ch. 5 work (1 tr. c. into the ring 2 ch.) Repeat between parentheses 7 times. Close row with sl. st. (3 ch., 1 s. c. into top of next tr. c. of previous row.) Repeat between parentheses all the way around. * 3 ch., 1 s. c. into center of next chain of previous row. Repeat from * for 5 rows. Line the button and fill it with cotton. Work 1 s. c. into every chain of previous row, skip 2 sts., 1 s. c. all the way across to decrease, 14 ch., sl. st. into base of chain to form a loop.

Olive Shaped Button (Ill. 6)—Ch. 2, work 7 s. c. into first st. of chain. (2 ch., 2 s. c. into each st. of previous row.) 1 s. c. into every st. of previous row for 7 rows.

Ninth row—5 ch., wind thread twice around hook draw a loop through base of last chain. * thread over, draw through 2 sts. Keep 3 remaining sts. on your needle, wind thread once around hook, slip next 3 sts. of previous row. Draw a loop through next st. (thread over, draw through 2 sts.) Repeat between parentheses until only 1 st. remains. 2 ch., 1 d. c. into two center sts. to form a cross. Wind thread twice around needle, draw a loop through base of last st. Repeat from * 5 times. Close row as follows: Wind thread twice around hook, draw a loop through base of last st. Thread over, draw through 2 sts. Draw a loop through the center of first chain. (Thread over, draw through 2 sts.) Repeat between parentheses until only one st. remains. 2 ch., sl. st. into top of first cross. 3 s. c. over every chain of previous row. 1 s. c. over every st. for 4 rows. (1 s. c. into next st. Skip 1 st., 1 s. c. into next st.) Repeat between parentheses until only 7 sts. remain. Break thread, leaving 5 inches. Fill the olive with cotton batting having first lined the center with colored silk. Thread the end of cotton in a needle and gather the end in ending off securely. Break thread.

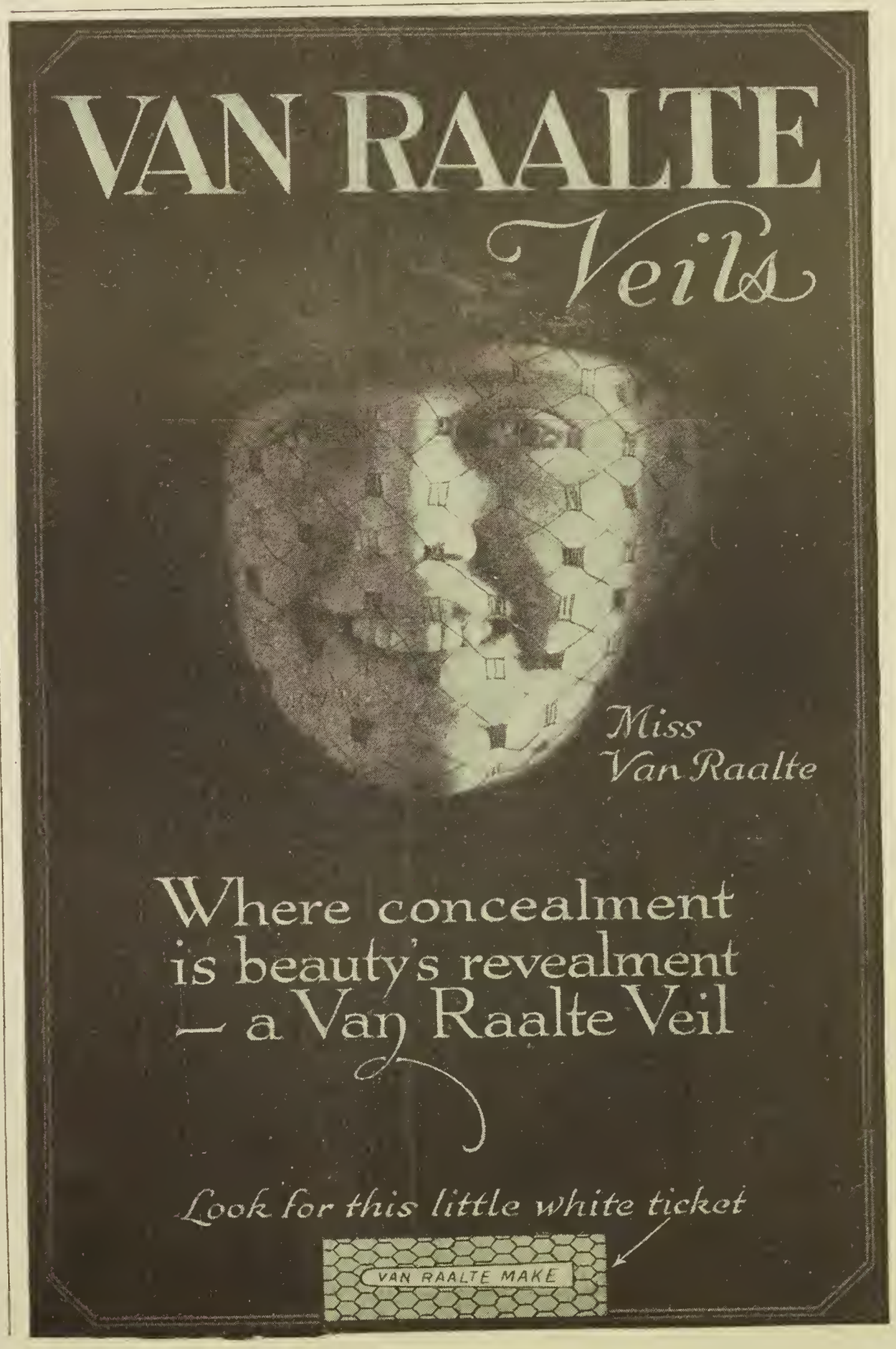
Small Buttons (Ill. 7)—2 ch., 6 s. c. into first st. of chain. 2 s. c. into every st. of previous row. (1 s. c. into next st., 2 s. c. into next st.) Repeat between parentheses all the way around. 1 s. c. into every st. of previous row for 3 rows. (1 s. c. into next st., skip 1 st.) Repeat between parentheses for two rows. Fill the button with cotton batting. Repeat between parentheses once. Break thread. Gather in the sts.

TO COVER BUTTON-MOLDS

To cover a button-mold you cut a piece of cotton batting and cover the top. You then cut a circle one-quarter of an inch less than twice the diameter of the button-mold. Draw the edges together at the back of the button with a gathering thread. The edges should not meet and the back of the button should be as flat as possible.

To cover a button-mold with crochet, you cover it first with the cotton and material as directed above and then with the crochet. Catch the crochet together behind the button, running the needle through each loop and crossing from side to side.







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EMBROIDERY CAPTURES THE COSTUME

New Sunburst and Flower Motifs for Frocks and

BY MARIE



10816—Flowers used for banded trimming on the costumes are conventional in manner but very French in effect. They can be worked in satin-stitch or carried out in outline work, which is unusually easy to do. On one of the smart Spring frocks they are used on the full-length collar and on the tunic just below the distended hipline. They can be used for 3¼ yards of banding 3¼ inches wide, 3¼ yards banding 1½ inch wide, 8 motifs 6 x 1½ inches wide, 8 motifs 3¾ x 1½ inches, 12 motifs 1½ x 1½ inch, 8 motifs 3¾ x 1½ inches, 4 corners and 2 neck outlines.

10819—The sunburst motif is a new idea for costume embroidery that shines brilliantly in the smartest trimming circles. It can be done in beading or worked in French knots. Both are equally simple to do and work up very quickly. Banding and motifs in this sunburst design can be used on frocks and blouses or collars or to trim skirts. It is arranged for 4¾ yards of banding 3¼ inches wide, 3⅜ yards of edging 1¼ inch wide, 6 motifs 6 x 2½ inches, 6 motifs 2½ x 2½ inches, 8 motifs 2½ x 4¼ inches, 2 motifs 2 x 2½ inches, 4 motifs 4½ x 4¼ inches and 2 neck outlines.

10821—To the soft charm of wide Oriental sash and hem is added an embroidery motif interesting in its simplicity and effectiveness. It is worked out in a combination of beading and embroidery. The embroidery can be done in outline, couching or chain-stitch. Any one of these stitches works up easily and quickly. Banding, carrying out the same idea as the larger medallion, is used. It is adapted to 2½ yards of banding 16¼ inches wide, 5 yards of edging ½ of an inch wide, 6 corners 14¼ x 10⅝ inches, 3 motifs 8¾ x 4¼ inches and 3 neck outlines.

Dress 2366
Embroidery design 10820

Dress 2340
Embroidery design 10821

Embroidery design 10821

IN A BOLD, EFFECTIVE MANNER

Fine Stitches for the Children's Costumes

ASHLEY

Dress 2349
Embroidery design 10816



Embroidery design 10820

10817—For the exquisite touch of hand-work that is used on Summer frocks, lingerie, fine cotton blouses and collars and children's and infants' dresses there is nothing prettier than the scalloped edge and butterfly and flower wreath motifs. Embroidery of this type is also lovely for fine household linens. It is carried out in a combination of eyelets or satin-stitch, French stemming and scallops. It is adapted to 3 yards of scallops 4 inches wide, 3⅛ yards of banding 1¼ inch wide, 70 assorted motifs and 1⅝ yard of scallops ⅜ of an inch wide. The scalloped edge launders well.

10820—One stitch, fashion's latest embroidery triumph, does justice to the new hip widening pockets and long collar of a Spring frock. The same stitch is repeated on the long collar of the blouse. This is one of the easiest types of embroidery to do and one of the most effective of stitches. Outline or chain-stitch is also combined with it. Frocks and blouses and coats and hats as well can be trimmed with this stitch. The trimmed skirt is very French. The embroidery is adapted to 5 yards of banding 3½ inches wide, 2 neck outlines, 2 motifs 9½ x 6⅛ inches, 4 motifs 10½ x 5 inches and 4 motifs 4½ x 8 inches.

10818—"Safety first" is the slogan of the four-year old or thereabout. Nature gave her a peaches-and-cream complexion and she is going to guard it jealously from the enthusiasm of the Summer sun at the beach with a mushroom-shaped lingerie bonnet. Such hats are embroidered in eyelets or satin-stitch, French stemming and buttonhole stitch. These hats can be made in two different styles. The hat with the embroidered flowers is pretty for a little girl about 5 years old. The other hat can be worn by a 3-year old girl.

Embroidery design 10817

Embroidery design 10818



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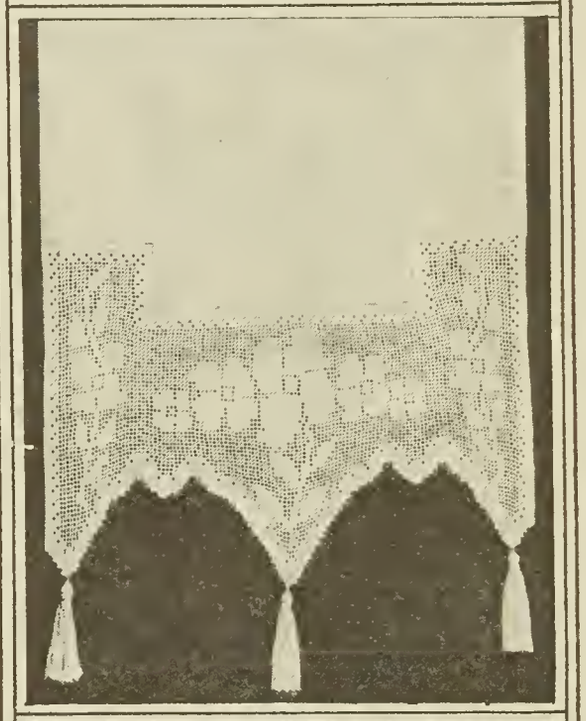
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A hard twisted beautifully finished thread ideal for all kinds of Crochet, especially Filet, Lace Making, Tatting and Macrame. It works very smoothly, has a brilliant lustre and will wear with unusual satisfaction. Colors are made in sizes 3, 10, 30, 50, 70. White and Ecru are made in sizes 2 to 100.

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A hand knitting yarn of SUPREME QUALITY. The richest, most distinctive COLOR RANGE. Beautiful Finish, Strength and Loftiness. Wound on a ball that *eliminates tangles* and makes your work easy and uniform.

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The garment illustrated is made of *Minerva Mohair Saxonette*, a beautiful new idea in knitting yarn. Free instructions for the asking. The Minerva Knitting Book, Vol. III, at 35c, contains 100 other equally practical suggestions. If not at your favorite shop, we'll send your copy postpaid for 40c. (In Canada, 50c.)

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DEPARTMENT D

Freshen Up Old Faded Garments

Add Years of Wear by Dyeing Worn, Discarded Apparel Like New

You can diamond-dye your old garments into beautiful, up-to-date, stylish effects, even if you have never dyed before. Really fun!

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Don't fear you will spoil your material or give it a "dyed" appearance. Just use old reliable "Diamond Dyes." Perfect results are sure no matter if your material be wool or silk; linen, cotton, or mixed goods.

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The Direction Book in package tells plainly how to diamond-dye over any color. Your druggist or dealer has a "Diamond Dye" Color Card which will help you match your material.

It's easy to diamond-dye:

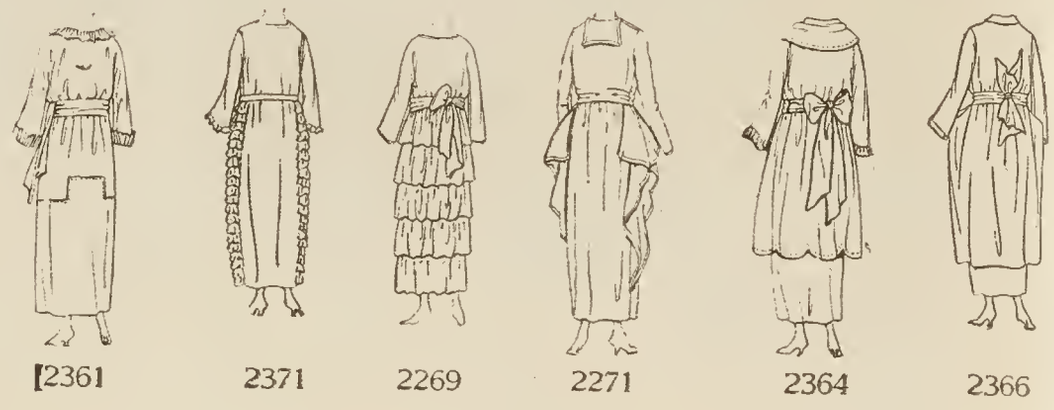
House Dresses	Ginghams	Stockings
Aprons	Skirts	Sweaters
Blouses	Waists	Draperies
Ribbons	Jackets	Coverings
Children's Coats	Trimmings	Everything!

Diamond Dyes

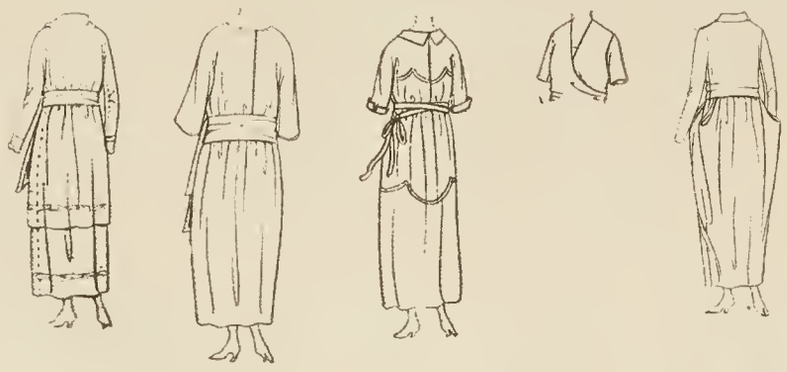
FAST ◇ FADELESS

OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES ON PAGES 146-147-148-149 AND 150

Other views of these garments are shown on pages 146-147

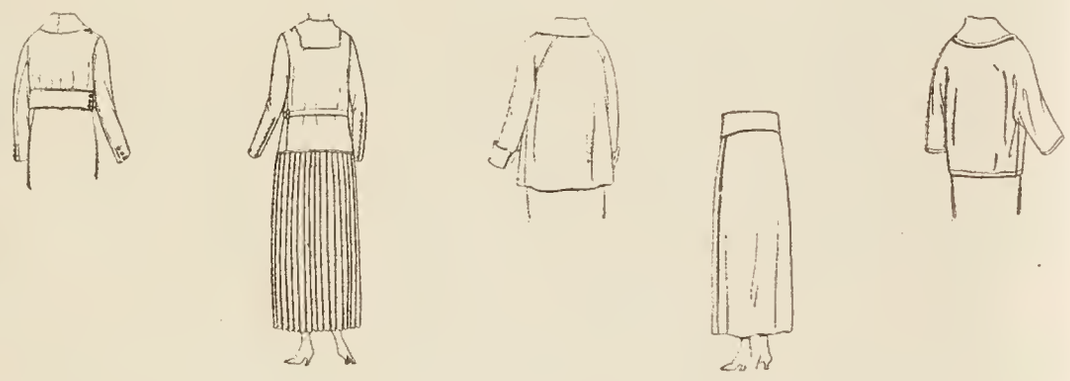


[2361 2371 2269 2271 2364 2366



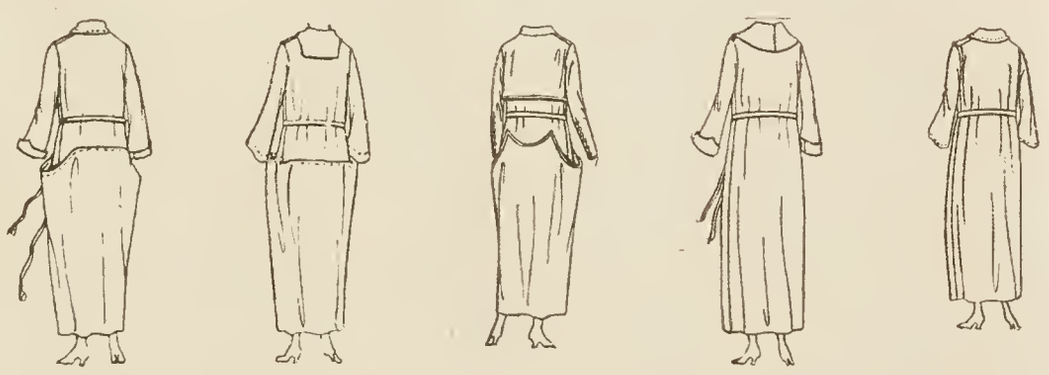
2339 2340 2368 2333

Other views of these garments are shown on pages 148-149



2397 2351 2396 1065 2400

2398 2365 2399



2264 2272 2296 2307 2371

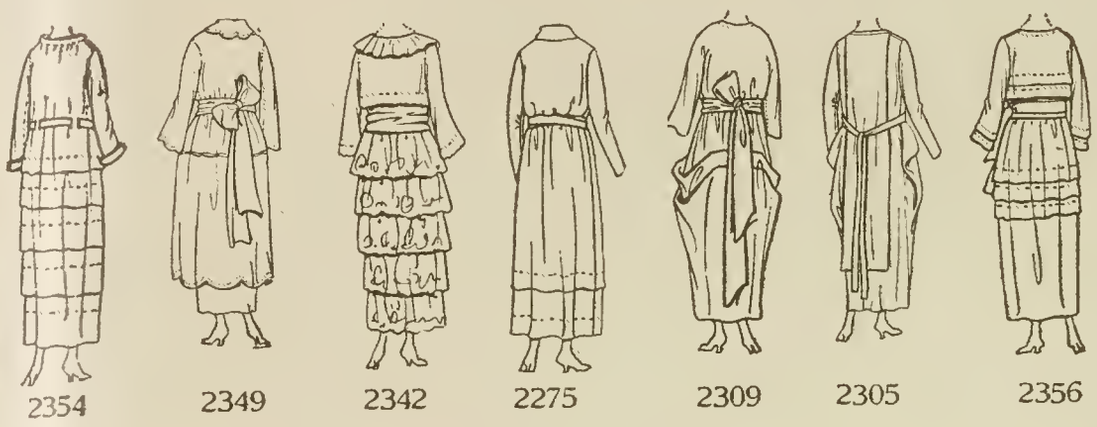
Other views of these garments are shown on page 150



2350 2362 2347 2385 2381

OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES ON PAGES 151-152-153-154 AND 155

Other views of these garments are shown on page 151



2354 2349 2342 2275 2309 2305 2356

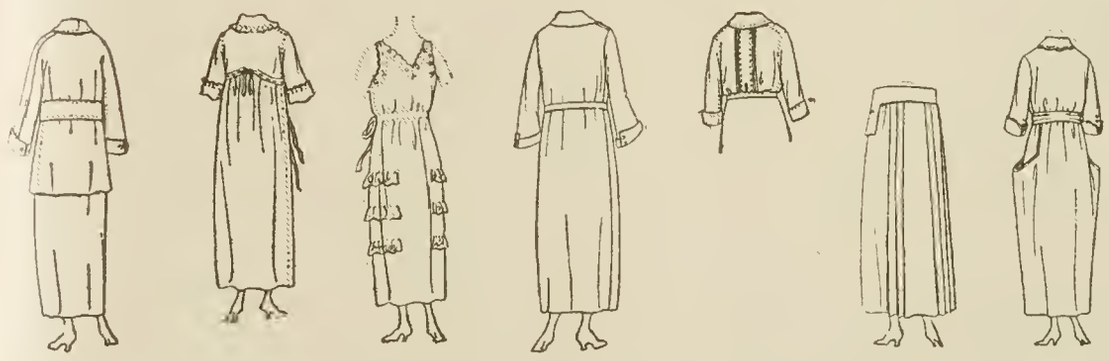
Other views of these garments are shown on pages 152-153



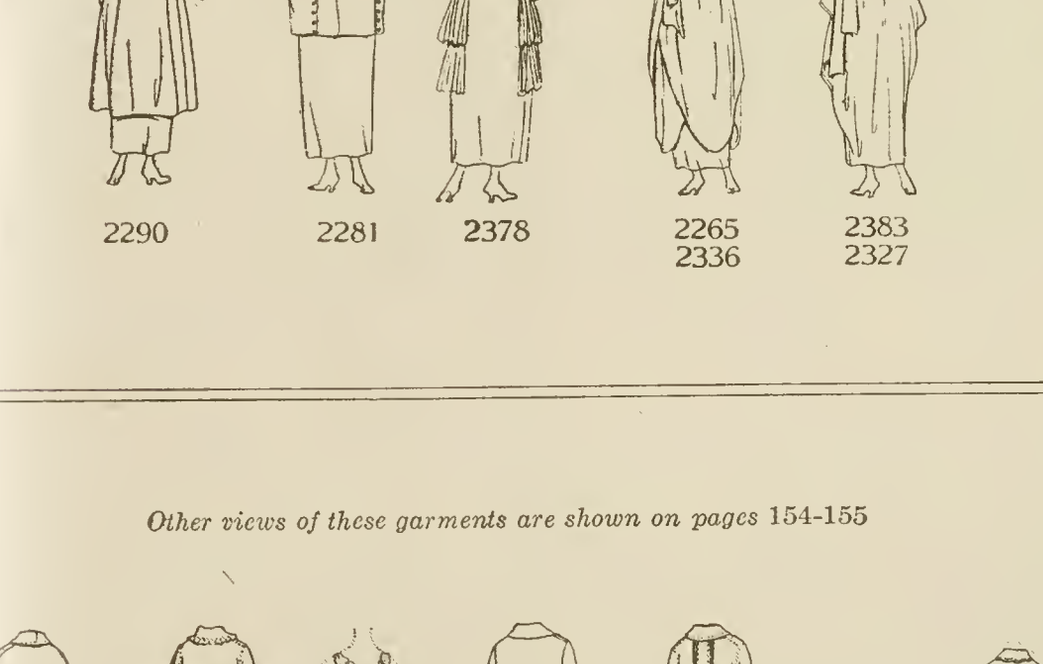
2351 2302 2346 2226 2344 2358

2290 2281 2378 2265 2336 2383 2327

Other views of these garments are shown on pages 154-155



2376 2386 2352 2378 2388 2372 2369 2365



2387 2382 9319 2374 2390 2379 2334 2380



GOETZ
All Silk Satin

YOU have a frock for many occasions if you choose it of Goetz* All Silk Satin! You'll wear it into town, for tea and dinner, and because of the rich Goetz lustre, you will feel suitably gowned for the theatre as well.

Whatever your choice of color, you'll find it in Goetz All Silk Satin. There are the smartest street tones as well as those elusive pastel shades for evening wear. The name "Goetz" is woven in white in the selvage.

GOETZ SILK MFG. COMPANY
MADISON AVENUE AT 34th STREET, NEW YORK

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Polly-Anna Underwear in True Irish Linen



THERE'S such exclusiveness in soft, pure linen, and nothing could be more charming than this *POLLY-ANNA* combination of vest and drawers with the individual feature of skirt back, which allows for perfect freedom in slim and stout figure, without the slightest suggestion of fullness.

Of course you are fastidious about your undies and it's so delightful to know that frequent launderings merely make pure linen more soft, and it simply defies wear!

Select POLLY-ANNA Undergarments for spring wear in the knit underwear department of the smarter shops. Write us for illustrated booket.

CHAS. E. SHEDAKER & SONS
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Brunswick

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Remember, Brunswick Records can be played on any phonograph with steel or fibre needle.

Thus we attain perfected records

OUR great ambition, since we introduced the Brunswick Phonograph, has been to bring something better, something remarkable into the making of records.

We felt, 'midst all the wonderful advance of modern recording, that there was still a final development, one that would bring complete synchronization.

And finally it came about! We brought into record-making that rare element—interpretation by great directors of concerted selections. And for solo selections, self-directed renditions by eminent artists who have studied recording technique.

Thus in solo selections we attain the brilliance of the foremost artists and in concerted selections we unite the talent of the musicians with the genius of the composer. Thus we include the individuality of the artist. In the recording studio the artist or group of musicians are now able to give freely during these crucial moments of recording.

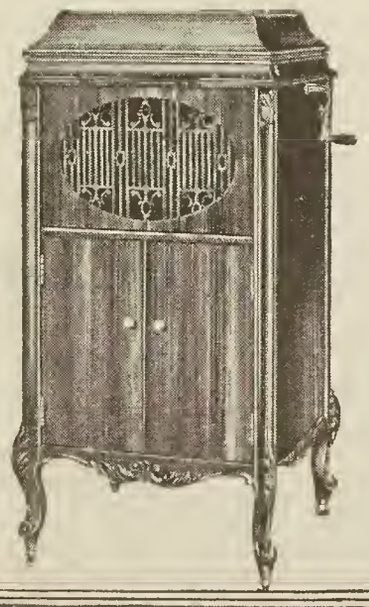
The outcome is remarkable. It brings hidden beauty, magnetic personality. It brings life into phonographic music that might otherwise be mechanical.

We invite you to pass judgment on these new creations. Ask a Brunswick dealer to play some of the classical selections of the great artists pictured here, and who record exclusively for Brunswick. Or ask to hear some of the jazz and popular song records.

Let your own ear decide. Note the difference, the superiority. Then you'll want to add some Brunswicks surely to your musical library.

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Premier Pianist



Dorothy Jardon
Noted Soprano



Archer Chamlee
Operatic Tenor



Max Rosen
Gifted Violinist



Irene Pavloska
Opera Favorite



Theo Karle
Dramatic Tenor

Better
Quicker

Housecleaning

Without the Hard Work



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Acts like magic in removing finger-marks, spots, dust, dirt and grime. Makes the surface fresh, spotless and free from streaks.

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Makes wood, linoleum, tile and stone look like new, and leaves no greasy film. Superior results with mop or brush.

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A small amount of Old Dutch in a dry folded cloth cleans the glass thoroughly. No rewiping.

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Restores original beauty to porcelain, enamel and marble. Quickly takes off stains and scum.

Kitchen

Sink, stove, floor, wall, refrigerator, cooking utensils made bright and sanitary with little labor.

Goes Further and Does Better Work

Columbia Grafonola



COLUMBIA GRAFONOLAS
Standard Models up to $300
Period Designs up to $2100

For a Lifetime of Musical Happiness

WHAT wedding gift could be more appropriate? With the many Columbia models it is so easy to find exactly the right instrument for the new home.

Cabinets of exquisite beauty. Pure, unmuffled richness of tone. And last, but by no means least, the new Grafonola models are equipped with the Columbia Non-Set Automatic Stop, the only automatic stop that requires absolutely no setting.

Invisible, built right into the motor, it operates on any record, long or short. There is nothing to move or set or measure. Just put on your record and listen to the music.

To make a good record great, play it on the Columbia Grafonola

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, NEW YORK

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THE DELINEATOR



JUNE 1920

Beginning

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Brilliant Serial

"CARELESS DAUGHTERS"

Stories and Articles by

MARY BRECHT PULVER
EDEN PHILLPOTTS
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FRANCES STARR
JOSEPH C. LINCOLN
RUTH BOYLE
LUCILLE VAN SLYKE
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ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

WHAT TO SEE IN THE PILGRIM COUNTRY

By

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

CELIA CAROLINE COLE'S
famous Beauty Page

"LIVING ON A LITTLE"

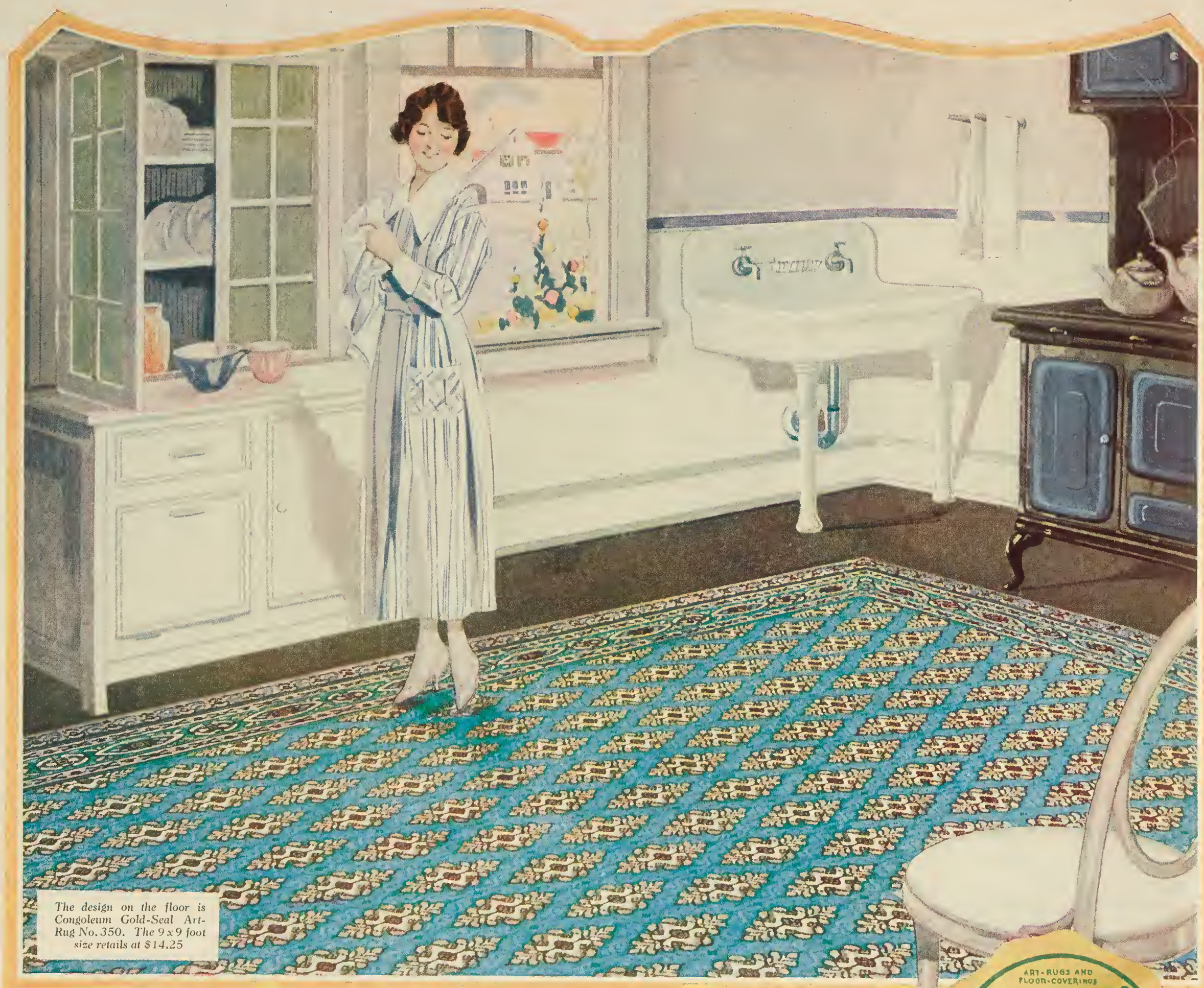
WILLIAM FISHER

THE NEW HOME

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS THE COPY

THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK

$2.50 A YEAR
$3.00 IN CANADA



The design on the floor is Congoleum Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 350. The 9 x 9 foot size retails at $14.25

"Isn't This Rug a Joy!"

"EVERY little while I find myself stopping in the midst of my work to admire it!

"I used to think this kitchen a dull, cheerless place; but since I've had this lovely Congoleum Rug I actually am finding excuses for staying in the kitchen!

"Wouldn't Grandma have reveled in a rug like this! Gran'dad used to say you could eat off her kitchen floor!"

But this modern housewife keeps her floor just as spotless and immaculate as her grandmother's without any back-breaking scrubbing or sweeping. She has something her grandmother never dreamed of—a sanitary, waterproof rug!

In a twinkling a damp mop wipes away every sign of the morning's baking and kitchen work and restores the charming fresh color of the rug.

And as to expense—if this Congoleum Rug had cost as much as other rugs, it would have been a good investment for it certainly saves time and trouble in cleaning—but it *cost only $14.25.*

Even the laying of these rugs is a simple matter. A woman can do it herself without a bit of help—no hammer or tacks and they stay where they're put; they never curl or kick-up at the edges.

There are patterns and sizes appropriate for any room in the home.

3 x 4½	feet $2.40	7½ x 9	feet $11.85
3 x 6	feet 3.20	9 x 9	feet 14.25
6 x 9	feet 9.75	9 x 10½	feet 16.60

9 x 12 feet $19.00

Prices in the Far West and South average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

Protection and Insurance

You are always perfectly safe if the rug you buy has the Congoleum Gold-Seal Guarantee pasted on the face. The salesman will tell you that the words, "Satisfaction guaranteed or your money will be refunded," mean exactly what they say.

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ART-RUGS AND FLOOR-COVERINGS
CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED
A DAMP CLOTH WILL REMOVE SEAL IF IT STICKS TO GOODS



Congoleum Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 362

Congoleum Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 357

Congoleum Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 346

Congoleum Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 360

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL RUGS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

THE DELINEATOR

VOLUME·XCVI JUNE·1920 NUMBER·SIX

JAMES EATON TOWER Managing Editor

MABEL POTTER DAGGETT · Contributing Editor

A PRESIDENTIAL BALLOT

THINKING FOR THEMSELVES

BY MARY GARRETT HAY

Chairman of the Republican Women's Executive Committee of the Republican National Committee

THESE returns are indicative of the very individual opinion of women. Women as women are not all of one mind. They are not blindly following anything or anybody or any party; they are thinking for themselves. The vote is so generally scattered as to prove this.

Second: They show the interest and strength of Republican women. So many more Republicans than Democrats have answered that this is beyond dispute.

Third: They are a clear indication that a Republican will be elected next Fall, provided—always provided!—the party will have a progressive platform dealing not only with international questions, but especially with the problems of our own country.

From the returns it looks as if a progressive-minded man will be chosen to stand on a progressive platform.

History—and especially the history of the Republican party—shows that long and intense campaigns organized far in advance as are some of the campaigns rouse bitter feelings, so that the convention finally nominates, not one for whom members of the party have been working for so long, but some one who can better unite the voters all over the country.

WOMAN'S INDEPENDENCE

BY MRS. CHARLES L. TIFFANY

Democratic Leader, Chairman League of Women Voters Borough of Manhattan, New York City

I AM tremendously interested in the figures of THE DELINEATOR'S *straw vote. It seems to me extremely valuable. I only wish it could have been more far-reaching. I wish that more of the magazines with enormous circulations would do this same thing. If magazines and groups of magazines, for the most part absolutely non-partizan as they are, would do this, the country could get a real line on the kind of presidential timber the majority of people want.*

This vote of THE DELINEATOR'S *shows more than any other one thing how very independent the woman vote is going to be. Women are not interested first and foremost in being "loyal" to an organization. They have to know why they are voting for a particular person.*

The size and diversity of the scattering vote shows this characteristic plainly.

I have great faith in the fact that with the women of the United States voting this year—particularly if the suffrage amendment goes through and we can all vote—we shall have more nearly than ever before a candidate that will really be the people's choice.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE LEADING FIGURES IN THIS BALLOT WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 22

THE DELINEATOR asked about fifteen thousand six hundred of its subscribers, all women, to send on a return post-card their presidential preferences. This, not in the expectation of an accurate forecast of the winning candidate, but to gage the opinions and sentiments of our women voters. The cards were sent to subscribers in the twenty-nine States in which it was certain at the time of mailing that the women could vote for President of the United States in the election of 1920. The division by States was in proportion to population; an equitable balance between county and city was sought. The States to which the cards went are Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Washington, Wisconsin, Wyoming. The magazine appeal read as follows:

The editor of THE DELINEATOR asks your help. Will you tell us whom you want as our next President? We know that our readers think for themselves, and we want to know your views. We are not going into politics, and neither is THE DELINEATOR, but we can't make the kind of magazine you like unless we hear directly, every now and then, what you are thinking. Please fill out the attached post-card and drop it in the mail NOW. We need the returns the first possible minute.

Please put a cross against the name of your candidate below. If your choice isn't there, write his or her name on the blank line. We haven't any candidate—these names just stuck out of the newspapers. Opinions of women of voting age only are wanted.

Borah	Coolidge	Johnson	Palmer
Bryan	Harding	Lowden	Pershing
Clark	Hoover	McAdoo	Wood

The replies were about two thousand six hundred in number, or about sixteen per cent. of the total. Experience with previous questionnaires by mail encouraged us to look for a return of twenty to twenty-five per cent. of the cards issued, but owing no doubt to the novelty of the subject and the comparative earliness of the inqury, this proportion was not realized. No one candidate has a great lead; the main figures are as follows:

General Wood	495	Attorney-General Palmer	20
Herbert C. Hoover	403	Honorable Charles E. Hughes	20
Honorable William G. McAdoo	315	Senator Borah	19
Senator Hiram Johnson	295	Governor Edwards	19
General Pershing	260	Senator La Follette	19
Governor Lowden	240	Eugene V. Debs	11
Honorable W. J. Bryan	131	Senator Owen	11
Governor Coolidge	94	Senator Capper	11
Governor Harding	61	Honorable William H. Taft	10
President Wilson	51	Scattering	74
Honorable Champ Clark	35		

The two great political parties fared as follows in the voting, not counting General Pershing, Mr. Hoover, nor the scattering vote.

Republicans 1264 Democrats 582

An analysis of the vote by States will be found at the close of this article.

From underneath the figures a few main facts rise to the surface. First, the individuality, the independence, of the woman voter. Mrs. Tiffany and Miss Hay agree upon this. The interest in principles, rather than in individual men, is patent. There is no mistaking a vigorous Americanism. The definite craving for a man of progressive, or forward-looking tendencies, is clear.

The first comment made by an experienced woman journalist and exponent of feminist principles called attention to the absence in the voting and the personal comments of any marked preference for prohibition candidates or any general expression in favor of prohibition. There is reason, however, to rate a very great majority of the women among the "drys."

The number of women voting for soldier candidates was 755, a fact of decided interest to advocates of universal military training.

President Wilson, although his name was not printed on the post-card, figures among the first ten in the ballot, a fact of interest to the friends of The League of Nations.

Among the governors, Mr. Coolidge of Massachusetts lacked the advantage of the vote of his own State, in which no poll was taken, as it was not in the women's voting column. His vote was ninety-four. The scattering vote was as follows:

Former Governor Cox of Ohio, 8; Governor Allen of Kansas, 6; Governor Frazier of North Dakota, 4; Honorable Robert Lansing, 4; Senator Watson of West Virginia, 4; Former Senator Bailey of Texas, 3; President Butler of Columbia University, 3; Samuel Gompers, 3; Ole Hansen, 3; Theodore Roosevelt, 3; Henry Ford, 2; W. R. Hearst, 2; Honorable Myron T. Herrick of Ohio, 2; Secretary Meredith, 2; Senator Poindexter of Washington, 2; Governor Sproul of Pennsylvania, 2; Mayor Thompson of Chicago, 2; Victor Berger, 1; Honorable A. J. Beveridge, 1; A. B. Bounds, 1; Honorable J. W. Folk, 1; Congressman Fess of Ohio, 1; Honorable James W. Gerard, 1; Judge Gary, 1; Huron of South Dakota, 1; Senator Lodge, 1; Congressman Lunn of New York, 1; Congressman McCullough of Ohio, 1; Vice-President Marshall, 1; Mrs. Helen Ring Robinson of Colorado, 1; C. M. Schwab, 1; Warren S. Stone, 1; Honorable Elihu Root, 1; Senator Reed of Missouri, 1; Senator Underwood of Alabama, 1; Frank P. Walsh, 1.

REMARKS OF SOME OF THE VOTERS

The comments written upon some of the cards, to a greater degree than the votes, reveal the attitude of the women. Following are some of these brief messages:

Since Lincoln, how many of our presidents have kept their promises and lived up to their pledges? In the whole United States is there not one man who will fearlessly get up and say with Lincoln, "government of the people, by the people, and for the people," and mean it? If such there live let us find him. We need him for our next President.—MRS. M. D., Wisconsin.

Pick out some good, sterling business man. A man who has succeeded in running big interests. Away with all those who have sprung into prominence on an epigram, or on a single duty fairly well but not extravagantly done. This country is tired of such leadership and of government of lawyers. If men ran big businesses as the Government is run, they would be bankrupt in a year. —MRS. W. H. D., New York.

Concluded on page 33

OUR UNITED STATES BRANCHES:

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To avoid confusion always sign your name the same as signed when forwarding the subscription. As an example: if your order is given in the name of Mrs. John Jones, do not write later in the name of Mrs. Mary P. Jones.

The editors assume no risk for manuscripts and illustrations submitted to this magazine, but will use all due care while they are in their hands.

OUR GUARANTEE: We absolutely guarantee the reliability of every advertiser in THE DELINEATOR. If any reader incurs a loss through misrepresentation of goods in any advertisement in THE DELINEATOR, we guarantee that this loss will be refunded. If the advertiser does not make it good, we will. G. W. WILDER, President of The Butterick Publishing Company.

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From painting by Louise Cox (Mrs. Kenyon Cox)

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS MYSELF

"The girl who was myself, dreamed, long ago.
What have I done to make her dreams come true?
The cruelest things to grieve a child, I know,
Even if that child be you.
Speak, little girl, across the years, you shy,
Small thing that watches gravely, wistfully;
By your strange, silent eyes rebuking me,
How have I hurt you?"

"When you told a lie
To another woman once, and laughed, and then,
Were not quite sorry afterward; and when
You scolded, and forgot the grass, and sky,
And walking in the garden, and the wings
Of birds, and smell of trees I used to climb.
But mostly it was just because the things
I dreamed that you would do, and give, and be,
You never thought of—and I waited so!
Don't you remember, very long ago,
To be grown-up seemed such a lovely time?
And, oh, it isn't!"

"But it still may be!
Come, tell me! Help me to remember. Do!
Shall we be friends? I'll make your dreams come true!"

—MARY CAROLYN DAVIES



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

AND

"VICTROLA"

REG U.S PAT. OFF.

These famous trademarks identify all our products

They are the public's guarantee of origin—and so of quality and artistic leadership. They assure to the public what Caruso's name assures to opera-goers—*the absolute certainty of hearing the best.*

Victor Talking Machine Company

Camden New Jersey



The Vision of Youth

On the threshold of womanhood, filled with school or college ideals, youth sees a world of joy, of conquest, and success.

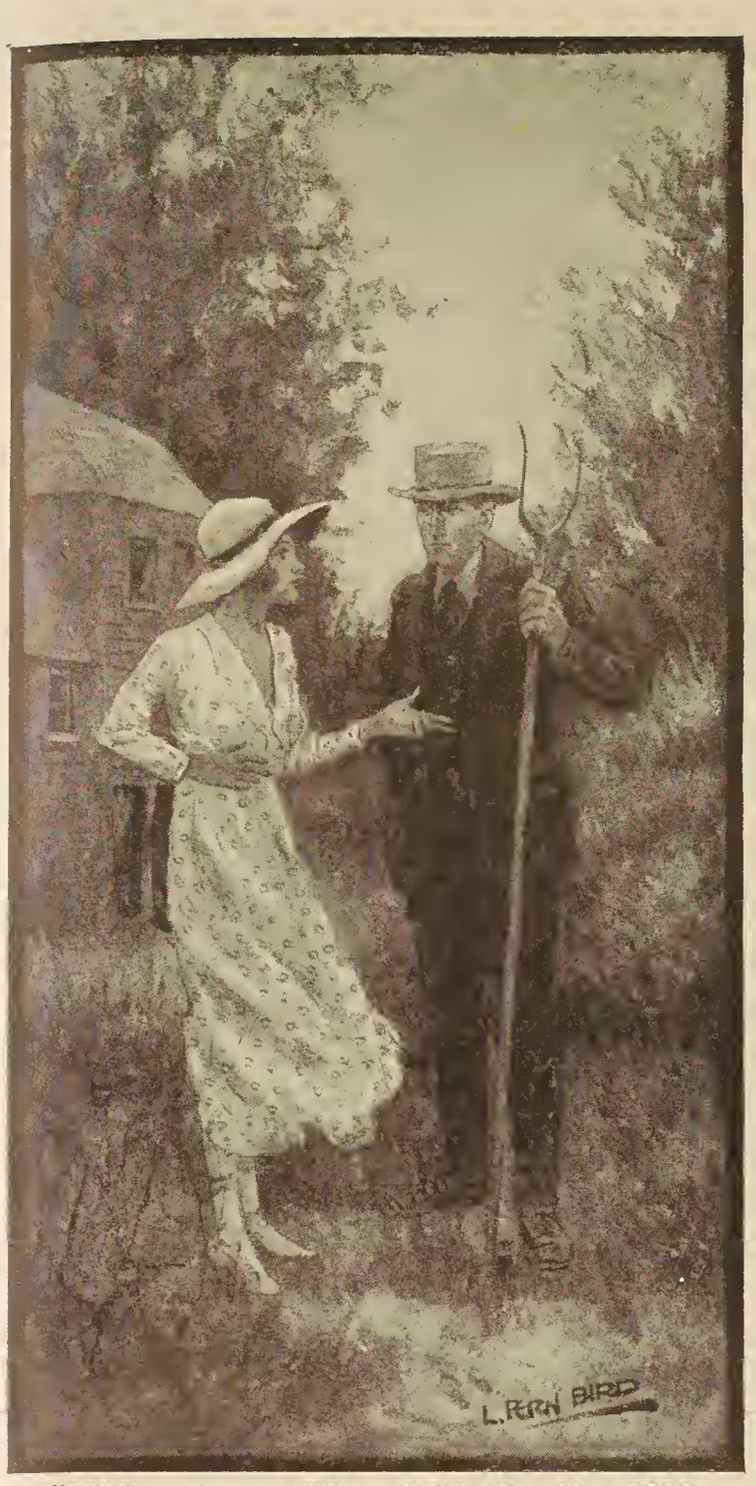
But it often fails to recognize the homely requisites that go to make success, chief of which is cleanliness. A clear, radiant skin, glowing with health, carries its possessor far towards the desired goal.

Resinol Soap has already been adopted by many of the mothers and business women of tomorrow because of its purity and its rich lather which refreshes the skin while cleansing it. Excellent for the bath and shampoo.

At all druggists and toilet goods counters

RESINOL CHEMICAL COMPANY - - - BALTIMORE, MD.

Resinol Soap



"I'LL FLY TO THE MOON, IF YOU LIKE," SAID GEOF



"THEY BE ALL DUST, COMPARED TO YOU, REUBEN"



AMY CAME ACROSS ERNEST LIKE THE LIGHT TO PAUL

AMY UP A TREE

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Author of "Children of the Mist," "Widdicombe Fair," etc.

ONE OF THE MASTERS OF THE SHORT STORY IN HIS LIGHTER AND NO LESS ARTISTIC VEIN

THERE'S a sort of women seems to be born for naught but to bring misery to the men, and they take their hateful pleasure by tormenting the lords of creation. And some such females suffer for it in due course and come to a bad end; but oftener 'tis the man they wreck, and even the best sort of men don't see through 'em and give 'em a wide berth. For many of these women seem to be made to love, and they be generally the prettiest. Men will go down afore 'em like reeds and, too often, never spring up again, when the creatures have played out their games and gone on their way to find more sport.

To see Amy Bassett with a young man was to see a cat with a mouse, and such was her skill at nineteen, that she'd keep two, or even three, in torture at one time; which no cat can. She made a proper science of flirting, and she beginned at twelve, when she'd order the boys to give her lollypops for kissing her finger. She was tokened a score of times and broke it off for new adventures and then, in sight of twenty, when she was a properly lovely piece, as beautiful and as hard as the glass saints in the church window, she had three strings to her bow, and her poor, widowed mother hoped she'd be wed and away inside the year.

Gray-eyed and fair and trim was Amy, and nothing sly about her laugh, or her frank love of pleasure. She adored company and pretty clothes, and only the men knew what maddening qualities she'd got hid in her; or how she thawed one day and froze the next; or how she'd kiss under the moon one night, and look through you next morning, as if she'd never seen you afore and never wanted to again.

In fact a tartar; and when Geoffrey Staines and Reuben Halfyard were known to be on the war-path, a good few other young men laughed and wondered how long their savings would hold out and which would get left first. Then Ernest Bloom, from America, came back, to have a look at his old home and find a Devonshire wife; and though he heard all about her from his aunt, Mercy Bloom, who prayed him almost on her knees he wouldn't turn his thoughts in that direction, yet such was the magic of the maid, that Bloom, from chaffing her a bit, soon got interested and promised to be another victim. For the shape of her mouth made men half silly, and the words that came out of it completed the job.

Of course Ernest Bloom wasn't a green youngster, to be took in by a pretty face and a few clever compliments. He must have been thirty-five when he came home for a holiday with plenty of dollars in his pocket and a large experience of life gathered in Virginia, where he was foreman in a tobacco-growing place. But Amy came across him like the light to Paul, and he didn't hesitate to confess he'd never seen such a pretty woman—in America, or anywhere else.

"To think," he said, "that Nat Bassett's daughter should have turned into such an amazing creation, from the slip of a dirty-nosed babby she was when I left England fifteen years ago!"

He said that to Amy's mother, whom he remembered, for Nat Bassett was dead and his widow had the farm by the river above Staverton bridge, where the grazing-ground slopes to the foot of the forest and the great orchard runs along the brink of the Dart.

And Mrs. Bassett lied to the returned native and said her daughter was good as gold and only waiting to make the right man happy when he came along; though well she knew 'twas a most unlikely thing that Amy would make any man happy.

Other people, of course, told Ernest different and Joe Blades, who'd suffered in his turn, said that in his opinion, Amy did ought to be taken to a public place and stoned to death. Which showed what he'd been through.

However, the girl chose to be interested in Ernest and told him she only cared for grown men and never could abide the boys, because they was so weak-minded. She made him tell about his adventures in America, and listened with round, wondering eyes, as innocent as a kitten's. And she contrived, without anything said or done, to show Ernest she was much impressed by him and felt very proud that he should take any notice of such an unimportant young woman as her.

Now she'd got three on her hands and was as happy as a queen, for up to the present she been playing Geoffrey Staines against Reuben Halfyard and making each think he was the favored one; but now with larger game in sight and a man almost worth marrying, Geof and Reuben sank into shadows. But she never loosed a man till she'd got all her fun with him and had the art to keep 'em on the hooks until there wasn't a wriggle left. So now she planned another of her wicked pranks, doubting not that she'd have the last ounce from the younger men, before she turned her full attention to the older one.

Reuben was the only son of his mother, a very steadfast and high-minded young fellow as worked on the railway, but desired to do greater things. He'd offered to take Amy to Canada, because he could get work on a Canadian railway if he was minded, and it promised much higher prospects than the little loop-line from Totnes to Ashburton. He courted honest and square, weren't frightened of Amy's games in the past, believed her with all his heart when she said she was very fond of him, and felt sure he'd make her a good husband. And to Geoffrey Staines she said the same. He was a farmer who had lately bought Aller Mead—a grazing farm up the river beyond Mrs. Bassett's. 'Twas his dream some day to have Mrs. Bassett's place and add it to Aller Mead, because they adjoined, and Bank Side, as Mrs. Bassett's was called, would be Amy's in fulness of time and go very nice inside a ring fence with Geoffrey's larger farm.

He, too, loved her in a straight and proper fashion. He was a flaxen man of stuggy built with blue eyes and a nice head of curly hair; while Reuben shaved clean and his eyes were brown and his build a thought lighter but taller than Geoff's.

They'd known each other from boyhood and never differed except in the matter of Amy; and even over that they was aboveboard and fought fair and took no advantage of each other. But both was mad for her, and she, knowing it, wondered how she might get her pleasure out of 'em before she turned 'em going. She liked 'em, same as she liked everything in a pair of trousers, and would let Geof take her to a revel, or go on the river with Reuben; but to love either, as they thought she did, and as she declared she did, weren't in her nature; and now she'd got 'em both in a hopeful frame of mind and knew they'd do her bidding if she lifted her finger.

And this is what she done. I believe the planning gavo her much pleasure as she thought of the fun she'd get out of the actual event; for a plot was meat and drink to her.

It began when she met Geoffrey for a Sunday walk, and he had a crow to pluck with her, for she'd been giving Ernest Bloom a good bit of her company lately and Geoffrey, busy at the hay harvest, had not cared overmuch to see Amy on the river twice a day sometimes with the chap from Virginia.

He soon forgot that, however, in surprise at what the girl told him.

"I don't mind Reuben," said Geoffrey; "for I know very well you can't make up your mind betwixt me and him, though 'tis about time you did; but I draw the line at this here foreigner, Bloom, and I doubt if 'tis worthy of you to give him so much of your company."

"He won't let me alone," she answered, "and I'm fed up with all this gallivanting. I have decided, but I'm feared of my life of Bloom; for he's death on me and won't take 'no'. And I'm feared of Reuben too, because he's a fierce chap and growing terrible impatient. But I'll do this Geof, if you're man enough. I'll run off with you by night, and we'll get married and come back the next day. Then I shall be safe. But if you're feared to do such a bold thing you've only got to say so and I'll turn elsewhere."

"You'll marry me?" he shouted, scarce believing his own ears.

"I will, if you'll run away with me. I've thought it all out, and if you'll bring your boat one night to the landing in the orchard, I'll go away with you, and you can row me where you list, so it's safe."

"There's no need of secrets," he said. "If you say you're going to wed me, then who on God's earth has the right to deny it?"

But she was for running away by night by the river, and since he felt a lot too excited at his luck to trouble about details, he agreed to 'em.

"I'll fly to the moon if you like," he said, "and if you want to flit by night, so it shall be. There's no need, but I'm only wishful to pleasure you. I'll row you down to the mill pool by the Abbey; then we'll get across to Totnes and catch a train where you please, and be married in due course and come home again."

"I'd love that," she said. "I don't want all the bother of a wedding and telling mother and all my friends."

So they talked out the details and presently Geof liked the thought of just slipping off without any fuss, almost as well as Amy appeared to do. So they left it at that and it was arranged that so soon as Staines had got in his hay, they'd fix the night for the adventure.

And two days later Amy went for a chat with Reuben in his dinner-hour. He came out of the signal-box, where he worked at the station, and took his basket and sat along with the girl in the burdocks by the river. And then she surprised him within an inch of his life.

"I've been thinking a lot about Canada," she said.

Continued on page 42

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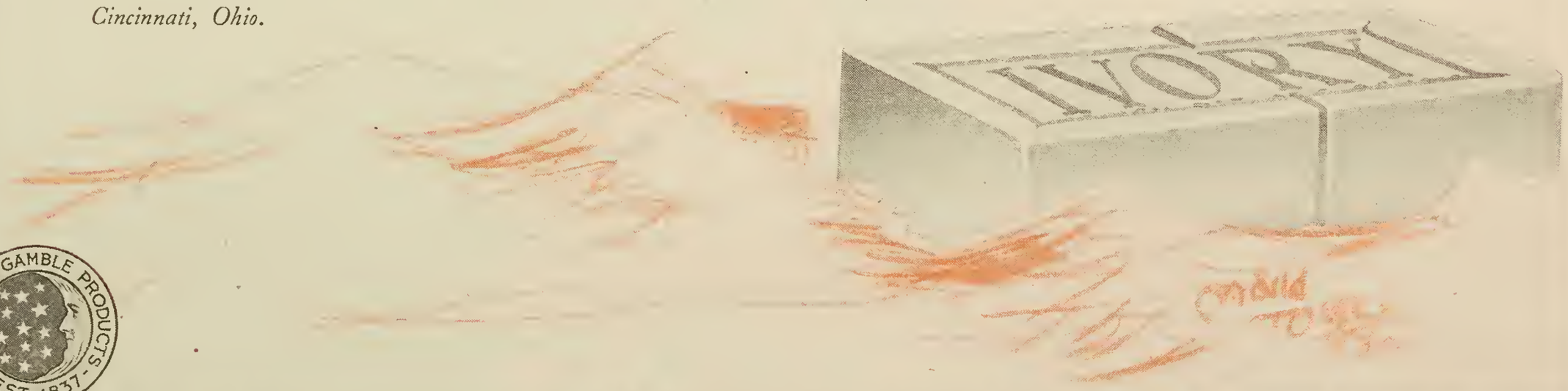
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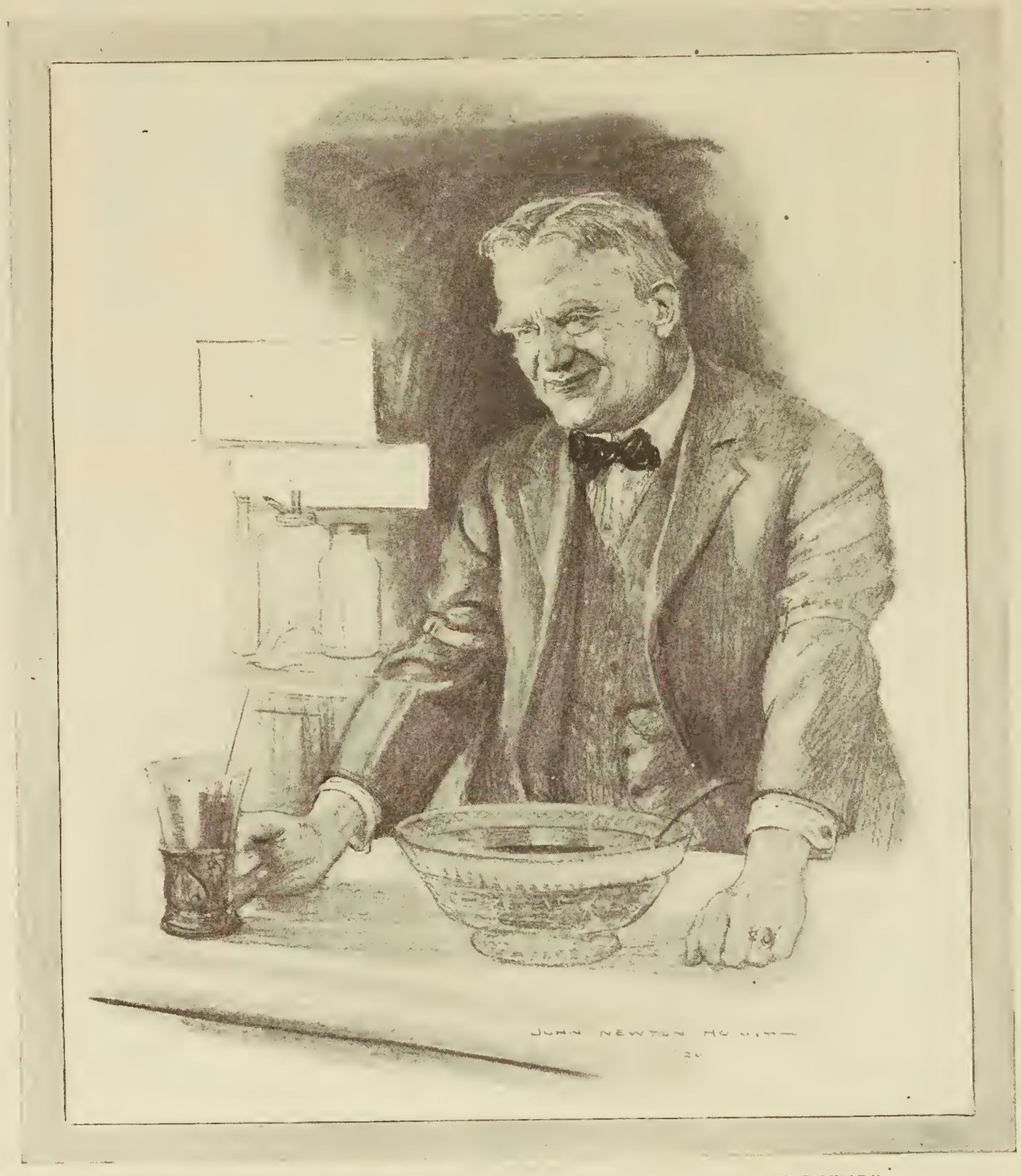


PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS - EST. 1837 -

CARELESS DAUGHTERS

BY NALBRO BARTLEY

Author of "A Woman's Woman," "The Gorgeous Girl," etc.



"I'VE THE BIGGEST CANDY-STORE IN TOWN, AND I'VE MADE A NICE LIVING"

"THEY'll only be young once," Bess's father apologized, opening the door of the "children's" living-room. He tiptoed across to raise the fancy-striped shades. Then he attempted sitting on the black-satin davenport with its oblong, turquoise-velvet cushions, but the fear of creating a permanent wrinkle was too dreadful; so he ood up with assumed nonchalance and looked at his unt Hannah Willoughby with a frank, schoolboy grin. somehow changed to a sheepish expression as his aunt, xty-five that month and straight as an arrow, condemned e room with one glance of her dark eyes.

"Sit down," her nephew ventured.

"Why don't you?" she demanded mischievously.

"Well, Bess has it as she wants it—and I'm used to pping down just as I like," he began. Then he ventured ward an adjoining door. "See how you like this," he ged.

She followed him into the bedroom, her wiry little figure its quiet dress seeming as out of date as if she had stepped m the frame of a bygone print. She surveyed the travagant period furniture, the rose-colored rugs, the et-insert curtains, a myriad of novelty ornaments and st-catching contrivances, even to the white-braided aste-basket with its wreath of *appliqué* roses.

Then she trotted over to peer within the clothes-press. s contents somewhat overcame her, for it contained rows fluffy frocks, a hat-box crowded to overflowing, a regi-ent of trim boots and frivolous slippers. There was a er-glass on the outer side of the door. Aunt Willoughby oked at her own reflection for a moment without com-ent. Then she darted to the dressing-table to examine e silver-backed brushes and silver-topped bottles, the dless fancies of the modern boudoir.

"In my day, we would have called it an actress's room," as her honest verdict.

Her nephew laughed. "Don't be too hard on the young lks. Why should Bess marry Jim Gainer and put on apron and drudge? She'd be old before he was middle-ed. Bess is high-spirited, and we've never denied her ything within reason.

"I'M NOT rich," he continued, as his aunt left the bed-room and he pulled down the curtains with an almost verent air, "but I'm comfortable. Bess is our only child d my Bess, and I say we can't give her up even to as nice lad as Jim. Why should we? She's all we have. She's en kept like a baby in a lot of ways. Her mother takes her eakfast to her in bed. Why, she's never worried about ything much except whether her hats were becoming.

"You know that, Aunt Hannah; she's had the best usical education this town could afford and a year of sign besides. She's never been away from her mother d me unless she's been with you and Zoe, or maybe dith Shadworth. There's no prettier, more popular girl Morris Heights, and I guess no happier, either. When saw it was Jim or no one, I took him aside and we had a lk. Sit down; I'll tell you just what we said that day."

As he talked, Aunt Willoughby took a second inventory these bridal rooms for her great-niece, twenty-two her st birthday, and within two weeks of a June wedding-y.

"I said: 'Now Jim, Bess means more to us than any-ing else.' He said: 'I know it—she means just the same me. When I went overseas I thought so much of her I asn't going to ask her to be engaged and have me come ck wounded, and she'd feel she had to ruin her life by arrying me. I said I'd not think of any one else, and if did come home all sound and her father approved—well, aybe then she'd know her own mind.' That was pretty ecent of the boy, wasn't it? And I know he didn't think any one else but Bess, and Bess was a close second." e chuckled as he stopped to think of it.

WHAT we went through with that boy overseas—why, every time the casualty-lists had a man named James just James—never mind the other name—our Bess nearly ked to have died. So I could see if Jim ever came back here would be wedding-bells before long. And when he rned up, as fine a lad as there is, twenty-three years old nd nothing to be ashamed of, I felt toward him like a ather—the way a man should feel toward his daughter's hoice.

"Seeing that Jim's people were dead, and he had lived n a farm with a married sister since he was seven, he fell ght in line, and I guess he's pretty happy, too."

"Why not have him change his name to Lyman instead f Bess becoming Mrs. Gainer?" Aunt Willoughby's eyes winkled.

"Oh, pshaw, no teasing—wait till I tell you the rest! told Jim: 'You can't take our girl away, but you can be ne of us. Now what would we old folks do with this big ouse? If Bess was gone, what's the use of keeping it? Mother would mourn herself sick; you know how she is bout Bess.'

"Of course Jim hadn't anything saved. What with rices and paying Bess attention before he went overseas, e was flat broke. So I made him an offer. I said: 'I've he biggest tobacco, candy and notion store in town and 've made a nice living. Now, sir, I'll give you the two ront rooms up-stairs and furnish them as Bess says, every-hing you want. I'll take you into my store as an assis-ant—some day every cent I've got will be Bess's, and the usiness will be yours. A fair prospect, isn't it?' He said it was, only he planned on going back to the wholesale house or surgical supplies where he worked the year before he ent overseas. They told him he could have his old job ack—at twenty-five a week. But I talked him out of it."

"Why?"

"Could Bess keep house on twenty-five dollars a week these days? It would take Jim years before he had a decent salary. Where would Bess be all that time? Slav-ng her life away. I told him: 'Jim, we all have to give up something we'd like—I did when I was married. You might not think it, and I'm sort of ashamed of it now; but when I was your age I just hankered to travel and explore strange countries and then write books about it. But I met my Bess and felt toward her like you toward your Bess.

"'I WAS young and clean, like you, and I didn't want to be any different when I married her. So I told myself I'd settle down in Morris Heights, which wasn't anything much but a mud-hole then, and start the store, and I bought up land pretty cheap with money I borrowed from a bank. So we were married, and that's how we had to start. For five years we lived in a two-room house and my Bess kept chickens and had a garden.

"'Then the factories came here and land boomed and the store was a success and I built a handsome business block and a handsome house and then Bess came to us—and she's never known anything but the finest we could give her. I'm not sorry I gave up my dreams and stayed home to sell smokes and sweets. And that's what you've got to do—give up your notion of working for Newberry Brothers and work for some one who has a personal interest in you.'"

"What did he say?"

"He saw it; he didn't make much fuss. I guess France had taken out any longing for adventure; he was well satisfied to strike home soil and a girl who cared for him. I went on and told him I'd give them their board, and we'd help out with Bess's clothes and pin-money for a while. He could drive the car for me and that would be as good as having one of his own, and I'd pay him twelve dollars a week for salary. That would buy his own clothes and do for spending-money. That wasn't a bad offer, was it? Besides, it was the only way I'd let him have our girl. Then Bess talked to him and her mother talked to him and he didn't have any chance to refuse."

"WHERE'S your wife disappeared to?" his aunt interrupted.

"Stitching something on the machine for Bess. You know how mother is; it has to be done just so or nothing to it. Nobody seems to work to suit her," he chuckled. "I've tried to get her a steady maid. I'd bring 'em up at nine in the morning and when I'd come home at night she'd be cleaning up after them—they would have been gone since noon! So I guess she's happier doing things than having them done for her; that's her way."

"Is it?" Mrs. Lyman demanded, appearing on the scene and smiling at the gossips. "Don't believe him, Aunt Willoughby. You know good housekeeping is like a gentleman, the same the world over, and I can't bear to see my nice things ruined, and I can't get any one to take the same interest that I do."

"There's Bess," suggested Aunt Willoughby.

"Yes, she helps, but she has had her high school and then her music and then her course in design, and of course she had to have a good time. Then Jim came along and when he was in France she was as thin and white as if she had just got over a fever. After they were engaged, she was working every minute to get her clothes ready and the furniture picked out, and she's had more parties given for her than any bride I've known. So she has been on the go all the time, and I couldn't depend on her. Besides, her way of working and mine are different. Bess is slap-bang, hocus-pocus—and it's done, all in a jiffy—and an hour later it looks as if it had never been touched, whatever it is."

"And this furniture is Bess's choice?" Mrs. Willoughby glared at the light-colored rugs, the fantastic draperies and Futurist chairs and tables, to say nothing of the black-satin sofa. Then she looked at her nephew's wife in contrast. There was something girlish about Mrs. Lyman. She wore her lavender house dress with a dainty air. Her brown hair was wound about her head in thick braids, and when she looked at her husband there was the same pride and love in her eyes that Aunt Willoughby remembered there had been some quarter of a century ago.

"MY CHILDREN," she continued, "I live in my own cottage and every one says I'll die in the night with neither chick nor child at hand. But it's my own home, and I'll not give it up even to live in a room like this with my daughter Zoe. Don't either one of you think there's such a thing as doing too much for young things? You started in a two-room house, Bess with her garden, and you with the little store—and you learned during those same lean years how to help and appreciate each other.

"When I was married, my mother said; 'When anybody's sick, send word and I'll come up to see what I can do.' We drove on our wedding-trip to the new farm, forty miles into the backwoods, and we didn't have to send for mother until the boy was born late the next year and again when he died. Then Zoe was born, five years later, and mother wasn't sent for at all.

"Yet we were pretty happy young people, even if we did wash at the pump and go to bed at nine. I wouldn't trade the memories of those years with Zoe's father for any one's memories. Yet they weren't easy years, as people generally would call them. It seems to me you are making things too easy for Bess, sweet and fine as she is."

"You don't understand," Mrs. Lyman protested. "We can't give up our girl. Why should she endure the hard things we endured? What good is Dan's money unless it makes Bess happy?" There were times when this shrewd aunt's opinion flecked one on the raw, although the opinions were usually sustained if one waited long enough. To change the subject, she asked:



AS LONG AS SHE REMEMBERED, HER MOTHER HAD BEEN FIGURATIVELY AT THE POINT OF DEATH

"And about Zoe? Will she stay on in New York, and you in town?"

Aunt Willoughby shook her head. "It is as hard to know what Zoe will do as to prophesy how long this black-satin upholstering will wear. Poor Zoe! Sometimes I think she is saint and serpent all in one, even if she is my own daughter."

"That cad flourishes like the blessed," her nephew grumbled, rising and pacing the floor.

"I hope Zoe will marry again," Mrs. Lyman ventured; "marry and show Tom Conger that just because he married Zoe and broke her heart, life holds other joy for her. She was too good for Tom Conger—and too young. How could you bear to see Zoe marry him? I've thought more about it since Bess was engaged. I've said to Dan: 'Well if Bess was engaged to a man like Tom Conger as poor Zoe was, how awful it would be!' "

"I COULDN'T live Zoe's life for her," her mother said calmly. "You will discover that you can not live Bess's life for her—nor can Judith Shadworth's mother stifle Judith's life as she is trying to do. When Zoe was twenty and engaged to Tom Conger, who was thirty-eight and worth a hundred thousand dollars, I told her she was making a mistake. But her pride was rampant and she thought marrying a rich man, she, a farmer's daughter, was the finest thing she could do with her youth and her innocence; besides, he wanted Zoe because she was young and beautiful, and he set out to hypnotize her. He did a rather thorough job.

"But it wasn't six months after she went to live in the big house on the hill that she came back to my cottage and cried it all out on my shoulder. Yet foolish pride would not let her leave. So things went from bad to worse, and finally he was tired of her. Look at her to-day, a broken-hearted, aimless woman!" Fierce tears were in Aunt Willoughby's eyes.

"Thank Heaven, he provides for her!"

"I wish he hadn't provided a penny. If Zoe had worked, she would have forgotten. Zoe has become my careless daughter, careless of love and ideals, in danger of being careless of life itself. This Winter that I spent with her in New York I watched her aimlessly passing time away, trying to shove the clock-hands ahead—now behind—and I came back to Morris Heights to unlock my own door and thank Providence I have my own home."

"You can really feel that way about your own child?" Mrs. Lyman gasped.

Aunt Willoughby rose and patted her shoulder gently. "I have no choice in the matter, nor has any parent. Bess's destiny will be her own selection—ultimately. So is Zoe's. It does not make you love your children the less, when they do things you disapprove of and know are harmful. You love them more because you feel them to be in grave danger. But it does make you realize they are on their own, just as is all the world, and your share is to sit back and watch the game, and believe in them through thick and thin. Now, I believe in Zoe.

"I KNOW the town calls her a 'divorcée' and people whisper it is queer we have not lived together. Nor have I any idea what Zoe is going to do—be a high priestess in Egypt or run for president of the mothers' club in Morris Heights! But I believe in her, no matter what she does. And that is the most effective and finest thing a parent can do for a grown-up child."

"You noisy dears, daring to sit in my parlor!" exclaimed Bess, who came dancing in at the door followed by Jim Gainer.

"I forgive you, seeing it is my blessed Aunt Willoughby returned to town." She kissed her affectionately. "I'm wild to know about Zoe, how many new adorers she has, and if she is really coming back here to live. I suppose she has so many creations my poor frocks will seem rags. This is my Jim. Father calls him Stub. Isn't he horrid?"

Rather uncomfortable at being entirely surrounded by his fiancée's relatives, Jim managed to shake Aunt Willoughby's hand and return smile for smile. Barring the fact he wore a striped-and-belted-effect suit like a wicked earl's—Bess's selection—he seemed a sensible young person, blessed with a sense of persistence, but lacking in direct aggression. There was nothing unusually handsome about him; he was just Jim Gainer, freckled of face and honest of eye and so hopelessly in love with Bess he had ceased even to struggle!

"Let's go down-stairs. Pull down the shades, Bess," her mother proposed. "I'll make your aunt stay for supper."

"Dear, mè! Is it so late? I must go. I have to write Zoe. Well, my child, these are very charming rooms."

"You really like them?" Bess, who was extremely easy to look upon in her blue-chiffon frock, paused in the doorway. "I always dreamed of having such wonderful rooms, but I never thought marrying dear old Jim would bring them. It was staying with father and mother and marrying Jim in the bargain. Doesn't it work out beautifully?" She put her hand on Jim's arm and he looked down with an assenting and adoring smile.

"Stub, you're a lucky boy," his father-in-law informed him.

Aunt Willoughby made no comment. She followed her family down-stairs, breathing more easily in the living-room with its informal furnishings.

"I can't stay, my dears," she insisted. "I'll see you all often enough, now I'm home. I haven't decided what to give Bess for her present. I'll think it over the next two weeks."

"COME over and make oodles of jam; Jim loves it," Bess suggested, "and I don't know how. I'm so tired—it was my sorority tea this afternoon. Every one came but Judith Shadworth."

"What was the matter with Judith?"

"I suppose her mother began to die for the thousandth time just as she was ready to leave. She telephoned and said she had to give her mother a massage treatment. Judy always misses a good time."

"When is she to be married?"

"A week before I am, and thank goodness Kent Harlow has talked her into leaving her mother in the boarding-house, and they will live in a little bungalow Kent has built this Spring. He did most of the work himself. It would be life-in-death to have Mrs. Shadworth in their family. At last, Judith has a chance to have some independent existence of her own."

"I don't know how ill Gussie Shadworth is," Aunt Willoughby commented characteristically. "No one but herself and the Creator are fully informed about this mysterious ailment. But I am of the opinion there is as much truth to her moanings and groanings as there is to the statement that the best way to make a Swiss watch is to use a sledge-hammer," saying which she congratulated Jim again and was escorted to her nephew's car amid a waving of hands.

"Dear old Aunt Willoughby," Bess said, as she and Jim stood watching the car drive off. "She has a hard life and she's salt of the earth."

"So Zoe Conger is her daughter, is she?"

"Yes, married that fascinating rascal of a banker at twenty. He was horrid to her, and Zoe was so young and pretty. Everything went all wrong. Zoe finally got a divorce—it sounds terrible to say it, doesn't it, Jim? A—divorce." She made a little *moue* and buried her yellow head on his shoulder. "We don't even want to say the word, do we?" she murmured.

"YOU bet we don't!"—kissing her as a proper punctuation-mark to his statement.

"I'm so happy I'm floating in space! I keep thinking of the wonderful new things, and how proud I am you went to France, and how glad I am you came back, and how we'll stay on with father and mother and have an eternal honeymoon."

"I'm so happy I want to go break life open and see what happiness is made of," he admitted, suddenly holding her close. "It seems as if things were almost too splendid for just us. Bess, will you be as proud of me when I sell penny candies and sweep out your father's store?"

"Don't ask me to decide anything—I'm too happy." She began dancing about holding out her short chiffon skirt until she seemed a child. Her mother stood in the doorway to watch. Bess blew her a kiss as she passed by.

"Dance with me, Jim; dance with me—I'll hum," she begged.

He caught her hands and made her stop. "Let's help your mother set the table."

She shook her head. "She wouldn't let me—truly, Jim; you know she always does things her own way."

SO THEY wandered up-stairs to the newly furnished rooms, going from one article to the other to exclaim over it as if it were their initial tour of inspection. When Jim opened the clothes-press door and stood looking at Bess's wardrobe, he gave a low whistle.

"Twelve a week would buy one pair of those shoes," he said whimsically.

"What do shoes matter? We're in love, that is what matters," and she convinced him with a series of kisses.

There was a dancing-party that evening, so Bess did not help her mother with the dishes. She offered to do so, but she had to change her dress, so there was no time.

Mrs. Lyman washed and wiped the dishes and set the breakfast-table in methodical fashion, humming as she worked, thinking of Aunt Willoughby's disapproval—as if the house was not ample for two families. Besides, it was not two families, but one family and a son-in-law. There were moments when Mrs. Lyman felt Bess could have married more advantageously if she had wished. All one could say for Jim was that he was a nice boy.

She surveyed her kitchen with satisfaction. It was in the immaculate order she demanded of herself. Any one else working there would have distracted her. Life, as a whole, had been satisfactory to Bess's mother. She had worked faithfully and had been rewarded. Now she was to reward her child who had never worked nor considered work necessary.

As she set away the silver and cut glass she thought of her husband's younger cousin, Zoe. One always associated Zoe with beautiful things. Then she began to feel grateful that Bess was marrying "just a nice boy" instead of a middle-aged sophisticated man with cold eyes and a too heavy scarlet mouth concealed by a mustache.

Poor Zoe! Could any one blame her for flirting? What else, asked Mrs. Lyman of herself, was there for a woman except a satisfactory marriage? There was nothing else, she promptly answered, being of the old order of things feminine. She drew her kitchen shades to a precise angle. At least she would keep her child under her wing, so if storm-clouds gathered Bess would be safe in the maternal port.

SOME day the wise men of the age will convene to decide a pressing mystery which has long since baffled civilization: Why is a neurasthenic always a tyrant—and able to get away with it?

As a shining example of this truth, Mrs. Augusta Shadworth, mother of Bess's chum Judith, should have been awarded the *grand prix*. To imagine Mrs. Shadworth without an ache, one might as well imagine a nightingale without a song. Her mysterious ailment necessitated nightly alcoholic rubs, oil rubs, dieting, being read aloud to during wakeful nights, and, in brief, the selfish monopoly of her child's life and the unconscious warping of her mind.

Judith's youth had been somewhat evaporated by the atmosphere of wheel-chairs and air-cushions.

As long as she remembered, her mother had been figuratively at the point of death, somewhat uncertain as to the state of her soul's salvation, but positive that if the attending physician and clergyman would exert themselves, as was proper, things could soon be got into shipshape order. Her husband's death was the frayed excuse for this nervous condition. Enough money to avoid self-support had enabled Mrs. Shadworth to pursue a vigorous career as a professional invalid. She was the type of woman who otherwise would have developed into wearing hip-boots and ordering gardeners about.

So Judith had spent her infancy living with this doleful parent who occupied rooms in various shabby-genteel boarding-houses with extraordinarily gorgeous names, such as the Brandon Inn or the Villa Florentia. Besides her mother's company, the child was made more or less at ease with other professional pessimists, half-caste social queens, widows of men-who-should-have-been-worth-thousands-only-their-best-friends-cheated-them, crabbed bachelors and unclaimed blessings in the persons of mature maiden ladies.

IN HER first years at school Bess Lyman had become Judith's chum and champion, although Mrs. Shadworth protested against the intimacy. It flourished, however, because of Mrs. Willoughby, who had known Gussie Shadworth for years and who reproached her in no uncertain manner for keeping Judith surrounded by boarding parasites. At which Mrs. Shadworth rallied sufficiently to justify her actions.

"I have never recovered from my husband's death," pressing a black-bordered handkerchief to her eyes.

"Nor intend to," Mrs. Willoughby supplemented. "Other women have lost their husbands."

"Yes, you had your heart-break, too; but you are different, Hannah. Before I married Mr. Shadworth I lived with dear papa, and I don't believe I could have borne his death if Mr. Shadworth had not helped me endure it. Then he was taken and I was left with Judith. She seemed a personal legacy. I can not talk about it as I really feel it is too sacred. But she is all I have, and as I sha'n't be here much longer"—more flourishes of the handkerchief—"can you blame me for wanting her with me?"

That had been said when Judith was ten. At twenty-three the same argument was still pressed into active service when Judith informed her mother she was to marry Kent Harlow within a short space of time.

The engagement to Kent Harlow had come about in as normal a way as most engagements come about, all of which proves that if a man and a maid are to meet and wed, they will manage to do so if one is stationed in a Philippine Moro post and the other in a shabby-genteel boarding-house known as the Castle Inn, waiting on an invalid mother and unconsciously growing bitter of heart.

One particularly doleful Fall day, when Judith was

twenty-one, she had happened through the boarding-house parlor to stumble upon a handsome young man of a distinctly modern air. Without delay he informed her he was home from the islands on a furlough, where he was doing engineering work for the Government, and as he had no immediate relatives with which to bless himself, a comrade in the post had asked him to look up his bachelor uncle and report as to said nephew's welfare. The bachelor uncle was one of the bald-headed complainers living in the room next door to the Shadworths, one who was of firm conviction that the world was going to the dogs solely because the younger generation had neither the ability nor inclination to do anything about it. With this pleasant attitude as his welcome, young Harlow was on the point of returning to the islands to pursue a bachelor career himself, when he met Judith.

Both young persons were lonesome, both felt abused. After a considerably extended visit to the uncle of his island companion, Mrs. Shadworth was forced to admit that this young Harlow had a way with him, and Judith had been rash enough to give away her heart! It was the first time as a parent that Mrs. Shadworth experienced defeat, but when her child actually left her alone, to go out on pleasure bent with a "strange man she hardly knows" and when she returned, rosy-cheeked and light-hearted and apparently thinking about anything but her feeble mother, Mrs. Shadworth admitted that from henceforth she would be second in her child's life, whereat she was clever enough to adopt new tactics.

SHE would not wish to leave her child alone in the world, and of course her death might happen at any time, yet she was just a wee bit hurt to think her child, so carefully sheltered, should learn to care for a stranger in so short a time! She understood how a madcap like Bess Lyman would do such a thing, or even poor Zoe Conger, whose heart was broken and who was openly careless of how the pieces of said heart were put together. But her quiet little Judith! Ah, it was a shock! Still a mother is called upon to stand shocks and to make sacrifices, so she became reconciled to the engagement, which occurred before Kent returned to the islands. She even took a melancholy interest in telling her friends about his aristocratic ancestors.

It was agreed that Kent finish his Government contract of two years, at the end of which time he would return to Morris Heights and marry Judith and become engaged in business in the same small city. It would be ghastly enough for Mrs. Shadworth "to have her tender little Judith keeping house for a strange man" while she languished in a boarding-house. But to take her to a strange city—never! As Bess said when she heard the plans:

"If Kent should take Judith away to live, Mrs. Shadworth would immediately put a card in the window for the undertaker."

There was an engineering opening in the town, however: so they planned in happy, frequent letters during those two years for their small home, and, before Mrs. Shadworth was anywhere near willing, the time had ended, and Kent was in town, more in love with her child than ever, while Judith, with surprising firmness of mind, settled her wedding date and became absorbed in the whyfores of domestic science.

Within a week of her daughter's wedding, Mrs. Shadworth was sitting in her easy-chair awaiting a call from Mrs. Zoe Conger, who returned to Morris Heights ostensibly for Bess Lyman's wedding; but gossip said she had returned to live in the town, to do something just for the sake of astonishment, showing Tom Conger, who lived in his elegant mansion on the hill, that he had not spoiled her life by any manner of means.

Mrs. Shadworth secretly liked and admired Zoe, but she felt it the proper thing, relic of 1860, to appear shocked and pensive because of Zoe's "shattered marriage-vows."

JUDITH loved Zoe. It had been Zoe who had brought most of the sunshine into her shut-away child-life. She used to drive down to the boarding-house, then a young, unhappy married woman, and wheedle Mrs. Shadworth into letting Judith come to spend the day with her. After she had picked up Bess Lyman or some other child, she would take them back to the lovely, joyless home and let them romp and play; or she would whisk Judith off to a matinée or buy her an exceptionally bright red hair-ribbon; and once she overpersuaded Mrs. Shadworth to let Judith spend two weeks at the seashore with her.

So when the scandal about the Conger divorce broke out over the snug hearths of the town, with its conflicting rumors that "He drank," or "She was a poor girl and his money went to her head," or that a *tertium quid* lurked in the pathway of either, Judith and Bess defended Zoe with the innocent loyalty of two youngsters who merely knew their grown-up idol was being unfairly credited with clay toes.

Sweeping in on Mrs. Shadworth this afternoon, her frock nothing but mad ruffles of lace and her hat slashed in Henry VIII. style, Zoe created somewhat of a furor, all of which she knew and relished far more than was sensible. Sitting in a discreetly dark corner, one would have said she was not more than twenty, with violet-gray eyes and a tangle of rust-colored curls. She had strong features, a flexible mouth which could cry or sneer equally well, a straight, almost masculine, nose, and a chin of dimpled defiance. If one looked closely, they saw that the twenty-years-of-age idea was only a myth. Mrs. Zoe Conger had worry lines about her eyes, and when her face was in repose the mouth drooped in settled, pessimistic fashion.

AS SHE settled herself opposite Mrs. Shadworth, she smiled with her lips only, the big eyes narrowing in disapproval.

"Don't tell me you are any better, it would be a shock," she began teasingly. "Besides, it is Judith and this strange young man I have come to see. I had planned on finding a husband for Judith as soon as I had found an apartment for myself. But this gallant stranger has circumvented me, hasn't he?"

"I'm afraid he has circumvented every one—you know, Judith is everything in the world to me——"

"No person can ever be everything to any one," Zoe corrected. "Bess Lyman's mother says the same thing of Bess—now my dear mother says it of me."

"Aren't you going to live with your mother?" Mrs. Shadworth attempted to be reproving. "Think if she should die and you not be with her." Then she fell to admiring the gray slippers with cut-steel buckles which Zoe knew how to wear—and to display.

"Of course I am not. I am a woman and mother is a woman, and we have both lived independent lives too long to



"HER MOTHER TAKES HER BREAKFAST TO HER IN BED"

return to the old though lovely relationship of parent and child. Not that we love each other the less—only can you picture me in mother's little house, hoeing radishes or making jelly? Nor can you ever fancy mother's disapproval this Winter when I indulged in a cigaret or an affair, just enough to keep my hand in?

"No, Mrs. Shadworth, it would never do—you can not form a satisfactory partnership between pumpkin pie and after-dinner cordials, a tapestry chair and a splint-bottomed one. The town may talk, but at least it gives them something to say. Mother stays in her house, and I've taken an apartment for the year—and we are the best friends in the world."

"What ever will you do with yourself?"

"Get into mischief, very likely. If I do, I'll go away and repent. Just think—how many years has it been since I lived at Roselawn and headed all the prominent lists as chief patroness?"

Mrs. Shadworth was quite animated. "Do you know what they say about—Tom Conger?"

"As a profiteer is seldom without honor in his own country," Zoe returned, "I presume they laud him to the skies. He has probably given the orphans a new playground or a reading-room for reformed drunkards."

"How did you know?"

"I was his wife."

"THEY say he is asked out everywhere," Mrs. Shadworth could not refrain from adding, "and he is given to church-going lately. They do whisper, my dear, that his conduct and yours has been so very different since—the separation that it almost looks as if——"

"I should go about crying, '*Mea culpa, mea culpa!*'—is that what you are afraid to say? That was Tom Conger's parting prophecy. 'A woman rarely leaves her husband and keeps any one's respect.' he said; 'not unless another man is fool enough to marry her.' But I came to ask about Judith and Kent, if you don't mind changing the subject."

"They are out just now," Mrs. Shadworth sighed. "He is a nice young man and I am thankful he did not go to France. It seems to me it has coarsened Jim Gainer. Did you notice it?"

"No; he's a splendid lad, not certain whether or not he has found his stride. Of course this being treated by the Lymans as if he were an adopted French orphan is a bit bewildering; besides, Bess is the prettiest thing in two continents, so we must not judge him. Now Judith is not the pretty, dazzling type. She is like a lovely, dark-eyed madonna, the sort one adores. Jim Gainer will love Bess ferociously. I've no doubt Kent will adore Judith—if she knows how to make him," Zoe added.

"You talk as if it were a game."

"So it is—the funniest in existence. The Lymans say there is to be no wedding for Judith—just the rector coming in to marry them."

"I could not stand a public wedding—I ought to be spared *that*."

Zoe coughed. "So they are going to live in the little bungalow on Cedar Street. I drove by to see what it looked like. I want to find out if Judith would rather have a rug or a reading-lamp—Bess's father has fitted up such a magnificent young palace, I hardly know what to offer her. Of course you'll stay right on here?"

"AT FIRST Judith was overinfluenced by Kent. You know, I hardly know the young man. It has all been so strange and sudden, a mail-order courtship, as you might say. She never shared his letters, never. Now I always showed papa everything Mr. Shadworth wrote me. At any rate, Kent tried to convince her they had better leave me here, depending on strangers! And my own girl thought him quite right."

"I presume you had to begin dying to bring her to her senses," murmured Zoe naughtily.

Mrs. Shadworth pretended not to hear. "I told Judith, 'You may go to live with your husband and leave me, broken-hearted and at the mercy of strangers—I shall never stand in your way.' She soon saw my position in the matter and she talked to Kent. While I like Kent, and he seems worth while, it has prejudiced me just a trifle. To think he tried to crowd me out of their lives. Why, the only happiness I shall know is a corner in my daughter's home," Mrs. Shadworth gave way to tears. "Besides, all those years in the islands with head-hunters and dear knows what—it must have left its mark. I want to be able to protect my girl—if he should suddenly turn queer."

Meantime Judith and Kent sauntered down a side street leading back to the Castle Inn. In quaint, garnet-colored voile with circular organdy ruffles, Judith bore out Zoe's description. She was the gentle, tender sort of girl who endures rather than protest.

SHE clung to Kent's arm as they strolled under the oak-trees, looking up at him in silent admiration, sincerely puzzled as to why he had ever loved her—and kept on loving her. It never ceased to be the miracle of miracles to Judith. While Kent, browned of skin and brawny of muscle, strode along, telling some new plan for their future, Judith broached a dreaded topic.

"Mrs. Zoe Conger will be calling on mother when we get back," she began, "and I want you to be very nice to her. I've told you about her."

"Tom Conger's wife? Jim Gainer says Conger is a camouflaged cad."

"She used to make me so happy when I was a youngster. Of course Zoe has done some wild things, but she is salt of the earth, just the same. And I wanted to ask you if—if you would mind speaking to mother and telling her you are glad she has consented to share our home? It would make her feel welcome." Judith lagged back in the path.

Kent stopped and looked down at her. "See here, dear," he began gently, "I think I understand your mother. I think she has humored herself and no one has stopped her and she's quite hopeless! Yes, I do. You were just a slave to her. It was because I watched you for two or three days that I first began to care. It was all I could do not to interfere. That wasn't any life for a young girl, was it?"

"Don't make me say things against her, Kent. You don't love her as I do."

"I'M NOT trying to have her assailed—only there is a sane balance to living, and she certainly has not found it. Any one can grow queer or morbid if she lets herself. Why, in the *bosque* out in the islands, when I used to be alone for weeks with only natives and chattering apes or tree-snakes for pals—and the rains would creep up and you'd think of the men who died overnight of fever and chills or, worse still, had a bolo knife run through them as they slept—don't you suppose I felt mentally tense and sometimes slipping? These last two years I've had you to think about; that kept me sane. Or when cholera ravished a *barrio* and they died like flies—a dozen abnormal conditions for a white man! Judith, the first year I was out there, I had an awful experience. I've never told any one about it—I mean back in America. My mother died and somehow the cable never reached me. The first word I had was six weeks after she was buried. Too late to mourn, as one of the fellows said, and he advised me to get drunk instead. I was in the hills and it was Midsummer, and it bowled me over. No one knows the jolt a man gets when he's alone in the tropics and has word his mother is buried."

"What was the other trouble?"

"Aphasia—you forget everything, your identity plumb falls out of your brain-box, is the easiest way to explain it," he took her arm and they walked slowly. "Sometimes men stay that way for years—I've heard of men disappearing and being found in the *bosque* living a squaw-man's life under a different name. It's awful stuff; I don't like to even remember it. I must have been taken with the thing when I was out on a surveying-trip, and wandered off. I don't remember a thing—that is, as Kent Harlow—until

four months later when I woke up in an army hospital near Tacloban, as thin as a rail and all cut and bruised. They told me they found me in the hills swearing that my name was Tom Hurlburt. Tom Hurlburt was the name of a dime-novel hero I used to read about when I was a kid. I insisted I was on the point of discovering gold-mines near by, and I fought like a tiger when they took me in charge. Judith, dear, if I'd have gone on, in another hour I'd been in quicksand, they said—and then the game would have ended."

"Oh, Kent!" she held his arm tightly, forgetful of her mother and Zoe.

"After a few weeks I was as good as new, and of course it was caused by the shock and grief and the climate. But that is just to illustrate what things can happen to a chap if you let them. I could brood over that and become a nervous wreck, but I don't intend to do it. And it's the same with your mother. I want to do everything for her that a son should do—and you have persuaded me your happiness depends on her living with us; but I wish it were not so."

As they neared the boarding-house, they adopted a snail's pace. "You mean to say that you want just our own home?" she asked.

"No, we will have our home. I want just our own family."

"But I couldn't refuse—and if you love me as you say——"

"Which I do!" he smiled down at her. "It's all right, Judith, and maybe I'm wrong."

"You see, it is such a shock for her to have you come first."

"IT OUGHT to be a mighty fine shock for a mother if she approves her daughter's choice. Life doesn't stop for people who want it to, you have to have things changing and progressing or deteriorating all about you. Nothing can or should stay the same. Your mother can't keep you as her slave, even if she calls it sheltering her child. You will have to live your own life—and Bess Lyman is going to find it out too."

"What do you mean?"

"They ought to be by themselves. All very well to have the nice rooms, but it isn't as I'd have it. Your mother is living with us, we are not living with your mother."

"Sometimes you frighten me, make me wish I were like Zoe, experienced and knowing how to—to——"

"Make me dance when you pull the string," he finished. "I imagine Mrs. Zoe does know how. And I imagine she wishes she did not—it is no fun, this being thoroughly sophisticated."

"Come in to meet her and be particularly delightful," Judith urged. "Really, Kent, you are the best-looking thing—and I know you are the best engineer in this whole country. I wouldn't trade our five-room house for all Bess's paternal grandeur."

"There's a wonderful dark spot in the hall," he explained as they went up the steps. "Maiden ladies stop there to take out their vanity-cases before coming in to dinner. Let's put it to a finer purpose," he drew her into the dim alcove as he spoke, "and kiss me. You haven't had a chance to kiss me since ten o'clock last evening."

ZOE, wearied of Mrs. Shadworth's tirades, paused as she tripped downstairs to view this refreshing little tableau. Something quite like tears threatened in her eyes as she clapped her hands together and said:

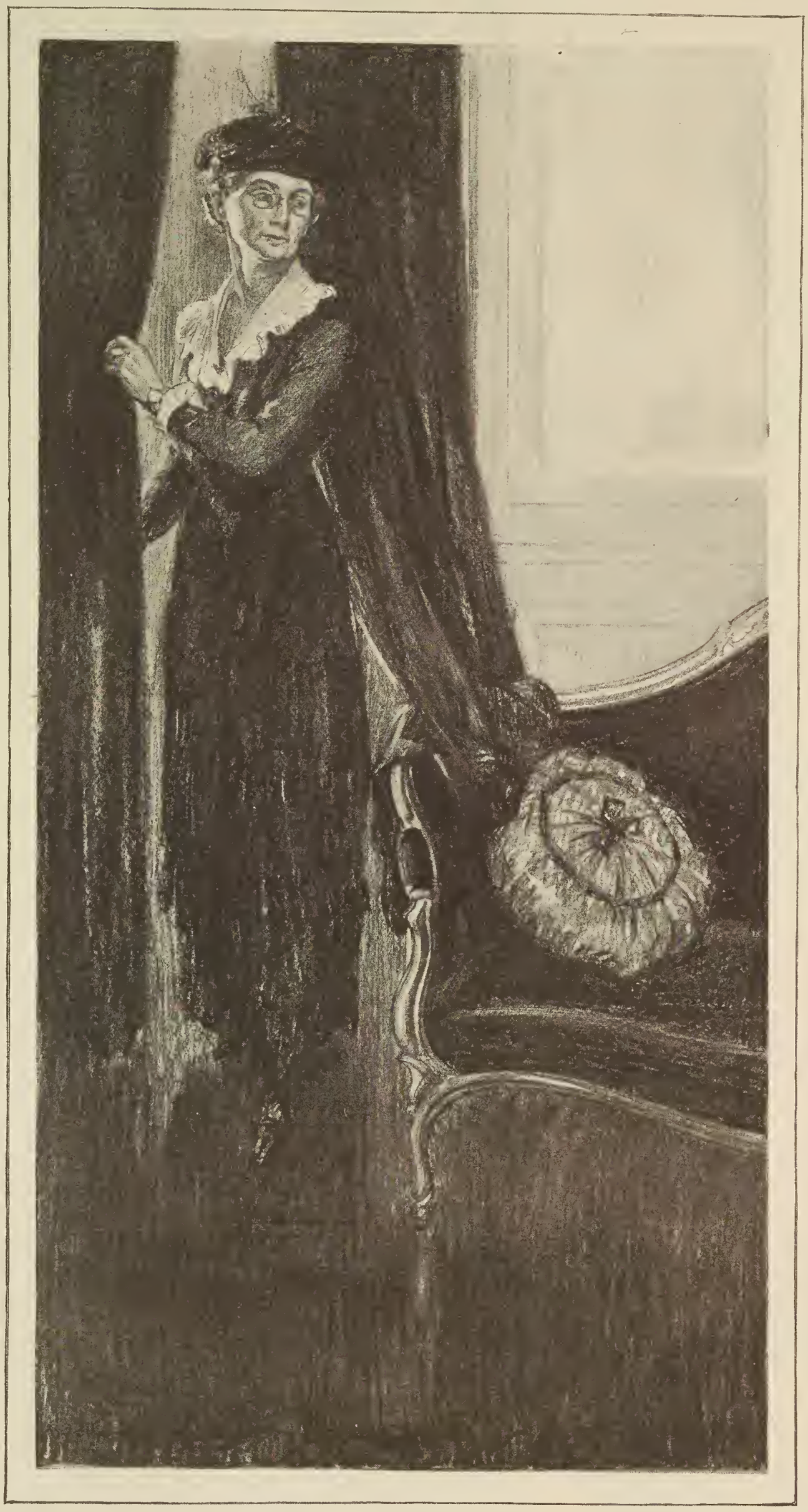
"Bravo, Judy, dear! Let me know this young cavalier. Don't mind me, children, it's only Zoe. We've all been that way some time, haven't we, Mr. Harlow?" giving each of them a hand and laughing at their confusion.

"I'm going to have you all to myself as soon as we are all settled. Just think, I'll have two brides and two bridegrooms to play with."

"How did you find mother?" Judith asked, her blushes giving way to the customary look of care. "Tell me truly, Zoe, no matter what you think."

Zoe smiled up at Kent Harlow, who telegraphed back an optical "Be as rough as you like."

"I found your mother," she said solemnly, preparing to vanish, "with as good prospects as any two-year-old—but withal as cheerful as the Chapel of Skulls!"



HIS AUNT, SIXTY-FIVE THAT MONTH AND STRAIGHT AS AN ARROW, CONDEMNED THE ROOM WITH ONE GLANCE

"ANOTHER few hot days and the girls will get out their Summer furs!" was the way Kent announced his arrival at Mr. Lyman's shop.

He peered into the back room where he had been directed to find Jim Gainer. After a wild rustle of packing papers and a moving of boxes, there emerged a dishevelled young man who seemed confused at being found in the act of unpacking candies at his father-in-law's dictation.

"Hello, Kent!" he tried to say easily. "How about you? It is hot, isn't it? These goods came in unexpectedly; of course we're glad to get anything at any time the way freight is now. A lot of the hard candy is for Christmas stock and it will go into the cellar."

Kent consulted his watch. "Thought you were a free man at five-thirty," he ventured. "I was through at the plant and was going to drive you up home."

Jim hesitated, savagely unmasking a box of all-day suckers. "Father Lyman takes me home," he confided. "We aren't going on time to-night because Bess entertained her club this afternoon. I guess Judith was there."

"No, her mother has discovered the most absorbing thing that's wrong with her circulation and Judith went with her to a new *masseuse*. Usually Judith walks down to the office for me, and we drive an hour before dinner; that is why I came in for you."

"Oh!" Jim wondered whether or not he ought to offer his sympathy to Mrs. Shadworth. "The truth is, Kent, I may stay until closing-time. That's the worst of a small business," lowering his voice, "open from seven in the morning for the factory crowd, and staying open until the last movie crowd at night. The soda-fountain boy quit last night, and this is our busiest season. Of course," he added loyally, "Father Lyman isn't young and he has worked pretty steadily the last twenty-five years, built up this business out of nothing. He can't keep the long hours he used to, and it's sort of up to me to—to stick around."

"Do you like it?" Kent came nearer, half-way shutting the door.

"It's all right," Jim evaded. "Sort of tame after France. I hadn't planned on it, but Bess wanted it, and her folks are mighty fine folks, and I guess I'm lucky."

"Well, you know what it is to see real things," Kent sympathized. "You haven't spent all your days in a two-by-four town where the noon and five-o'clock whistles are the greatest excitement. I feel the same way—I never thought when I was batting around the islands that I'd ever settle down in a town like this. But, then, I never hoped that a girl like Judith would care enough to marry me. A lot of things can happen that you don't count on, can't they? I'll give you a lift with that——"

Together they carried a cargo of sweets below and began arranging them on the cellar shelves.

"I'll be glad to get this white apron off," Jim admitted. "I'd as soon wear a barber's jacket. But Father Lyman always had his soda-fountain boys wear them, and of course it's only temporary."

Kent made no answer.

"Yes, the Lymans are salt of the earth—there's nothing too good for Bess—nor me. We want you to bring Judith over more often. Here we've been married over two months and you've hardly showed up."

The two long-termed benedicks sat on boxes and exchanged cigarets preparatory to a heart-to-heart talk.

"I'll tell you how it is with me," Kent began. "Mrs. Shadworth does not want Judith out of her sight, and every time we have company or go away she has a dizzy spell or some fool thing, and Judith works her conscience overtime. As soon as I can afford it, I'll have a nurse for my mother-in-law. I won't have Judith worn to a frazzle because of her selfishness. Now, I'm not talking for publication. I haven't even said this to Judith. She's so tense and nervous she'd go all to pieces. But if you could get Bess, she's so cheerful, to sort of suggest to Judith that a nurse or a sanatorium would be the best thing for Mrs. Shadworth, you'd prove yourself the friend in need."

"I don't think Bess could do it as well as her mother or Zoe or Mrs. Willoughby," Jim confessed. "My wife," with great pride, "is only a baby thing—say, she ought to be playing with dolls. Do you know it? I have to laugh at the way she bluffs about helping around the house and wheedles everything she wants out of her dad. She just plays away at top speed all day long. But Zoe could talk to Judith. Zoe can do most anything she sets out to do if she can have her own way."

"When we called on Zoe, she was out," Kent answered, "and she has only come to see us once. Judith says she is settling her apartment. But would you think she'd want to come back to a town where the man she used to be married to is counted as the king-bee?"

Jim shook his head. "No; if I ever had trouble with my wife, I'd stay as far away as the planet permitted. I don't see what Zoe will do with herself, do you?"

"No. But every one knows their own mind best."

"*Stub!* — *Stub!* —" came in roaring tones from the stairway. This was followed by the abrupt entrance of Mr. Lyman, who slipped as he reached the stairs, and came sliding down in an undignified heap.

HELPING him to his feet, the boys gave way to chuckles in which Mr. Lyman forced himself to join. "There are six women waiting at the soda fountain," he informed his son-in-law. "Howdy do, Kent? This is our rush-hour, and we are working short-handed. Go right up, Stub; I'll take care of Kent," he added curtly.

Feeling like a small boy caught stealing jam, Jim found his way up-stairs and was forced to face a giggling counter of soda-water customers, most of them Bess's friends and greatly relishing the situation.

Feeling it his duty to apologize—he did not quite know why—Kent proceeded lamely: "If I've been keeping Jim away from work, I'm sorry. I had an idea he was through at five-thirty and——"

This was the one spark needed to fire Mr. Lyman's latent wrath. Like most self-made small merchants whose life has been spent in a town and whose domestic affairs have gone to his utter satisfaction, he could not get another person's view-point without a terrific mental exertion. Having done everything in the world for James Gainer, to himself known as Stub, and allowed his daughter to marry said person, he was puzzled as to why his son-in-law did not affect a permanent attitude of gratitude. To be sure, he was a nice boy, that went without saying, but Bess was Bess, the only one of her kind in existence. Jim Gainer had never had such a home nor such freedom from financial worry—all because he was Bess's husband. As for working in the store—after working on the farm for a brother-in-law and studying nights, and then going to France to enjoy the mud, cootics and bad food—this job was easy. Yet, this youngster actually protested before donning the soda-fountain coat and learning the ingredients of a Lord Fauntleroy sundae! Add to this the disappearance of the son-in-law, only to discover him in the cellar wasting time by talking to another newly married lad—to say nothing of falling down the stairs and endangering his life—it was no wonder Mr. Lyman's mind resembled a furnace newly fired.

"THROUGH at five-thirty," he began, pausing on the narrow stairs to glare at Kent. "My boy, many's the time I've worked in this store until early morning, trimming windows, figuring up stock, cleaning the floors—anything that had to be done. Many's the year I was here at a quarter of seven in the morning and worked through until midnight. I guess if Stub isn't ready to play the gentleman at five-thirty, now and then, he has no cause for complaint," clearing his throat savagely and mounting the rest of the stairs.

Kent made good his escape, giving a friendly nod to the now bewildered Jim, who was surrounded by matinée devotees all clamoring for marshmallow surprises and Billie Burke sundaes.

"Now, Stub, Joe will take the fountain until closing-time," Mr. Lyman said at six o'clock. "You can stay to-morrow night, unless Bess wants to go some place."

Jim relinquished the apron and prepared to depart.

"Jump lively, boy! Get me my driving-gloves, will you? See if the bus needs oil, and fill her up with water before we start," he was glancing through the evening paper. "Here comes Tom Conger. Wait on him, Stub. I can not endure the man. After that, count the boxes of bonbons—there ought to be fifteen—it's billed that way." He retired behind the counter while Jim marched to the front and

Continued on page 39



SARA LOOKED UP FROM UNDER HEAVY LASHES. "IT ISN'T DANCING WITH YOU—IT'S LIKE FLYING!"

A STORY NOT WITHOUT WORDS

BY FANNY HEASLIP LEA

Author of "Happily Ever After," "Sicily Ann," etc.

DELIBERATELY THE VISITING GIRL TRIED TO CUT OUT THE HOME-TOWN GIRL; DELIBERATELY THE HOME-TOWN GIRL RETALIATED; AND THEN LARRY, THE MAN—BUT ALL THAT HAPPENED AS THEY DANCED!

NELLY-LOU JOHNSTON was the nicest girl in Gainesville—any young man in town, almost, would have told you so; and Larry Proudfit wast the nicest man. You might safely have taken a referendum of female voters as to his niceness. Some one once called them the Magazine-Cover Girl and the Arret-Collar Man. They were individually and collectively as good-looking as that. And to complete the fairy-tale effect, they were very nearly engaged to be married.

That is to say, there existed between them what is colloquially known as "an understanding"; although why that businesslike term should be applied to the emotional state preceding a declaration of marriage does not at once explain itself to the logical mind.

Nevertheless, Nelly-Lou and Larry had attained that delightful and palpitant condition where any moon may induce the spoken formula and the merest casual meeting on a busy corner down-town result in the assumption of lifelong obligations. She was waiting for him to tell her he loved her, glowing like a pink Cherokee rose meanwhile in the femininely acquired knowledge that he did. And he? Well, one looks long at a flower sometimes before detaching it from the parent stem! Has one a right? Will the pretty thing allow itself to be gathered? Are there thorns? Eventually, of course, perfume and color go to one's head and the thing is done.

But there is something to be said for the exquisite ecstasy of the period just prior to certainty. Do you know the delicate witch-fire glow that steals up the sky before the moon rises? Have you watched a rose, half-open, uncurling imperceptibly, to give all its secret golden heart to the sun? Or have you waited, as Nelly-Lou was waiting? Held your breath, as Larry was holding his, before the incredible miracle of the girl's surrender? If you have, you know what I mean, and if you haven't, there's no explaining it.

There they were, the greater part of Gainesville knew it. That there would be an announcement, linen-showers for the prospective bride, parties, trousseau-getting, more parties and eventually a big church wedding with about seven bridesmaids and the two little Johnston boys as white-satin pages, no one ever doubted.

The thing was as obvious as the marrying-off of a prince and princess of neighboring principalities in the dear old days before the war. For once, the course of true love ran smooth—which ought to have aroused suspicion, but didn't.

Nelly-Lou's people were acquiescent. Larry's widowed mother had very nearly reconciled herself to the Johnston connection. There wasn't a girl in town, of course, who was good enough for her gray-eyed, aristocratic-looking son, but Nelly-Lou, Mrs. Proudfit admitted, came nearest to meeting the requirements.

For Nelly-Lou was pretty as a picture, dark-eyed, dark-haired, sweet-lipped; and she had, besides, the gentle, inborn domesticity of all the Johnston women carried to as fine a point as modern schools and modern ways could take it. The man who married Nelly-Lou would be proud of his home and proud of the lady who sat at the head of his table. His children, if he had any, would be beautifully cared for and would probably inherit most of Judge Johnston's money besides.

Larry, being very much in love, had never given the matter of a *dot* one moment's thought; but Mrs. Proudfit, twenty years a widow, in a place where she had all the traditions of an old and honorable family to sustain—upon very little more than nothing a year—knew the advantage of this world's goods.

She looked upon Nelly-Lou, therefore, as not only the sweetest of girls, but also the wisest of investments—for Larry. Mrs. Johnston, conversely, regarded Larry as a doubtful investment, but a possibly wonderful lover—for her girl. Mrs. Johnston, never having had to count the pennies, was apt to overlook them.

As for Nelly-Lou and Larry, fool's gold was as good as any other to their bedazzled eyes. And so things stood when Sara Stanton came to town.

Sara was twenty-five to Nelly-Lou's twenty-three—and as much like a somewhat overpowering but lovely gardenia as Nelly-Lou was like a wild rose. After all, you can't do better than flowers for similes for women. Sara had all a gardenia's incredibly sensuous pallor, although it is quite possible that hers, unlike the blossom's, did not "jus' grow."

She had ropes of mahogany-colored hair, as smooth as silk, which she wore close about her ears and low on her slim white neck, and which always smelled of something vague and alluring. Larry asked her the first time he ever danced with her if she perfumed her hair, and she called him a silly boy and said of course not, but Larry repeated the conversation, minus the silly boy, to his mother, and Mrs. Proudfit had her doubts.

"If she didn't perfume it, it wouldn't smell of anything," said Mrs. Proudfit briefly; "except perhaps Castile soap."

That, however, is by the way and an almost sordid bit. I don't know why I allowed it to creep into this chronicle. It isn't at all essential.

The people whom Sara came to Gainesville to visit were comparatively new—descendants of a Copperhead governor of another State—and rolling in wealth according to Gainesville standards. Wythe was the name. Julia Wythe, the daughter, had gone to school with Sara, somewhere in the East, and Jimmy Wythe, the son, was an unsuccessful rival of Larry for Nelly-Lou's favor. The Wythes talked of Sara Stanton for weeks before her arrival, and upon her second night in Gainesville they gave a dance at the Country Club in her honor.

At the dance most of the county was present, Nelly-Lou among others, squired by Larry, and radiant as a May morning before the dew is off the grass. Larry himself was wearing new evening clothes, just home from the tailor's, and stood out from the other young men of the place both by virtue of his good looks, which were indisputable, and by reason of a certain inborn sophistication, which some men have and others haven't—it's no more a matter of locality than blue eyes or brown—a sort of spiritual *savoir-faire* rather. In any case, it was enough to draw Sara Stanton from the very first.

"Who's the man with the girl in blue tulle?" she inquired of Julia Wythe after Larry and Nelly-Lou had passed along the receiving-line. Julia sniffed the lace-papered and ribbon-tied bunch of pink rosebuds she held before replying interestedly:

"That? Oh, that's Larry Proudfit—nicest man in town; he's receiving-teller at the First National; going to marry the girl he's with—Nelly-Lou Johnston—daughter of old Judge Johnston——"

"Is he?" inquired Sara innocently.

She, too, sniffed the flowers she carried—they were orchids, and orchids are practically guiltless of fragrance, as everybody knows.

"Do you know, I rather like his looks," murmured Sara.

"Watch your step," whispered Julia. "Nelly-Lou has him tied and labeled."

"Rather pretty, isn't she," Sara continued languidly, "in a milkmaid sort of way?"

That, of course, is only what any woman who uses rouge says of any woman who doesn't have to. Julia laughed. She had known Sara a long time and admired her extraordinarily, but she sometimes found her amusing, nevertheless. Julia was the sort of small dark girl of whom all the married men are harmlessly fond and at whom all the bachelors look kindly, but without any especial flutter of pulses.

It was only when Julia had a visiting girl, as now, that

Continued on page 46

WHEN WE GET MARRIED



The clinging vine and the sturdy oak



Curious neighbors and friends simply revel in the exhibition of taste—and otherwise—which the gift-room always provides. Comparisons are to be interesting



Aunt Martha, the eccentric maiden aunt, who is on the board of the Home for the Blind and numerous other charity and social-welfare boards



At the parsonage: the parson's family serve as witnesses and audience



The bride's mother gets a line on the groom's relatives — the first opportunity for a careful study. The interest is mutual, but mama has a certain advantage





The proud suburban belle, one of the bridesmaids, is compelled to march out with the groom's business partner, the lemon of the party



The little flower-girls, who were told to walk slowly, forget and outdistance the bridal-party very badly



"Women and children last." The usual scene at the refreshment-table



"I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING NICER THAN FOR YOU TO BE YOU"

THE WINGS OF LOVE

BY MARY BRECHT PULVER

Author of "Lucifer," etc.

FROM where she stood, at the low kitchen-table with the shallow pan of silvery suds before her and the little window in front open to the softly stirring morning-glories, Clementine got an excellent view of the picture.

It adorned—in chromatic glory—a surface of egg-shell-finished cardboard, supporting a calendar-pad and offering a neat legend regarding a certain "Wiley & Moffett, Dealers in Fancy Groceries, Baking-powders, Teas, Coffees, etc."

Clementine had cultivated it in its position here, as an amelioration to certain dull domestic duty, using it as a target for shafts of verbal sarcasm, as the object of certain fanciful barbs and rhetorical flights. An obese, lolling "Cupid," butterfly-winged and encompassed by a garland of roses and lilacs, she told Mudge it was an "artistic shazdoover," "a phony symphony," etc.

She would send Mudge who, she privately believed, admired it, into shrieks of laughter. But oftener she would pass over its superficial qualities and attack its implication. It was, she declared, an accurate symbol for the most ephemeral of human feelings. And in particular she would pounce fiercely on the fact of the wings. "Love never lasts—not for long. You can see for yourself, if you look around. Love *flies*. That's why the little beast has wings on him."

Mudge usually protested on this—uttered feeble defense. But Clementine, the quicker-tongued, felled her arguments one by one with ruthless, sweeping energy, and Mudge, ruffled, would fall back on her usual last cutting word.

"As if you knew anything about love, Clem—Why, you've got to have *experience*."

After that it would be touch-and-go between them, and a sharp, sisterly friction; for Clem, rising like a hawk and as swift to alight, would have died before admitting her secret wound, which was the undying truth of Mudge's complacent taunt. She had long ago, taking stock, decided how necessary it was for her to scorn this love business.

But now, this morning, her eye ranging over the offensive "Cupid," held a certain gentle preoccupation which Mudge must surely have noticed but for her own absorption.

Mudge—christened Margaret—was ironing her best white organdy, bending with pink-faced intensity over delicate tuck or fold, throwing out little fillips of conversation between the thumps of her iron. Mudge was considered by her fellow townsmen as by far the prettier of the two girls. A plump, rather bovine, stubborn-sweet young woman with round, wide blue eyes, a pure, childish forehead, a dumpling chin with a hint of the repetitive below it, and a thick, snubby little nose. When Mudge got herself up in the ruffled organdy and a poke hat with a rose or two, she made a wonderful effect of frosting-like marshmallowy softness. But she was not "gotten up" now. Her soft, blond, insufficient hair was gathered into a little hedge of shining metal clips, she wore faded bedroom slippers, an old silk petticoat and a washed-out dressing-sack.



"GO AWAY," GROANED MUDGE, "GO AWAY!"

Clem was very different. She was slim, almost to thinness, and put together at all hours with the neatest of neck and waistlines. There were no billows about her, but she offered an effect of young, willowy line, that a sophisticated eye would have detected instantly. She was pale, except when moved or angered, which happened rather often, when a clear rose-flush came into her cheeks, and she had a handsome wealth of chestnut hair and beautiful, thick, velvety brows that almost met above a finely modeled, sharp little nose.

But Clem was not pretty. She lacked some requisite feminine softness, and, indeed, had she been actually beautiful, it would have been clouded, locally, because of her legend. Clem was accounted "brainy," which made all the difference in the world.

Although her father was only a job-carpenter, Clem had been given two years at a normal school, graduating with an essay on Browning which had been printed in full in the village weekly, and which none of her family could comprehend. There was, in short, an aura of mystery and cultivation about her that set her slightly apart.

More than this, from the beginning of the war she had made no bones at all about pronouncing the foreign words in the paper, including even Przemysl, and she was generally accorded full authority on French. When such news-currency as "*joie-de-vivre*," "*liaison*," "*estaminet*," baffled the lay reader, it was to Clem the matter was carried. She always gave fully and freely of her stock of pronunciation and understanding. There was this to be said for Clem, too: she took an affair of this sort as a splendid horse takes a five-bar gate.

At these times, a little jealous, Mudge would shrug her plump shoulders and refer to "our walking encyclopedia," but she was secretly impressed, for she was only a very mediocre stenographer for Blair & Cooke, while Clem was a grade teacher, facing steady promotion.

But there was one field where Mudge brooked no interference. As the family Circe, she reigned supreme. It was some such implication that had just now fallen from her lips, some delicate, broad tribute she had rendered second-hand, that involved the homage of one George Starrow.

"'. . . And, thank the Lord, I'm not the smart kind,' he said. That was all right too. Men never *do* like a smart-Aleck girl."

It was a glove thrown straight at Clem, of course, and shaken a little out of her preoccupation, Clem's old battle energy stirred. Should she pick up the gage and come into the lists? Mudge was plainly trying "to start something"; was usually unduly nagging on a Sunday morning when they worked together. It was too obvious a slight to pass in toto,

Continued on page 62



"FOR DAYS I TAUGHT WITHOUT TEXTS, OR WITH AS MANY AS FIVE PUPILS USING THE SAME BOOK"

TEACHING ON SNAKE MOUNTAIN

BY RUTH BOYLE

IT HADN'T a very good reputation—the Snake Mountain school They had heard of it even in Nashville; the rural-school inspector had brought humorously scandalized reports of it to the State Department of Public Instruction. The county superintendent was quite frank in his denunciation of it, and he was a man constitutionally sweet-tempered and mild in his judgments. When the mountain people had had no rancor as yet against their school, he himself had once taught the young people at the Ledge, four miles away.

Now, although still young, he was pitifully crippled by rheumatism—in fact, he had been unable to visit the remote mountain schools for several years. It is characteristic of the kindly and uncritical Tennessee voter that, being unable to teach, the cripple was elected county superintendent.

"It isn't hardly the place for a young woman, especially a city girl that don't know anything about mountain ways, but you might just happen to strike them," he told me, half-urging, half-dissuading.

"The first lady we sent there was run out by a lot of the men and boys who got drunk and rode up and down the road and scared her. Another lady went up, and nobody would board her. Both of them was raised in these parts and understand mountain people. They never used to make any trouble at Snake Mountain. It's this compulsory school law that's got them against the county board. As a general thing, they're the cleverest people in the world; you can't find any cleverer."

I readjusted my conception of "clever" to the Southern interpretation—"kind-hearted"—and told him I would teach the Snake Mountain school.

For fifteen or sixteen miles of one hill after another, we jolted over a narrow, rutty route full of slide-rock and mud-holes. The day was raw, the wind blowing a gale, and the air filled with the sound of cracking branches and falling trees. Twice we stopped to bank up rocks against a tree, fallen across the road, so that our rattle-bang old Ford could climb over it.

"Eight years ago there wa'n't no road in here except the creek bottom down there," remarked the driver, pointing to the branch that glimmered far below us, between the steeply rising, ragged-timbered hillsides. "It took six mules to haul what one can do now in a quarter the time."

Occasionally we passed a dwelling—not often, because the mountaineer has no liking for a house on "main-traveled roads." He prefers his shack perched on the sunny side of a hill at the end of a trail through some rabbit-haunted thicket.

At the sound of our car, slattern women came to the doors of the cabins, and children, as wild as the grouse that scuttled away into the bushes, stared after us. I stared as curiously as they, because I knew that one of these flimsy dwellings would soon be "home" to the Snake Mountain teacher.

One room, two rooms, or three rooms—they were all alike; dark, dilapidated frame shanties, not even weather-boarded. Huge stone chimneys gave them pioneer character, but rag-patched windows hinted that the owners were of those who gave as little as possible thought to the morrow. On the way I considered the possible appeals I might make in case no one would board the teacher, and decided that the helpless-stranger-without-place-to-lay-her-head plea was the most apt to get results. I tried it first on Mrs. Lane, a gaunt, dark woman, whose children were grown up, with homes of their own, and whose two-roomed house was neat and less crowded than most.

She said no, she couldn't. Lane, he wouldn't have teachers about, 'specially women.

I could not make her talk. She answered me in monosyllables, suspiciously, and there was something brooding, intense, almost fanatic in her dark glance that made me almost glad she stuck so immovably to her refusal. Her rancor, I suspected, was chiefly directed against "Lane," whose very name on her lips was curt and dour.

Later I learned that Jud and Mirandy Lane never sat down at the table together; they had spoken nothing but the most essential words to each other for five years. The quarrel had started over a woman teacher who had boarded with them, and Jud Lane had sworn that no woman should ever again run the risk of being misjudged in his house.

Pressed, she mentioned several places where she thought they "might take the teacher," though she hinted that folks thought "there wa'n't goin' to be no school, hit bein' so late, and seems like folks don't favor hit nohow with this yere new law of finin' folks fer not sendin' young uns to school."

I went "over the divide yon" to Miller's. A rocky path up-hill through the brush opened abruptly on a stubble patch, a wood-pile, a pig-pen, and a mountain cabin.

"Come in," called a drawling voice in answer to my knock.

Continued on page 78

THE CRISIS IN EDUCATION

This is the second in our series of stories by Miss Boyle describing her experiences in teaching in different sections of the country. These narratives throw a vivid light on the current study of the crisis in education.

The largest teacher shortages at the present writing are: Kentucky, twenty-two hundred and fifty; Texas, two thousand and fifty-five; Virginia, two thousand; Georgia, fifteen hundred; North Carolina, seven hundred; Iowa, six hundred.

Over eighteen thousand schools are closed for lack of teachers.

Salaries of one hundred and fifty dollars to two hundred dollars per year are paid to many rural teachers. "You pay a carpenter seventy-five dollars a week to drive nails into a board, and give teachers seventy-five dollars a month to drive ideas into the minds of your children," says a New York schoolmaster.

Lack of suitable homes is found by the United States Bureau of Education to be responsible for the withdrawal of many teachers from the profession, especially in rural districts. The situation in this regard is strikingly set forth in Miss Boyle's accounts of her life in various communities.



"DO YOU ACTUALLY THINK THAT I'D BE FOOL ENOUGH TO LET MYSELF GET OLD?"

THE MAN WHO WAS TIRED OF HIS WIFE

BY LUCILLE VAN SLYKE

Author of "Little Miss-By-The-Day," etc.

EVEN though Charles Shirley was blissfully unaware that it was the Rawsons' headlights that had left his unpremeditated kiss mid-air, he found himself grinning rather sheepishly at Margery's closed door. It was infinitely better that he hadn't actually kissed her and yet—of course she must have been perfectly aware that he'd meant to! He waited a moment. He didn't want to seem to be running away. He heard not a sound. And Margery, leaning limply against the closed door, struggling to smother her laughter—or was it a sob that made both hands fly to her throat?—listened to his soft-drawn whistle of relief as his footsteps crunched in the gravel.

He strode up the street grinning boyishly, hands in pockets, feeling inexpressibly soothed and exhilarated, pleasantly naughty, —*young!*

Life was again a picnicky care-free thing. A ridiculous scrap of schoolboy song stirred long-forgotten memories:

> Nowhere to go but out,
> Nowhere to come but in,
> My feets go anywheres they please
> I leaves the ways to them.

There was a rollicking tune, he found he'd not forgotten it, he hummed it all the way home. He reached down to tweak Cunnin's ears until the drowsy pup yelped in comical dismay.

"Have a quick run, scout?" Charles was facetious. He opened the door and thrust the dog, sleepy and blinking, into the night. Cunnin' waited sedately, not suspecting he was not on leash. But presently he shook himself cautiously, sniffed the moist air and ambled quietly away.

Bertha was at the head of the stairs, rather Lady Macbethish in her trailing negligée and long braids.

"Cunnin's leash is on the newel post, it was too wet for me so I left him for you."

"Oh, he's out on his own," Charles answered easily.

"Alone!" Bertha's voice lifted hysterically. "Why, he'll be lost, he never goes alone!"

THE PART THAT WAS TOLD LAST MONTH

He married Bertha instead of the Imp. Now, when he was gray, forty-seven, and Bertha was aging into fretful forty-one, the Imp, grown up, but still only fifteen in spirit, came back. And just as he stooped to kiss her one Summer evening, the Rawsons' car with his wife in it, whizzed by, the headlight blazing full on him and the Imp!



"ALONE!" BERTHA'S VOICE LIFTED HYSTERICALLY. "WHY, HE'LL BE LOST!"

She was running down-stairs now. "Charles, he'll be lost!"

"No such luck." Charles lighted a cigaret; he felt friendly with the universe, Bertha included. "Ho, hum—" he yawned. "Grand night for sleeping, eh?"

"Sleeping!" Bertha's tone came passionately. "Do you think I could sleep after what I saw to-night?"

"And what," he asked facetiously, "did you see to-night?" Suddenly a disagreeable certainty that it had been the Rawsons' car that passed the Dearborn house, crept over him.

"If you think," she put her hand to her head dramatically, "that I'm going to endure this sort of humiliation, you're very much mistaken. Everybody in the car saw you, everybody in the car knew that it was you. *I will not have you hanging around that woman! I will not have it!*"

He took hold of her arm rather roughly. He led her to the library and sat her down, like a naughty child in a stiff-backed chair that he particularly despised. His eyes sparkled dangerously. Gone was his happy mood of the moment before.

"Cut out that injured stuff," he ordered crisply. "I suppose you can't help being the sort of snob you are, living as we have with these suburban tabby-cats all these years. But for Heaven's sake, don't make any more of a fool of yourself about this than you can help. Little Maggie Sherman is just as good or a darn sight better than most of the folks that live around here. I don't believe she cares a whoop whether they're decent to her or not. But understand this. I do. You're going to call on her. And you're going to tell your fine friends the truth."

"That she was a servant employed by a neighbor of yours—" Bertha interrupted maliciously.

"That she was a protegée of my Aunt Deborah's," he corrected her; "that Aunt Deborah was particularly fond of her, that she was practically part of our family all one Summer. Put it any way you like, but put it decently. And understand, besides, that you're going to be what you call 'nice' to her. Not 'catty nice' but 'nice.' Or I'll know the reason why."

"You can't make me." Bertha defied him.

Continued on page 52

THE TREE OF JOY—XII

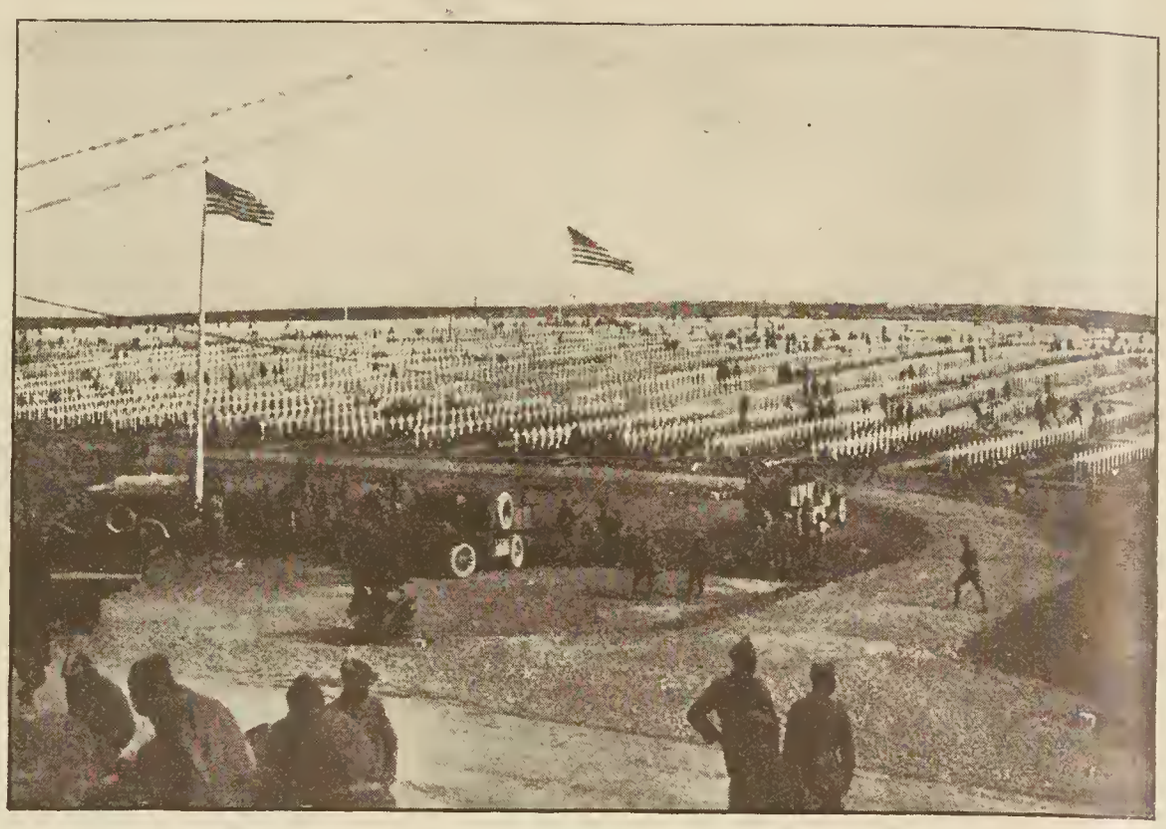
AT THE INN OF THE LION OF GOLD

"IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE"

BY MABEL POTTER DAGGETT



THE LITTLE WOODEN BUILDING THAT IS THE INN OF THE LION OF GOLD



THIS IS THE LARGEST AMERICAN CEMETERY IN EUROPE, THE ARGONNE CEMETERY AT ROMAGNE

THERE were seventy-five thousand of them, our very own, who stepped off into eternity from France. But eternity may not be so far as we have thought.

I'm sure I felt them near. The mud of the Argonne was dry on the diary I picked up in Dead Man's Land where a Brooklyn boy had dropped it, dated that "Sunday in hell." Thank God, they were out of it now. This "damned war," as he so tersely chronicled it, was done. The most savage scene of it here at Landres et St. Georges lay in a heaped-up wreckage of the ruin of the world awaiting the search-light of history which may some day find the reason why.

For the present, a shell-pink evening such as hangs tremulous only above a blue horizon-line in France, softly enfolded our DELINEATOR Town of the Golden Book. It was the tranquillity of the ages that had been shot through and through here. Nature would restore, if she can, what men have marred. Just as roseate a glow preceded the coming twilight as before the hideous horror that happened here. As if sunset and sunrise would make life lovely again. If that can be, with so many on two continents away who were all the charm of it.

And my thoughts turn to you in our dear, safe cities of the United States of America, to which they will never come back. Yes; oh, yes. I know! You in your home, which was so all-American in the prosperity of its electric lights and its steam heat and its hardwood floors, were so little ready for the blow that was going to daze you most of all. You had never even seen a soldier. Of course they had them in Europe. Still, that wasn't your boy.

How secure you had been in his careless youth—he with his tumbled football hair and his scattered tennis-rackets and his college records not always very good! How little had you known he would have to be a hero!

Dear kid, the reckless, ruthless way of him, tramping in with muddy shoes right through the front hall! The mutinous whistle and the cheery laugh of him! The rebellious young eyes of him, with their insistent search for pleasure! He snatched at every joy of life as once at the cooky-jar. Maybe, after all, that was the way it was meant to be for him. For so suddenly he was gone.

Now at your house, since, it's all orderly and still. Only for the sound of sobbing sometimes in the anguished silence. Of course, in public, when you're wearing your tailored suit and the gold-starred service-pin on your coat-lapel, you know how to be the mother of a hero. But alone, when you're darning the stockings as you sit and rock in the very chair by the sitting-room window where a little boy used to climb on your knee! And there's no one to see. Oh, I know! I know!

But in the now fading light of the shell-pink French evening the Municipal Council of Landres is coming together. Listen, dear heart, with me. For that will occur in the assembled Board of Aldermen of this far French village which you across the Atlantic will wish to hear.

It is at the Hôtel du Lion d'Or, the Inn of the Lion of Gold, that we are gathered. For in July, 1919, it could not be the *mairie*, which is the town hall. The town hall up on Haut Rue, which is to say High Street, has the roof fallen in and the west wall gone and is left to the bats that inhabit it.

Councilman Jules Chenet, the last one for whom we have been waiting, has at length arrived. It is not easy to be early in a devastated district. One really wishes to work in the fields up to the last moment of the vanishing day. There's the débris of war still lying around in the back yard. Maybe the missing cupboard door or the handle to the kitchen pump or some other little thing's just turned up, to be tinkered together again at a broken house.

Up at Schoolmaster Vauchelet's, too, we had been delayed in getting started to-night. He is a busy secretary of the council these days, with all the official business connected with the claims for war damages. Three times I counted that Lea Vauchelet stepped to the door to look for her man who was late for his supper. There he was, she sighed at last, down the road, stopping to talk with Mayor Julien just as if it wasn't going to be seven o'clock the next thing you know!

"Woman is in the world to wait," Madame Vauchelet quoted with resignation and a whimsical smile as she patiently folded her hands in her black-aproned lap. Even as you or I. Aren't men the same, though, in all languages!

Presently he entered, the head of the house. He hung his hat briskly on a peg behind the kitchen door and drew up his chair with much bustling haste, to atone for his tardiness. Why, you'd think nobody'd ever hurried but father. Lea Vauchelet and I glanced across the table at each other. But pretty soon she got up and brought a pot of her *confiture*, as she calls it, her new wild-raspberry preserve, and set it first beside his plate. He wasn't to be scolded. There is reason to be late with a world in ruins and everybody busy picking up the pieces of it.

We were all here now. The Inn of the Lion of Gold, of course, used to be a very old, quaint stone building facing here the main public square. Now it's this little, hastily constructed wooden shack of unpainted lumber. The windows are of oiled muslin. There is a long table of new pine, down the length of which, on both sides, the Municipal Council are seated. And I am here with them.

On the table are glasses and bottles of *vin rouge* and *vin blanc*, the red wine and the white wine of France. And Madame Genty, the wife of the innkeeper, who is also one of the councilmen sitting about our table, will be bringing more during the evening. You must not mind that this is so. France is the land of the grape. It seems as good to them as the sweet potato to South Carolina or the baked bean to Boston. They can not understand prohibition. It wouldn't be any use to talk to them about it.

The mayor, who is speaking, has introduced THE DELINEATOR'S Special Commissioner to France. He has told the rest that this meeting is called that I may personally bring to them the message for which I have searched out this town in the ruins of France. It is only recently, you see, that all of these councilmen, scattered by war, have reached again their native village.

So I rise in my place here beside the mayor, holding in my hand the bouquet of white roses presented to me for the occasion by a village committee. Lucie Mauvais picked the roses in a devastated garden, a very courageous garden, where the bushes are coming right up again among the bombs that fell beside them.

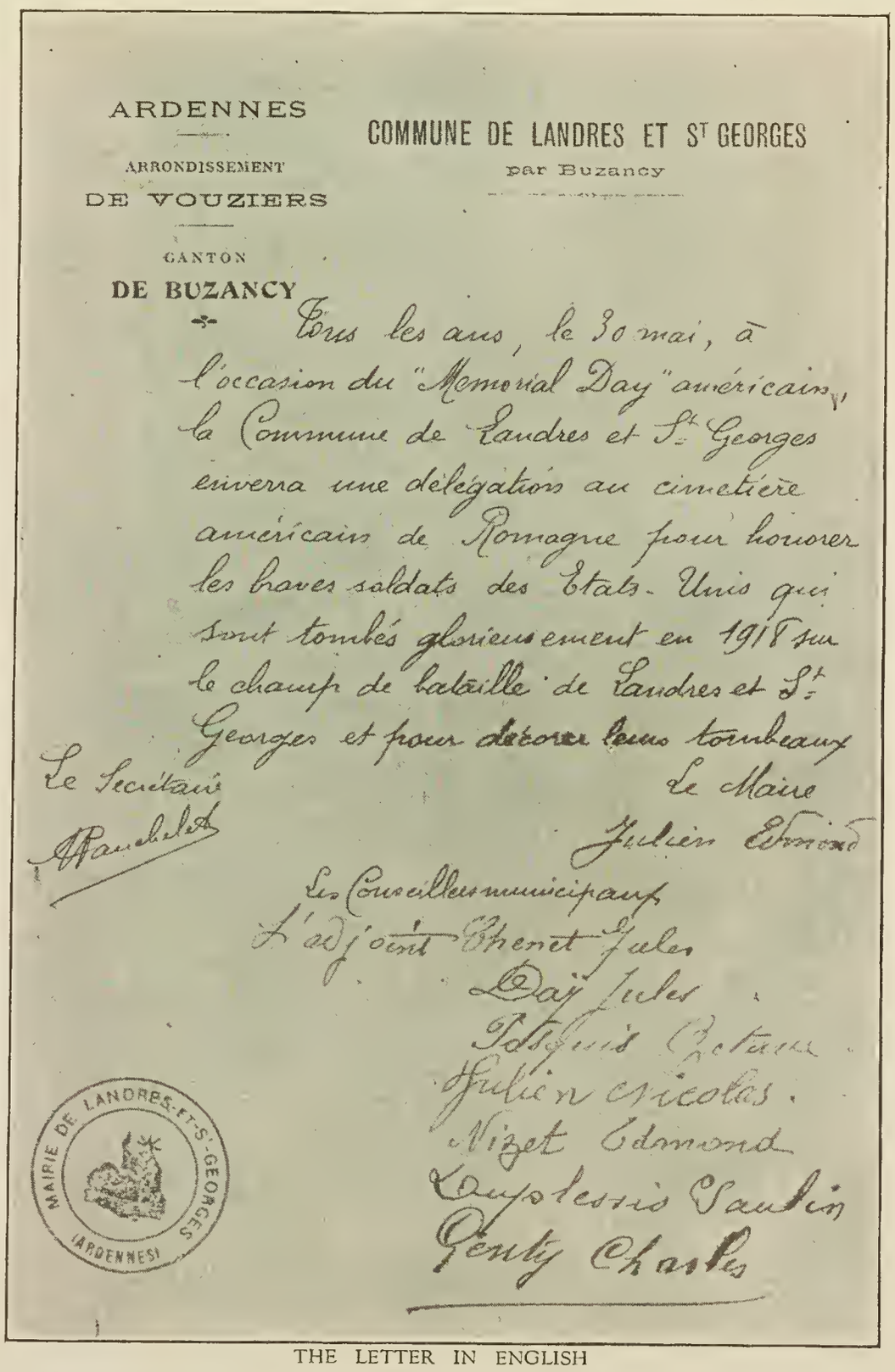
As I look down the row of faces here in the now gathering twilight, I see the older ones seared with all the sorrows of war. In Landres, directly in the path of the terrible cataclysm that has swept its wide swath through what once was civilization, their shoulders have been bent and bowed beneath the burden of the grinding economic pressure that is the outcome of the conflict of nations; they have been broken in spirit and bruised in heart and soul by the terrible tempest of the wrath of men that has ravaged the human race. In the past dark years of the wo of the world, we think we have had trouble at home in America. But not as these.

The frightful forces let loose over the earth have at least been spent in their fury before they have reached us across the sea. Some of us they have scarcely touched. These are men before me who have had life shaken to its foundations. By the dumb, driven resignation of them, by the hollow tone of their voices, something has gone out of them that will never come back.

What the war has done to the young, all the world knows. But somehow I am not able to be most sorry for the children. Little Alberte Julien, aged four, I have seen in Landres to-day with her new doll from the Fatherless Children of France, playing as busily and as happily as if her father, Albert Julien, the mayor's nephew, were not lost in the battle of Verdun. It is griefs for which no one can give wax dolls and red-painted bugles that are grimmest.

Continued on page 84

THIS IS THE PROMISE OF THE TOWN OF THE GOLDEN BOOK TO YOU IN AMERICA


ARDENNES

ARRONDISSEMENT DE VOUZIERS

CANTON DE BUZANCY

COMMUNE DE LANDRES ET ST GEORGES par Buzancy

Tous les ans, le 30 mai, à l'occasion du "Memorial Day" américain, la Commune de Landres et St. Georges enverra une délégation au cimetière américain de Romagne pour honorer les braves soldats des Etats-Unis qui sont tombés glorieusement en 1918 sur le champ de bataille de Landres et St. Georges et pour décorer leurs tombeaux

Le Secrétaire — Le Maire — Julien Edmond

Les Conseillers municipaux

L'adjoint Chenet Jules

Daÿ Jules

Pdt Louis Octave

Julien Nicolas

Vizet Edmond

Cuyolessis Saulin

Genty Charles

MAIRIE DE LANDRES-ET-S-GEORGES (ARDENNES)

THE LETTER IN ENGLISH

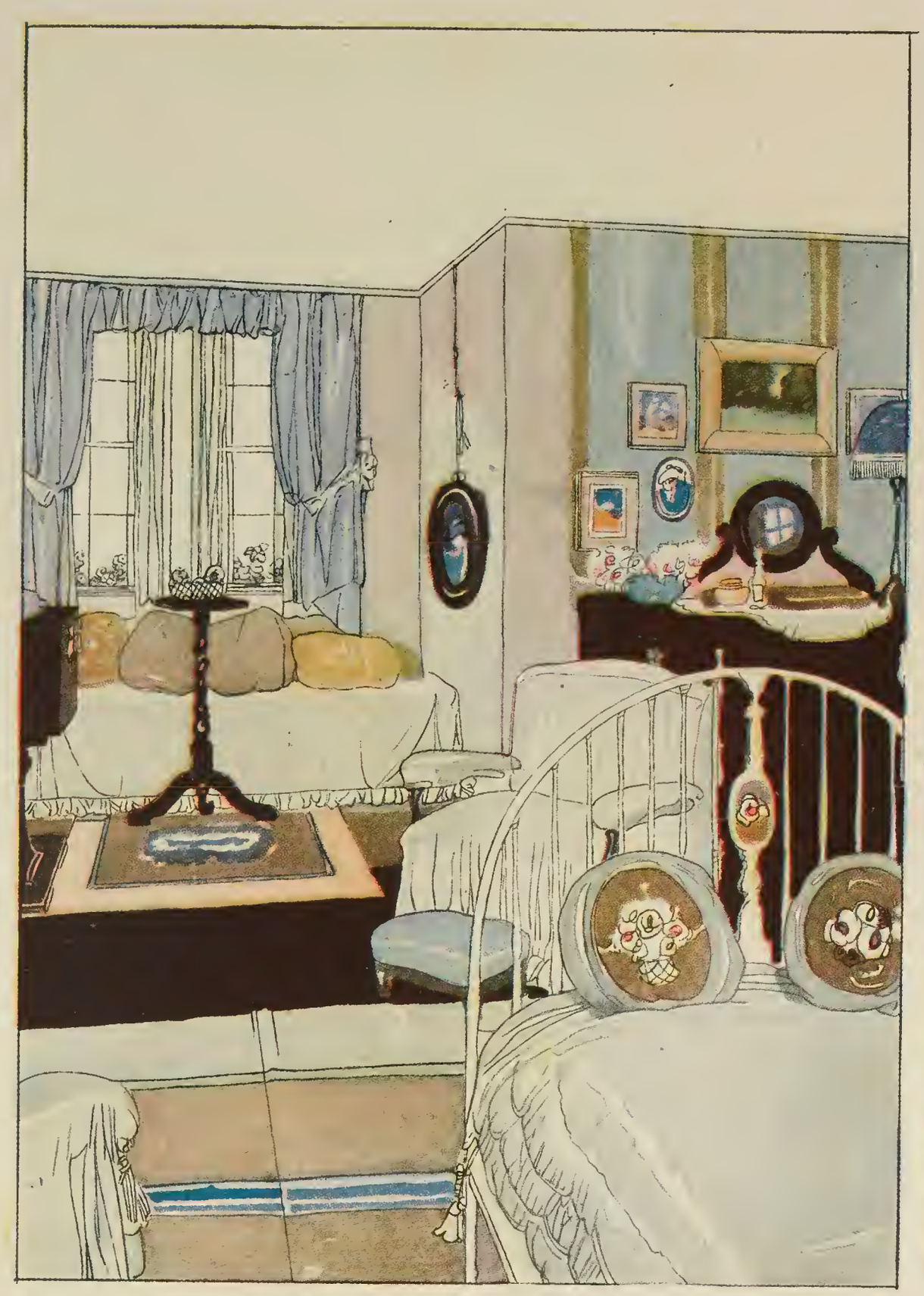
"Every year on the thirtieth of May, the occasion of the American Memorial Day, the Commune of Landres et St. Georges will send a delegation to the American cemetery at Romagne to honor the brave soldiers of the United States who fell gloriously in 1918 upon the field of battle at Landres et St. Georges, and to decorate their graves.

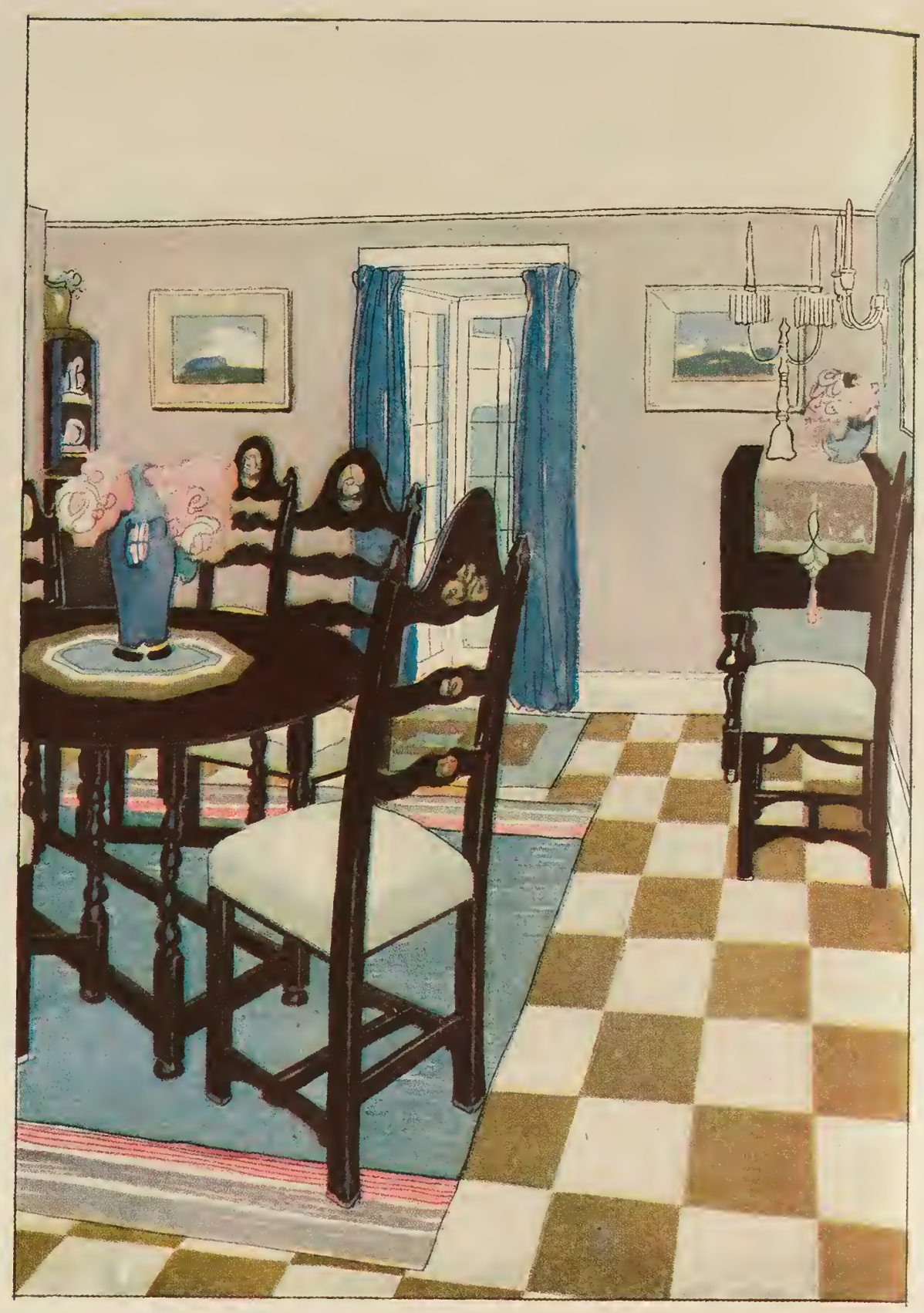
"The Mayor, EDMOND JULIEN,"
(and the Municipal Council).



STEPPING OFF INTO ETERNITY FROM FRANCE

The American boys who fell in defense of our DELINEATOR *Town of the Golden Book are buried here in the Argonne Cemetery. A list of their names will be found on page 89 of this issue*

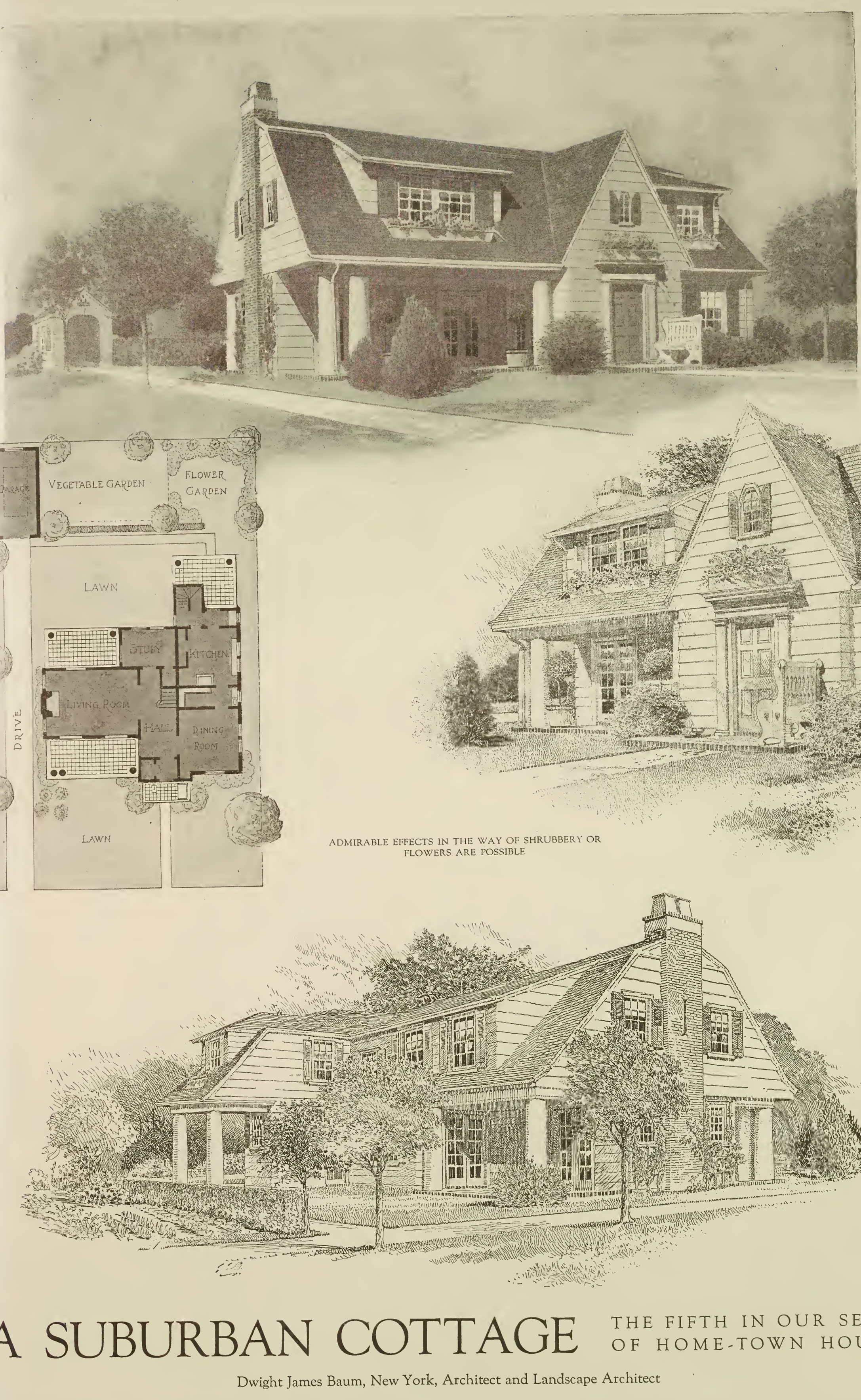






INTERIORS FOR A SUBURBAN COTTAGE

STUDIES BY ALBERT HENCKE OF IDEAL DECORATIONS AND FURNISHINGS FOR THE COTTAGE PICTURED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE. SEE DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLE ON PAGE 34 OF THIS ISSUE



ADMIRABLE EFFECTS IN THE WAY OF SHRUBBERY OR FLOWERS ARE POSSIBLE

A SUBURBAN COTTAGE

THE FIFTH IN OUR SERIES OF HOME-TOWN HOUSES

Dwight James Baum, New York, Architect and Landscape Architect

AT THE top of the page is a front view of the cottage, including the garage and supplemented with a model ground-plan. The view at the bottom of the page includes a corner of the vegetable garden.

On the opposite page are suggestions in colors by Albert Hencke for ideal treatment of some of the interiors.

The floor-plans and description of this dwelling are given on page 34 of this issue.

THE PORTYGEE

BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Author of "Shavings," "Cap'n Eri," etc.



SHE SEEMED MUCH INTERESTED, BUT OFFERED FEW SUGGESTIONS

BIDDING GOOD-BY TO OUR CAPE COD FRIENDS

WHILE dressing in the cold light of dawn his perturbations of the previous night appeared in retrospect as rather boyish and unnecessary. His sudden and unexpected meeting with Helen and their talk together had tended to make him oversentimental, that was all. He and she were to be friends, of course, but there was no real danger of his allowing himself to think of her except as a friend. No indeed. He opened the bureau-drawer in search of a tie and there was the package of "snap-shots" just where he had tossed them that night when he first returned home after muster-out. Helen's photograph was the uppermost. He looked at it—looked at it for several minutes. Then he closed the drawer again and hurriedly finished his dressing. A part, at least, of his resolve of the night before had been sound common sense. His brain was suffering from lack of exercise. Work was what he needed, hard work.

So to work he went without delay. A place to work in was the first consideration. He suggested the garret, but his grandmother and Rachel held up their hands and lifted their voices in protest.

"No *indeed*," declared Olive. "Zelotes has always talked about writin' folks and poets starvin' in garrets. If you went up attic to work, he'd be teasin' me from mornin' to night. Besides, you'd freeze up there, if the smell of moth-balls didn't choke you first. No, you wait; I've got a notion. There's that old table-desk of Zelotes's in the settin'-room. He don't hardly ever use it nowadays. You take it up-stairs to your own room and work in there."

So that was the arrangement made, and in his own room Albert sat down at the battered old desk which had been not only his grandfather's but his great-grandfather's property, to concentrate upon the first of the series of stories ordered by the New York magazine. He had already decided upon the general scheme for the series. A boy, ragamuffin son of immigrant parents, rising, after a wrong start, by sheer grit and natural shrewdness and ability, step by step to competence and success, winning a place in and the respect of a community. There was nothing new in the idea itself. Some things his soldier chum Mike Kelley had told him concerning an uncle of his—Mike's—suggested it. The novelty he hoped might come from the incidents, the various problems faced by his hero, the solution of each being a step upward in the latter's career and in the formation of his character. He wanted to write, if he could, the story of the building of one more worth-while American, for Albert Speranza, like so many others set to thinking by the war and the war experiences, was realizing strongly that the gabbling of a formula and the swearing of an oath of naturalization did not necessarily make an American. There were too many eager to take oath with tongue in cheek and knife in sleeve; too many for the first time in their lives breathing and speaking as free men, thanks to the protection of Columbia's arm, yet planning to stab their protectress in the back.

SO ALBERT'S hero was to be an American, an American to whom the term meant the highest and the best. If he had hunted a lifetime for something to please and interest his grandfather, he could not have hit the mark nearer the center. Cap'n 'Lote, of course, pretended a certain measure of indifference, but that was for the benefit of Olive and Rachel. It would never do for the scoffer to become a convert openly and at once. The feminine members of the household clamored each evening to have the author read aloud his day's instalment. The captain sniffed.

"Oh, dear, dear," with a groan, "now I've got to hear all that made-up stuff that happened to a parcel of made-up folks that never lived and never will! Waste of time, waste of time. Where's my *Transcript?*"

But it was noticed—and commented upon, you may be sure—by his wife and housekeeper that the *Transcript* was likely to be, before the reading had progressed far, either in the captain's lap or on the floor. And when the discussion following the reading was under way Captain Zelotes's opinions were expressed quite as freely as any one else's. Laban Keeler got into the habit of dropping in to listen.

One fateful evening the reading was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Kendall. The reverend gentleman had come to make a pastoral call. Albert's hero was in the middle of a "situation." The old clergyman insisted upon the continuation of the reading. It was continued and so was the discussion following it; in fact, the discussion seemed likely to go on indefinitely, for the visitor showed no inclination of leaving. At ten-thirty his daughter appeared to inquire about him and to escort him home. Then he went, but under protest. Albert walked to the parsonage with them.

"*Now* we've started somethin'," groaned the captain as the door closed. "That old critter 'll be cruisin' over here six nights out of five from now on to tell Al just how to spin those yarns of his. And he'll talk—and talk—and talk. Ain't it astonishin' how such a feeble-lookin' craft as he is can keep blowin' off steam that way and still be able to navigate?"

His wife took him to task. "The idea," she protested, "of your callin' your own minister a 'critter'! I should think you'd be ashamed. But, oh dear, I'm afraid he *will* be over here an awful lot!"

HER fears were realized. Mr. Kendall, although not on hand "six nights out of five" as the captain prophesied, was a frequent visitor at the Snow place. As Albert's story-writing progressed, the discussions concerning the growth and development of the hero's character became more and more involved and spirited. They were for the most part confined, when the minister was present, to him and Mrs. Snow and Rachel. Laban, if he happened to be there, sat well back in the corner, saying little except when appealed to and then answering with one of his dry, characteristic observations. Captain 'Lote, in the rocker, his legs crossed, his hand stroking his beard, and with the twinkle in his eyes, listened, and spoke but seldom. Occasionally, when he and his grandson exchanged glances, the captain winked.

"Say, Al," he said one evening after the old clergyman had departed, "it must be kind of restful to have your work all laid out for you this way. Take it to-night for instance; I don't see but what everything's planned for this young feller you're writin' about so you nor he won't have to think for yourselves for a hundred year or such matter. Course there's some little difference in the plans. Rachel wants him to get wrecked on an island or be put in jail, and mother, she wants him to be a soldier and a poet, and Mr. Kendall thinks it's high time he joined the church or signed the pledge or stopped swearin' or chewin' gum."

"Zelotes, how ridiculous you do talk!"

"All right, mother, all right. What strikes me, Al, is they don't any of 'em stop to ask you what *you* mean to have him do. Course I know 'tain't any of your business, but still, seems 's if you might be a little mite interested in the boy yourself."

Albert laughed. "Don't worry, grandfather," he said. "I'm enjoying it all very much. And some of the suggestions may be just what I'm looking for."

"Well, son, we'll hope so. Say, Labe, I've got a notion for keepin' the minister from doin' all the talkin'. We'll ask Issy Price to drop in, eh?"

Laban shook his head. "I don't know, Cap'n 'Lote," he observed. "Sounds to me a good deal like lettin' in a hurricane to blow out a match with. Um-h'm. Seems so to me. Yes, yes."

Mr. Kendall's calls would have been more frequent still had Helen not interfered. Very often when he came she herself dropped in a little later and insisted upon his making an early start for home. Occasionally she came with him. She, too, seemed much interested in the progress of the stories, but she offered few suggestions. When directly appealed to, she expressed her views, and they were worth while.

Albert was resolutely adhering to his determination not to permit himself to think of her except as a friend. That is, he hoped he was; thoughts are hard to control at times. He saw her often. They met on the street, at church on Sunday—his grandmother was so delighted when he accompanied her to "meeting" that he did so rather more frequently, perhaps, than he otherwise would—at the homes of acquaintances, and, of course, at the Snow place. When she walked home with her father after a "story evening," he usually went with them as additional escort.

She had not questioned him concerning Madeline since their first meeting that morning at the parsonage. He knew, therefore, that some one—his grandmother, probably—had told her of the broken engagement. When they were alone together, they talked of many things, casual things, the generalities of which, so he told himself, a conversation between mere friends was composed. But occasionally, after doing escort duty, after Mr. Kendall had gone into the house to take his "throat medicine"—a medicine which Captain Zelotes declared would have to be double strength pretty soon to offset the wear and tear of the story evenings—they talked of matters more specific and which more directly concerned themselves. She spoke of her hospital work, of her teaching before the war, and of her plans for the future. The latter, of course, were very indefinite now.

"FATHER needs me," she said, "and I shall not leave him while he lives."

They spoke of Albert's work and plans most of all. He began to ask for advice concerning the former. When those stories were written, what then? She hoped he would try the novel he had hinted at.

"I'm sure you can do it," she said. "And you mustn't give up the poems altogether. It was the poetry, you know, which was the beginning."

"*You* were the beginning," he said impulsively. "Perhaps I should never have written at all if you hadn't urged me, shamed me out of my laziness."

"I was a presuming young person, I'm afraid," she said. "I wonder you didn't tell me to mind my own business. I believe you did, but I wouldn't mind."

June brought the Summer weather and the Summer boarders to South Harniss. One of the news sensations which came at the same time was that the new Fosdick cottage had been sold. The people who had occupied it the previous season had bought it. Mrs. Fosdick, so rumor said, was not strong and her doctors had decided that the sea air did not agree with her.

"Crimustee!" exclaimed Issachar, as he imparted the news to Mr. Keeler. "If that ain't the worst! Spend your money, and a pile of money too, buyin' ground, layin' of it out to build a house on to live in, then buildin' that house and then, by crimus, sellin' it to somebody else for *them* to live in. That beats any foolishness ever come *my* way."

"And there's some consider'ble come your way at that, ain't they, Iss?" observed Laban, busy with his bookkeeping.

Issachar nodded. "You're right; there has," he said.

Albert heard the news with a distinct feeling of relief. While the feeling on his part toward Madeline was of the kindliest, and Madeline's was, he felt sure, the same toward him, nevertheless to meet her day after day, as people must meet in a village no bigger than South Harniss, would be awkward for both. And to meet Mrs. Fosdick might be more awkward still. He smiled as he surmised that the realization by the lady of that very awkwardness was probably responsible for the discovery that sea air was not beneficial.

THE story-writing and the story evenings continued. Over the fourth story in the series discussion was warm, for there were marked differences of opinion among the listeners. One of the experiences through which Albert had brought his hero was that of working as general assistant to a sharp, unscrupulous and smooth-tongued rascal who was proprietor of a circus side-show and fake museum. He was a kind-hearted swindler, but one who never let a question of honesty interfere with the getting of a dollar. In this fourth story, to the town where the hero, now a man of twenty-five, had established himself in business, comes this cheat of other days, but now he comes as a duly ordained clergyman in answer to the call of the local church. The hero learns that he has not told the governing body of that church of his former career. Had he done so, they most certainly would not have called him. The leading man in that church body is the hero's patron and kindest friend. The question: What is the hero's duty in the matter?

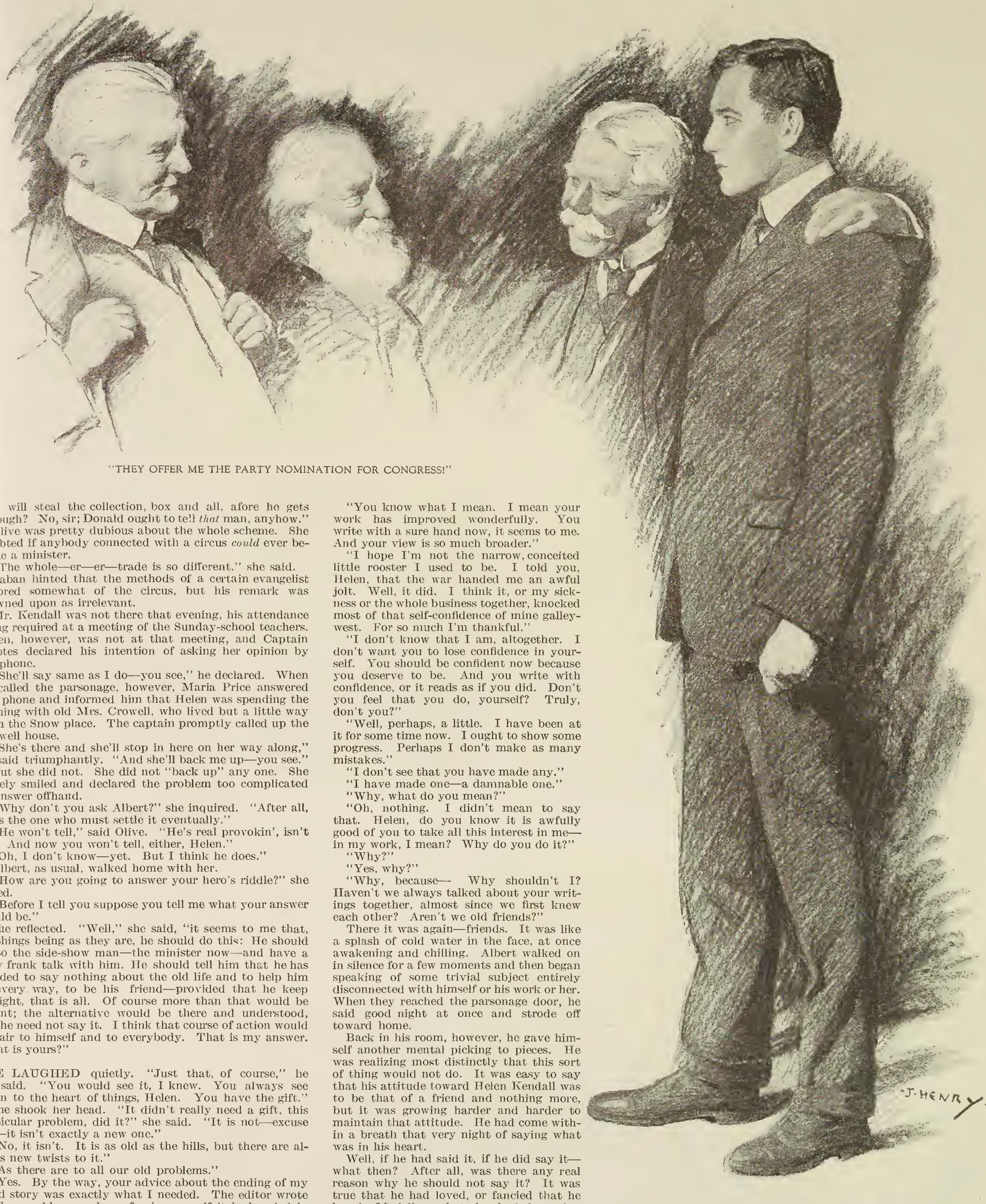
Of course the first question asked was whether or not the former side-show proprietor was sincerely repentant and honestly trying to walk the straight path and lead others along it. Albert replied that his hero had interviewed him and was satisfied that he was; he had been "converted" at a revival and was now a religious enthusiast whose one idea was to save sinners.

That was enough for Captain Zelotes.

"Let him alone, then," said the captain. "He's tryin' to be a decent man. What do you want to do? Tell on him and have him chucked overboard from one church after another until he gets discouraged and takes to swindlin' again?"

Rachel Ellis could not see it that way.

"If he was a saved sinner," she declared, "and repentant of his sins, then he'd ought to repent 'em out loud. Hidin' 'em ain't repentin'. And besides there's Donald's"—Donald was the hero's name—"there's Donald's duty to the man that's been so good to him. Is it fair to that man to keep still and let him hire a minister that, like as



"THEY OFFER ME THE PARTY NOMINATION FOR CONGRESS!"

not, will steal the collection, box and all, afore he gets through? No, sir; Donald ought to tell *that* man, anyhow."

Olive was pretty dubious about the whole scheme. She doubted if anybody connected with a circus *could* ever become a minister.

"The whole—er—er—trade is so different." she said.

Laban hinted that the methods of a certain evangelist savored somewhat of the circus, but his remark was frowned upon as irrelevant.

Mr. Kendall was not there that evening, his attendance being required at a meeting of the Sunday-school teachers. Helen, however, was not at that meeting, and Captain Zelotes declared his intention of asking her opinion by telephone.

"She'll say same as I do—you see," he declared. When he called the parsonage, however, Maria Price answered the phone and informed him that Helen was spending the evening with old Mrs. Crowell, who lived but a little way from the Snow place. The captain promptly called up the Crowell house.

"She's there and she'll stop in here on her way along," he said triumphantly. "And she'll back me up—you see."

But she did not. She did not "back up" any one. She merely smiled and declared the problem too complicated to answer offhand.

"Why don't you ask Albert?" she inquired. "After all, he is the one who must settle it eventually."

"He won't tell," said Olive. "He's real provokin', isn't he? And now you won't tell, either, Helen."

"Oh, I don't know—yet. But I think he does."

Albert, as usual, walked home with her.

"How are you going to answer your hero's riddle?" she asked.

"Before I tell you suppose you tell me what your answer would be."

She reflected. "Well," she said, "it seems to me that, all things being as they are, he should do this: He should go to the side-show man—the minister now—and have a very frank talk with him. He should tell him that he has decided to say nothing about the old life and to help him in every way, to be his friend—provided that he keep straight, that is all. Of course more than that would be meant; the alternative would be there and understood, but he need not say it. I think that course of action would be fair to himself and to everybody. That is my answer. What is yours?"

HE LAUGHED quietly. "Just that, of course," he said. "You would see it, I knew. You always see down to the heart of things, Helen. You have the gift."

She shook her head. "It didn't really need a gift, this particular problem, did it?" she said. "It is not—excuse me—it isn't exactly a new one."

"No, it isn't. It is as old as the hills, but there are always new twists to it."

"As there are to all our old problems."

"Yes. By the way, your advice about the ending of my third story was exactly what I needed. The editor wrote me he would never have forgiven me if it had ended in any other way. It probably *would* have ended in another way if it hadn't been for you. Thank you, Helen."

"Oh, you know there was really nothing to thank me for. It was all you, as usual. Have you planned the next story, the fifth, yet?"

"Not entirely. I have some vague ideas. Do you want to hear them?"

"Of course."

So they discussed those ideas as they walked along the sidewalk of the street leading down to the parsonage. It was a warm evening, a light mist, which was not a fog, hanging low over everything, wrapping them and the trees and the little front yards and low houses of the old village in a sort of cozy, velvety, confidential quiet. The scent of lilacs was heavy in the air.

They both were silent. Just when they had ceased speaking neither could have told. They walked on arm in arm and suddenly Albert became aware that this silence was dangerous for him; that in it all his resolves and brave determinations were melting into mist like that about him; that he must talk and talk at once and upon a subject which was not personal, which——

And then Helen spoke.

"Do you know what this reminds me of?" she said. "All this talk of ours? It reminds me of how we used to talk over those first poems of yours. You have gone a long way since then."

"I have gone to Kaiserville and back."

"You know what I mean. I mean your work has improved wonderfully. You write with a sure hand now, it seems to me. And your view is so much broader."

"I hope I'm not the narrow, conceited little rooster I used to be. I told you, Helen, that the war handed me an awful jolt. Well, it did. I think it, or my sickness or the whole business together, knocked most of that self-confidence of mine galley-west. For so much I'm thankful."

"I don't know that I am, altogether. I don't want you to lose confidence in yourself. You should be confident now because you deserve to be. And you write with confidence, or it reads as if you did. Don't you feel that you do, yourself? Truly, don't you?"

"Well, perhaps, a little. I have been at it for some time now. I ought to show some progress. Perhaps I don't make as many mistakes."

"I don't see that you have made any."

"I have made one—a damnable one."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing. I didn't mean to say that. Helen, do you know it is awfully good of you to take all this interest in me—in my work, I mean? Why do you do it?"

"Why?"

"Yes, why?"

"Why, because— Why shouldn't I? Haven't we always talked about your writings together, almost since we first knew each other? Aren't we old friends?"

There it was again—friends. It was like a splash of cold water in the face, at once awakening and chilling. Albert walked on in silence for a few moments and then began speaking of some trivial subject entirely disconnected with himself or his work or her. When they reached the parsonage door, he said good night at once and strode off toward home.

Back in his room, however, he gave himself another mental picking to pieces. He was realizing most distinctly that this sort of thing would not do. It was easy to say that his attitude toward Helen Kendall was to be that of a friend and nothing more, but it was growing harder and harder to maintain that attitude. He had come within a breath that very night of saying what was in his heart.

Well, if he had said it, if he did say it—what then? After all, was there any real reason why he should not say it? It was true that he had loved, or fancied that he loved, Madeline, that he had been betrothed to her—but again, what of it? Broken engagements were common enough and there was nothing disgraceful in this one. Why not go to Helen and tell her that his fancied love for Madeline had been the damnable mistake he had confessed making? Why not tell her that since the moment when he saw her standing in the doorway of the parsonage on the morning following his return from New York he had known that she was the only woman in the world for him; that it was her image he had seen in his dreams, in the delirium of fever; that it was she, and not that other, who——

But there, all this was foolishness, and he knew it. He did not dare say it. Not for one instant had she, by speech or look or action, given him the slightest encouragement to think her feeling for him was anything but friendship. And that friendship was far too precious to risk. He must not risk it. He must keep still, he must hide his thoughts, she must never guess. Some day, perhaps after a year or two, after his position in his profession was more assured, then he might speak. But even then there would be that risk. And the idea of waiting was not pleasant. What had Rachel told him concerning the hosts of doctors and officers and generals who had been "shining up" to her? Some risk there, also.

Well, never mind. He would try to keep on as he had been going for the present. He would try not to see her as frequently. If the strain became unbearable, he might go away somewhere—for a time.

He did not go away, but he made it a point not to see her as frequently. However, they met often even as it was. And he was conscious always that the ice beneath his feet was very, very thin.

One wonderful August evening he was in his room upstairs. He was not writing. He had come up there early because he wished to think, to consider. A proposition had been made to him that afternoon, a surprising proposition—to him it had come as a complete surprise—and before mentioning it even to his grandparents he wished to think it over very carefully.

About ten o'clock his grandfather called to him from the foot of the stairs and asked him to come down.

"Mr. Kendall's on the phone," said Captain Zelotes. "He's worried about Helen. She's up to West Harniss sittin' up along of Luranny Howes, who's been sick so long. She ain't come home and the old gentleman's frettin' about her walkin' down from there alone so late. I told him I cal'lated you'd just as soon harness Jess and drive up and get her. You talk with him yourself, Al."

Albert did and, after assuring the nervous clergyman that he would see that his daughter reached home safely, put on his hat and went out to the barn. Jessamine was asleep in her stall. As he was about to lead her out, he suddenly remembered one of the traces had broken that morning and Captain Zelotes had left it at the harness-maker's to be mended. It was there yet. The captain

Continued on page 67

IS YOUR PRESIDENT HERE?

BY WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY



GENERAL LEONARD WOOD

WHO are these ten men who lead THE DELINEATOR's poll announced on page 1? What of their genesis?

Leonard Wood was born on a farm at Winchester, New Hampshire. He will be sixty years old October ninth next. He was graduated from Harvard Medical School at the age of twenty-four, and two years later, after serving a hospital internship in Boston, entered the army as an assistant surgeon. But it was as a combat officer and not as a "sawbones" that he was to attain distinction.

In 1898 he was awarded the coveted Congressional Medal of Honor "for distinguished conduct in campaign (in 1886) against Apache Indians while serving as medical and line officer." He commanded Roosevelt's Rough Riders in the Spanish War as a colonel of volunteers. The year that brought him the Congressional Medal saw his promotion to the rank of brigadier-general. He was White House medical officer during the second Cleveland administration and a favorite of that great Democratic President, but it was McKinley, and not Cleveland or Roosevelt, who gave him his first big chance in public life. Upon the peace with Spain, President McKinley assigned him the task of putting Cuba on her feet. He was the ruler of Cuba from 1899 until the Spring of 1902, when he transferred the government of the island to the Cuban Republic. He repeated this success during the next six years as governor of Moro Province and as commanding general of the Philippines Division. From 1910 to 1914 he was Chief of Staff of the Army, and from 1914 to 1917 commanding general of the East.

His career from that day to this seems almost too familiar to even attempt a sketch of it. Upon the invasion of Belgium it was given to him to see the ultimate consequences to his own country. Taking his official life in his hands he stood forth with his message of preparedness. He is one of the few prophets in history who have lived to behold themselves justified, and to-day he is as much of a popular hero as he was in the dark years of 1914, 1915, 1916 and 1917. His Americanism is the Americanism that Theodore Roosevelt preached and lived.

General Wood is married. Mrs. Wood was Miss Louisa A. Condit Smith of Washington. They have two sons, both of whom had the privilege of "doing their bit" in the war—one overseas, the other in this country.



Brown Bros.

HERBERT C. HOOVER, FORMER FOOD ADMINISTRATOR

Herbert Clark Hoover will be forty-six years old on August tenth next. He shares with so many of the dominant characters in our national life what may be called the farm tradition. He had his beginning among the corn-stalks, growing in the neighborhood of West Branch, Iowa. He was graduated from Stanford University, California, in the engineering class of 1895. Four years afterward he married a fellow student, Lou Henry of Monterey, California. They have two young sons.

Hoover's professional career is one of the most distinguished in modern annals. His activities as a mining engineer, developer and expert have embraced the world. He was in China during the Boxer insurrection and took part in the defense of Tientsin. He was in Europe, living in London, at the outbreak of the war, and organized the American Relief Committee. His selection to head the Belgian Relief Commission was a natural sequence, as was his appointment as United States Food Administrator five months after we declared war. There is, perhaps, no other American possessed of such practical understanding of European and Far Eastern politics and economic conditions.

William Gibbs McAdoo, former Secretary of the Treasury and son-in-law of the President, is a Southerner of Southerners, despite his long residence in the North. He, too, is another sharer of the farm tradition. He was born near Marietta, Georgia, and will be fifty-seven years old in October next. His first wife was Sarah Hazelhurst Fleming, of Chattanooga, Tennessee. She died in 1912. Two years afterward he married Eleanor Randolph Wilson, and therewith the title of "Crown Prince."

He was educated at the University of Tennessee and began life as deputy clerk in a Federal court. He moved from Chattanooga, Tennessee, to New York in 1892 and there began the practise of law. But it was as a promoter of the Hudson River Tunnel system, an undertaking begun and abandoned twenty or thirty years previously, and not as a lawyer, that he first attracted public attention. He was vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee in the campaign of 1912. His father-in-law-to-be appointed him Secretary of the Treasury March 6, 1913. He served until the Spring of 1919, when he resigned because he said he could no longer live on the income of a Cabinet officer. As Secretary of the Treasury he was often called "a steam-engine in boots," but it is too early to record a judgment of his work in that office.



SENATOR HIRAM W. JOHNSON OF CALIFORNIA

Hiram Warren Johnson, senior United States Senator from California, a native son of the Golden West, was born in Sacramento and will be fifty-four years old in September next. He was married at twenty to Minnie L. McNeal, a Sacramento girl. He left the University of California in his junior year, immediately before his marriage, and began earning his living as a shorthand reporter, studying law the while in his father's office.

By the late nineties he had become one of the leaders of the northern California bar, and in 1902 settled in San Francisco. During the next eight years he played a leading part in the prosecution of grafting city and public-utility-corporation officials. His success led to his being selected to take the place of Francis J. Heney, when Heney was shot down in court during the prosecution of Abe Ruef, a political boss, for bribery. That was in 1908. He convicted Ruef. This fixed his political availability as a reform candidate for governor. He was elected chief executive of the State in 1910, and two years afterward was Roosevelt's running mate for Vice-president on the ticket of the Progressive party which he had been instrumental in founding. He was reelected Governor of California in 1914 and resigned the office in 1917 to take the seat he now holds in the Senate.

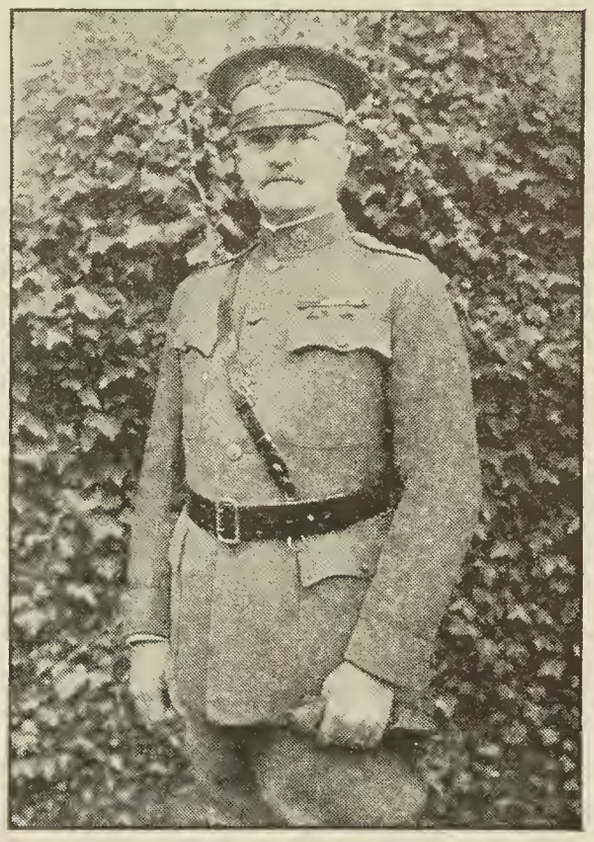


HON. W. G. McADOO, FORMER SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

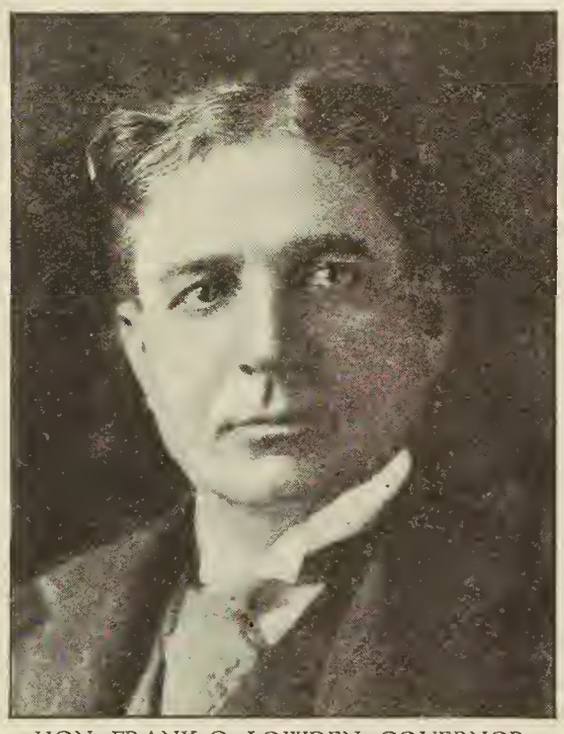


Photo by Bachrach

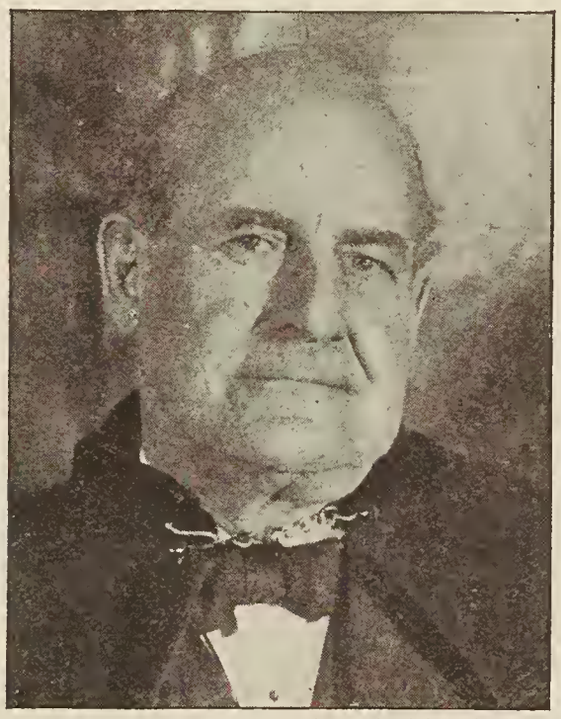
HON. CALVIN COOLIDGE, GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS



John J. Pershing

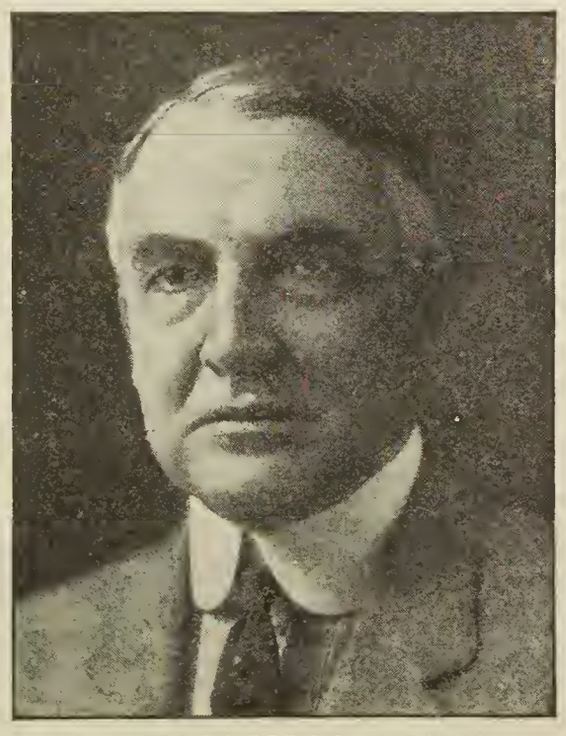


HON. FRANK O. LOWDEN, GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS



International News Service

HON. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN



SENATOR WARREN G. HARDING OF OHIO

General John Joseph Pershing, another farmer's boy and a son of Missouri, will be sixty years old in September next. He graduated from West Point in 1886, and seven years afterward married Frances H. Warren, a daughter of Senator Warren of Wyoming. He served in Indian campaigns in New Mexico, Arizona and the Dakotas. The year of his marriage he was military instructor in the University of Nebraska, which now claims him as a favorite son.

Pershing's first real administrative work was in organizing the Bureau of Insular Affairs of the War Department. His next administrative position was adjutant-general of the Department of Mindanao in the Philippines. He was afterward commander of that department and governor of Moro Province. He commanded at the Battle of Bagsag, June 12, 1913, in which the Moros were finally defeated. In 1915, while commanding at the Presidio, San Francisco,

Concluded on page 106



Photo © by Maurice Goldberg

EVEN THE SHADOW IS A GOOD PORTRAIT OF MISS STARR

HOW I PREPARE A RÔLE

BY FRANCES STARR

THIS IS THE THIRD AND LAST OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES BY MISS STARR

ONE hears much of "inspiration," but I say that the actress who leans too heavily upon inspiration will find it a slender reed. In my belief there never has been and there never will be any such thing as an actress giving "an inspired performance" every night. Doubtless there have been inspired conceptions of a rôle. Doubtless there have been inspired performances of that same rôle subsequently. But there are always nights when one's vital forces are at low ebb. At such times the actress absolutely must have her carefully wrought creation, the solid foundation of an intelligent conception and her months of hard work in preparation to fall back upon.

I should say that any actress who slides over the study of a part superficially, rehearsing it half-heartedly, depending upon inspiration for her success when the curtain finally rises upon the play, gambles with an almost certain chance of loss.

The understanding and sympathy which enable an actress to comprehend a character may be inspired. But the voice and gesture and expression which enable her to convey her picture to the public every night are nothing more nor less than the result of months of labor. Perfection in acting is made up of countless trifles learned by hard work, and the result, perfection, is no trifle.

And while on this subject of work I must tell the young actress that there can be no half-measure in it for her. Success in her chosen career means endless personal sacrifices. No girl can attend continuous dinner parties and dances, either while she is rehearsing or while she is playing, and do justice to her work. No woman has vitality enough to live virtually two lives. The flippant outlook which comes with gaiety inevitably must blind any girl to the more serious phases of the theatrical profession.

On the other hand, an actress can not shut herself away entirely from her fellow human beings. To be a good actress one must understand people, sympathize with them and be interested in their big and little affairs.

However, it is not a sympathetic understanding of the drama of life about her which will jeopardize the future of the girl who hopes to become an actress. But indulgence in gaieties for her personal satisfaction can and will unfit her more and more for the hard work which is, upon the stage, the only means to success.

The woman who succeeds on the stage, more than in any other profession I know, must love her work so well that she can sacrifice all ordinary pleasures to her work and still be happy.

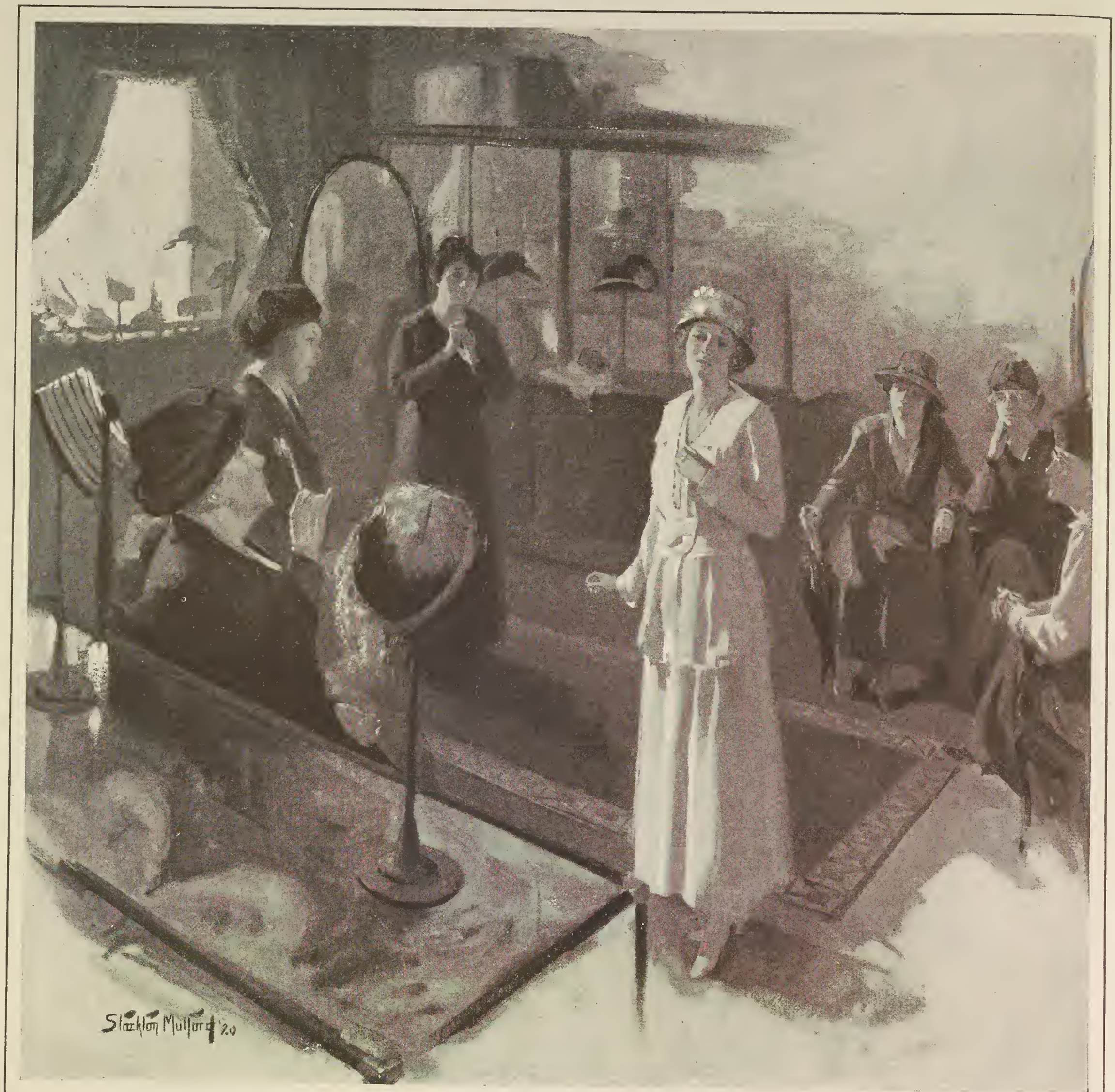
This is the sort of work I have had to do for my most successful rôles.

Upon the advice of Mr. Belasco, the first thing I did when he gave me my new rôle in "The Case of Becky" was to buy a copy of Lombroso's "Donna Delinquenta," or "Delinquent Woman," and with that as my guide made a thorough study of young girls confined in our State reformatories.

I had to do this, because *Becky* is what Lombroso calls a congenital criminal, and the only place that one can see or study the young female congenital criminal is in the institutions where they place incorrigible girls. That is what *Becky* is when our play begins. She is an incorrigible girl. In real life, sooner or later, she would be shut up in Auburn Prison, just as thousands of *Beckies* are shut up every year, for thieving, for arson, for infanticide, for manslaughter, and not infrequently murder. But before *Becky* in real life would be sent to Auburn she would, if she had a family who tried to protect her, be confined in some one or other of the institutions which are supposed to reform these incipient young criminals, but which—alas!—seem only to harden them all the more.

There is nothing, absolutely nothing, which I do as *Becky* that I have not studied and observed in the conduct and deportment of some incorrigible girl in the House of Correction. The language, the intonation, the mad pranks, the elfish humor, and the fiendish delight in breaking crockery and doing physical violence to those who are trying to help her—all these ugly and incomprehensible traits I have seen in a hundred cases. And particularly the trick of sliding down the banisters, which I did early in the first act—I have seen a score of girls do that; as a

Continued on page 96



"YOU LIKE IT, DON'T YOU, MILLICENT? WE'LL TAKE IT"

THE BEAUTY HAT

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

A STORY FOR EVERY YOUNG GIRL, EVERYWHERE, WHO HAS THE BEST MOTHER IN THE WORLD

AT THE corner of Lee and Main Cecilly always felt a little shiver of dread. For supposing it had been sold! There was always—always—that danger and that little shiver up and down Cecilly's spine.

To-day she hurried down Lee Street from the corner to get it over. Frederica Clancy was with her and she pulled poor Fred along almost at a run until Fred protested.

"Goodness, what's the rush, Cilly?"

"I've got to get to the Bon Ton! It's just a step farther."

Not even a step now. They were there, in front of the great plate-glass window and Cecilly's eyes were shut. That was the way she always looked first.

"One, two, three," she counted rapidly and opened her eyes.

It hadn't been sold! It was there on its stand, just as lovely and—and heart-breaking as ever.

"What a lovely little hat!" exclaimed Frederica with enthusiasm. "The one with the darling rosebuds playing hide-and-go-seek all the way round it—look, Cilly! Isn't it the cutest shape too?"

Of course they were darling rosebuds. Of course the shape was lovely! For more than a week of stopping on the way home from school and looking in this window, Cecilly had known all that. The gay, perky little hat had gone to her head. Suddenly she laughed at that funny way of thinking about it. But it was really more pathetic than funny; the smart little hat had so little chance of "going to her head!"

"I want it!" she burst out longingly.

"Cilly Bassett! You're modest in your wantings, aren't you? It probably costs *bushels*."

Cecilly nodded gloomily. It did. Six bushels and a half—two pecks! It was fortunate for Cecilly that she so often thought funny thoughts. Her glooms were always short-lived.

"It would go beautifully with your hair, though, Cilly!"

"It does—I've tried it on."

"Cilly Bassett!"

"Well, I didn't hurt it any, did I? Does it look hurt? I never asked to try it on; I just asked how much it cost. Madame—er—Bon Ton—" Again Cecilly's saving little laugh. "No, Madame B. Ton she clapped it right on my head and said: '*Ah! si jolie—ravissante!*' But I didn't buy it," sighed Cilly.

"Well, you always go bareheaded, anyway," comforted Fred. "You don't need hats. I'd rather have your hair than a hat that cost forty bushels! Come on to my house and get some cookies. Mother said she was going to make 'em and, honest, seemed as if I smelled 'em at intermission."

There were only two Bassetts, just mummie and Cecilly, Cecilly was studying hard at school to get to be a teacher before mummie was all worn out doing up dainty lingerie and blouses and laces for dainty ladies. It worried Cecilly, but not mummie. Mummie only laughed at long, hot hours and reddened, parboiled hands. Cecilly's laugh was inherited straight from her mother.

"Pays fine, Cilly girl!"

But it could not pay for beauty hats in Madame B. Ton's show-window. It never, never would. There wasn't any hope, of course.

"I wore it three minutes, anyway," laughed Cecilly. She had the picture vividly painted in her mind's eye—of the beauty hat perched saucily on top of her own burnished-copper head. Cecilly was not, she asserted to herself stoutly, vain. "But maybe near-vain," she admitted with honesty.

"Mummie, to-night you've just got to go and look at it! Honest, it will rest your soul, mummie."

"Both of 'em? Will it rest both soles, daughtie? I don't see but one's as tired as the oth——"

"Don't joke, mummie—not about that hat! It's a very sensitive thing."

"Well, then, I'll go and see it. I think I'd like a sensitive hat. There, daughtie, I won't try to be funny any more. Poor little old girl, how I wish we could go and buy it this very day that is!"

It was evening when they went to the Bon Ton, but madame's windows were beautifully lighted and the beauty hat was even lovelier that way.

"There," breathed Cecilly, "what did I tell you!"

Mary Bassett's gaze fixed itself upon the gay assortment of hats, but gradually narrowed down to one—just one. She stood gazing, and Cecilly heard her draw a long breath of admiration.

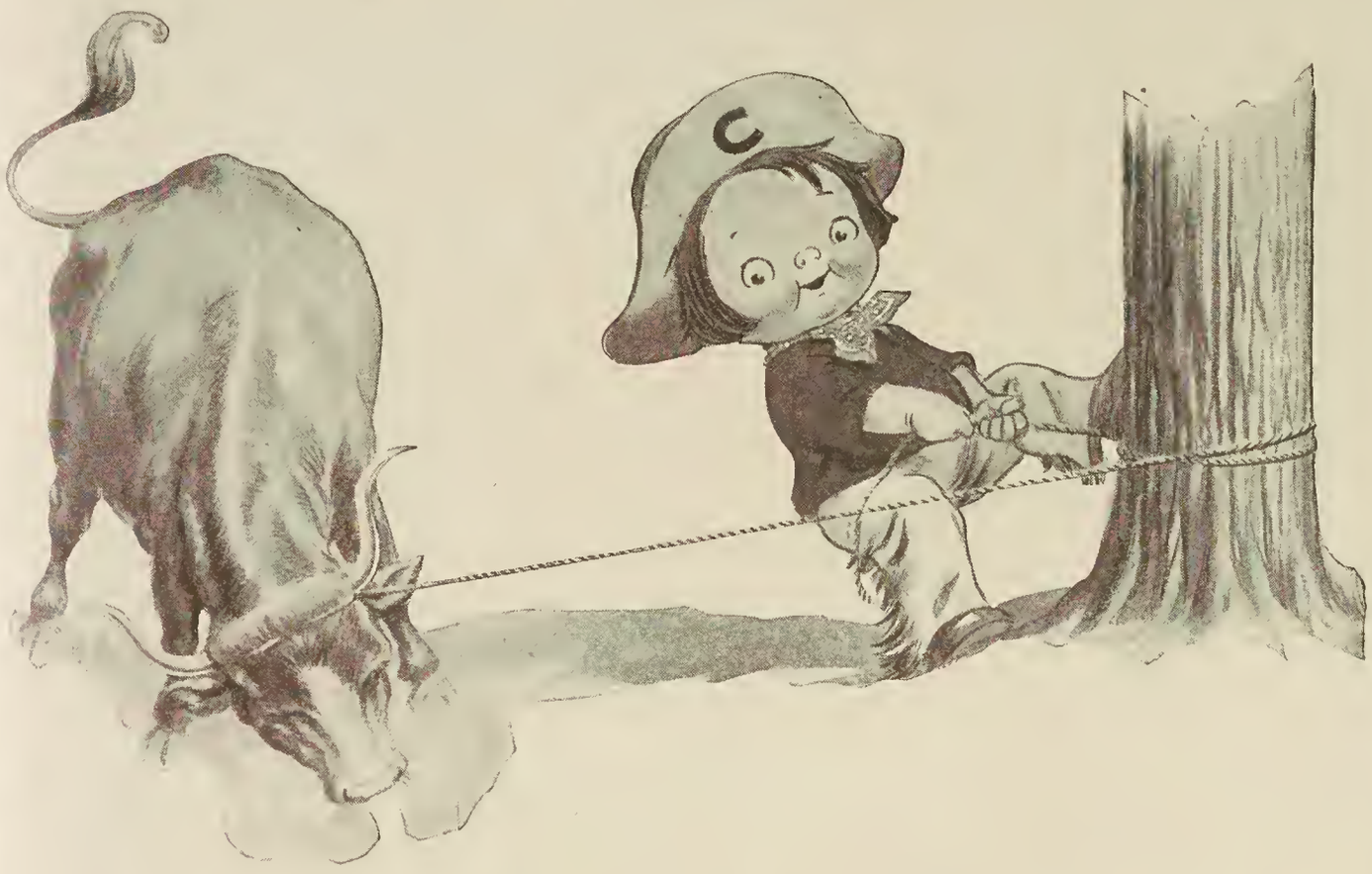
"Isn't it a beauty? My!" she murmured. "Just that little vivid touch of color and the rest all soft folds of gray——"

"Gray! Mummie Bassett, you're looking at the wrong hat!"

"It looks right to me, Cilly girl. I'm certain this thing

Concluded on page 75

"Old sport don't act so mad
Your case is not so bad
I'll give you a share in a joint affair
Which makes the Nation glad."





Vigor and Resistance

If you want to build up genuine resisting power against physical strain and nerve-wear you cannot afford to overlook a food so remarkably nourishing as Campbell's Ox Tail Soup.

The rich nutritious stock is made from selected ox tails of just the medium size which yields tenderest meat and most invigorating broth.

We blend with this also meaty marrowy sliced joints not used for stock together with a delicious puree made of whole tomatoes, beside diced carrots and sweet yellow turnips, celery, parsley and barley in strength-giving abundance.

A delicate hint of leek and onion, with racy flavoring is added and here you have a soup as delightful as it is wholesome and sustaining.

Why not enjoy this tempting treat today?



21 kinds **15c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



Sewed for keeps to keep out of repair bag

ANY mother who has kept a boy's underwear in repair will sigh with relief when she first sees Sexton Unionsuit for children.

The sincere, skilful sewing, the reinforcements, the firmly attached buttons, the generous fulness, the elastic web back-seam—all combine to make the most sensible, comfortable, economical and long wearing underwear children ever romped in.

And think of the economy! It is really three garments in one—for it serves as a waist to support outer garments and has tabs for garters.

This great little garment is made for boys and girls, sizes 2 to 12 years. The girl's garment has bloomer legs with elastic.

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If your dealer has not yet stocked Sexton Union Suits for children, he can secure them for you at short notice, or we will direct you to a dealer who sells them.

Sexton Underwear and Nightwear for Men are sold by many of the better stores, and possess unusual qualities of workmanship and materials. Men like them.

Sexton Manufacturing Co.
490 Main Street Fairfield, Illinois

BETTER TOWNS

A DANDELION CONTEST AND A CHILDREN'S MARKET

A WESTERN community, known for its beautiful homes, realized that the lawns were being menaced by dandelions. So the women of the Improvement Association acted on the suggestion of one of their number who had been successful in getting her children to perform tedious tasks with smiles.

"Give me a few dollars and your cooperation," said she, "and I will get the children to rid this community of dandelions and then search other towns for the pests."

Through the local newspapers the association announced that at the community Fourth of July celebration some girl would be crowned Dandelion Queen. "And the selection of that girl depends upon the children of this community," the announcement read. "You may nominate whomever you wish, and vote as many times and as often as you wish—but each vote must be made with a dandelion. The girl who receives the largest number of votes will be crowned Dandelion Queen.

"Dig them up, roots and all; keep a watch not only on your own yards, but visit your neighbors' where there are no children. Put the dandelions in paper bags after you count each lot and bring them to the public library between the hours of 9 and 11.30 A.M. any Saturday, with a slip showing the number in each lot and the name of the girl for whom you wish to cast your votes. Sign your name at the bottom of your slips. Vote for yourself if you wish. In case of a tie, the girl who has herself brought in the greater number will be crowned Dandelion Queen. The contest closes on July first."



CHILDREN BRING DANDELIONS TO THE LIBRARY. EACH ONE COUNTS AS A VOTE FOR THE DANDELION QUEEN



THE DANDELION QUEEN IS PUBLICLY CROWNED ON THE FOURTH OF JULY. FUN FOR EVERYBODY EXCEPT DANDELIONS

A blackboard was used as a bulletin-board in the children's corner of the public library. Each Monday the results of the "balloting" were listed until the first of June. After that, in order to sustain interest, the children were kept in suspense, and no count was given.

"I've got sixty-eight dandelions in my bag!" one boasting child would say to another. "How many have you got?"

"Eighty-nine!"

"Well, I took over more than that last Saturday, so I guess that beats you."

That was a busy Summer for the janitor of the public library. When the standing of the candidates was withheld, interest was at its height. And as none of the staff themselves knew what the count was, the news did not leak out.

And on the morning of July Fourth, when the families of the community gathered in the little park near the library for the usual exercises, fewer than ever were the stay-at-homes. The chairlady of the committee had the count and a crown for the Dandelion Queen.

After a short talk on the honor of having made a brave try, for the benefit of the many who would not be successful and whom she wished to comfort in advance, she called to the library steps the fortunate girl and placed the crown upon her head amid the applause of the spectators. Then the disappointment of the unsuccessful was cased by an unlimited serving of ice-cream and cake.

A MARKET FOR CHILDREN

WHAT are the children of your town going to do when school closes and the Summer vacation begins?

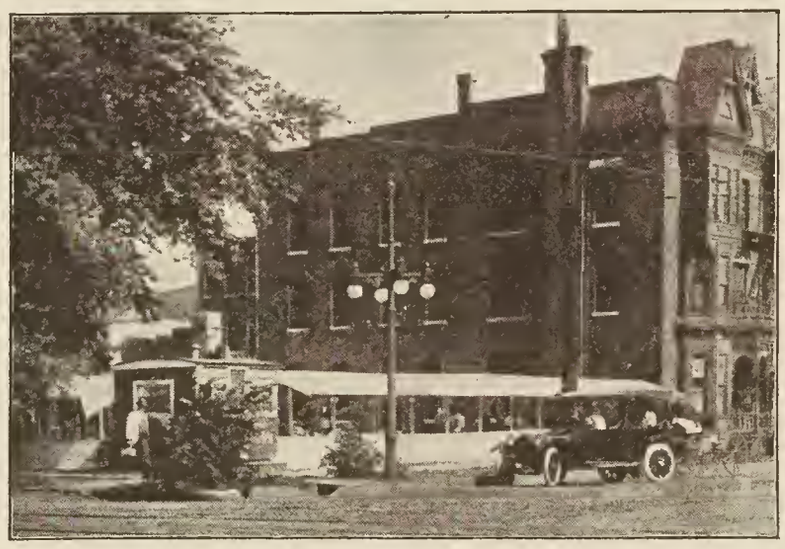
Wouldn't it be a good idea to let them earn some money and at the same time develop in them a knowledge of the important business of buying and selling things—knowledge they are going to need in later life?

Lincoln, Nebraska, has approached the problem from a very practical angle by starting a children's market, which has proved a huge success.

The Board of Education and the extension service of the University of Nebraska made it possible for the children in the city and vicinity to bring vegetables, fruit, eggs, and even home-baked cakes and cookies to this market, which is in charge of the garden supervisors. The money realized from the sale of these products is all kept by the children.

Every Saturday during the Summer months the children begin to gather about seven-thirty in the morning and arrange their products for display. The market opens at eight o'clock, and usually by that time customers are there, for they soon get into the spirit of the idea and realize "first come, first served."

It is interesting to note the development of the selling ability of these young people. The first few times they sell their articles they are rather shy and diffident; then they gradually become more sure of themselves, until at the end of their first year in the market they are wide awake and businesslike, enjoying the spirit of competition. Harry Peterson, a lad of fifteen years, counted about twenty-five dollars at the end of a busy day not long ago. The market has been known to sell as much as seventy dollars' worth of produce in a single Saturday morning.



LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, TEACHES ITS SCHOOL CHILDREN TO BECOME EFFICIENT BUSINESS MEN AND WOMEN BY LETTING THEM RUN THEIR OWN MARKET

THE COMMUNITY SERVING THE FARM

IT WAS the combined efforts of a country born and bred woman and the woman who had just moved from town that got the rural nurse for Pine Branch. Neither one could have done it alone. In the first place, only Mrs. Shipley, who had lived on a farm sixty-three years and raised three stepchildren besides six of her own, could have told the women of the Home-makers' Conference: "We'll make the men pay for her, of course. It's their business, not ours." And only she could have stood up at the schoolhouse meeting and told the men the truth about farm women, how they worked and endured.

The plan for paying the nurse, as presented by Mrs. Shipley, was as follows: Each of the hundred and fifty farmers living in the district was to be asked to advance five dollars. For some who would give nothing, it was hoped others would give ten. It was planned that families using the nurse longer than a day were to pay for her services; those who could not afford to pay the whole price, paying only half price, and those who could afford to pay nothing having her anyway. This money was paid to the conference, and from it the farmers were to be reimbursed, if possible. By this means one-half her salary was assured.

It was in raising the other half that the ex-town woman helped. The Home-makers' Conference was accustomed to hold an annual exhibit of the products of its members. Prizes were usually given by the merchants of the town where the women did their trading. This year the town woman proposed that the entries be auctioned off, and the proceeds given to the Nurses' Fund. Then Mrs. West went to every woman's club in the county seat where she had formerly lived, and told the town women that this was the chance of their lives to stock up with good provisions. She also sent personal invitations to all her personal friends. At the auction she opened a refreshment booth which added to the profits. She presided over a butter-and-egg booth at which some of her town friends contracted for their year's supply, while others arranged with the farm women for doing canning on shares.

Finding that her town friends liked to come to the country and that her neighbors had a healthy interest in making their acquaintance, the ex-town woman announced that she and her husband would be at home on certain Sundays during each month. On these days she always had something in the way of refreshments, lemonade and cake, sandwiches and iced tea, home-made ice-cream, cold buttermilk, or cottage-cheese-and-onion sandwiches. The town friends came eagerly. They liked to have an objective for their Sunday drive. Most men have a hankering after the land. It was more difficult to get the country people interested. But, being a clever hostess, she soon established a point of contact between her guests. They have them, if only in their curiosity about each other. Many permanent friendships were started over her table. Having become interested in the people and the neighborhood, these people came enthusiastically to its money-raising affairs. Thus she established a market for the products of the Conference, while she developed a social life for herself and neighbors.

Having successfully solved the problem of sickness and sociability, these two women decided to attack a more difficult problem: that of harvesting. Every one knows the customary arrangement for feeding the "help" during the harvest, and how heavily the burden falls upon the women's shoulders. Unable to face it another year, with no servant's help available, the town woman proposed a very interesting plan to the country woman.

When the same plan was explained to the Home-makers' Conference the women received it like Mrs. Shipley. They doubted if they could make the men believe what it did really cost to feed the "hands." But each woman was given a typewritten slip containing the figures and told to ask her husband if he would be willing to pay the sum set down, in cash, if some satisfactory plan for feeding the men could be arranged that would save their wives. The slip contained a carefully itemized list. Each man could see on the face of it that it told the truth. It included every item on the menus, in proper amounts, from salt to eggs, meat to milk; it counted in the labor of the woman who cooked, of the neighbor girls who would serve. It brought the amount required to feed one man one day to one dollar and fifty-five cents. It was labeled: "Home Feeding of Farm Labor Per Head Per Day." Of course it took some talking to explain to husbands that women's labor was worth money, and that all the food raised on the farm could be marketed at the prices given. But the women must have been good diplomats. Perhaps the men thought it a mere hypothetical question, anyway. Perhaps they did not think the women could provide a "satisfactory plan."

SO THE two women appointed by the Home-makers' Conference as a committee went into town, consulted caterers, grocers, and secured bids with menus attached for feeding fifteen men for a period of two months. Having secured the neighborhood schedule for the threshing team, each woman knew the date fixed for her own visitation from it. Figures were also secured from a truckman for hauling fifteen men to and from work each day. With these estimates, the plan was matured. Each day during the threshing season the men would be delivered to the farms by truck, each equipped with an eating-kit very like the soldiers'. The noonday meal, prepared in town by the caterer, would be carried in two fireless cookers, which would be presided over at noontime by the farmer's wife. The kits would be cleansed on the spot, as they are at cantonments. Coffee would be served from thermos jars and a hot supper was to be given the men after their return to town at night. For this service the farmers paid the Home-makers' Conference one dollar and fifty-five cents a head.

This experiment was satisfactory to the women and it paved the way for the permanent plan of the Pine Branch community for feeding farm labor. A community house has been erected near one of the schoolhouses. The farmers have stock in this as in any other company. There is a board in charge composed of three men and three women. Any member may house any or all his employees at a certain price per head. The dining-room is run by a caterer who does all the buying and is paid so much a head by the company and the plan has been found satisfactory to all.



Brown Bros.

THE UGLY MONUMENT IN THE FOREGROUND COVERS PLYMOUTH ROCK

THE PILGRIMS' PLYMOUTH

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

1620—1920! Once again pilgrims are flocking to Plymouth; this time by train, by trolley, by motor-car along smooth roads in the beautiful Summer weather. Folk are converging from every corner of a great nation to a quiet little spot in half-forgotten New England that bears an old English name.

They are coming—for what? To see the place of a great beginning; and to remember the spirit which builded for a great end.

In three hundred years what changes for civilization the evolution of that Pilgrim spirit has wrought! And yet, with a bit of imagination—and it is imagination that has brought us as pilgrims to Plymouth to-day—we can visualize much that met the eyes of the forefathers of their country. Come up on the hill at the back of the little town. It is the old Burial Hill, from which one gets a magnificent view, which has been likened to that of the Bay of Naples. Here, surrounded by the graves of our ancestors, we will turn our back on the rest of America and its three hundred years, and look to the east whence they came.

IT IS a peaceful harbor this Summer morning; a crescent of green with wooded hills at the horns, holding sparkling water, fair islets and a misty beyond. Three thousand miles lay between them and their lost homes across that beyond. Three thousand miles of ocean that harassed the Pilgrims so cruelly in their frail ship for eighty-three days!

Tempest, sickness, birth, death, hunger, cold, doubt, mutiny, treachery—we can hardly imagine the horrors of that voyage to an unknown spot, which finally turned out not to be the place for which they held charter. But they accepted the situation with piety and grit, and made the best of it. That was the Pilgrim tradition. By it they wrought wonders and made the beginnings of a great republic.

Over there in the mist to the southeast we catch a faint hint that Cape Cod's mighty arm, with its truculent fist, is still defying the sea. Plymouth lies like a baby in the curve of that great arm. And to the weary Pilgrims, even in those bleak Winter days, the harbor must have promised rest and safety from the dangers of the deep and the cruelty of men.

DIRECTLY in front of us lies Clarke's Island, named for the mate of the *Mayflower*. It was on this island that the sixteen strong men of the *Mayflower* landed as an exploring-party on Sunday, December twentieth, having left the others at Provincetown. They spent the Sabbath here, under the shelter of Pulpit Rock, it is said, and went ashore on the following day to "a place very good for situation," Plymouth. It was not they who named the place, but Captain John Smith had so set it down on his map six years before. It was a curious "coincidence" that brought the Pilgrims to the very spot in the wilderness named for their port of sail, while it was the Hudson River that they sought!

South of Clarke's Island rise the headlands of Saquish, and the Gurnet with its twin lighthouses; these latter indeed not ancient like the sea and shore, but bearing the old name of lighthouses near Plymouth, England. North of the blue Manomet hills runs the long line of Plymouth beach, and nearer us the shore, where the famous Rock still lies, with its well-established tradition. It is this shore, with its wharves and fish-houses, that is to be beautified and made a permanent memorial for the Pilgrims in this year of the tercentenary, with amphitheaters, parks, an esplanade and a suitable shrine for the Rock itself. Here a great pageant will take place.

NORTHWARD the eye travels across the bay to a sturdy little hill beyond the marshes of Kingston, crowned with a monument. It is Captain's Hill in Duxbury, where the statue of Miles Standish watches the harbor that he loved and defended so gallantly. We shall want to go there.

In the graves about us lie the "rude forefathers of the hamlet." Many of those whose names are most familiar were buried in unmarked graves on Cole's Hill, where, in the first Winter, bodies of fifty of the one hundred Pilgrims were concealed from the Indians under hills of corn. Other Pilgrims lie in the family burial-lots on their original grant of acres. But there are many epitaphs here to interest and thrill, cut in the quaint stones brought from England. "Here lyeth buried ye body of that precious servant of God, Mr. Thomas Cushman." He was the son of that Robert Cushman of London who was one of the promoters of the Pilgrim enterprise, and who came over in the following ship.

THIS son, Elder Thomas, married Mary Allerton, daughter of Isaac Allerton, the first lieutenant-governor and the richest of the Pilgrims. She was the last of the little band to pass away, and she also lies on Burial Hill. Elder Faunce, who was a boy in Plymouth when the Pilgrims were old, and living to the age of ninety-nine, formed a link between the ages, lies near under a quaint slab.

On the little hill sleep heroes of the first Indian wars, of the expedition against Louisburg, and of the Revolution. One of the oldest stones is that of Dr. Francis le Baron, "the nameless nobleman," who was brought to Plymouth in 1694 as a French war prisoner. But because of his skill as a surgeon, at a moment which proved the crisis of his fortunes, he was allowed to stay as an honored citizen, and founded a famous family.

BUT it is not only the graves that we see on Burial Hill that take us into the past. We must look around again with the eye of imagination. Many markers and tablets will help us. This was the spot, commanding harbor, town and forest, where the red men prowled, which wise Captain Standish picked for his watch-tower and fort.

"Of good timber, both strong and comely," the fort was built with a flat roof and battlements on which the ordnance was mounted, and from which they kept constant watch. It served also as a meeting-house. Standish planted four cannon here, and palisades ran from the fort down the hill, protecting the town. The little military company was trained under their valiant "Captain Shrimp," as his enemies called him, to act also as a fire company. For they had sad experience in the burning of their first house, full of their poor treasures.

Along the Town Brook, which still runs past the Burial Hill, with a fountain of "most sweete water" from which the pilgrim of today may drink to the memory of his forebears, ran the chief street; and the first seven rude, thatched houses for the nineteen families, with their gardens, were portioned off along this street on either side. Until 1623 the Pilgrims held all property in common.

QUIET and conservative, Plymouth nestles at the foot of Burial Hill. The terraces give it a foreign look; and the alleys are quite English. Governor Bradford's house stood at the top of Leyden Street, named from the Pilgrims' sheltering home in Holland. The first house of all, which was speedily turned into a hospital, stood at the corner of Leyden and Carver streets.

Before the end of that first dreadful Winter, every soul in the colony had been seriously ill, and only half of them survived. It was the women who suffered most; probably because of that first Monday wash-day at Provincetown, when the devoted creatures waded ashore through the icy November waves with bundles of clothing which had not seen laundering for one hundred and thirty-three days, since Delfthaven! They kindled fires of juniper under great kettles, and partially heated the frozen water of the spring they found on Provincetown beach. After their hard voyage and insufficient food they were too weakened for such strenuous efforts. Before Spring fourteen of the nineteen young wives were laid under the corn.

There are still many ancient houses along the tree-bordered streets of Plymouth, many of which bear the names of Pilgrims. The last of the actual Pilgrim homes is the old Howland house, recently restored and dating from 1626. The Harlow house was built partly from timbers of the old fort; the posts, beams, mortises and old hinges betraying this fact when it was made over. The old Shurtleff house, the Crowe, Leach and Kendall Holmes houses are also interesting, all built in the seventeenth century. The ancient house of Governor John Winslow, who banished the Acadians and *Evangeline* from Nova Scotia, stands at Main and North streets, dating from 1730. In this house Ralph Waldo Emerson was married to Lydia Jackson. The house, which was brought in sections from England, was erected upside down, so that the architectural ornaments are all in the top story! Of literary interest again is the Knapp house, said to be the original "Plumfield" of Louisa Alcott's "Little Men."

THERE is a monumental memorial to the Pilgrims near the station. But the most interesting memorials of all, for many, are the written records and articles which the Pilgrims themselves touched. These you will find in Plymouth in goodly numbers; the former in the Registry of Deeds; the latter in Pilgrim Hall. It is very touching, to those who have a feeling for old manuscripts, to look upon the words traced by the hands of the Pilgrims.

You may see the will of Standish; the famous deed by which one cow was divided (not carved) into thirteen lots among as many families. (It was four years before any cattle were brought to Plymouth, and what, think you, could the little children eat? Indeed, during two years they all lived in a state of semistarvation.) Here you find the grants of land, records, and laws of church and state.

INSIDE the Doric porticoes of Pilgrim Hall, besides many interesting pictures of scenes in Pilgrim history, are significant bits of furniture and household articles that make the men and women of those days seem very near. Here are chairs of Elder Brewster and Governor Carver, the cradle of Peregrine White, that sea-born baby. From the Standish home are preserved chests and kitchen utensils, beside the doughty captain's famous Damascus sword; and Winslow's sword. Here are Governor Bradford's Bible, printed in 1592; John Eliot's Indian Bible of 1694; many rare documents and autographs, including the original of Mrs. Hemans's famous ode (which I have refrained from quoting). You must surely note the oldest state document in New England, probably in the United States. This is the first patent granted to the Plymouth colonists by the North Virginia Company of England.

The most interesting Pilgrim manuscript of all, however, you must come to the State House in Boston to see. The famous Governor Bradford's diary of the Pilgrim emigration and settlement, which was strangely lost for so many years, languishing all the while in the library of the Lord Bishop of London, was restored to Massachusetts in 1897, and now forms the most precious document in the State archives, under the sacred codfish. Indeed, it has been called "the most significant piece of writing in the world." One can not look upon that record of hope, fear, patience and sturdy faith without emotion, written as it is in the plain, firm hand of one of the noblest of that heroic band.

WE MUST look on Plymouth Rock with the eye of faith. There is no reason to doubt that the Pilgrims landed on this very boulder, which must always have been conspicuous on the sandy beach. But I am afraid it was not Mary Chilton, nor any woman who first leaped ashore here. There were only men in that first exploring-party. The women were still busy with the dull, uninteresting housewifely duties which began in America on that first Monday wash-day; and which never

Concluded on page 81

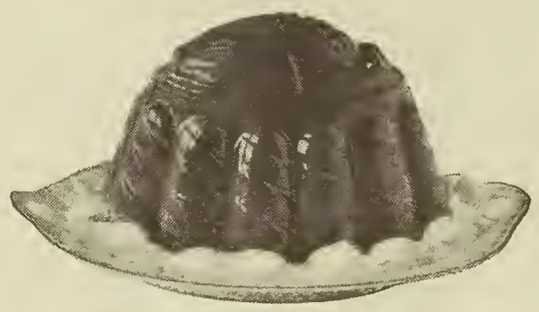
Mrs. Knox's Corner

Nourishing Desserts

A GROWN-UP'S as well as a child's dessert should be more than just something sweet to top off the meal; it should be a wholesome and nourishing dish which rounds out and perfects the luncheon or dinner.

For instance, a good nourishing dessert which I have found to be a general favorite with all the family is Chocolate Blanc Mange. It is a favorite with the housewife, too, because it does not have to be cooked over the fire, and it is so easily and quickly made.

A woman recently wrote me that this is now her husband's favorite dessert because it is so smooth and creamy and is always just right. He was very fond of Chocolate Blanc Mange, but every time she made it of corn starch, he complained that it was lumpy and not smooth. A friend told her about my recipe; she tried it and it was a revelation to her. Now her husband praises it and complains because she does not serve it oftener—especially when they have company.



CHOCOLATE BLANC MANGE

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup of cold water
1 pint of milk
½ cupful of sugar
¼ teaspoonful of salt
½ teaspoonful of vanilla
1 square chocolate or 4 tablespoonfuls of cocoa

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Scald milk and add sugar, grated chocolate or cocoa and salt. When well blended, add the soaked gelatine and flavoring; pour into a wet mold or individual custard cups, and chill. Serve with milk, cream or custard sauce.

Not only does Knox Sparkling Gelatine make many delicious desserts which require practically no cooking at all—but being unflavored, it will blend with meats, fish, cheese, vegetables and fruits to make many different kinds of meat and fish loaves, cheese, vegetable and fruit salads—each adding an appetizing, luxurious touch to the meal—although in reality they are most inexpensive.

Besides being a pure, super-refined gelatine, Knox Gelatine is a favorite with housekeepers because of its economy. One package of Knox Gelatine goes four times as far as the ready-prepared packages, and serves four times as many people. Flavored packages serve only six people and do for only one meal, while one package of Knox will make twenty-four individual helpings and serves a family of six with a tempting dessert or salad for four different meals. That is why experts call Knox the "4-to-1" gelatine—because it goes four times as far as the flavored packages, besides having four times as many uses.

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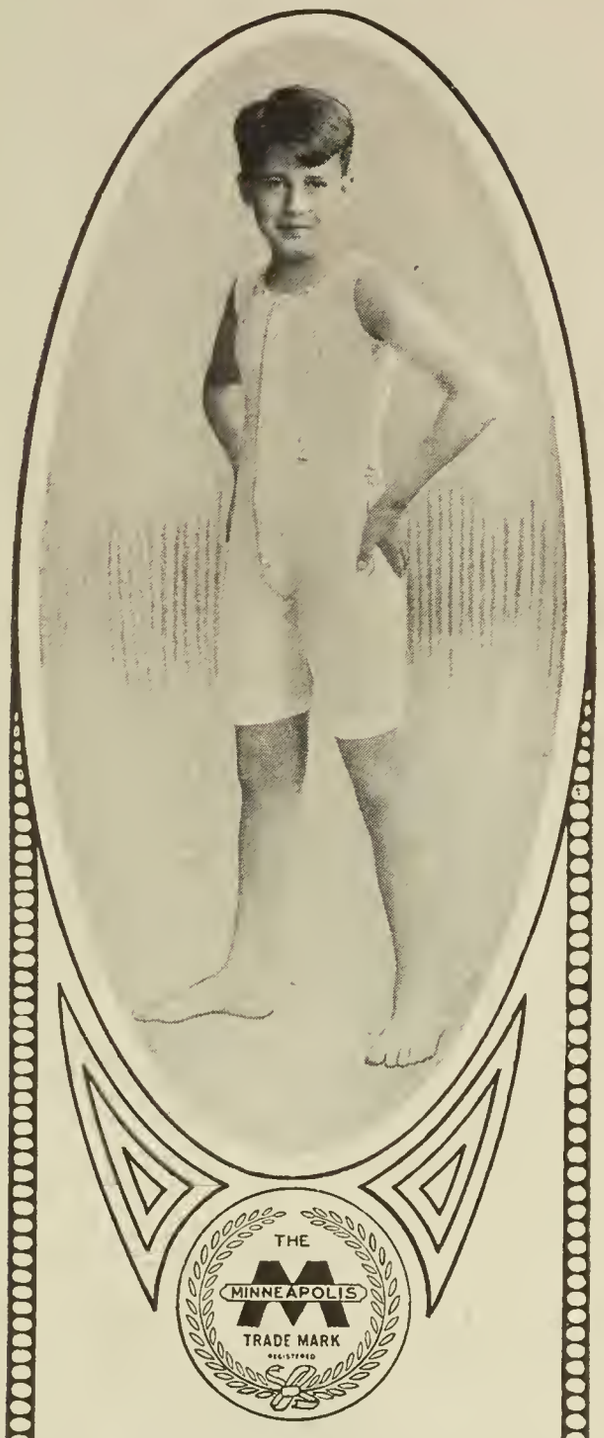
If you are interested in other "Nourishing Desserts" and salads, write for my recipe books "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy," enclosing a 2c stamp and giving your grocer's name.

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MINNEAPOLIS **GARMENTS**

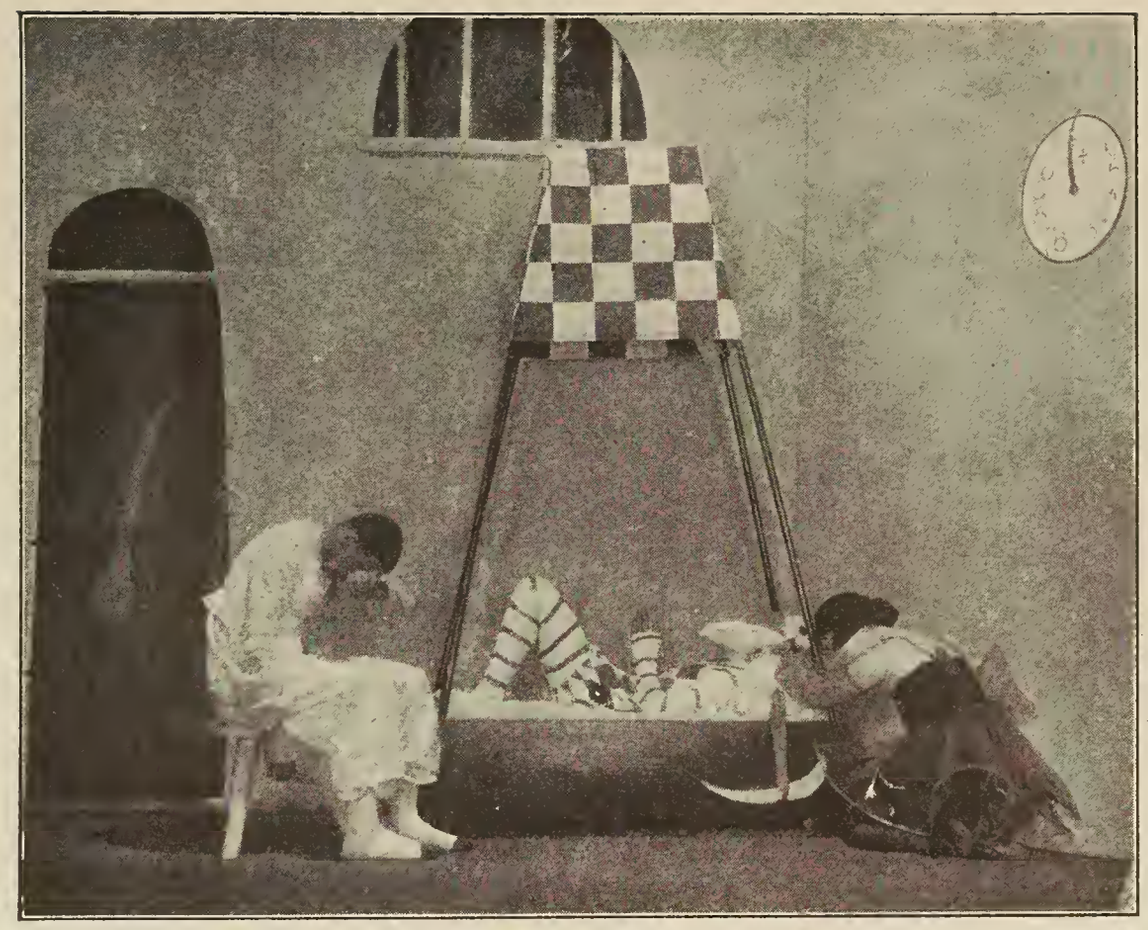
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TIMELY PLAYS AND PAGEANTS

WITH A VIEW TO PILGRIM CELEBRATIONS

BY CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY

THE tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims is to be celebrated this year from one end of the country to the other. Already plans are under way for making this celebration not only national but international. England, Holland and the United States will share in commemorating the valorous forefathers in a fitting manner. A second *Mayflower* will set sail from England and reach these shores some time in August.

For the first time in the history of the world Great Britain, Australia and Canada will join with America in keeping Thanksgiving Day. And here it may be stated that this whole international celebration contains a most amazing paradox! The Pilgrims shunned the theaters and condemned play-acting, yet the tercentenary of their landing is to be celebrated with masque and antique pageantry from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. Communities will have Pilgrim pageants; colleges and schools will have Pilgrim plays; the Drama League of America is offering prizes for the best dramatic material on this subject; and THE DELINEATOR will send you some practical suggestions, so that all towns and villages can join in this commemorative festival. Community drama—drama, that is, of the people, by the people, for the people—is flourishing as it has not flourished since the great days that preceded the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Pageants are being acted in municipal parks, in wild, rugged cañons and on the prairies. Community theaters are being established in cities along the eastern seaboard; in the mountains of the South; and on the plains of the great Northwest.

THERE are groups of strolling players and caravan theaters that go joyously from one community to another; there are wandering story-tellers in fantastic garb, who, by the gift of dramatic narrative, hold spellbound impromptu outdoor audiences of great industrial centers.

Unconsciously the whole country has been preparing for the dramatic side of the Pilgrim tercentenary. To take a panoramic view of what is being accomplished in community drama in this country at the present, is almost like obtaining a survey of the imaginative life of a whole nation. As salient examples, consider places as different as Chapel Hill, North Carolina and Bridgeport, Connecticut.

At Chapel Hill are the Carolina Playmakers, a group of young people, who, under the direction of Professor Frederick Koch, are working in a small community theater, making their own scenery and costumes, and writing their own one-act plays—plays that are filled with the balladry, the folk-lore and the superstition of the North Carolina mountains.

An example of the latter type of play, full of eery humor, is "When Witches Ride," by Elizabeth A. Lay, while still another type of play is one called "Peggy," which shows the tragedies of the tenant-farmer in remote mountain districts of North Carolina, where poverty is a foe that is fought from generation to generation. These plays are conserving all the traditions of North Carolina on the one hand, and making clear some of its present-day problems on the other.

CHAPEL HILL lacked a theater; the Playmakers supplied that need—supplied it by drawing their talent from the community itself. Thus they are stimulating the art life not only of Chapel Hill but of the whole State. This is an instance of what community drama is doing in a small out-of-the-way town, surrounded by an agricultural district.

Bridgeport, Connecticut, on the other hand, is, as every one knows, a manufacturing city whose population is eighty per cent. foreign. Who needs recreation—and, in especial, imaginative recreation—more than the factory worker? Before whom shall we set our history if not before our foreign citizens? Therefore, on Labor Day, 1919, Bridgeport had a great pageant. Next an institute of volunteer community workers was established. People who had leisure began to help people who had not, by organizing choruses or by showing them how to produce simple one-act plays. From this grew the idea of the Roving Theater, a community service theater on wheels, which can be taken to Remington City, a vast industrial section of Bridgeport, or to residential Fairfield, or any surrounding town.

Dramatic story-tellers were another innovation. They, too, were volunteer. College girls dressed as gipsies and older women dressed as fairy godmothers appeared on street corners and told stories to children who gathered about them, eager-eyed. So picturesque and realistic were the costumes of the gipsy volunteers, that on the first day a number of them were arrested by policemen who thought they were real Romanys trying to weave gipsy spells!

THE result was that the next time when the wandering story-tellers went forth they had identification-cards in their pockets. Yet such an incident as arrest did not daunt them; for they had seen how hungry their impromptu audiences were for all they had to give.

Thetford, Vermont, had some years ago what was probably one of the best rural pageants ever given in the United States, since it depicted not only the history of Thetford and the surrounding villages, but also their agricultural problems, with suggestions as to how they could best be met. Since then Thetford has had several minor festivals, given in the Summer on the banks of the Connecticut River—festivals that are of enduring interest to the country folk.

From the point of wild, picturesque setting and unusual production, the "Hiawatha" of the Verde Valley Teachers' Association may be mentioned here. It was acted by young people, and was staged on a plateau of rock that overhung a cañon. Actual Indian dances and ceremonials were introduced, taught by the Indians of Verde Valley. Back of the performers were prehistoric caves, where lights were placed and shone weirdly. Footlight containers were made of fossil skulls and bones. Everything was uncouth, barbaric.

In celebration of the play, bonfires were lit and blazed up and down the cañon for miles, throwing a ruddy glow on the cañon walls. Indian songs were learned and sung by a chorus of miners to a banjo accompaniment. The audience was seated on the opposite side of the cañon from the players: between them was a sheer precipice of rock. Far down below, like a silver thread, could be seen a river. The dancing bonfires, visible for miles, were small as fireflies.

INDEED, it is often these remote places that have the most unusual and salient dramatic experiments. The great cities are not the sole achievers of interesting results.

Galesburg, Illinois, in the heart of a farming district, put itself on the map, dramatically speaking, as the town that transformed an abandoned saloon into an artistic little community theater, the Prairie Playhouse.

Practically every large city has now its group of community players. Baltimore, Maryland, has the Vagabond Players, an artistic group, noted for the excellence of their work and for the loveliness of their scenery, particularly in the staging of fantastic plays of which they make a specialty.

The Little Theater Society of Indiana, established at Indianapolis, does work that is notable both from a histrionic and literary point of view. Its director is George Somnes, formerly with Stuart Walker. Waterloo, Iowa, uses an old church for its Little Theater. Its director, Carl Glick, sets standards of which all Iowa may be proud.

The two leading suburban Little Theaters are probably those of Lake Forest, Illinois, where Mrs. Arthur Aldis has remodeled a dwelling-house into a community theater, and Forest Hills, Long Island, where the Gardens Players have a workshop that is a focusing-point for community art. Owing to the far-sightedness of their director, Walter Hartwig, they are soon to have a charming little theater building financed by the community.

THE Little Theater of Summit, New Jersey, makes its home in an old library building remodeled and adapted to its needs. Boston's group of Community Players appear in the Peabody Playhouse on quaint old Charles Street, overlooking the Charles River. San Francisco's little community theater is appropriately named for St. Francis, while Chicago's famous Arts Club is the home of that city's most ambitious group of community players. This Arts Theater makes interesting use of screen scenery, reversing the screens when a new effect is desired. Thus one set may be all in white and gold, and the reversal of the screens will show a background of deep rich blue or somber gray.

Washington, D. C., has a Traveling Theater modeled after that of Bridgeport. The Neighborhood Playhouse of New York, situated in the center of the great East Side, is celebrated for the excellence of its productions, both plays and festivals, in which the young working-people of the district take part. One of the loveliest festivals is "The Sleeping Beauty" with music by Ravel. This theater was one of the first to introduce the plays of Lord Dunsany to an art-loving public.

PROBABLY no community theater in this country is more beautifully housed than that of Detroit, Michigan, in its own Arts and Crafts Building, where are given both plays for adults and children's plays. It may be mentioned here that the University of Michigan gives a special course in community drama, while the University of Wisconsin reports that during the past year it had five hundred and fifty specific requests for plays, and suggestions for staging them from as many different communities throughout the State.

It is not only the colleges that are fostering community drama. Part of the constructive program of the Interchurch World Movement is to bring the drama back to the church, which in the Middle Ages was its true home. Every parish-house is to have its stage and stage equipment. In the churches themselves mystery and morality plays are again to be acted.

This past Christmas, in St. George's Church, Stuyvesant Square, New York City, the mystery play, "Eager Heart," was given under the auspices of the Educational Dramatic League. The chancel was hung with curtains of Madonna-blue sateen, whose heavy folds were lustrous as satin. Side lights were thrown on these draperies, so that in some scenes the blue stood out strongly, while in others the curtains became darkly mysterious, like the midnight sky where the shepherds looked to see the star.

How shall a group or community become part of this great recreative movement? How does one start?

The best way to start, several groups of players and communities have averred, is to take some holiday celebration such as Christmas and its carols, or Fourth of July and its pageant, and work forward from that, always maintaining a high art standard.

THAT is why the Pilgrim tercentenary makes such an excellent starting-point. What is begun as part of a nation-wide celebration can later be carried on through community pageants, through establishing a little community theater, or group of roving players; or by standardizing the work of the schools in producing only such plays as are worth while.

Suggestions for plays and pageants, sources of material, and general information will be sent to you on receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address The Pageant Editor, DELINEATOR *Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City.*

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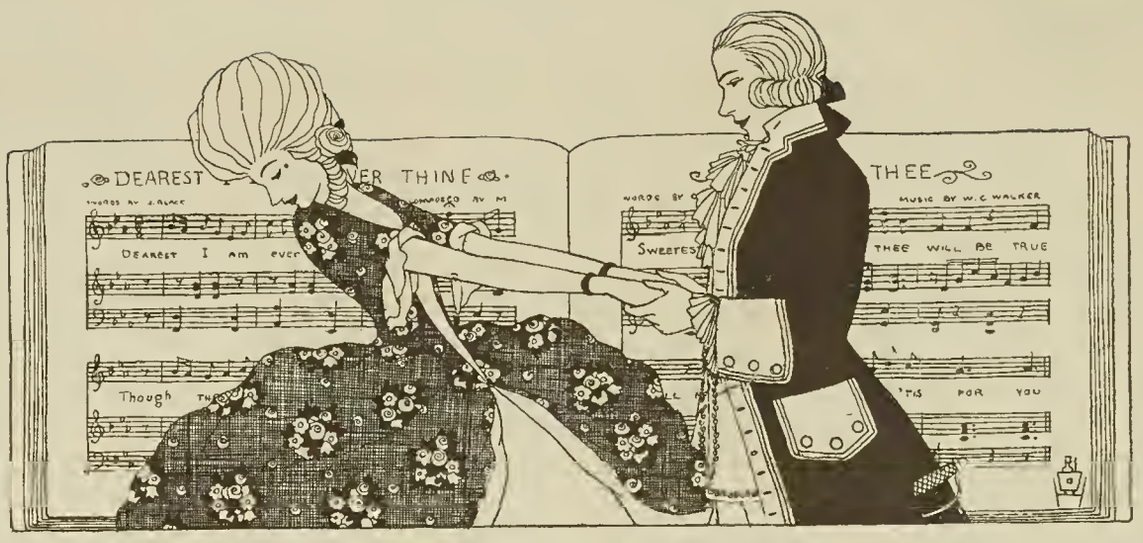
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SONGS OF YOUNG LOVE

ROMANCE

ONCE did I feed on beauty that is dead,
On Springs forespent, and Summers that are done,
Romanee's many a lovely, vanished head,
And faces that are hidden from the sun.
These had been light and legend for my days,
Ghosts I had called from crypts of ancient time,
To shed some splendor on these later ways,
A spectral pageant drawn from tale and rime.

Now that is past. The casual words you say
Are more than all the language of romance;
The common round, our dear and usual way,
Is come a rare and splendid circumstanee.
There is no tale in all that storied night,
Like bread we break, like lamps we trim for light.

—David Morton.

THE WORLD FORGETS

WE WANDERED down the avenue
As velvet evening folded down,
A eloak of mystie, midnight blue,
Above the hushed and waiting town;
You wore your khaki, clean and new,
And laughed because my eheek was wet.
Your eyes caressed me, fearless, true,
Beneath dark brows—I see them yet!

You would not die, not you!—but live
To pin a ribbon on my gown—
They sent two medals—dear—forgive
These coward tears for slipping down.
I said I was too proud to cry,
But ah! that waiting—dreadful fear
That blinded, maimed, you might not die—
The hours seemed days, each day a year.

And even when I knew you dead,
Asleep—and safe!—beneath the sod,
I wept apart, uncomforted.
They wrote and spoke to me—of God!
They did not talk of you, your smile,
Your boyish eyes, your lilting songs,
Your love of eolor, rhythm, style,
Of martial musie, moving throngs.

You might have never lived! But one
Comes here to me on rainy nights;
We sit together, wateh them run,
The raindrops, into daneing lights.
She says, and holds my tired hands:
"He loved it so, this golden rain,
The blurred, bright streets!" She understands
My need to hear your name again.

We kiss the grass above your head
And tell eaeh other not to ery;
The world forgets, for you are dead,
But we remember—she and I.

—Elizabeth Newport Hepburn.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

"DEAR, do you remember the road we have traveled,
Often hungry and thirsty and weary and wet,
With rough rains beating where we had no rooftrees—
Do you remember?"
"How could I forget?"

"Now do you remember poverty and illness,
Tears for defeat and many a joy foregone,
Many a harsh, red noon, many a sallow evening,
And the pallor of many a dawn?

"Or friends we have shared, homes where we have feasted,
Small joys, sweet-scented, greeting us like flowers,
Dreams deep and elean and labors fairly finished,
And high, triumphant hours?

"Dear, do you remember more that needs no telling,
Sinee the old beaeons flame before us yet,
Golden in the dusk near the old road's ending.
"Do you remember?"
"How could I forget?"

—Marguerite Wilkinson.

FOR EVERY HEART ITS DREAM

I WANT a shingled eottage
With windows frilly white,
And polished eups and kettles,
And eandles burning bright.

I want a man to hurry
At twilight through the gate,
With long strides past the flowers,
And arms that will not wait.

I want a drowsy baby,
To waken, wonder-wise,
And laugh delighted welcome
With blue, inquiring eyes.

I know past peradventure
They never will be mine—
But watch me at my window,
And see my eandle shine!

—Virginia Stanard.

AS TO LOVE

SMILE and speed him
On his way,
Love that was
Our guest a day.

Hold him not;
Let no tears fall.
But be glad
He came at all!

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

HEART OF MY HEART

LIFE is too short for us to spend
An hour of it apart.
When will this absence have an end,
Heart of my heart?

Life's road's too rough to walk alone,
Oh, eome to me to-day
And take my hand within your own,
And never go away!

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

DREAMS

OH, WILL you make a ladder of the stars
And come with me through sleep to lands of Spring,
Where our dreams are azure skies
And our thoughts are butterflies,
Our laughter like a bird upon the wing?

The cherry-blossoms eall us from afar,
My dearest, as they whisper soft and sweet;
So we'll loiter hand in hand
O'er that flower-enehanted land,
While the fragrant petals fall about our feet.

When shadowed dusk comes stealing from the west
The lantern-stars will sway among the trees,
And the songs of long ago
Will be wafted to and fro
By misty singers riding on the breeze.

So come with me through sleep to far Japan;
A eraft is roeking there on the lagoon,
And the musie of the night
Mingles softly with the light
Of the pale and tragie beauty-giving moon.

—Hesper Le Gallienne.

PRISCILLA EXPLAINS

("Why," she asked John Alden, "why don't you speak for yourself, John?")

NAY, ask me not, "Should Maids propose?"
(A Thought that turns the Cheek to Rose!)
When every Proper Maiden knows
She does not need to.

For Mother Eve bequeathed to Eaeh
A Quiet Wisdom none may teach—
To know all Wiles of Graee and Speeeh,
And what they lead to.

And Men there be who seek to hide
Their Hearts; and other Men, beside,
Whose Tongues through Bashfulness are tied,
Or else they grow so.

So any Maid, though mild and meek,
Of downcast Eye and modest Cheek,
If any Man be slow to speak,
Should help him do so!

—Arthur Guiterman.



Do You Perspire To Excess UNDER ARMS?

IF your answer is yes, we will prove to you at a cost of only 4c that you need no longer suffer the bitter embarrassment this disordered condition causes nor continue to endure the expense of ruined gowns. Simply mail us 4 cents for postage and we will send you at once a FREE TESTING SAMPLE of incomparable

Nonspi

A Pure Antiseptic Liquid

A thorough trial will prove to you that for years you have suffered needlessly and you will join the millions of happy women whom ***Nonspi*** has freed from their greatest annoyance. ***Nonspi*** is handled everywhere by druggists and toilet goods dealers, from whom you can purchase several months' supply for 50c. But if you prefer to first make a test send for your sample today.

Nonspi is a positively dependable remedy which destroys the odor and harmlessly diverts moisture from the underarm to other portions of the body. It has a record of many years of honorable service; is recommended by physicians, chemists, and first-class toilet and drug dealers everywhere. Is unscented and contains no artificial coloring matter.

Daily baths do not lessen the effect of ***Nonspi*** and about two applications a week will free you from perspiration worries.

THE NONSPI CO.
2632 Walnut St.
Kansas City, Missouri

A Shower of Pyrex

"FOR the New Bride, or the Fifteenth Wedding Anniversary—give a PYREX shower."

This is the dictum of the disciples of the New Visible Cookery—the PYREX way to prepare and serve every meal, every day.

You can see your baking at bottom and sides as well as the top when you bake in

PYREX

TRANSPARENT OVEN DISHES

The Modern Way for Baking and Serving

When you *see* that your baking in PYREX is finished—when it is done through and through—serve it directly from the oven, with all the appetizing glory of the food revealed and enhanced by glistening, golden-hued PYREX.

PYREX never grows dingy and old. PYREX does not chip nor craze. PYREX has no seams, no crevices, cannot dent, rust nor harbor hidden dirt. And PYREX is guaranteed against breakage from oven heat.

PYREX is the original transparent ovenware. Always look for the PYREX label—and the name PYREX stamped on each piece.

Ask your dealer in housewares for the PYREX booklet, *"New Facts About Cooking,"* or send us your name and address and we will post it to you free.

Pyrex Sales Division

CORNING GLASS WORKS

World's Largest Makers of Technical Glass

605 TIOGA AVENUE, CORNING, N.Y.

LOOK FOR THIS SEAL OF QUALITY
THIS IS PYREX TRANSPARENT OVEN-WARE
PATENTED U.S. MAY 27 1919



FARE FOR THE WEDDING-GUEST

BY HELENA JUDSON

EVERY now and then some bride-elect asks me, "What can I serve at my wedding that will be *moderately* elaborate?" The emphasis is invariably on the word "moderately," and I always find, when reduced to terms of actual food, that this idea of moderate elaboration stands for something just between mere ice-cream and cake, and an abundant buffet, or a formal, seated meal.

The first is too simple; the others are considered impossible, generally on the ground of expense. In endeavoring to answer this oft-repeated question, I usually reverse the order of the two words and suggest something "*elaborately* moderate," starting the bride-to-be in the direction of charming accessories, decorations and service rather than the relative desirability of croquettes *versus* salad.

A BRIDE'S CAKE

THE latest thing in a bride's cake is a rich white cake baked in a large "wedding-ring" tin, the special novelty consisting of a wire flower-stand that fits into the open space in the center of the cake. Flowers matching the bride's bouquet or the table decorations are arranged gracefully in this openwork frame, so that the effect is wonderfully beautiful and altogether novel. This cake is cut by the bride, who uses a special knife decorated with satin ribbon or tulle and a spray of flowers. Such a knife makes an ideal wedding-gift and is engraved with the initials of the bride and the date.

To cap the climax, on a small round platform, concealed among the flowers, stands a bewitching little French doll in full bridal attire, even to bouquet and lace handkerchief! It is a particularly pretty conceit to dress this doll-bride in a piece of cloth like the wedding-dress, with a scrap of the same lace for trimming and a bit of the real wedding-veil. This extends the souvenir feature and is a charming detail well worth remembering.

THE CONVENIENT BUFFET

THE popular refectory-table is particularly well adapted to buffet service, as its length and comparative narrowness display everything to the best advantage. If you are doing your own catering, don't leave the arrangement of the buffet to chance. Have a rehearsal of this feature of the wedding, even though with empty dishes.

A hot dish at one end; a cold entrée at the other; with a mixed salad at one side and a mold of jellied fish or fowl opposite is the accepted arrangement, with plates of sandwiches and small cakes, little dishes of olives, salted nuts and bonbons here and there. Then, at the extreme ends, so as to be quickly available, are piles of plates and piles of napkins with the necessary silver in regular rows.

As an example of something "moderately elaborate," I quote what caterers call a "stock menu," suited to buffet service at any affair, regardless of the hour:

Chicken à la King (chafing-dish)
Fruit Salad
Assorted Sandwiches
Fancy Ice-Cream Mixed Small Cakes
Coffee

WITH this foundation menu in mind it is an easy matter to build up something more elaborate by introducing hot or cold bouillon served in cups at the beginning of the service and having a cold entrée as well as a hot one; also a second salad. For the cold entrée, a jellied loaf of veal or chicken or a platter of stuffed crabs is good choice. and the additional salad should differ radically from the first, say perhaps an elaborate arrangement of fresh vegetables in mayonnaise, with asparagus-tips and radish roses as a border.

While all the food is placed on the buffet at once, the dishes must be replenished frequently and always kept inviting in appearance. When refreshments are to be partaken of by the guests standing, it has been found that food served in individual paper cases and pastry shells is more easily eaten, and, at the same time, gives a greater appearance of elegance. Edible containers are always to be preferred for entrées and salads. Something novel is an individual case for salad, made like a cream-puff shell, save that the sugar is omitted and a little salt and pepper added for seasoning. The regulation éclair shell is in high favor as a receptacle for all kinds of frozen desserts.

WHEN THE GUESTS ARE SEATED

WHEN the number of guests at a wedding is sufficiently small to allow them all to be seated. the following menu is offered, as being suitable for either a wedding breakfast or dinner:

Strawberries au Naturel
Olives Salted Nuts
Consommé in Cups (either hot or cold)
Salmon Mousse Cucumbers
Breast of Chicken on Toast, Sauce Suprême
Potatoes Châteaux
Fresh Mushrooms Sauté
Asparagus Salad Vinaigrette
Ice-Cream en Souvenir Petits Fours
Café Noir

AT A recent wedding where this menu was served, the souvenir feature of the ice-cream is worth mentioning. Small glass baskets with high, curving handles were chosen for the individual receptacles, a white-satin bow perched on the handle, and the stem of a sweet-pea thrust through the knot. The filling was plain vanilla ice-cream, with chopped caramelized almonds sprinkled thick over the top.

Served with this ice-cream was a wonderful assortment of the fancy little cakes known as "petits fours" (pronounced peh-tee foor) cut in diamonds, cubes and rounds and dipped in fondant icing. For a pink-and-yellow table, have half the cakes dipped in pink icing and half in yellow. On the pink cakes put a halved blanched almond and on the yellow ones put a small dot of pink frosting.

The petits fours are made from a thin sheet of any good cake and give a charming bit of elaboration at small expense.

FOR THE BRIDESMAIDS

HERE is a menu for a bridesmaids' luncheon, sure to please a bevy of young girls. This is a formal meal at which the guests are seated.

Raspberries (served on a grape leaf)
Cream of Asparagus Soup, with Croutons
Sardines with Spinach Purée, in Ramekins
Hot Rolls
Chicken Cutlets
Potatoes au Gratin New Peas
Salad Tomato Surprise
Cheese Straws
Bridesmaids' Cake (with favors)
Chocolate or Coffee
Bonbons Salted Almonds

FOR the sake of variety it is well to have the bridesmaids' cake made on the order of a "Lady Baltimore" three-layer cake. It is a white cake with nuts and fruit beaten into a boiled frosting. Equally delicious is a dark "Lord Baltimore" cake, which is appropriate for the groom's dinner-party.

BRIDAL-SHOWER REFRESHMENTS

FOR light refreshments to be served at a "Bride's Shower" or any similar afternoon festivity in honor of the bride, try something like this:

Harlequin Cheese Salad
"Patty" Sandwiches
Tea
Raspberry Coupe Frosted Sponge Drops

IF POSSIBLE, serve such refreshments at small card-tables, instead of having the guests stand. The "harlequin" feature of the cheese salad is the variety in color and flavor given by mixing finely chopped pimento, green peppers and olives into a cream cheese, moistening with cream and pressing into original cylindrical shape.

The "patty" sandwiches are stamped in rounds, the top one having its center removed and the filling mounded higher in this opening.

Raspberry coupe is served in a spreading glass; red raspberries go in the bottom, then vanilla ice-cream to the level of the glass, and the top is garnished with a single perfect berry.

GROOM'S FAREWELL DINNER

HERE is a menu for a "bachelor dinner" for the groom. This is always a "stag" party, no ladies being present.

Assorted Hors d'Œuvres
Bisk of Fresh Tomatoes
Baked Filets of Halibut Jardinière
Broiled Chicken, Guava Jelly
Browned Potatoes
New Asparagus, Hollandaise Sauce
Vanilla Ice-Cream, Fresh Strawberry Sauce
Lord Baltimore Cake (with favors)
Coffee

INCLUDED among the favors for the groom's cake is a tiny silver mitten; an anchor (for hope); an owl (the wisest); a lemon, and a bachelor's button.

When there is to be a rehearsal, the bridesmaids and ushers all being present, it is often followed by an informal supper. Here is a good menu for such an occasion:

Chicken à la Creole, with Rice
Olives Salted Nuts
Hot Rolls
Fresh Strawberry Tart à la Mode
Coffee

THE "à la mode" feature of the strawberry tart is a generous portion of vanilla ice-cream placed on each portion of the tart when served.

Columbia Grafonola

"Now we can dance"

In thousands of pleasant vacation places this happy scene is repeated every year.

With this Vacation Model Columbia Grafonola you can dance to the very last note of every record. It is equipped with the Columbia Non-Set Automatic Stop, which operates on any record, long or short. Nothing to move or set or measure. Just put on your record and the Grafonola plays and stops itself.

Sweet and clear of tone, light, compact, and easily carried, this wonderful little Grafonola is a never-failing entertainer for vacation days.

Columbia Grafonolas: Standard Models up to $300. Period Designs up to $2100.

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BLABON ART Linoleums



FLOORS THAT RENDER A DUAL SERVICE

In building a home these days, or in remodeling or refurnishing even one room, wisdom prompts one to build or improve with a view to permanence. In considering the floors, Blabon Art Linoleums commend themselves for every room in the house from both the artistic and the practical standpoint. The Blabon floor in the dining-room above, showing inlaid pattern No. 612, is a fine example of this dual service.

Blabon floors in inlaid patterns or plain colors are not only beautiful but their beauty goes clear through to the burlap back. It never wears away in all the long years of service that Blabon Linoleums give. If desired, Blabon floors may be waxed and polished, but waxed or not their beauty remains as long as the linoleum lasts.

Blabon floors are inexpensive to maintain and easy to keep clean. They are sanitary, quiet, and comfortable—preeminently serviceable either with or without rugs. Write us for illustrated booklet of Blabon Art Linoleums, or see them at your dealer's.

BLABON 1851 This label protects the buyer Remove label with damp cloth Guaranteed ART Linoleums

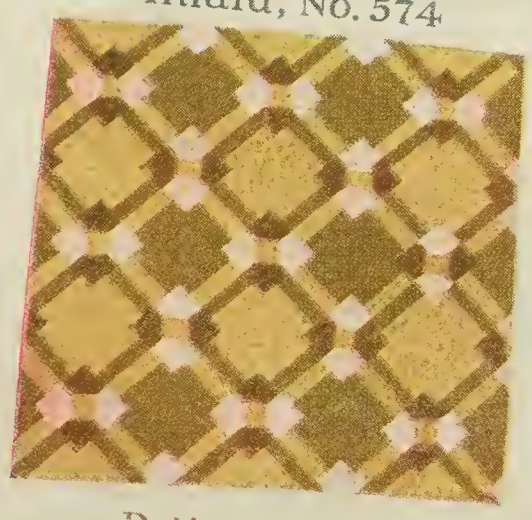
Look for this label on all Blabon Art Linoleums

Important Notice:—Floor coverings (including rugs) made upon a felt paper base are not linoleum, and to describe, advertise or sell them as linoleum is a violation of the law. Felt paper floor coverings have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge.

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Inlaid, No. 574

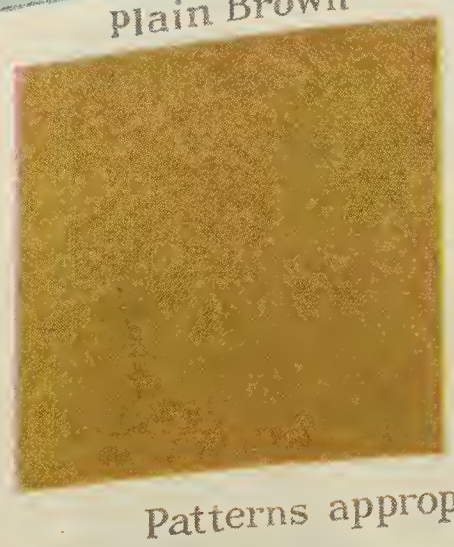


Printed, No. 4642



Patterns appropriate for Dining Room

Plain Brown



Printed, No. 5301



Patterns appropriate for Dining Room



What the Doctor Said About Summer Complaint

"MOST mothers think 'summer complaint' in babies is due to teething, but medical science has proved that the real cause is infection by flies. These flies crawl on offal and then transfer to baby, by falling into her milk or creeping about her lips, the bacteria of 'summer complaint'."

Get rid of flies by using Black Flag in this way: Fold a sheet of letter paper lengthwise. In the fold put one teaspoonful of Black Flag. Hold the paper up to your lips (like a trumpet) and, with your breath, gently blow the Black Flag powder up into the air of rooms where flies are troublesome. Keep windows and doors closed while doing this and for ten minutes after it is done. **Then you will find almost every fly dead or dying.**

Black Flag kills ants, fleas, flies, mosquitoes, bedbugs, roaches, some moths, and lice on animals, birds or plants. It is NON-POISONOUS to animals and human beings. It does not irritate the lungs or throat.

Sold everywhere by drug, department, grocery and hardware stores, or sent direct by mail on receipt of price. Look for the Black Flag trademark and the red-and-yellow wrapper.

THE U. S. Government (Agri. Dept. Bulletin No. 771) proves that glass containers keep insect powder fresh and strong for years; while moisture and heat destroy its killing power. Buy Black Flag in the Sealed Glass Bottle—not just insect powder in paper bags or boxes.

BLACK FLAG

BALTIMORE, MD.

Three Sizes—
15c—40c—75c
Except West of Rockies



—NOT a Poison

Concluded from page 1

A PRESIDENTIAL BALLOT

I favor the man who finishes what Wilson started, and the man that will down divorce and give a monthly allotment to the parents raising a family. For the colored race is going to down us.—MRS. D. W., Indiana.

Hope we will have a good American, no matter who.—MRS. J. NOBLE, New York.

I want an honest American gentleman who will govern the people in the best possible way.—Miss L. B., Kansas.

A business man with a head on him.—MRS. C. W. W., Arizona.

I am for the man who is one hundred per cent. American, regardless of party.—MRS. L. W. M., Tennessee.

A man like Lincoln. Who is he?—MRS. M. D., Wisconsin.

A reincarnation of Abraham Lincoln.—Miss M. T., California.

A WET SPOT

We want a wet candidate.—PERSONAL LIBERTY, New York.

I want the man who will give us back our beer and wines.—J. C., New York.

Any one if only he is "wet."—MRS. W. H. S., New York.

A Republican President will do us fine.—Wisconsin.

The man the Federation of Labor indorses is O. K.—MRS. STELLA G., Washington.

Whoever is indorsed by American Federation of Labor.—Miss A. B., Oklahoma.

I am a labor-union woman and shall wait to learn who the Federation of Labor will indorse. That sure will be my choice.—MRS. K. S., Indiana.

We will vote with non-partizan candidate. Have always been Republicans.—MRS. S., Illinois.

First choice, Wood; second choice, Borah; third choice, Johnson. The ablest opponent of ratification of the League of Nations, whoever he may be, the fourth choice.—MRS. E. H. R., North Dakota.

McAdoo. Some one in favor of the League of Nations.—MRS. F. W. TAYLOR, Illinois.

Johnson—he talks sense.—Miss M. L.

Clark or Hoover. Johnson never. Republican in part.—Miss C. H. B., California.

McAdoo. Johnson, God forbid!—F. D. L., New York.

First Johnson, because he represents the live end of the country. Second Hoover, good on domestic details. Third Bryan, for fine principles.—MRS. J. T. J. L.

A DRY SPOT

Bryan, because of his dry principles.—MRS. R. R., Wisconsin.

Bryan, he helped our country go dry.—MRS. WILLIAM BARTLETT, Tennessee.

Bryan is a Christian and a well-posted man. The man he indorses would doubtless make a good President.—Miss J. T. F., Washington.

I might favor Mr. Coolidge, or Mr. Bryan. Mr. Wilson and his work suit me.—Miss L. FONDA, Illinois.

Coolidge, Lowden or any other good business man who is a Republican.—MRS. R. W. D., Washington.

Have heard of no one yet big enough for the job. Coolidge is nearest.—MRS. E. L. BAKER, Maine.

A man who has the courage of his convictions.—MRS. R. C. L., Rhode Island.

HOOVER

Hoover, on any ticket.—MRS. S. C., New Jersey.

We not only need a man of fine principles, of high ideals, but of brilliant business ability as well. Herbert Hoover fills the bill.—MRS. E. G. C., California.

Mr. Hoover has shown that his patriotism is above party.—MRS. F. C. L., New York.

Undoubtedly Hoover.—MRS. R. L. WARING, Indiana.

Hoover. But Wilson would be my real choice, above all.—MRS. C. W. J., Tennessee.

Let's have a business man.—MRS. F. SITTA, New York.

Hoover, first, last and all the time.—MRS. R. D. T., New York.

Hoover or Wood. Either has shown that he is able to handle large affairs with good results.—MRS. J. B., Arkansas.

Hoover, sure!—MRS. O. F. H., California.

If Hoover can feed the world he will make a good President.—MRS. M. P., New Jersey.

Hoover, of course.—MRS. S., Minnesota.

A VARIETY

Hiram Johnson of California, because he has shown what he can do and because he can carry the West. The East will go Republican for any good man; the South will go Democratic, so the West will decide. We all remember Hughes and how he lost California.—MRS. C. M. BOUTELLE, Minnesota.

Lowden, the business man's candidate.—Miss F. H. WULL, Indiana.

Lowden, first, last and forever. Good reason—a real statesman, keeps promises.—MRS. A. M. STICKLE, Indiana.

McAdoo, because he is the laboring man's friend.—MRS. H. C., Texas.

Six votes in this family for McAdoo.—MRS. D. ED. P., Washington.

General Pershing led my boy to victory in Germany, so he would lead the United States to honor. He is the one.—MRS. S. McK., Indiana.

Pershing, if he will bring down the high cost of living.—Miss F. McK., New York.

Wood! I wish I had a dozen votes.—Miss L. G. YOUNG, Michigan.

Both men and women of my family say decidedly: General Wood is the best-fitted man for the position.—I. M. A. GREGORY, New York.

Wood knows the advantage of a good Army and Navy.—MRS. E. A. J., Washington.

Governor Allen of Kansas is the man who does things.—MRS. C. H., Missouri.

A man who can manage a strike situation as Henry J. Allen did, I think can manage the United States.—MRS. E. W. D., California.

We, the people, want real Democracy as our next President. Best represented by Debs.—MRS. D. Y., Indiana.

Mayor Hansen of Seattle is a man strongly opposed to any wrong against our Government. He was against I. W. W's and Bolsheviks. Second choice, Wood.—MRS. M. M., Ohio.

Wisconsin would like a President with the fearlessness of La Follette.—Miss M. H., Wisconsin.

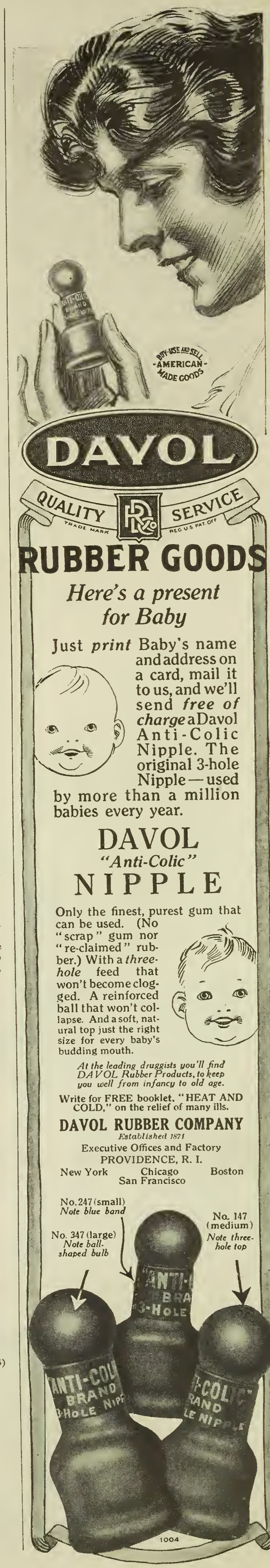
Schwab, broad, democratic, business vision.—Miss M. B., New York.

Our matchless leader, President Wilson.—MRS. W. E. J., Tennessee.

I do not think there is any one in the United States big enough to take up President Wilson's burden.—Miss L. E. L., Illinois.

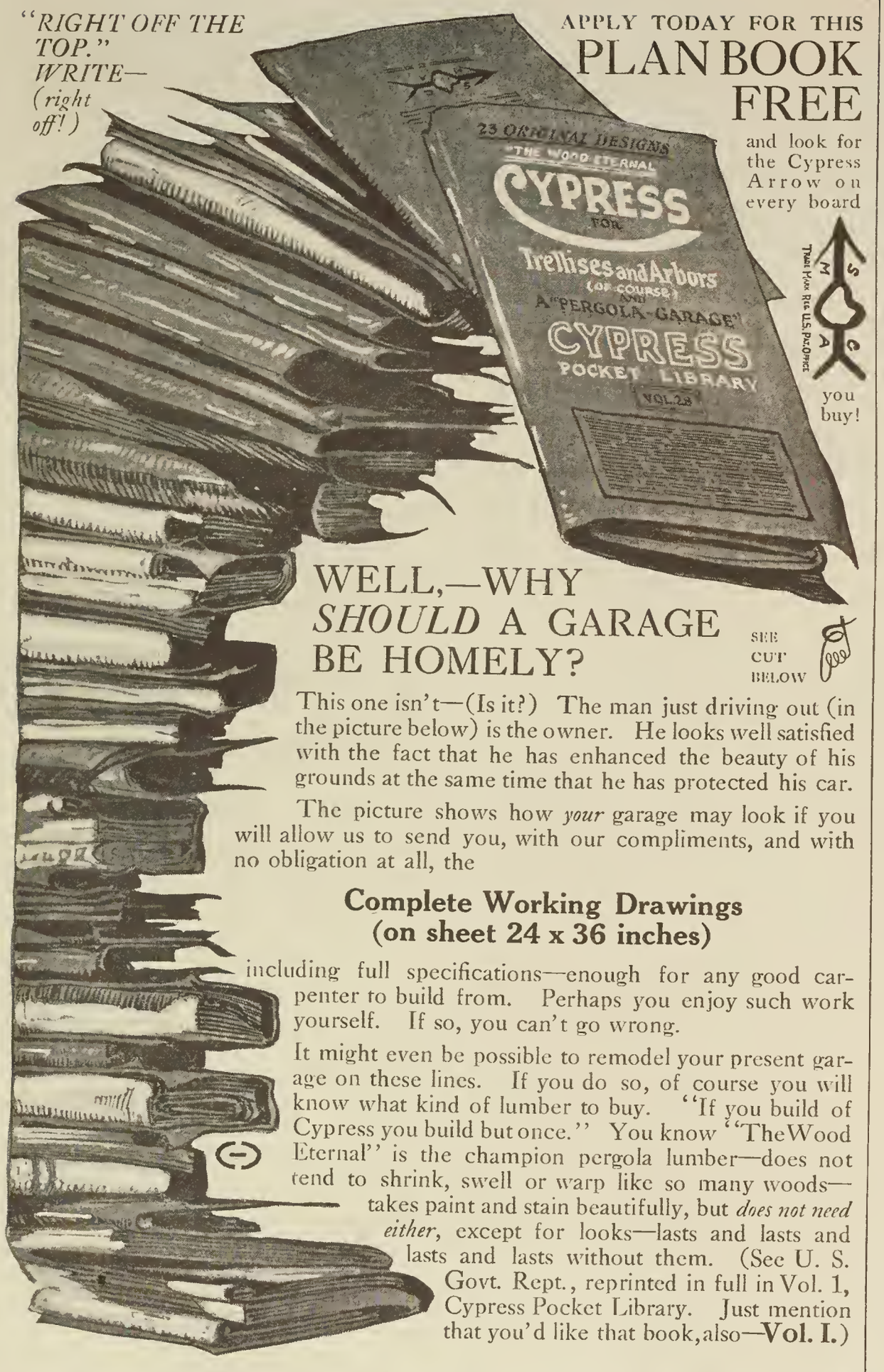
FOLLOWING IS AN ANALYSIS OF THE VOTE BY STATES:

	1st	2d	3d
Arizona	WOOD (3)	McADOO (3)	HOOVER (2)
Arkansas	McADOO (15)	BRYAN (11)	PERSHING (10)
California	JOHNSON (72)	HOOVER (66)	PERSHING (11)
Colorado	WOOD (8)	HOOVER (5) McADOO (5)	PERSHING (5)
Idaho	HOOVER (6) WOOD (6)	BORAH (6)	
Illinois	LOWDEN (101)	PERSHING (18)	WOOD (17)
Indiana	WOOD (26)	McADOO (18)	HOOVER (13)
Iowa	LOWDEN (22)	McADOO (16)	HOOVER (14)
Kansas	WOOD (25)	PERSHING (9)	McADOO (5)
Maine	WOOD (12)	PERSHING (5) COOLIDGE (5)	
Michigan	WOOD (29)	HOOVER (22)	McADOO (12)
Minnesota	HOOVER (24)	WOOD (24)	JOHNSON (13)
Missouri	WOOD (24)	McADOO (15)	HOOVER (8)
Montana	HOOVER (5)	LOWDEN (5)	
Nebraska	PERSHING (13)	BRYAN (6) WOOD (6)	JOHNSON (1)
New Jersey	WOOD (32)	JOHNSON (13)	HOOVER (12)
New York	WOOD (103)	JOHNSON (56)	HOOVER (46) PERSHING (46)
North Dakota	WOOD (8)	HOOVER (6)	JOHNSON (3)
Ohio	HARDING (39)	HOOVER (20)	WOOD (18)
Oklahoma	McADOO (9)	WOOD (9)	OWENS (8)
Oregon	HOOVER (17)	WOOD (12)	PERSHING (5)
Rhode Island	WOOD (6)	HOOVER (3)	COOLIDGE (2)
South Dakota	LOWDEN (17)	WOOD (8)	HOOVER (5)
Tennessee	McADOO (35)	HOOVER (16)	BRYAN (12)
Texas	McADOO (37)	HOOVER (15)	PERSHING (14)
Utah	WOOD (3)	HOOVER (3)	McADOO (3)
Washington	WOOD (20)	HOOVER (19)	JOHNSON (11)
Wisconsin	HOOVER (19)	WOOD (14)	LA FOLLETTE (13)
Wyoming	WOOD (2) McADOO (2)		



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This one isn't—(Is it?) The man just driving out (in the picture below) is the owner. He looks well satisfied with the fact that he has enhanced the beauty of his grounds at the same time that he has protected his car.

The picture shows how *your* garage may look if you will allow us to send you, with our compliments, and with no obligation at all, the

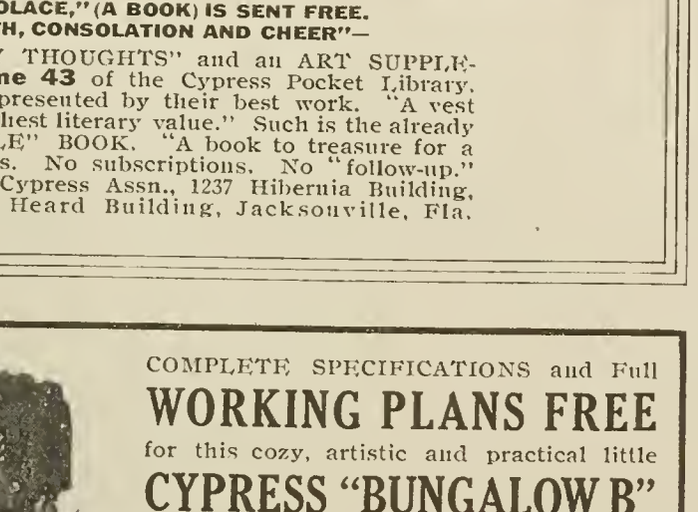
Complete Working Drawings (on sheet 24 x 36 inches)

including full specifications—enough for any good carpenter to build from. Perhaps you enjoy such work yourself. If so, you can't go wrong.

It might even be possible to remodel your present garage on these lines. If you do so, of course you will know what kind of lumber to buy. "If you build of Cypress you build but once." You know "The Wood Eternal" is the champion pergola lumber—does not tend to shrink, swell or warp like so many woods—takes paint and stain beautifully, but *does not need either*, except for looks—lasts and lasts and lasts and lasts without them. (See U. S. Govt. Rept., reprinted in full in Vol. 1, Cypress Pocket Library. Just mention that you'd like that book, also—**Vol. I.**)

The Cypress "Pergola-Garage"

This Pergola-Garage is AN ADDED SUPPLEMENT to the 9th big reprint of **VOLUME 28** of that home-lovers' guide, counselor and impartial friend, the famous Cypress Pocket Library. It's FREE. Will you write?



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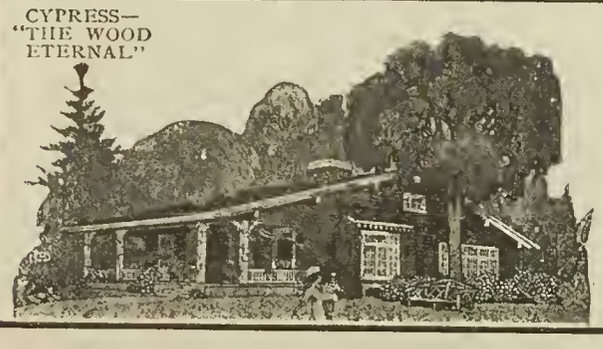
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A SUBURBAN COTTAGE

THE FIFTH IN OUR SERIES OF HOME-TOWN HOUSES

(*See illustrations on pages 18 and 19*)

THIS suburban cottage is eminently practical. Designed by Dwight James Baum, an architect of Riverdale, New York, the house has actually been built and is now in use. The drawings shown on another page are made from photographs of the house.

Miss Marcia Mead, a woman architect, here makes some suggestions for variations of Mr. Baum's house.

Mr. Albert Hencke, the eminent designer and decorator, has suggested plans for the interior decorating of the house. This is not the scheme of decoration now used by the family actually occupying the house built according to Mr. Baum's plan. Mr. Hencke's color arrangement, however, is so harmoniously suited to the house that, even if it is not carried out in detail, it is full of suggestions for the housewife who may be planning to decorate her new home built from Mr. Baum's plans.

SOME POSSIBLE VARIATIONS

BY MARCIA MEAD

THE house-plan published in this issue is excellent and will make a remarkably attractive and comfortable home. The living-room is all that could be desired of homelikeness and charm. It is light and flanked by the grateful shade of generous porches, and in spite of its many windows and doors, has ample spaces for furniture. The study, at the end of the hall, is a boon always to be desired, with its spirit of intimacy as a family retreat. Beyond a suggestion or two, one can offer little criticism of this plan, which has been so well designed to meet the requirements of a particular family group.

One fault, perhaps, is the lack of a direct passage from the kitchen to the front hall. Another suggestion might be made in regard to the coat-closet, the door of which opens into the vestibule. It would be better for this door to open into the hall to avoid the congestion of doors and people in the disposition of wraps.

The service portion is admirably arranged for a family with one or more servants. The kitchen, which must also be the servants' dining-room, is large and roomy, and the servants and bath are isolated from the family portion of the house—a familiar requirement.

They are perhaps too isolated for those who are interested in the social welfare of their servants. But this would lead us into a discussion of the servant problem, which is out of our realm. However, if houses were planned with more consideration for the comfort and pleasure of those employed, it might prove an important factor in the solution of the servant problem.

This brings to mind the knowledge of a large country residence of a hundred and seven rooms, an institution in itself, requiring a retinue of high-class, carefully trained persons to take care of it. The servants' wing is one long dormitory with numbered rooms on eaeh side of a long, narrow hall. There is but one bathroom for all and no sitting-room. Perhaps in some later paper we can take up some of the architectural elements of the servant problem.

See altered plans in which the following changes are indicated in solid black:

(1) A storage pantry is substituted for the serving-pantry, thus saving steps from the kitchen to the dining-room.

(2) The size of the kitchen is reduced, thus saving steps in the preparation of the meal.

(3) A passage is introduced leading directly from the kitchen to the front hall, saving steps and cleaning, and adding to the privacy of the dining-room.

(4) Cellar stairs are added underneath the main stairs, instead of in the rear, thus reducing steps to the cellar for supplies and for the eare of the heating apparatus. The outside stairs are as before.

(5) A laundry is added on the first floor which saves climbing up and down stairs in the doing of the laundry-work and eliminating the unpleasantness and often the danger of the cellar workroom.

(6) A "combination stairs" is arranged by opening the back stairs on the landing of the main stairs, so that the maid's room may be a guest-room, and to furnish a means of getting to the second-story rooms without using the main stairs. This is a great help and eomfort and is considered essential by many housewives.

(7) The changes in the bedrooms are necessitated by the change in the main stairs to seeure proper head-room in the passage from the kitehen to the front hall. The change in the eloset in the bedroom over the living-room was not necessary, but made the main stairs more eomfortable and the closet larger. It also allowed for a broom-closet on the stair-landing as before. The doors to this eloset and to the back stairs can be treated with mirrors to look like windows to produce a "bay-window" effeet from the hall below, which would be very attractive.

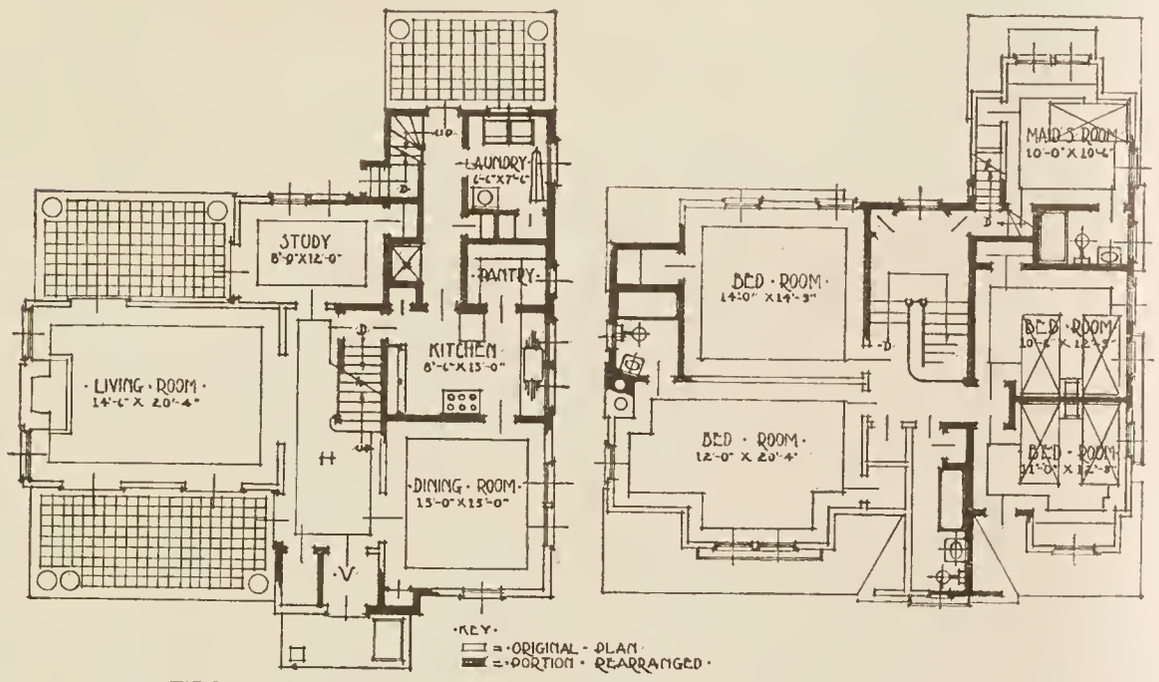
(8) The change in the coat-closet suggested above is also shown.

Two of these features are most important: The matter of pantries and of the laundry on the first floor. The latter has been little thought of, both because of the familiar cry, "It always has been done that way!" and because the cost of such an arrangement is usually more than installing the laundry in the basement. The advantages of the first-floor laundry always appeal to the housewife when the matter is brought to her attention. In this plan, by reducing the kitchen, there is room for the laundry, so the change can be made at no more cost than the original plan. To my mind, if the first-floor laundry is impossible, I should mueh prefer to have the laundry-tubs in the kitchen than in the cellar.

In regard to pantries—why a serving-pantry when there are no servants? What is it used for, except to "go through" from the kitchen to the dining-room, adding from ten to twelve feet extra travel for each trip? In the dining-room may be cupboards and cabinets for the china, silver and linen. The kitchen cupboard takes care of the kitchenware and utensils. Other supplies may better be kept in a storage-pantry located conveniently off the kitchen. This pantry will be cool and can well contain small supplies of vegetables, and thus save many trips to the eellar. Here also may be stored the jellies and preservcs.

Referring to the altered plans, the refrigerator may be placed in the storage-pantry and iced from the outside, but here it is shown in a niche in the rear hall near the kitchen door. In locating the refrigerator, the matter of where it will be used most and of how it will be iced, should be carefully considered.

In making these changes I have endeavored to detract in no way from the good features of the plan. A closet is provided for the study as before, and likewise the linen-closets and the clothes-closets. A broom-closet and a kitchen closet are added on the first floor and a towel-eloset in the main bathroom. Everybody says, "A woman architect will surely put in plenty of closets," so we must live up to our reputation.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN — SECOND FLOOR PLAN

INTERIOR SUGGESTIONS

BY ALBERT HENCKE

(*See illustrations in color on page 18*)

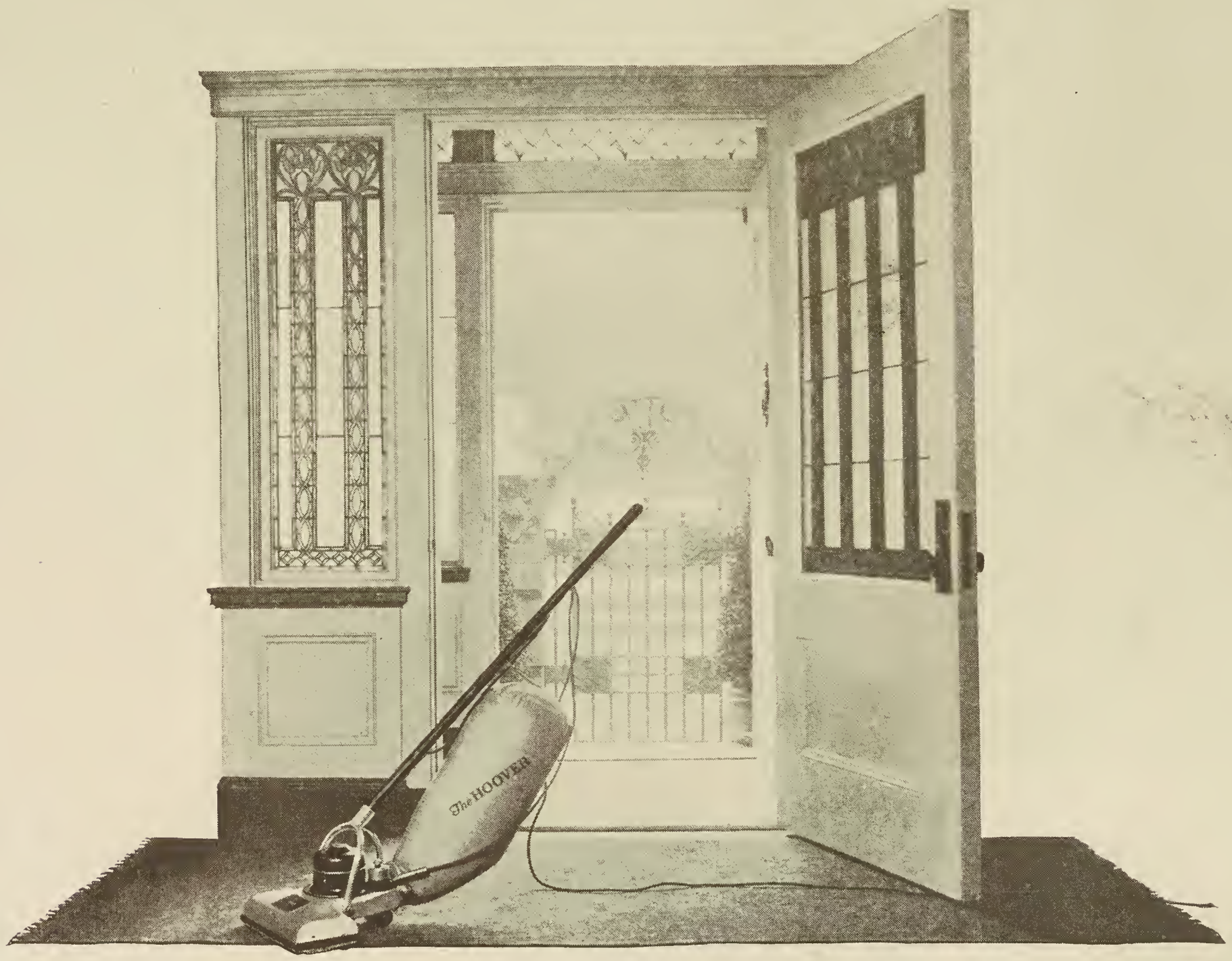
THE dull-black hangings at the entrance of the living-room are of floral design. The tall black eandlestick, a few books placed on a waxed oval table with a light, emerald-green top, make an unconventioual entrance to the room.

The overstuffed furniture of a color scheme in lighter vein, ranged along the light-gray walls, lends an air of space. A restful atmosphere is sought by means of a low seat before the brick fireplace and a plain Colonial mantel with a woodland oval decoration flanked on either side by a crystal-prism eandelabrum.

A delightful impression may be created in the dining-room, with its tiled floor done in white and tan, contrasting with the Freuch gray of the walls and the old-blue hangings. The gate-leg table finds congenial eompanionship with upholstered chairs of Italian influence. A sturdy, dull-black sideboard with crystal-prism candelabra and electrie candle side-lights is ranged against the wall. The niche in the far corner seems almost made for the small cabinet, in which are displayed a few pieces of china.

A low eushioned window-seat in the alcove of the bedroom makes an interesting break in the square lines of the bedroom. The dresser contains a quaint round magnifying mirror. Small water-color sketches in a group lend a prism of color to the light-gray walls. The black, waxed floor has a neutral gray carpeted rug, broken here and there by smaller ones.

The Hoover lifts the rug from the floor, like this—flutters it upon a cushion of air, gently "beats" out its embedded grit, and so prolongs its life



Although your reception hall rug receives harsh traffic, it will brightly welcome callers for years longer if you clean it with The Hoover. The Hoover beats out the destructive street grit that becomes embedded. It sweeps straight the heel-crushed nap and picks up the stubborn, clinging litter. It suctions up the color-dimming surface dirt. Only The Hoover does all of these essential things. And it is the largest selling electric cleaner in the world.

The HOOVER

It Beats—as it Sweeps—as it Cleans

THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER COMPANY
The oldest makers of electric cleaners
North Canton, Ohio Hamilton, Canada



STILL MORE WHYS

BY CELIA CAROLINE COLE

There's a right way and a wrong way. To blunder about the business of trying to make oneself beautiful is fatal. Wrong massage, wrong soaps, wrong cleansing methods, can do more harm than years of right methods can correct.

It's the Blunderers and the Dream Women—and those who are neither, but just Ghosts—about whom Mrs. Cole writes this month. She tells you how to go intelligently about this particular work of being beautiful, and she warns you against the stupidity of too much rouge and lip-stick and henna. She tells you about charm and breeding and vividness—how really to have them, and not to make the mistake of being all "covered up" with heavy powder that causes bad color and closed pores.

Be sure to write for beauty helps. They are free to every one who sends stamps to cover the cost of posting them. Address The Beauty Editor, care of THE DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City.

IT ISN'T just exactly the years that do all those bad things to our faces and bodies.

Relaxed, saggy muscles—look at your cheeks and under your chin; thickened skin tissue, shorter, thinner eyelashes, world-weary hair, faded color, lines, veiny or scrawny hands, coarser skin—all those little, bad enemies are the direct, cumulative result of ignorance and neglect.

Ever since you came into the world all fresh and new, destroyers have been raining down on you: dust, millions of germs, disappointments, bad advice, March winds, H. C. L.'s, dishonest skin preparations, wrong thoughts, tears; heaps and heaps of destructive forces have been attacking you inside and out.

When they've had about thirty-five years of gibing at you, you begin to show the wear and tear a bit. BUT in this day of scientific beauty culture and the printing-press, any woman from thirty-five on, who doesn't look at least ten years younger than she is, ought to be investigated by the Government. If she's convicted of indifference, she should be sentenced to one year of constant association with the most beautiful woman in her town. If found guilty of great poverty and a driven life, she should be helped promptly and provided for by a relief corps.

THINK how differently a woman feels and behaves when she knows she's attractive, when she knows that she can sit face-front to broad daylight and not disillusionize anybody, when she's conscious that her entrance into a room causes a little stir of interest, stimulation, because something of charm came in when she did. Conscious that she has that look of being beautifully clean, groomed—*soignée*, the French call it, probably with an eye on the double meaning—that a woman who takes care of herself, her appearance, is cared for, loved by somebody.

Why this eternal downward pull? We belong *up!* That's where we came from and that's where we're going. Pull up all the things you are inside, physically, by getting out of bed every morning on your hands. Walk on all fours, your hands and your toes, a little while before going to bed. Then your organs have been thrown up a bit and you take them to bed *up* and start them right the next morning by getting out of bed on your hands. And if you'd learn to stand on your head and do it three or four times a day—it's *fun*, you know, not a bore—you'd keep them up. And you'd look and feel years younger.

Never wash your face, nor put on cold-cream or powder with a downward stroke, never put on *anything* with a downward stroke, not even an expression! Up, up, up; thoughts, muscles, aims, dreams! That's where youth lies—*up;* firm muscles, soaring aims and dreams, hopes.

There are three classes of women when it comes to the "beauty" point of view. A delightful booklet which has just come out divides them into Dream Women, Blunderers and Ghosts.

THE Dream Women are those who go at it intelligently, either to preserve whatever beauty they have or correct their defects and improve every point they can. They experiment on how to dress their hair most attractively, how to bring out their particular charm or points; they "make up" when they need it and they learn how to do it so that it looks natural, so that they look like "ladies" instead of—people who are not ladies; they are clean, clean, clean, even as to the old bathrobe, and their white gloves, and the hair-brush. Just a little rouge, just a touch of a lip-stick—why is that wicked? It's not half so wicked as a dull-colored face.

Those women, the Dream Women, get rather a lot out of life. Doors open naturally before beauty; a woman can't have a better introduction than a beautiful face, charm of personality. If women have charm of mind and soul back of an attractive face, they walk right into the center of things wherever they go and stay there. They know romance, love, depth of living.

And most of us don't have to have a miracle happen to make us attractive. We just have to go at ourselves intelligently, the way we go at the evening meal or putting the dog out for the night. There's an intelligent way and a stupid way to do everything.

WHICH brings me to the Blunderers. They "make up" so that you can't possibly miss it; you know it's rouge, you know it's a lip-stick, and you know it's henna. And while they may look vivid and very effective to themselves, they miss the look of charm and breeding by as wide a gulf as there is between art and artifice. They never look really clean, even if they are, because they look "covered up."

One suspects bad color and closed pores under that heavy powder. With the impulse toward beauty, the Blunderers make the sad mistake of taking the counterfeit instead of the real. They want to look vivid; they succeed in looking cheap. It's an art, making up. If you're going to do it, do it beautifully. Never use heavy powder. And when you put on rouge, study the contour of your cheek, pat it lightly with your fingers until color comes and then follow that line; the safest place for rouge is sort of a horseshoe motion of the puff, beginning just a bit in front of the cheek-bone, up and around and down, like a horseshoe with the front end shortened.

Nine out of ten of the women who make up wouldn't need to do so if they would take intelligent care of their faces. Stimulate your circulation by patting with an absorbent cotton pad or the patented patter with tonic or astringent on it, and some kind of skin-food, on your face. If you would do this for fifteen minutes every day and take some kind of outdoor exercise, you would have natural color and firm muscles and finer texture of your skin.

DON'T be a Blunderer, please! Women are the note of beauty in the great symphony that is mankind. Don't be a "jazz" note. Get good rouge and fine-grained, light powder; and a tonic, and a good, firm brush for your hair instead of henna or peroxid. Build up your body and your mind until you don't have to pretend anything—color or popularity or anything. We'd adore telling you all we know about it if you care to ask us!

And now for the Ghosts! What is a ghost but some one who passes unnoticed through the world? The nice, sweet, likable women who are left out of things because they don't know how to get themselves up! There's another "up"; but that's just what we mean, *up*. They stay on a level and the world at large walks right past them and never sees them.

We'll tell you a secret: We aren't very big and we aren't very beautiful and we've had the "flu" every time it sneaked into town. So the other day we decided that the reason people didn't seem to see us much, lately, as we passed along the way, was that we probably still look a little flu-ish, and we'd better go and get patted and get it all out.

We did.

And we'd put on a red hat—oh, such a little, gay, never-heard-of-the-flu kind of hat!—to cheer the good work along.

AND on the way home everybody smiled at us, and even turned their heads clear around over their shoulders and looked at us again, nicely, you know, as if they felt gayer and gladder to be alive. And we walked on air because a patter and a touch of rouge and a clean, glowing skin and a flame-colored hat had put us once more in touch with the joy of people that is always waiting somewhere inside of them to be called out.

Now what do you think of that, Ghosts?

Isn't that more fun than wondering why you weren't invited?

And we haven't told you the best part, either. When we got home our baby and our husband liked us awfully and said so!

If you simply won't "touch up" and make your hair a halo, or a sleek, satiny cap, and buy glad-to-be-alive clothes that match your nice, new face, then *do* get a system of caring for your looks and be faithful to it. Why stay on the outer edge of things?

You can be attractive if you want to!

Think of the difference in the lives of those three women!

Why? Why can't we *all* belong to the Dream Women? We can!

Concluded on page 100



The famous treatment for blackheads

APPLY hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing the face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads. After a week or ten days of this treatment you will notice how much clearer your complexion has become.

Keep your skin fine in texture

"A SKIN like a child's!"—but do you realize what makes a child's skin so beautiful? More than anything else it is the exquisitely smooth, fine texture which men and women alike so often lose in later life.

You cannot begin too early to arrest this tendency of your skin to become gradually coarser. Examine your face in a strong light. Do the pores seem to be growing enlarged? If so, your skin is not functioning properly—the pores are not contracting and expanding as they should.

To restore your skin to healthy, normal activity and give it back the fine, smooth delicacy it should have, begin tonight to give it this special treatment:

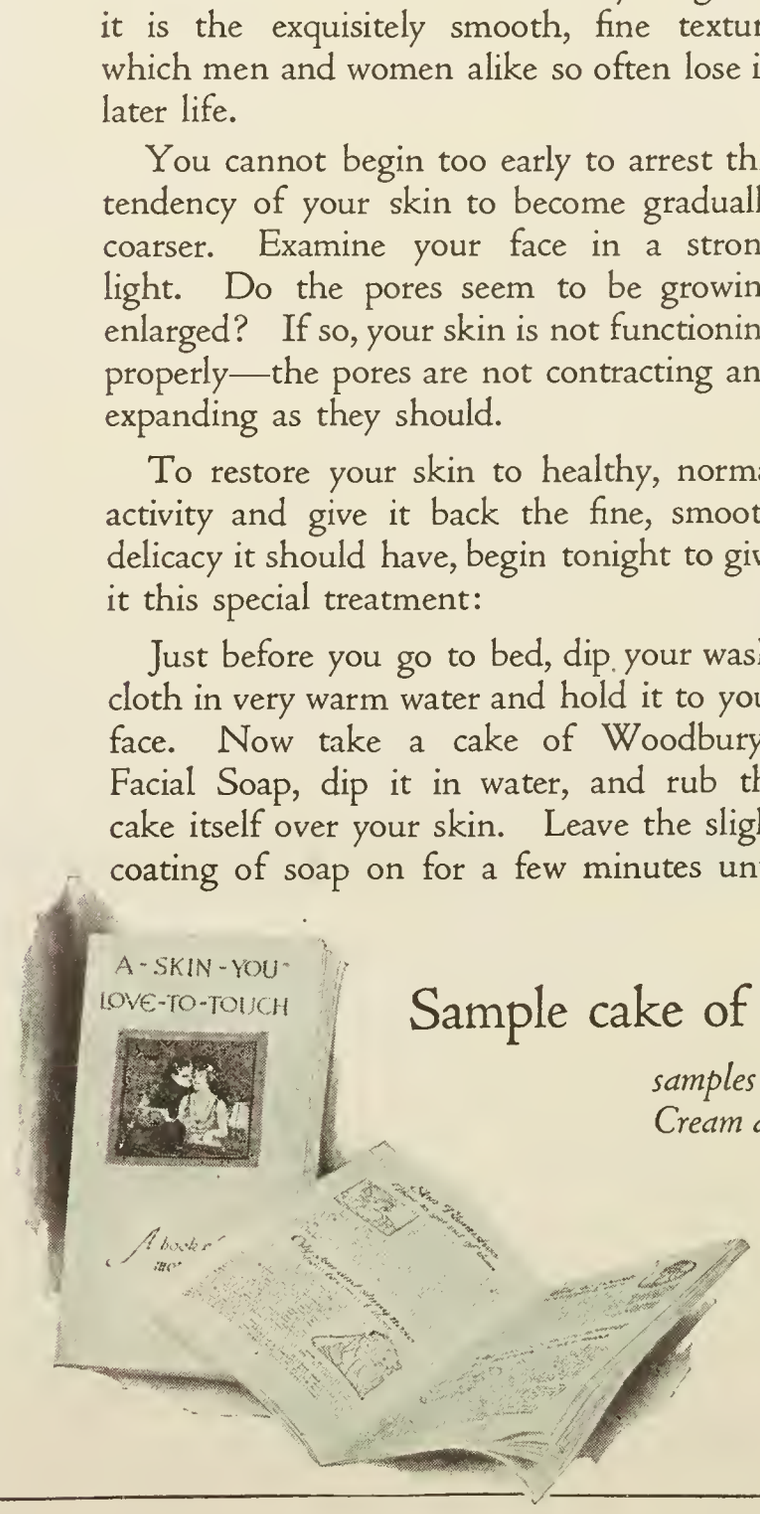
Just before you go to bed, dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water, and rub the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until your face feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse your face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing your face with a *piece of ice.*

The first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling. This means that your skin is responding to a more thorough and stimulating kind of cleansing than it has been accustomed to. After a few treatments the drawn feeling will disappear, and your face will emerge from its nightly bath with such a new, healthful sense of softness and smoothness that you cannot help realizing the good this treatment is doing your skin. Use it persistently, and it will bring about a marked improvement in your skin's texture.

Special treatments for each different skin condition are given in the famous booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake today and begin using your treatment tonight. A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use. Sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada.



An oily skin and shiny nose can be corrected. In the booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap you will learn just how to overcome this embarrassing condition.



Sample cake of soap, booklet of famous treatments,

samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream sent to you for 15 cents

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment), together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1906 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1906 Sherbrooke Street, Perth.Ontario.



Don't let ugly blackheads spoil the clearness of your complexion. Read the treatment given above—see how easily you can keep your skin free from them.



Painted for American Chicle Company by C. Coles Phillips. Copyright 1920

Continued from page 10

CARELESS DAUGHTERS

stood behind the cigar-case with as pleasant an expression as the old-time plaster-of-Paris models of Indians holding out plaster-of-Paris boxes of cigars, used to wear.

"Mr. Gainer, I believe," Conger began affably, holding out a well-manicured hand. "So glad to know you. Knew Bess years before you had the luck. Yes, a dollar's worth of the mild ones, please. Howdy do, Mr. Lyman? How's everything with *you?*" Pleasant, personal emphasis on the pronoun. "I'm just back from a wonderful vacation," he bit off the end of a cigar and began the usual lighting proceedings.

Jim took occasion to study this ex-in-law of the Lymans.

He was tall and well built, with cold, greenish eyes flecked with sullen black and a pink-and-white, womanish complexion. His flaxen hair was brushed into a pompadour, and when he smiled his teeth were as white and regular as Zoe's own. Dressed in the extreme of fashion, from white flannels to a black pearl scarf-pin, he stood back to smile contemptuously at Jim Gainer who handed over his change and was trying to maintain his dignity.

"I HOPE I shall have the pleasure of entertaining you people at Roselawn"—trying to include Lyman in the conversation. "I want you to come up for a little dinner. Will you?"

"That's very nice of you," Jim knew he answered, wondering if he was saying the thing his father-in-law wished him to say.

"I'd grow pretty lonesome—if it wasn't for my collections. I've just bought some tapestries I think are rather good. I'd like to have *your* opinion of them. And how is Mrs. Lyman?" he added suavely.

"We're all fine," Lyman said shortly. "Come on, Stub, it's time we hustled along."

"You have your own machine, so I won't offer to drive you," Conger was bent on not becoming offended. "I'll set a time and you can tell me when it's convenient, and I'll ask Judith Shadworth and her husband. I'm delighted the poor child is married. I'm afraid her mother will never rally as she should. You see, I knew Judith and your Bess when they used to play with dolls and skipping-ropes." He sighed effectively and puffed at his cigar.

Mr. Lyman gave the night orders to the fountain clerk, leaving him to bear off the family honors by defending Zoe.

"Bess has told me how Zoe used to take her up to Roselawn for the day," he managed to utter. "Good night, Mr. Conger," opening the screen door for him to pass out.

A moment later and a luxurious limousine, a glistening scarlet with a white monogram on either side, glided off. Then followed the more humble touring-car of the Lyman family, with Jim sitting meekly in front to listen to his father-in-law's profane comment on the owner of the limousine.

"I WANT nothing to do with him," Mr. Lyman said sharply, "and no little dinner at his house—remember, he's a bad actor. Zoe has made a fool of herself, I admit, but she's not his sort."

"What was it all about?" Jim showed the proper interest in matrimonial tangles, as befitted a newly married man.

"Oh, pshaw, I don't know—you children needn't bother your heads about it," was the prompt answer, "and, Stub, *one* cherry on the sundaes, if you please; you've been putting them on in flocks."

Jim did not answer; he was vaguely recalling an old Filipino proverb Kent had once quoted. "Easy to be born; hard to be a man!"

Technically speaking, the honeymoon is supposed to terminate the fatal morning one has to tie a string about the man's finger to cause him to remember new pantry-screens or an anniversary!

But when Bess in becoming and shimmering charmeuse met them at the door, a corsage of daybreak rosebuds as her body-guard, it was evident that the honeymoon had no intention of ever ending!

"My dear gentlemen," she began, dropping a curtsy, "you are not welcome, for it has been a most terrible day. Poor mother is simply frazzled."

"WHAT'S wrong?" demanded the unwelcomed males.

Bess attached herself to her father. "Mother must stop being so foolish about the washing. She will put it to soak the night before, and of course it has to be done the next morning. My club met to-day, so I simply could not help it—it is the first time I've entertained my club since I was married. We worked hard enough yesterday cleaning and getting the things all ready, and mother made the cake and mayonnaise herself. She would do it.

"And after putting the washing to soak, Persis failed to appear this morning. She has no phone, and it would do no good if she had, you know how she is—misery in her bones, I suppose. At ten o'clock, Mother Lyman went into the laundry and she washed! And her back is so lame she can't stay about for dinner; she only came in to see the girls for half an hour—it made me feel dreadful. So you must scold her," she kissed her father on the cheek.

"That's a shame," Jim protested. "Couldn't you help her?"

"I did everything that I could. But if I had helped with the washing I'd have had to send the club word not to come. Mother is lying down in her room, and I'm too tired to try to cook—so you can eat up the remains of my club spread and be thankful."

MR. LYMAN found the culprit with a flushed face and overbright eyes trying to smile as if it were all an every-day happening and there was nothing to be said about it.

"Bess," her husband began almost angrily, "let the washing go hang. Who cares whether it is done on such and such a day or not?"

"You don't understand housekeeping any more than I understand running a store. I can't have my best things ruined by laundries—besides, they were soaking."

"Don't soak 'em——"

"My mother taught me to."

"I can't argue with a woman, only there's no reason for your being half-way sick. Didn't Bess say not to do it?"

"Of course, but she doesn't understand either. It was her club day and that hurried me. Bess wanted everything to look its best, and she is so careless herself I have to do more than she realizes. Doesn't she look pretty in that dress? Be a nice man and eat a cold lunch and coffee and I'll get a good rest and be as fine as ever to-morrow."

"I suppose there's nothing else to do," he admitted in defeat.

Down-stairs, having demolished the last sandwich and crum of cake, Bess was struck with a new desire.

"FATHER, you aren't going out to-night, are you? Then we can use the machine. Let's go to the movies and take Judy and Kent! Mother won't mind if we leave the dishes until morning; she's so particular about the way they're done that I merely dry them. I'll pile things up neatly and be ready in a jiffy."

"It's too hot for a theater," Jim objected.

"Then let's drive," Bess urged.

"Go on, it will do you both good," her father championed.

"Please, Jim, take the carpet-sweeper and get up the crums while I'm stacking the things."

"There's no use stopping for Judy. Kent was in the store and he said Mrs. Shadworth was still on the rampage."

"Poor Judy, how can she stand it?" Bess demanded so forcibly that she nicked one of her best china cups.

Fifteen minutes later she was kissing her mother good night.

"I'm going to make Jim take me to the movies. He doesn't know it yet," she confided. "I wish you could go, but I'll tell you about it in the morning. No, I didn't have time to wash the dishes, but they're all piled and the table crummed. We'll go at them early to-morrow. Oh, mother, I forgot about the meeting of the Current Topic Club—it's at ten. And I promised to be there—I'm terribly sorry—maybe I better stay home to-night." Bess was truly penitent.

"YOU can go. I'm sure a few dishes aren't anything."

"Wouldn't you mind? Really? I'll not be home to-morrow afternoon either. Phyllis Gard has her tea, and I've asked the Twichells for the evening, just up-stairs in our rooms you know. I want them to see how lovely they are. The club was certainly impressed. I think they all enjoyed it, don't you?"

"They seemed to—and there's no reason why they shouldn't."

"Then good night, you naughty parent!" at which Bess vanished.

Down-stairs Mr. Lyman was advising Jim in what he considered a most fatherly way that visiting in the store during rush hours was not to be desired. Jim, wondering if he dared ask him not to call him Stub in public, was trying to assent graciously. To Jim's mind, even rose-colored by the honeymoon, it seemed absurd to speak of rush hours—when meaning a soda-water fountain! Jim had planned on doing real business; keen, big deals which required anything but a white bus-boy's jacket and a limiting as to the number of cherries on top of a fancy sundae!

"I'm ready, dear," Bess surprised him with a soft tap on the shoulder. "Good-by, dad, we'll be back before midnight. What a moon—and what a night!" as they came out of the door.

"IF YOU'LL go to the movies to-night," she coaxed, after they had driven a little, "I'll coax father to let you have to-morrow night free—because the Twichells are coming and I want you to know them."

"Who are they?"

"I met them while you were overseas—awfully nice young people. He is an architect and just getting started by himself. They can't entertain as we can, but you'll like them."

"I don't doubt it."

"Tired, Jim?"

"A little."

"It isn't too hard in the store, is it? I'll tell father——"

"No, it isn't that—here's the theater if you are still determined."

"I'll tell you something nice as a reward," Bess added naively. "You know the beaded bag I wanted and you couldn't buy me?"

"Yes."

"Father is going to get it for me. Isn't that lovely?"

Jim was silent.

"What are you thinking about? That's a queer way to act. I think it pretty generous—the purse is forty dollars, and it will be wonderful with my new Fall things."

"I was thinking how much I'd like to buy my wife her clothes," he admitted slowly.

KENT HARLOW was learning that one person often constitutes a crowd. To come home after a driving day and expect to find the one you love best of all waiting to enjoy a *tête-à-tête* supper and spend a happy evening was what Kent had promised himself during his engagement. But after five months of being married he learned it was not to be fulfilled.

Instead, he would come in to find an unlighted hall and living-room, with Judith rushing about in a house dress bent on getting his dinner; a tense-looking Judith whose face brightened as if by magic as soon as he kissed her.

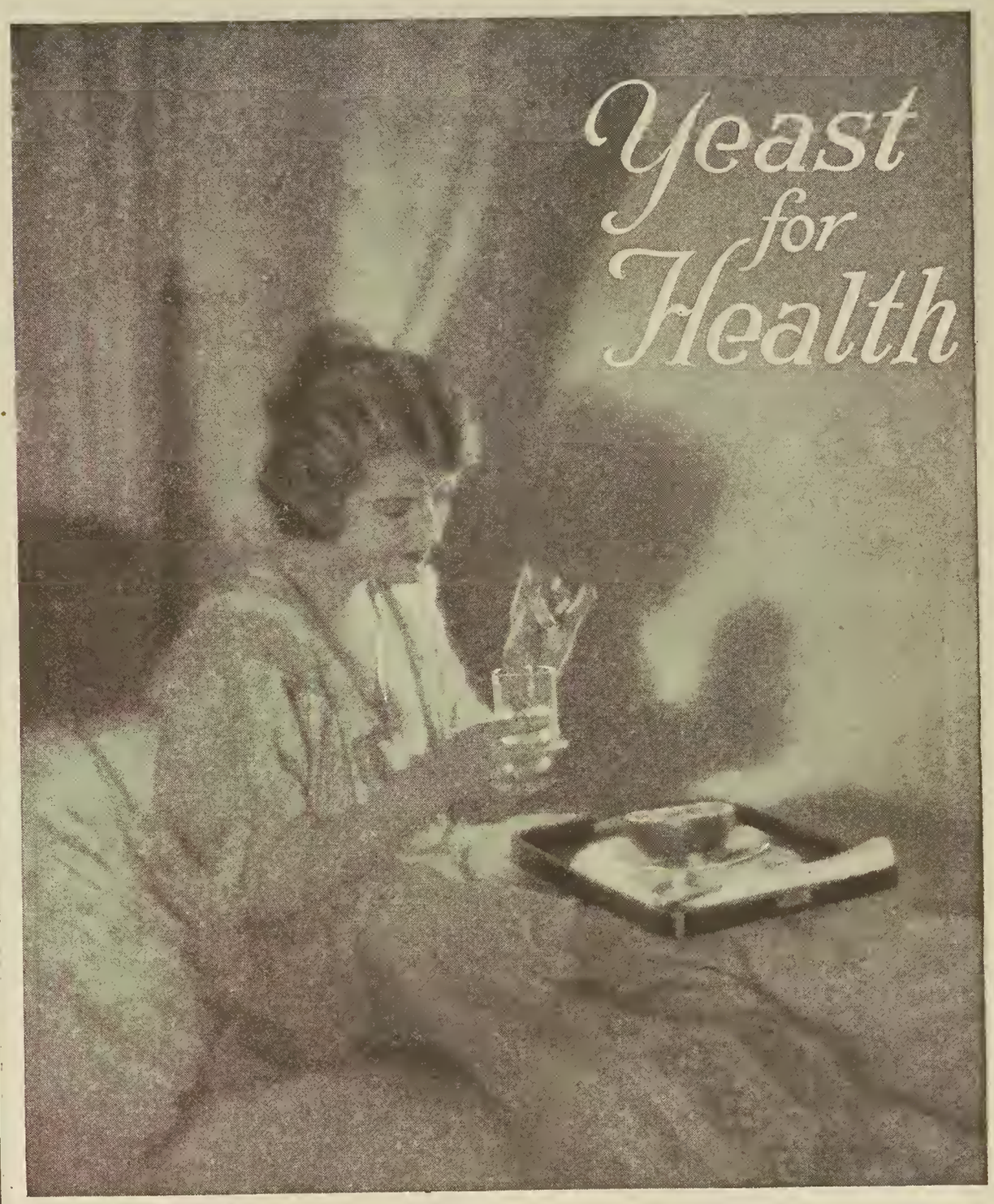
Sometimes she would say; "It's so good to see you—I'm horribly depressed."

"Haven't you been out to-day?"

"Down-town with mother—for a treatment."

"Why don't you have some of the girls in for the afternoon? Bess does."

Continued on page 40



THE charm of physical beauty and loveliness is due *solely* to health.

The *natural* complexion fascinates more profoundly than the artificial. And Fleischmann's Yeast gives the natural glow and vividness that flames so bewitchingly.

Take Yeast for good health—and an amazingly attractive complexion. The valuable food elements, the Vitamines, are contained largely in Fleischmann's Yeast. It balances the diet—induces growth in the young and increases energy in those advancing in years.

Write for the "Yeast for Health" booklet. It tells a most interesting story of the health value of Fleischmann's Yeast. Address The Fleischmann Company in your city or any of these offices:

THE WAY TO TAKE YEAST

Yeast has an appetizing, creamy taste. You take from one-half to a whole cake 3 times a day before meals or crumbled in water, fruit juices or milk.

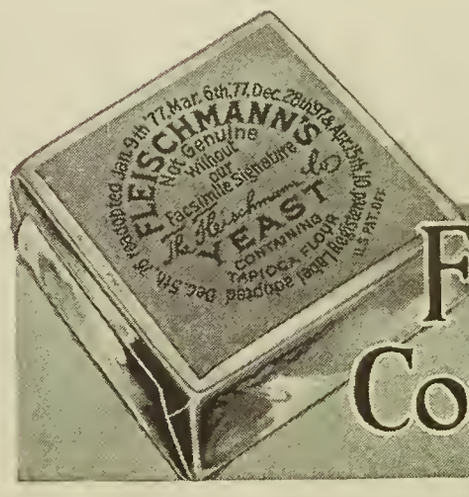
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Fleischmann's Compressed Yeast



Regatta Week at Cowes

ENGLISH WOMEN have exquisite complexions and they are particularly careful to use only those toilet preparations which will enhance the beauty of the skin without injury to its texture. For yachting, hunting, golf and all the outdoor sports which the English delight in, well informed English women protect their skins with Dorin's Compactes. This is a valuable suggestion for American women who intend to follow the approaching races for the America's cup.

LA DORINE

The Imported Compact Powder from Paris

IS MADE in eight shades to harmonize with every complexion—of these, Blanche, Naturelle, Rosee and Rachel are most widely used. Dorin's Compact Rouges are in a variety of natural tones, of which Rouge Brunette and Rouge Framboise are the favorites. Convenient hand bag size, 50c—for either powder or rouge. Large dressing table size, $1.00. For your protection, Dorin's Compactes are sold only in containers marked "Dorin, Paris."

With La Dorine and Dorin's Rouges use La Dorine Lambsdown Pads. All Sizes. Finest Quality

WHAT IS YOUR COLORING? Send us an accurate description of your hair, eyes and complexion, with 25c in stamps, and we will send you two miniature *compactes*—a box of La Dorine and one of Dorin's Rouge. Also booklet reproducing, in full color, seven exquisite types of beauty, with direction for choosing the correct *compactes* for each type.

Or for 10 cts. in stamps we will send the booklet, with generous samples of La Dorine and Dorin's Rouge *en poudre* instead of the *compactes*.



F. R. ARNOLD & CO., *Importers*, Dept. D, 5 West 22d Street, New York

Continued from page 39

CARELESS DAUGHTERS

"I'm going to. I've planned it for weeks, but it seems as if it is first one thing and then another," she would answer.

At this interesting juneture Mrs. Shadworth would stalk into the kitehen to greet Kent and say to her daughter: "Don't bother to eook anything for me, Judith. Some hot milk and bran craekers is all I eare about. That queer pain in my back is eoming back again. Please fix a hot-water bottle for me, Kent—the small, blue one. And try to remember to take the eleetrie warming-pad to be mended to-morrow, will you? I shall need it these eool nights."

OF COURSE Judith would try to eook something extra for her mother, and of eourse Kent prepared the hot-water bottle and made a note eoneerning the warming-pad. Then Mrs. Shadworth lay in the *chaise longue* and questioned Kent as to the happenings of the day. When dinner was ready, Judith would bring a tray in to her mother, jumping up half a dozen times during her own meal to see if there was anything else shc could do.

Or, far worse to Kent's mind, Mrs. Shadworth would say she felt "able to come to the table" to depress them with her eompany. She invariably talked of intrieate eomplaints whieh other people had fallen heir to, building up straw theories of euring them and knoeking them down with grim delight. Sometimes she devoted hersclf to Kent, questioning him minutely as to his office assoeiates, the integrity of his firm, the nature of his work, his future prospects and so on, until Kent would grow monosyllabic of answer, pushing his chair baek from the table with the exeuse that the car needed attention or he wanted to smoke. Smoking at the table affeeted Mrs. Shadworth's heart.

After Mrs. Shadworth had been helped to bed, delivering stirring eommands as to opening and closing windows, night-lights and so on, Judith would urge Kent to smoke. They would sit on the poreh if the weather was warm or before an open fire where Kent eould puff away at his beloved pipe and deliver himself of his opinions of the universe.

WHILE they boarded, Judith had been a slave, but the direet eares of housekeeping had not been hers. She had not had to think of what happened outside their suite of rooms. But being Mrs. Kent Harlow, of 74 Cedar Street, brought an unforeseen load of new tasks. Normally, Judith would have weleomed and been equal to them. There were so many attractive things she could have done to beautify the bungalow. As it was, they had merely "moved in," the new furniture seeming strangely inharmonious beeause it was not arranged by eareful housewifely fingers. Judith had neither time nor strength to do anything but her day's tasks. Besides being her mother's nurse and eompanion she was Kent's wife and housekeeper.

It was a small house and a modern one, still it was a house, and a house creates numerous tasks which must be seen to every twenty-four hours. Formerly Judith made most of her mother's and her own elothes, and now her mother said no one could suit her as well as her own dear girl. So Judith still struggled with invalid wrappers and snuff-eolored breakfast-jackets, besides Kent's mending. There was the eleaning and the washing to oversee, all the meals to get and her mother's friends to weleome and provide with tea and toast. So Judith found, as the Oetober days hinted of rapid nightfall, that she had seant time for the proper amusements of a young matron, and the nights Kent stayed down-town for dinner were nights of freedom from drudgery.

ON A late Oetober afternoon Bess Gainer ealled on Judith to reproach her for not eoming to any of the endless parties which Bess had seen fit to hold. In a dashing eoral-velvet eostume with a neck ruche of smart laee and her hat boasting of eight points and tufts of eoral-colored feathers, Bess seemed to have dropped from a different planet. Even Zoe Conger could scareely have outmatched her.

Mrs. Shadworth brightened as Bess sat beside her. But Bess soon enough beeame in disgraee. Her honest eyes looking at Judith, who still wore her morning's house dress, Bess said seriously:

"Judy looks tired. Keeping house and nursing you are too mueh for her. Mother was talking to Aunt Willoughby about it last night. They say the sanatorium at Arrow Springs is wonderful. Now, if you were to run off for the Winter and come back well and sound, giving Judy time to get eaught up with herself and played up and dressed up——"

Mrs. Shadworth broke into foreed eoughing. "I may not last the Winter through," she began energetieally.

"Nonsense! You'll be at Judy's silver anniversary," Bess retorted.

"And how is your own dear mother?" Mrs. Shadworth retaliated. "It seems an age sinee she was here; but then, you've done nothing but entertain, I understand."

BESS flushed. "I've been busy, too—and I make all the desserts and do the family mending"—laughing at herself for her confusion. "It has not seemed like being married, just like having Jim eome and live with us. Then I've joined two of the women's clubs—mother wanted me to. They didn't have sueh things when she was married. All in all, we have been busy."

"Did Jim want you to belong to clubs?" Judith asked, eoming to sit down.

"He never questions anything I do," Bess dismissed sueh a possibility lightly. "If he did, I'd go to father."

"Will Jim stay on in the store?"

"I think so. Father depends on him and Jim really has a very wonderful time. I don't see how he eould better himself." Bess finished her tea, and rose, kissing Mrs. Shadworth prettily and threatening to kidnap Judith long enough to have a week in New York when she went there during the holidays.

Mrs. Shadworth managed to smile. Judith followed her to the door.

"Judy, dear, why don't you take things easier, go out more, do something that will give you real pleasure?" Bess demanded.

"How can I? Kent isn't a rieh man—and the housework has to be done. Then there is mother. I do the best I ean and perhaps in the Spring we ean get help. That's a mighty beeoming dress. Is it new?"

"Father let me get it. Jim has been working overtime and father said it was a sort of bonus. It cost over a hundred dollars."

"It has a lot of style," Judith commented wistfully. "Arc you going to walk home?"

"I think so. It's sueh a wonderful night. Good-by, dear, and remember, try to make your plans to eomc to New York with us in January."

As Bess vanished, Judith snailed into the living-room to answer a telephone eall. It was Kent, who informed her he would be delayed down-town with extra work, and if she would not join him for dinner, he would eat alone. Of course she eould not go down-town; it would take her an hour to properly dress, and her mother's supper was unprepared. She refused rather eurtly and hung up the reeeiver, feeling as if the proeession were moving on without her.

PRESENTLY she washed the dishes and tidied up the kitehen. It was after seven o'eloek. She sat with her mother and did some faney-work. At eight o'eloek her mother asked her to turn down the light, and a few minutes afterward Mrs. Shadworth was snoring mildly.

Judith's eyes aehed too much to read; she was tired of meehanieal croehet; if she played the piano she might waken her mother and institute one of those dreaded, sleepless nights. If she went out to walk, she might miss Kent, who would be alarmed at finding her absent when he returned. In desperation she went to bed, too tired to sleep, tossing about and working herself into a nervous frenzy of general dissatisfaetion.

Meantime Bess walked only part way home. Two blocks from Judith's bungalow a shining, scarlet limousine purred to a halt. Looking up, Bess saw Tom Conger half-way inviting her to ride.

Something about Mrs. James Gainer and not Bess Lyman, something dangerously independent and reckless—perhaps it was the coral-velvet costume in eontrast with Judith's house dress or the lack of responsibilities—made Bess dash diseretion and loyalty to Zoe to the four winds.

"Howdy-do?" she dimpled, not knowing how lovely she looked, her coral-velvet figure set against a baekground of gnarled oak-trees and Oetober sunset.

"May an old renegade wish you joy?" He left the machine and held out his hand.

"Of eourse," Bess heard herself answer, wondering she ever did so.

"I THOUGHT I was on your black-list. I haven't heard a word from any of you. You know, Bess, you are just a little girl to me—and you never thought me all bad, did you? But then, you're a married woman—no child—and you think and act for yourself despite your family." He held her hand just a trifle longer than was neeessary.

Bess bridled with amusing importanee. "Of eourse I always liked you," she began answering, "and we always knew Zoe was temperamental."

"Let me drive you home, there's a Corot sunset over the hill—please! You used to let me drive you about—in the old pony-cart days—what's the harm? A divoreed relation who is lonesome—and who always liked you. Or is it supper you aro thinking about—pots and pans and frying steak for a hungry man of affairs—a gingham apron elouding that ereation?"

"No, it isn't dinner I'm thinking about. Jim won't be at home. You know I'm with father and mother, don't you?"

"Yes, glad of it! You ought never drudge—not even for a very fine young man. You were so eharming when I passed you that I did not realize it was little Bess Lyman. You looked like an aetress I knew in Paris—she has recently married an English nobleman. Well, let's go, let's go!"

"IT'S the family," Bess forced herself to whisper. "We all stand for Zoe."

"Why not think for yourself?" he added cleverly. "And as for that, we can eireumvent the family's knowing—take the river boulevard and drop you off like a fay in the clump of maples just back of your own house. You used to play hide-and-seek there when you were a youngster." He moved toward the ear.

Bess followed. Snuggled under Italian silk blankets, she leaned baek in the luxurious seat with a sense of delieious misehief, the ear bowling over the hill at top speed. Twenty minutes later, Conger helped her seamper through the maple grove.

"Bravo, Madam Gainer!" he eried, holding her hand again. "Remember, if you ever want another drive—ever want to feel a trifle wieked—call me up, as you used to call us up when you wanted to come play at Roselawn."

"Thank you, Tom," she answered with assumed patronage. "It's very deeent of you."

As she entered the house she felt exhilarated, stimulated, almost as though she had aehieved something quite remarkable.

Coming into the hall, thc odor of roasting meat brought her to her gastronomic senses.

"HELLO, mother bug!" she said sweetly, poking her pretty head in the kitehen door. "How red your nose is! Been working all afternoon I suppose. Any telephones for me? I'll ehange my dress and be right down. Jim won't be home until nine, so I'll keep his dinner in the warming-oven."

"How was Judith?"

"Tired out. Oh, that mother of hers!"

"Zoe was here all afternoon. I eouldn't

Continued on page 45

The footwear that American women have wished for

A wide variety of models in trim, stylish shoes—so reasonable you can afford a pair for practically every gown

THE shoes you have been waiting for. Fashionable footwear with all the newest lines, in the season's most popular fabric.

Models that are just right for every kind of wear—that are appropriate with practically every gown—and so inexpensive you can afford as many as you need.

Keds are made of finely woven canvas. The shapes are always right. The models are planned by expert designers who are well in touch with style tendencies for the coming season. There are shoes with half Louis heels, with military heels, with flat heels, and outing shoes with no heels at all. They fit snugly but are so flexible and light that they are most comfortable even in hot weather. The sport shoes are ideal for any kind of exercise—allowing the foot full freedom with just the right support.

This year the new models in Keds include shoes that are made just like leather shoes—welt construction soles, firmly boxed toes and the reinforcements that give the shoe body. It means a more formal, dignified shoe—a shoe that has the style of the most expensive leather shoes.

There are numerous pumps and oxfords and high shoes—suitable for street costume or the fluffiest of your frocks. There are very smart sport shoes—both high and low—trig enough for the dressiest tea at the Country Club. And then there are the heel-less tennis shoes, always so satisfactory for knock-about wear. Many women have found them wonderfully comfortable for house shoes. There are also shoes for men and boys for sport wear and for every day.

The children's Keds are made on the wide lasts that allow proper foot freedom. They are light and cool and give just the right protection for little feet.

Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. All the resources and experience of this company have been used in perfecting a line of stylish, practical shoes for all the family.

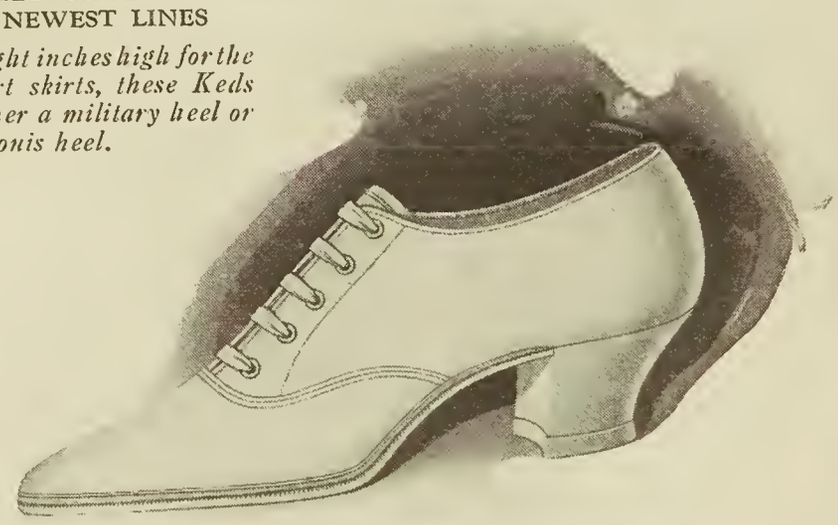
You will find Keds at every good shoe dealer's. Ask to see the various models. Notice how wonderfully light and comfortable they are—how trim your foot appears. Look at the models for the rest of the family. The name Keds is always a safeguard—on the sole of the shoe.

For men and women, $1.50 to $6.00
For children 1.15 to 4.50



A STREET SHOE WITH THE NEWEST LINES

A full eight inches high for the new short skirts, these Keds have either a military heel or a half-Louis heel.

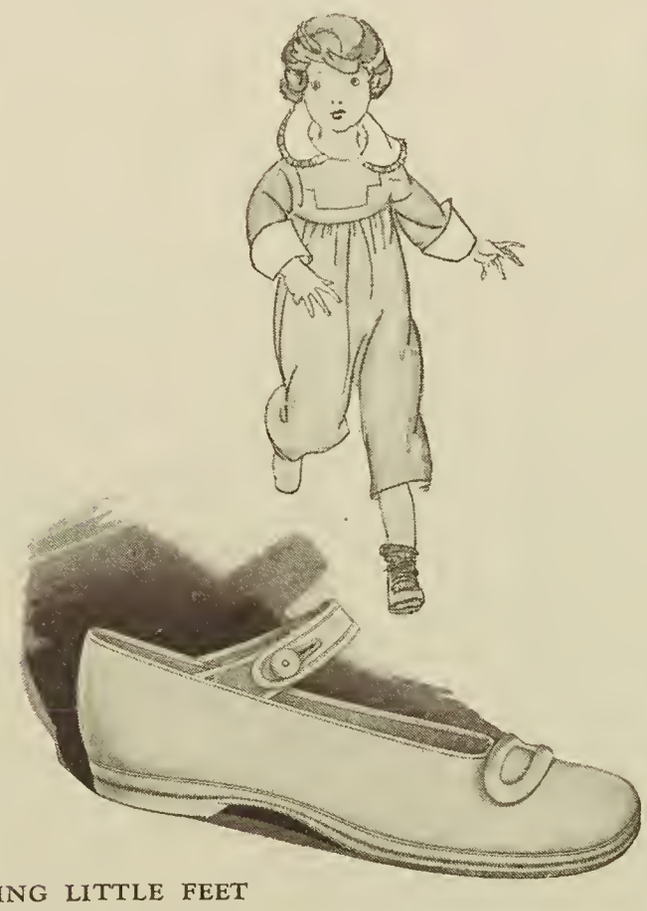


TO WEAR WITH THE FLUFFIEST FROCK

A trig little oxford with either a French or a military heel—graceful vamp—slender lines. These Keds have welt construction soles and firm inner supports.

United States Rubber Company

Keds



FOR TWINKLING LITTLE FEET

Either in all white or in brown with smooth rubber sole to match. A full width model for growing feet. May be had with a welt construction sole. A similar Keds model has a corrugated sole and pump bow. In women's and misses' sizes also.



THE MOST POPULAR SPORT SHOES THE COUNTRY OVER

These shoes are being worn at all the fashionable resorts. Snugly fitting ankle, light and springy.



Oh! it's the magic Figure 8

NO wonder they are all crowding around! They all know that it's the magic figure 8 that makes the 1900 Cataract Electric Washer the *perfect* washing machine.

The figure 8 means that the hot sudsy water is forced through the clothes in a figure 8 motion and *four times* as often as in the ordinary washer.

Then there's the planished copper tub—not a part in it to rub and wear the clothes, pull off buttons, or tear out button-holes! And when you've finished the wash, there are no heavy cylinders to lift out and clean.

The wringer also works electrically and is movable. You can swing it from washer to rinse water, to blue water, to clothes basket without moving or shifting the washer.

The 1900 works quickly too and costs less than 2c an hour to operate. And it washes a whole tubful of clothes spotless and clean in 8 to 10 minutes.

Our Special Trial Offer

You may prove to yourself that the 1900 is the perfect washing machine. There is a 1900 dealer near you who will gladly demonstrate a 1900 Cataract Washer right in your own home. Then if you wish you may start paying for it on terms to suit your convenience. Remember, we also have washing machines operated by hand and water power.

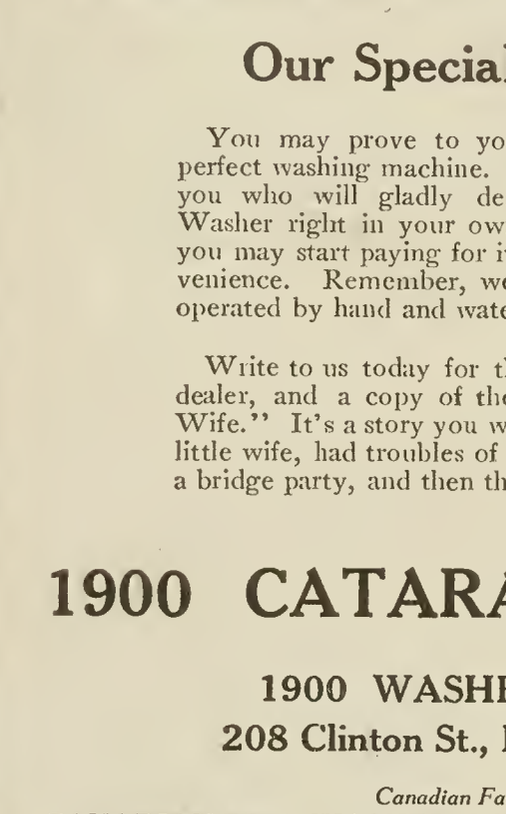
Write to us today for the name of the nearest 1900 dealer, and a copy of the book, "George Brinton's Wife." It's a story you will enjoy. Molly, his pretty little wife, had troubles of her own until she interrupted a bridge party, and then things began to happen.

1900 CATARACT WASHER

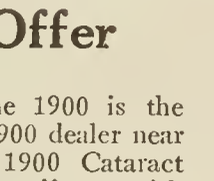
1900 WASHER COMPANY
208 Clinton St., Binghamton, N. Y.

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Comes in 8 and 12 sheet sizes.



Just connect it with the electric light and off it starts.



The water swirls through the tub in a figure 8 movement—four times as often as in the ordinary washer.

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Please send me the name of the nearest 1900 dealer, and a copy of the story, "George Brinton's Wife."



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Continued from page 5

AMY UP A TREE

"I thought 'twas Virginia," he answered; and then, of course, she vowed Ernest Bloom was an old bore, and she'd grown weary of everybody to Staverton and wanted to be off and away.

"You know very well they be all dust compared to you, Reuben," she told him; "and the more I see of men, the surer I grow you're the only one for me."

"I'm hearing things," answered Reuben. He sat agape with a bit of pastry half-way to his mouth.

"AND you've got to hear more yet," she went on. "I'm frightened of Geoffrey Staines—such an obstinate chap as he is—and I'm frightened of Mr. Bloom, too. I want, before everything in the world, to clear out—just you and me. I don't want no fuss and no hard words from Geof. And I don't want bitter hours with my mother neither, but if you'll go to Canada and marry me first, on the quiet, I'll go with you; and some day perhaps, if I don't sell it when mother dies, we'll come home along in time to end our old age at Bank Side."

Well, he was young and full of hope and trust and he loved the girl too well for his peace. And as she was minded for Canada also, which was his desire, he didn't argue much about that. He wanted to face the music, however, same as Geoffrey Staines had done, and saw no reason whatever why they should fly in secret when they could walk off in triumph. But she was firm there.

"No," she said; "I can't face all the business of a wedding, and my relations, and Geof's sour looks and Ernest Bloom's trouble. You've got to pick me up one night in the orchard and row me away. I'm set on it. I'm a very romantical girl and that's my dream, and I hope you won't cross me, Reuben."

Well, 'twasn't his game to cross her and, of course, he said it should be as she willed. He'd give notice to the Great Western Railway and look into the state-aided passages to Canada and have all shipshape inside a few weeks. And then he'd slip off along with her according as she pleased. "Though as my face be known on the railway from Newton Abbot to Plymouth, I don't see how we can make ourselves scarce without somebody telling on us," said Halfyard.

"THAT'S no odds so long as we're once away," declared Amy. "We'll go to London and be married quick as we can, and then we'll sail to Canada together."

He saw plenty of objections, but felt 'twas no use naming them since she was set on this silliness. And from that day he set to work, keeping dumb as a mouse about it, till he'd got passages for himself and his wife and a date for sailing six weeks hence.

When she had the date out of him, and the night he was to bring a boat to the orchard bank for her, she named the same night and time to Geof. Then she sat down and properly hugged herself to think what them men would do when they met at one o'clock in the morning on the river under the apple-tree. Never a pang touched the giglet wench.

She delighted in her wickedness and her only care was how she'd see the meeting herself and hear what came of it between 'em. And meantime she told Geoffrey that she was going to be terrible friendly with Ernest Bloom, so as to throw people off the scent; and she told Reuben Halfyard the same.

And so she was; and before the appointed night she had accepted Bloom on the quiet, but made him promise not to let out their engagement to a soul until she gave the word.

TO PLAN such a piece of downright, bad-hearted folly shows what the girl was. Be blamed if you know what to call her exactly. To do such a thing didn't seem human altogether, for in the first place, it took no account of the feelings of the two honorable men, and in the second, it showed a power of getting pleasure out of the misfortunes of other people which might be called properly devilish. Yet that's too hard a word perhaps. Parson said, later, on, that Amy Bassett had got no heart; and perhaps that was the most charitable way to view her. Though that's to give her no blame at all, for if you haven't got a heart, it ain't your fault. Blamed, however, she must be by all proper thinking men and women; for heart or no heart she'd got a head-piece and wits in it, and that she was doing a very outrageous and ondacent thing she couldn't fail to know.

'Twas an impish thought at best to bring them men together under the apple-trees on the river's bank by night; but that's the amusing picture she kept in her mind's eye no doubt, though she forgot all about their toil and labor before the great moment and what they'd done for love of her, and what they meant to do.

AT ANY rate they carried it through to the letter, and on a night full of bright moonshine each deluded creature, having made all things ready and plotted and planned the work ahead, set out on the stream for his great adventure. Reuben Halfyard borrowed a boat from down river and came up to the tryst through Staverton Bridge, where it flung its many arches across the water; while as for Geoffrey Staines, he'd got his own boat, and he dropped down from Aller Mead with his new portmanteau in the bow of the skiff. He reached the landing first and he'd made fast and looked about and seen nothing of Amy, so he'd lit his pipe and sat down in the stern of the boat to wait for her. He was hid in black shadows and sitting silent as a mouse, when there came a very unexpected sound and instead of Amy's footfall on the bank, Geof heard an oar on the river. And nothing could have surprised him more than that, for 'twas after one in the morning and all peaceful as the grave. But, peering out he saw a boat clear the bridge; and in two minutes the solitary man rowing it eased off and came quietly nosing into the bank a few yards below the spot where Geoffrey was moored. And then 'twas Reuben's turn to be surprised, for of all strange things he suddenly smelled tobacco on the pure air of night and knew 'twas a pipe of shag somewhere close to his nose. And Amy, whatever else she could do, had not been known to smoke a pipe.

So they met each other, and as Reuben's boat stole in and he shipped his paddles, he heard t'other's voice and found himself alongside the farmer.

"What in thunder be you doing here?" cried Geoffrey, and Halfyard very near fell out of his boat in amaze to hear his rival's voice.

"'Tis for me to ax that question," he said, steadying himself. "My place is here to-night, and only mine, and if you've got our secret by some hidden trick, Geoffrey, I hope you'll be a sportsman and clear out of this before she comes."

"The devil you do!" cried Staines. "'Tis for you to clear out I should judge. You'm doing a very hateful thing trading on your knowledge to-night, Reuben Halfyard. And well you know it. And how you got the secret I'd like to hear another time; but not now. And if you're a decent man, as I always thought you to be, I order you to take your hook and get away and not let her see you here."

"YOU do amaze me," answered t'other. "'Tis for you to be gone surely, and for you to be properly 'shamed of yourself that you could thrust in here to-night. If you knew I was coming, you knew why I was coming; and you knew 'twas no place for you."

Geof kept silent a moment, turning it over. Then he spoke.

"This beats me," he said. "Walk out on the bank please, and listen to what I've got to say. I didn't know you was coming and I didn't dream you knew I was coming."

They got out of their boats and stood under the apple-trees in the moonlight staring at each other.

Reuben was the hot one, but Staines felt too puzzled to be angry yet, though he got so pretty quick.

"You must have knowed I was coming," he began, "else why did you come? I'm here about private business and you've done a terrible dirty thing to poke your nose in, and well you know it. The girl decided for me and willed I should take her out of this place by water to-night, and not bring her back till we was wedded. And that's nobody's business but ours, and if you was commonly decent, you'd understand as much. 'Tis a shameful thing you being here at all and I should like to know why you be?"

"I can tell you," answered Reuben. "I'm here because I was bidden to come, and I'm just as much ashamed to see you here as you are to see me. 'Tis me that Amy Bassett have chosen. I'm the man; and to show you that's true and that you're mad, I may say we go to Canada in a fortnight and I've thrown up my work on the G. W. R. She wanted it to be a surprise for the people; and I humored her in that matter; and she was set on making a run for it to-night and——"

"STOP!" shouted Geoffrey. "I'll hear no more of this. What would you make of her? If this was true and— But it ain't true. No woman in her senses would do a thing like this. 'Tis you be mad—not me. She's mine and she always meant to be mine."

They stared each at the other, and there's no doubt a natural feeling rose in Geoffrey Staines to fly at Reuben; but Halfyard had good reasoning powers, fortunately for them both, and he was grown deadly calm by now, and whatever Amy Bassett may have hoped would have happened, nothing in the way of a fight followed their amazing meeting. Geoffrey had gone so far as to clench his fists, however, and a word from Reuben might have had 'em at each other's throats. But he didn't speak it. His mind was more occupied with the faithless girl than the angry man afore him.

"Where be she now?" he asked. "I was to meet her here at half after one o'clock. And what time was you to meet her?"

"Half after one," answered Geoffrey, like a death-bell tolling.

"I'M AFRAID she ain't coming, however. And that being so, it wouldn't do no great use me and you fighting," said Reuben Halfyard. "You want to hammer me," he continued, "and 'tis a very natural wish on your part; but we're up against a very cruel, shocking thing, so far as I can see, and it won't better it to beat each other. For she told me to meet her here to-night and fetch her away; and she told you the same. She's had her fun seemingly, and we needn't add to it by showing ourselves to her to-morrow with black eyes."

Staines was looking at the moon; and then suddenly he done a very unexpected thing and clutched Reuben by the shoulder.

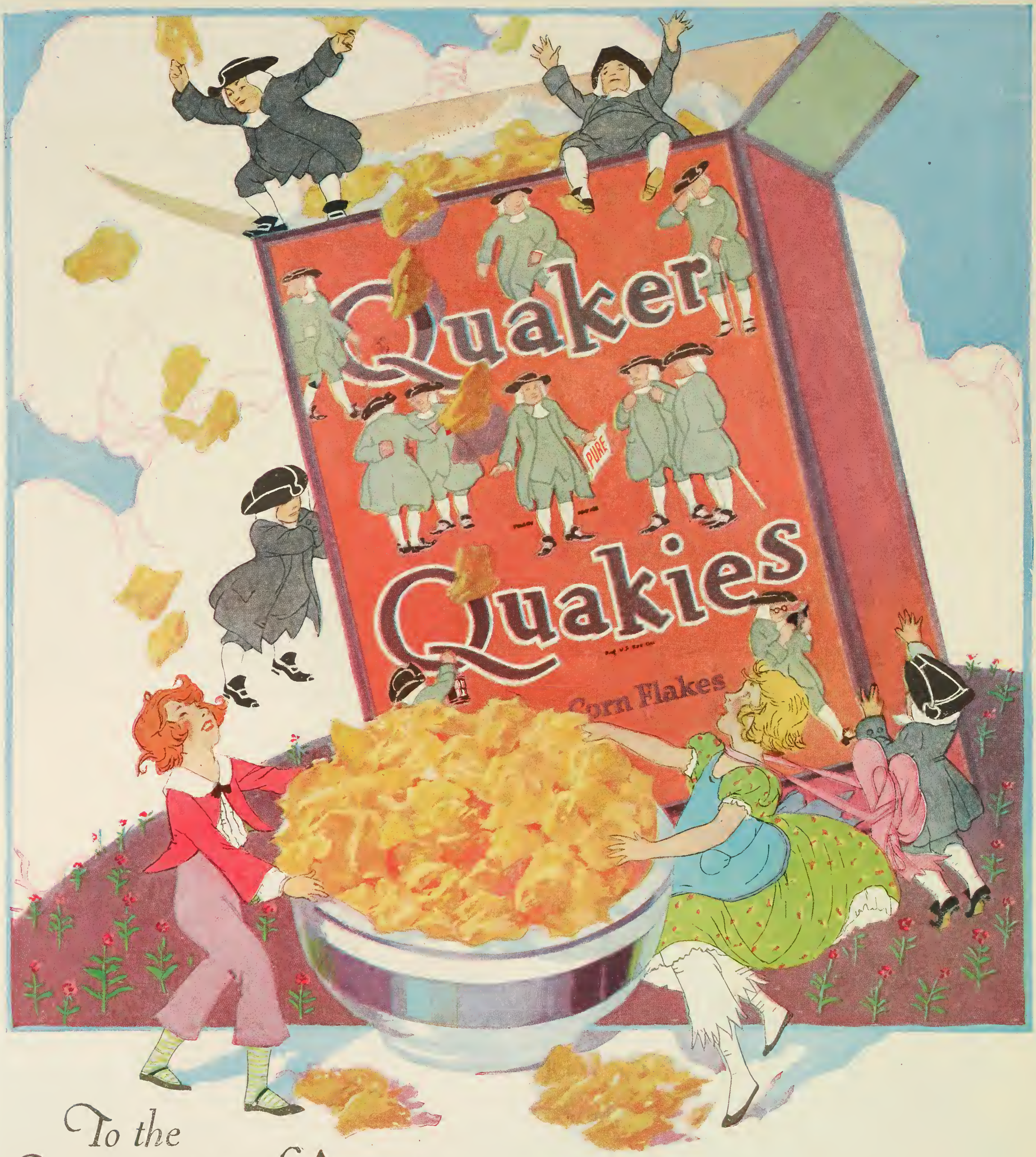
"She's here!" he said.

"Not she—nor the ghost of she," answered Halfyard; but he was wrong. Staring full of horror at his fate, Geof had catched sight of something whiter than the moonlight in an apple-tree not fifty yards up the orchard. In fact the moon had given Amy away, and he'd seen a bit of her shift flash under a dark wrap. She was having the night of her life no doubt and watching them from her hidden perch with glee; but she didn't know Geof had spotted her and, but for the telltale white, he wouldn't have done so.

THEN Staines made Reuben look, and Amy saw him pointing and was just going to jump and make a bolt of it; but she hadn't got time. The men ran and the game was up for her. So she stopped where she was, reckoning that was the safest place. And they soon stood underneath.

"Be that you, Amy Bassett?" axed Halfyard very civil.

Concluded on page 45



To the
CHILDREN *of* AMERICA:

From the Land of Long Ago we bring you Quaker Quakies — Good Spirits of the Corn

Dear boys and girls:—Now the Quaker Oats Co. brings just for you a breakfast of splendid romance!

You know, what grown-ups sometimes forget, that everywhere about us live Good Spirits, Elves, and Pixies.

Long, long ago when the Quakers first came to America the cruel winter came upon them and caught them without food.

Then the Indians, whom the Quakers had befriended, brought them corn to stay their hunger. And this is the story the Indians told the Quakers when they taught them why the corn was good.

In the corn, the Indians said, the Great Spirit had caused to dwell the Three Good Spirits of Beautiful Youth—the Spirit of Strength, the Spirit of Courage, and the Spirit of Truth.

And into him who ate the corn entered these Three Good Spirits, and he became strong and brave and true.

Now we bring them to you

Now we have caught for you these Three Spirits of Beautiful Youth—caught them in fairy flakes of corn.

We have named them Quaker Quakies.

The warm spring rains have sweetened them as they do the maple tree; the summer suns have colored them a golden brown; and the autumn winds have crisped them to a new deliciousness.

Around the corner, at your grocer's, these Three Good Spirits dwell, in a fairy box of this new kind of corn flakes like the one shown in the picture.

And when mother fills your bowl with Quaker Quakies tomorrow morning you, too, like the little Quaker and Indian boys and girls, can become strong and brave and true from these Three Good Spirits of Beautiful Youth. The Quaker Oats Company, 1256 Railway Exchange Building, Chicago, U. S. A.

The Quaker Oats Company



Two-Fold Happiness for her New Home

BlueBird is one of those rare gifts that is valued not only for what it does but also for what it permits one to do. Because it washes with almost unbelievable thoroughness and speed, even a heavy washing can be on the line by nine.

But the happiness it brings does not consist only of doing away with the drudgery of wash day. It adds daily to the joy of living, because the home with a Blue Bird can use its fine fabrics constantly.

For the BlueBird way of washing makes clothes last many times longer than when they are washed on a rub board.

The leading dealer in your locality sells BlueBird. He will be glad to show you why BlueBird washes so thoroughly that it cleans even heavy blankets in fifteen minutes, and so wearlessly that even a veil can be washed in it without a thread being harmed.

BlueBird can be bought any where by making an initial payment of a few dollars, arranging to pay the rest in convenient monthly sums.

***See* these BlueBird Superiorities:**

Handsome white enamel cabinet with gray tabletop; all mechanism protected.

Heavy copper, extra large tub, can't discolor clothes. Inside smooth as a wash boiler, nothing to tear or wear things.

Washes by perfect rock-a-bye action; quickest, most thorough way

Built for a life-time of service; extra strong, rigid frame; simple dependable mechanism.

Large power-driver wringer, swings to any position, adjusts automatically for light or heavy things.

Highest grade guaranteed motor—powerful, dependable.

BlueBird Appliance Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.
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BlueBird

ELECTRIC CLOTHES WASHER

Concluded from page 42

AMY UP A TREE

"And what if it is?" she answered back.

"Only that you be the one out of luck tonight, not us," he replied. "You've done a terrible wicked thing by all accounts, and played with two decent men and thought, no doubt, that naught mattered so long as you had your bit of fateful fun. And so you have. And here we are, you see—both come at your command. And now, perhaps, you'll tell us what you be going to do about it."

He was very calm and collected. His voice had grown hard, for he hated her like hell then, and she knew it well enough.

SHE tried to bluff, and peeped down at 'em from the apple-tree like a naughty pixey. And lovely she looked, as Geoffrey admitted afterward; but he turned against all pretty women from that night, and so did Reuben.

"You deserve it, both of you," declared the daring she. "If you hadn't been blind, you'd both have seen I was only larking. I'm tokened to Ernest Bloom, and as neither of you had sense to see it, and would keep on at me, I thought you both deserved——"

"That'll do," thundered out Staines. "You lewd, little, God-forgotten wretch! What do you know about what a man deserves? We didn't deserve you, anyway, and we've escaped the terror that flieth by night and saved our souls alive, thank the Lord. You'm no better than a witch, and I dare say if us was to get a broomstick, you'd fly away on it. But you sha'n't fly to no other man; you sha'n't break the heart of no other human but your unfortunate mother, I promise you. You've not done for me and Reuben, as you thought to; but you've damn well done for yourself."

"I can look after myself all right, thank you, and always shall, and Mr. Bloom can look after me, if I can't," answered Amy. "And now, if you call yourselves men, you'd best to clear off—the pair of you. I don't want to spend the night up here."

"'Tis what we want now, not you," answered Geoffrey. "You've done your part and no doubt hoped to see me and this man break our heads for your pleasure, after you'd broke our hearts. But our hearts ban't broke, I promise you: they'm sound as nuts and hard as stone to you. We've had a proper, mereiful escape, and 'tis you will repent this work forevermore, not us. We'll go on our way rejoicing."

"Well, go on your way then," she said. "If you be hot, I'm cold, and don't want no more of your play-acting."

THEN Reuben spoke. He'd been deadly silent up to now, thinking what to do next. He had a tell aside with t'other man, and when Amy made to come down the tree, Reuben ordered her to stop where she was. She called 'em a brace of cowards then and began to get in a fright. For 'tis one thing to play wicked, thoughtless games on people, but quite another if you find they be going to hit back. And now Amy had to pay for her bit of mischief and Geoffrey told her the price.

"You can come down now," he said presently. "You've made a rare example of me and Reuben Halfyard, and no doubt you will have a grand time seeing your friends laugh at us to-morrow; but you ean't have anything for nothing in this beast of a world, because that happens to be a law of nature. You thought you was going to have all the fun of the fair up your apple-tree, while we hammered each other and made the fur fly; but fools though we are, we ain't such big fools as that.

"Reuben holds his way and will go to Canada; and I shall get home, a wiser man; and you be going to spend the rest of the night anchored in midstream in my boat. And when they find you, you can tell 'em all about it, and Ernest Bloom also. No doubt, 'twill interest him more than anybody. So come down, if you please."

She protested and called 'em all the names she could lay her tongue to, and she told 'em she was only in her nightgown with a cloak thrown over it and would catch her death; but they was quite calm and resolute, and Reuben said if she didn't catch more than her death, she'd be a lueky woman. And he added that if she didn't come down, he'd climb up and fetch her. So down she came, and in five minutes they had her in Geoffrey's boat, with her hands tied behind her back, and her feet roped together, and her body made fast to the seat of the boat aft.

They didn't hurt her, but they made it impossible for her to move, and they anchored her in Geoffrey's boat fifty yards up-stream from Staverton Bridge, where the world could find her when it woke up. Then they went off in t'other boat and left her without more words. She heard the screech-owls in the great woods and the splash of the salmon going up-stream, and she saw the moon set and day dawn in fulness of time. And for company she had her thoughts.

ALMOST the first letter that Reuben Halfyard got from home, when he reached Canada, was one from Geoffrey Staines; and this is a bit took from it:

"Old Sam Thorne going to his work over the bridge was the first to find her half after five o'clock; and he raised the alarm, and in half an hour or so Policeman Atkins put out and fetched her ashore. By that time a fair rally of neighbors was on the bridge and the bank, and Atkins wanted for a full and particular account from Amy and thought his fortune might be made over the case.

"But, much to his surprise, she refused to tell him a word; and to this day she wouldn't have let out about her adventure if it hadn't 'a' been for Ernest Bloom. As the man who had promised to marry her, he insisted on getting the facts—not that he ever got 'em from her. She told him a yarn, of course, and he came to me to knock my head off. In truth he went so far as to say he was going to have me up before the justices and get me five years in clink, if it took him all his fortune.

"But being a reasonable creature, with his wits sharpened in the United States, he listened to my tale in patience and heard the naked truth. And he be going back to Virginia next week, so he tells me; but not with Amy Bassett.

"And now the facts be pretty well advertised and, so far, I haven't met man or woman that much blames me, or you either.

"SHE wants for her mother to sell Bank Side and get out of Staverton and go far ways off, where her sins ban't known; and no doubt it will happen. In fact I've made the old woman an offer myself. But that terror of a girl can't change her nature no more than a stoat its smell; and go where she may, she'll work ruin among the males. As for me, I've got my eye on Nancy Ford, whose vartues be inside, not out; and I hope as you'll find yourself suited afore long. But don't, for Lord's love, take a pretty one. The only place for pretty women be in pictures on walls, where they can't do no harm."

Continued from page 40

CARELESS DAUGHTERS

coax her to stay until you came, but you must have met her—she just left."

Bess recalled the woman who was strolling through the maple grove. It might have been Zoe. Zoe might have seen Tom Conger and Bess! A most uncomfortable feeling assailed her. She liked Zoe. She had been taught both to dislike and distrust Tom Conger. Still, she was a married woman who was beyond parental commands. Yet all the time she ate the parental dinner and wore the parental-paid-for-clothes, and even when Jim returned from his parental-in-law job, Bess was secretly worried.

AS BESS faced Jim over his delayed dinner, she was unusually meek and tender. Jim was dear; there never was any one quite so nice. Perhaps she ought not to have ridden with Tom. It must have been October sunset witchery. She could write Zoe and hint of the incident, and she would soon enough be able to tell from the answer whether or not Zoe knew what had happened. Not for worlds would she hurt Zoe—although, goodness knows, Zoe was quite as reckless as any one could be.

That same night Bess wrote on one of her best monogrammed correspondence-cards:

DEAR ZOE

Did I pass you at dusk last night? Mother says I must have met you. Why didn't you stay? I'm coming to spend the afternoon with you next week, if you'll invite me.

I am writing instead of phoning, because I want to show you what sweet stationery Jim brought me last week. BESS.

During the interim of Zoe's receiving the note and answering it, there came an unexpected little scene between Kent Harlow and his wife. Mrs. Shadworth was mercifully asleep and unconscious of its occurrence. All that it amounted to in mere words was Kent's returning at ten o'clock to find Judith in tears.

"Now what's wrong?" he asked dully, stooping to kiss her.

"You're so late," she retorted, not meaning what she said. "Why do you stay away from your own home?"

"I stay away to do my work—you don't suppose eating in a lunch-room down-town equals eating with you, do you? Why won't you meet me at a hotel for dinner as I ask you to?"

"You know very well I couldn't leave my mother. You knew it when you were asking me," Judith sat up in bed, her hands clutching at the coverlet in her exeitement. "Mother is really weaker and I can't help being worried."

"Why take it out on me?"

"What are you talking about? Your place is at home. You knew my mother's condition when we married."

"I don't pretend to know her condition. I only know dying sometimes takes a devil of a long time." He left the room abruptly.

Later he returned, penitent, yet feeling he ought not to be the one to apologize. And when he held Judith in his arms and heard her incoherent attempts at explanation, he knew she was not the guilty person either.

WHEN Zoe read Bess's guilty note, her eyes became shining, dangerous slits. Zoe had not slept that night, She had paced her apartment. battling with herself to be big enough to face the truth, which must be the keystone of any satisfactory future. Over and over she relived that tense, angry moment of seeing Bess step from Tom Conger's car and hearing their good-bys, while she, unobserved, walked past in the twilight. It was petty, almost ridiculous, beneath the notice of a mentality such as Zoe's. But Zoe was not willing to regard it in this light. She felt she owed Bess both revenge and protection. The pretty flirt in her egged her on to revenge, the maternal in her told her to warn this careless little person. The result of the conflicting emotions was a note on an intriguing pink card which said:

DEAR BESS

Yes, do come to spend the afternoon. May I suggest a safe rule? Never play with fire unless you have asbestos scenery. ZOE.

Continued in the July-August DELINEATOR



You and yours

Should brush teeth in this new way

All statements approved by high dental authorities

Millions of teeth are now cleaned in a new way. You see them everywhere—glistening teeth.

They are pretty teeth, but there's a deeper reason for them. They are safer, cleaner. The cloudy and destructive film is every day combated.

You will use this method and have your family use it when you make this ten-day test.

To end the film

The purpose is to fight film—that viscous film you feel. It is the teeth's chief enemy.

It is that film-coat which discolors. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

The film is clinging. It enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it, so the tooth brush leaves much of it intact.

It dims the teeth, and month after month, between dental cleanings, it may do a ceaseless damage. That is why tooth troubles come despite the daily brushing.

What dentists urge

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat film. Authorities have amply proved it by many careful tests.

It is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a scientific tooth paste. And leading dentists everywhere are urging its daily use.

Sent to anyone who asks

A 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent is sent to anyone who asks, and millions have thus proved it. Every person owes himself that test.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

But pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So this method long seemed barred. Now science has discovered a harmless activating method, and active pepsin can be every day applied.

Two other problems have been solved in Pepsodent. In three ways this tooth paste brings a new era in teeth cleaning.

Watch the results of a ten-day test. Read the reason for them, then judge for yourself what is best.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, combined with two other newly recognized essentials. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by druggists in large tubes.

Ten-day tube free 388

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 449, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

Name_____

Address_____

Only one tube to a family.

Watch them whiten

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how they whiten as the film coat disappears. Cut out the coupon now.



Of Course I have Time to go! The Apex has done My Cleaning

"My cleaning is all done; it only takes a minute now with my Apex. It used to take me an hour, and the Apex cleans so much easier and better than I ever could before. Stop for me on your way out. I'll be all ready to go."

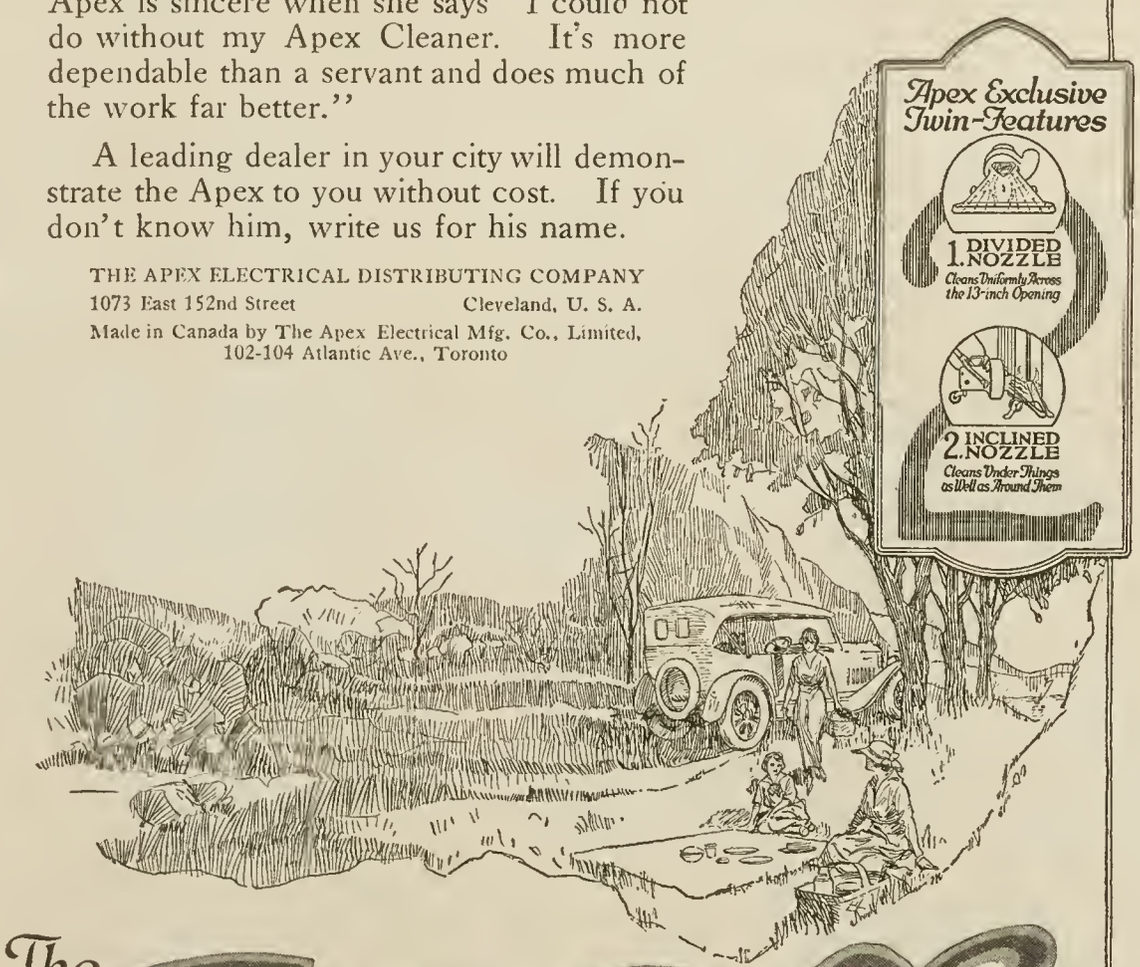
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The Apex
ELECTRIC SUCTION CLEANER

Continued from page 11

A STORY NOT WITHOUT WORDS

she came in for concentrated attention. And Sara was, of all the visiting girls who had from time to time honored Gainesville with their flights, by far the most effective.

That first dance, with its elaborate decorations, its almost artificially beautiful moon, its jazz band from the hotel and its supper from the same distinguished source, set the seal of Gainesville's emphatic approval upon Sara. A jeweled order to be worn upon the breast might have ratified, it could not have made clearer, Sara's success. When "Home, Sweet Home" was played, at three in the morning, she had engagements for a week ahead in the matter of dinners and motor-rides and dances. And just here it may be stated that one of the dances was Larry's.

Which marked an epoch in Larry's life. He had taken no one but Nelly-Lou to dances since he was twenty and she seventeen.

HE DIDN'T quite know how he came to ask Sara, but Sara could have told him. He had taken her out upon one of the club-house verandas after a dance for a breath of air and a cigaret—the cigaret, a little to his astonishment, was shared with a delicious pretense of nicotin starvation by Sara herself—and the conversation had turned, naturally enough, upon dancing.

Sara, slim and really uncommonly lovely in pale tulle and silver lace, with the orchids in her lap, had looked up at him from under heavy lashes—they sat side by side upon a wide dark swing, but Larry was leaning over, she delicately withdrawn—and Sara had said:

"It isn't dancing—with you—it's like flying. I never knew a man who danced like that before. It's perfect. Just the music and the lights—and—and drifting through the air. You know, I almost forgot you were there. I felt like a butterfly myself——"

"YOU may feel as much like a butterfly as you want," said Larry coolly; "you look rather like one, I'll admit—but you don't want to forget that I'm here."

"I remembered, before we stopped," murmured Sara with a soft little laugh.

"Poor little fingers!" said Larry boldly. "Did I hurt 'em?" He picked up Sara's hand and kissed it with a delightful air of gallantry. Now one of those things which a girl from the North is always slow of learning is this: that when a man from the South kisses the hand of a pretty woman, he means by it—approximately nothing.

So Sara, feeling that she had gained a certain amount of ground in the age-old and ever-delightful game of fox-and-geese, heaved a prettily careless sigh and asked:

"Do you dance a great deal?"

"Probably shall while you're here," said Larry.

"There are one or two dances next week, I know—Julia said so."

"I suppose," said Larry, thinking lazily to himself that Miss Stanton was really rather a beautiful person, and that it was going to be no trouble at all to dance with her at various places, "I suppose you're engaged weeks ahead for all these parties?"

"Oh, not weeks!" sighed Sara. "Please don't laugh at me!"

"LORD, child—I'm not laughing!" said Larry warmly. He thought to himself that she was really rather clever as well, and that a man might easily find a good deal of harmless pleasure in her society.

"For instance," pursued Sara, with a touch of contralto wistfulness, "there's the Merriwell party next Tuesday night—their dinner-dance, you know——"

"Aren't you engaged for that?"

"Oh, I dare say I shall be. Some one will ask me."

"If some one does, will you tell him you're going with me?" Larry suggested pleasantly. He had a voice that women mostly liked: deep and slow, with—sometimes—almost caressing inflections.

Sara lifted wide, dark eyes and smiled at him over her bunch of orchids.

"I'm so glad you asked me," she said happily. "Do you know, I shall be looking forward to that party all week. You'll have to dance with me very often—if I go with you—won't you?"

It was playing the game rather more frankly than Gainesville girls were accustomed to do, but Larry found something refreshing in the absence of conventional reticences.

"If you leave it to me," he assured her smilingly, "I'll be the only man in town that night."

Sara rose, the music was beginning again, and slid her slender white fingers into his.

"You don't think I'm queer and horrid, do you?" she said pleadingly. "I can never learn to hide what I feel—like other girls."

"I think you're wonderful," said Larry. He held the white fingers as long as they deserved, and perhaps a little longer. "It's odd to find a woman who isn't afraid to say what she's thinking. I rather like it myself."

HE TOLD Nelly-Lou on the way home that he thought Miss Stanton was an unusually attractive girl.

"I think you'd like her, Nelly-Lou," said Larry.

Nelly-Lou had, even at that early day, a very well-defined notion that she was not going to like Miss Stanton uncontrollably; but being a quiet little person with a rare gift of silence, she merely curled down closer in the low seat of Larry's roadster and said nothing at all.

"I'm going to take her to the Merriwells' dinner-dance on Tuesday," Larry continued. He knew as soon as he said it that the announcement was as good as a knife-thrust in Nelly-Lou's white flesh. He almost felt her wince away from him. It was an unexpectedly unpleasant moment for Larry. After all, there was an "understanding."

"How are you going, Nelly-Lou?" he blundered on. "Why couldn't we all go together?"

"JIMMY WYTHE asked me to-night," said Nelly-Lou in a small, clear voice; and now, unmistakably, she drew a little away from Larry to her own side of the car. "Thanks, Larry—I'm lunching at the club that day and getting home late. I'd rather not feel that Jimmy and I might keep you all waiting." She did not say that when Jimmy had asked her to go to the Merriwells' dinner-dance with him, she had refused, as she always refused—every one but Larry.

She knew she would have to whistle Jimmy back again, but she did not trouble herself about that—women never do about the men who can be whistled back.

She only drew a long breath and added:

"Apparently that's going to be a very nice party. Miss Stanton dances well, doesn't she?"

"NOT any better than you do," said Larry bluntly, turning into the Johnstons' long, dimly shining driveway, edged either side with bearded live-oaks, which whispered in the shadows like gossiping old men.

"Now, Larry!" said Nelly-Lou with a little laugh.

There had been a vague notion in Larry's head, when he dressed for the dance that night, that on the way home from it something might happen—words might get themselves said. He had had a half-vision of Nelly-Lou's proud little head against his shoulder—Nelly-Lou's warm little hand, clinging—even Nelly-Lou's lips—no! I don't think, to do Larry justice, he had even in fancy, touched Nelly-Lou's lips. It was just one of those dreams which trembled on the edge of reality, one of those evanescently beautiful dreams—and it began to look now as if a dream it might remain.

Because you can not ask a girl to marry you the moment after you have slighted her as Larry had tacitly slighted Nelly-Lou. And Larry knew it and was uncomfortably silent because of it. He had a right to ask Miss Stanton to go to a party with him. Of course he had a right.

He wasn't bound—he wasn't even engaged—it was just that he knew, and Nelly-Lou knew and, with the inevitable perspicacity of small towns, Gainesville as a whole knew. Take it any way you like, the situation was an awkward one. The more so, because Nelly-Lou, sweetly controlled, talked commonplaces and allowed no slightest hint of a demand for explanation to creep into her friendly attitude.

LARRY didn't want to be asked for an explanation, but he wanted, insistently, to offer one. Nelly-Lou didn't give him a chance.

She said good night at the big white door of her father's house,

"I've had a wonderful time, Larry," said Nelly-Lou. "Thank you so much." When he lingered uneasily, for it was not thus that their partings had been of late, and he wanted badly the feel of her shy little hand in his, she added with a certain amount of gentle significance; "It's really awfully late——"

And Larry went home.

That was the beginning of very definite unhappiness for Nelly-Lou and of a kind of intangible purgatory for Larry.

He went to the Merriwell party of course with Sara—she became Sara to him that night, in spite of his strongest resolutions—and Nelly-Lou went with Jimmy Wythe. As a result of which the entire town broke out at once in a sort of rash of gossip, not dangerous, like the measles, but just as unpleasant.

Girls said to each other: "My dear, did you see Larry Proudfit? Well, if men are as easy as *that!* Poor little Nelly-Lou, her eyes were simply pathetic!" Which Nelly-Lou knew, of course—nobody better—they might just as well have uttered every whispered word aloud in her hearing.

BUT she carried her head high, smiled all evening on Jimmy, who, by reason of unexpected favor, became very nearly fatuous and altogether unbearable; danced once or twice with Larry—he had naturally to do most of his dancing with Sara—and went home at last to cry herself to sleep.

Nelly-Lou had reason, at that, for her distress, because if there is exquisite ecstasy in the period directly preceding certainty, there is also room for heartache of the most virulent kind.

Perhaps his eyes have that adorable, lingering flame for every new girl he meets; perhaps his fingers tighten on many another's as they have stiflingly done on yours; perhaps you have horribly fooled yourself and he isn't yours—as you are not his, after all! Poor little Nelly-Lou, indeed! Hers were tears that left a scar.

But she shed them in private only.

So far as Gainesville was concerned, Nelly-Lou became, during Miss Stanton's visit, delightfully gay. She went to one tea after another, sat at one after another of the pretty luncheons which everybody was by way of giving for Julia's lovely guest, and wore an amazing number of new gowns in which she looked, as every one admitted, more than ordinarily sweet.

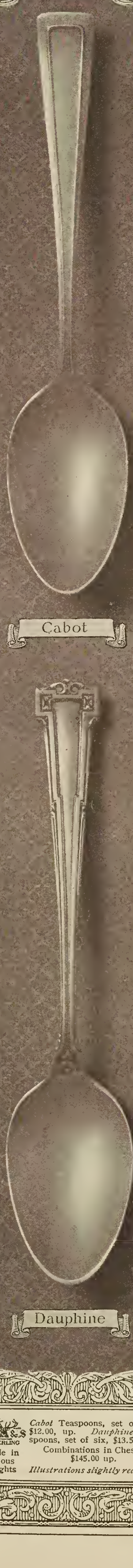
When people commented on Sara Stanton's triumphs, as comment they did, long and loud, Nelly-Lou smiled sweetly enough for all practical purposes, and murmured:

"Yes, she certainly is an attractive girl!"

More could not have been expected of any woman.

Continued on page 48

Sterling



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Dauphine

WALLACE
Silver
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On your table a pattern of silver that is correct in design and spirit—and that has not become so common as to lose its distinction. In your entertaining, an easy grace that comes of absolute assurance.

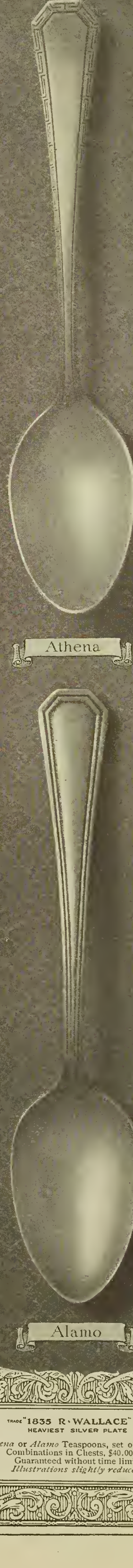
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The prize Italian recipe, made with ideal ingredients in a scientific way.



Van Camp's Peanut Butter

Made of blended nuts with every skin and every heart removed. A new delight.

Continued from page 46

A STORY NOT WITHOUT WORDS

As for Larry, Nelly-Lou still saw him several times a week, but the old *entente* was mysteriously shattered. He still called upon her, took her driving, telephoned her of a morning, danced with her at parties—but where before they had been thrillingly approaching the Garden of Eden—now they wandered in a trackless desert without a star overhead.

They talked endlessly, but said nothing. Their smiles went no deeper than each other's eyelashes. When they touched hands, it was a contact, chilly, and without that little ripple of flame which lovers know.

Larry couldn't have explained it. He would have said he was merely being ordinarily civil to Julia's guest.

So things just drifted with the current, until the day of Mrs. Proudfit's luncheon.

IT WAS odd in the first place, Mrs. Proudfit's entertaining for Sara Stanton, a so much older woman, and an ordinarily conservative one. People at once lifted wise eyebrows and began to sniff the air. There were those who almost expected an announcement. But of those Nelly-Lou was not one. She still kept a vestige of trust in Larry's sincerity, the merest fluttering wisp of a belief in what they had once believed together. It was that that helped her into her prettiest frock, pinned valley-lilies at her sash, and sent her forth that day in the shade of a drooping blue-plumed hat that would have made Du Barry herself look like a Greuze.

But not the frock, which was of the sheerest ivory lace and quite new, not the hat, not even the valley-lilies held Nelly-Lou erect as a little soldier when she saw her place-card next to Sara Stanton's. That was the fighting spirit of the Johnstons. All around the dainty table with its spotless old damask, its heavy repoussé candlesticks, its egg-shell china, its Venetian glass and the beautiful Proudfit silver which would some day belong to Larry's wife, an undercurrent of excitement ran, like a charged wire.

"She's put them next each other—Nelly-Lou and the Stanton girl—will there be an announcement or not? And which one? This is too much!"

Nelly-Lou knew what every one was thinking as if each pretty, curious mouth had babbled it aloud.

She sat down and unfolded her napkin, smiling a little, because her heart was pounding so, and looked straight into Miss Stanton's dreamy gaze.

"I ADORE peonies, don't you?" said Nelly-Lou. There was an old silver bowl of them in the center of the table.

Sara Stanton said she did and smiled back at Nelly-Lou. She wore flesh-color that day and a large black hat. She looked like a destroyer of masculine peace and she knew it. There was an enthralling insolence about her heavy-lidded eyes. In any case she knew as well as Nelly-Lou that people were talking about the juxtaposition, so she exerted herself to make it even more amusing.

She engaged Nelly-Lou in ardently eager conversation. They discussed subjects having mutual interest and subjects having none.

Sara neglected the woman upon her other side. Nelly-Lou perforce neglected the woman upon hers.

It was about the salad course, and between cheese-straws, that the two came down to conversational bed-rock, the only topic that they really had in common—which was Larry, of course.

"Charming person, isn't he? But difficult, rather. Don't you think so?" suggested Sara.

SHE made wide, meditative eyes at nothing in particular, while the tips of Nelly-Lou's fingers grew slowly cold. Nelly-Lou had never found Larry difficult. She murmured something now to that effect, something casual and disinterested.

"If he would only be friends with one—just friends!" sighed Sara. "But I'm afraid he's the sort of man that doesn't understand friendship—with a woman. He's got to be emotional or nothing. Don't you find him like that?"

"Larry and I have been friends ever since we were children," said Nelly-Lou with lovely dignity. She could not eat for waiting to hear more of Larry's unruly emotions.

"Then of course, he isn't—unmanageable—with you?"

"No," said Nelly-Lou.

"I have a feeling that he's clever, you know," said Sara, with an effective little gesture of profound regret; "that he could be deliciously amusing if he wanted to; even that he could be the most splendid pal—" she stopped to leave a slow trail of caressing wistfulness over the word—"but with me he won't be anything but absolutely stormy, my dear! You never heard such melodramatic nonsense as he talks. I can't keep him on—well, on safe ground—no matter how hard I try. Why, last night——"

"HOW amusing!" said Nelly-Lou, smiling with lips a little stiff. "What did he say last night?"

"He was really too absurd," mourned Sara. "He told me—after hours and hours of the most outrageous absurdities on his part—that I had ice-water in my veins instead of blood; just because I didn't—well, if one can't respond to that sort of thing, one can't, that's all. I'm not cold—none of the Stantons are cold. I had a great-aunt who had five duels fought over her, but I never pretend anything I don't feel. I simply will not pretend; sincerity is the biggest thing in the world, don't you think?"

Nelly-Lou, who had never drawn a deceptive breath in her little white life, nodded and smiled. That at the moment was her uttermost effort. She felt as if fingers of steel were closing round her heart, squeezing it dry.

"He said—" Sara hesitated modestly, with down-dropped lashes and lowered voice.

"Yes?" said Nelly-Lou.

"He said I might make a fool of him—but if I did—by gad, I'd pay the price. Can you imagine——"

"No, I can't." said Nelly-Lou.

"Isn't it too absurd?"

"Too absurd." said Nelly-Lou.

"Can you explain a man like that to me?" inquired Sara, with large, sweet, yearning eyes fixed on Nelly-Lou's smooth cheek. "You've known him all your life; why is it, that he's one man to you, for instance, and another to me? Of course, there's that thing of Browning's—you know what I mean."

"I don't believe I do," said Nelly-Lou.

Sara quoted in a soft, sorrowful undertone:

"'God be praised, the meanest of his creatures
boasts two soul-sides—
One to face the world with, one to show a
woman when he loves her——'

"I don't mean, of course—" said Sara, charmingly embarrassed.

But it was more than obvious what she meant—Browning and all.

Nelly-Lou finished her luncheon in a species of numb and painful bewilderment. Outwardly she made all the gestures, accomplished all the little well-bred noises of a young lady in the house of a friend—but her heart was, after a manner of speaking, in the Highlands; her heart was not there.

After luncheon she played bridge by the aid of some subconscious intelligence that carried on her game while she were inwardly elsewhere, inquiring heart-brokenly of a universe gone mad, why, if Larry were capable of such emotional pyrotechnics as Sara Stanton had repeated, why he had never performed them for her, Nelly-Lou?

MELODRAMA was not Nelly-Lou's *mitier*, but no woman cares to think that a man is saving his purple patches for other eyes; displaying for her enjoyment merely the washed-out pinks and blues of gentler moments.

"If Larry can talk like that, and feel like that," Nelly-Lou told herself grimly, "about anybody, when he has never talked like that and felt like that about *me*—then he isn't in love with me, that's all!"

She thought of Larry's laugh, his pleasant, friendly, every-day laugh, of the humorous glint in his gray eyes, of his easy, flippant way of putting even serious things lightly, lest he display his real feelings to the passer-by. "It doesn't sound like Larry," Nelly-Lou cried distractedly to herself. "It sounds cheap and stagy and silly. He isn't what I thought, if he could say all that to any girl—" then the distressful circle completed itself—"and if he could say it to any girl, and hasn't said it to me—why, he just doesn't care for *me*——"

IT WAS not, strictly speaking, the most auspicious time Larry could have chosen to try and set things right between himself and Nelly-Lou. Nevertheless, that night Larry called, and about nine o'clock, when the conversation had fallen for the third or fourth time into a bog-hole of unaccountable depth and humidity, Larry said abruptly and with a trace of shyness:

"Nelly-Lou, what's the matter?"

"Matter with what?" asked Nelly-Lou politely.

They were sitting, at the time, on the wide and shadowy veranda of the Johnston homestead; Nelly-Lou, at one end of a swinging seat with cushions, Larry at the other. Truth compels the admission that there had been a time when the ends of that swinging seat had been empty, the central territory occupied. That, however, was before the day of Sara Stanton. Upon this especial night the ends had it very definitely, and in spite of starshine sifting through the wild sweetness of a honeysuckle-vine in bloom, in spite of Nelly-Lou's rosy ruffles and a sleepy bird singing vague advice to lovers from a syringa bush on the lawn—in spite of and notwithstanding all this, the atmosphere was heavy with disenchantment.

"Matter with what?" repeated Nelly-Lou. No help from that quarter, obviously.

"MATTER with you and me," insisted Larry stubbornly. "Have I done anything to offend you, Nelly-Lou?"

"Mercy, no!" said Nelly-Lou. "Why should you think that?"

Why indeed!

"Because—we used to be pretty good friends, didn't we?"

In Nelly-Lou's ears a sweetly delibcrate voice echoed plaintively, "If he would only be friends with one—just friends!"

She said, plaiting her flounces carefully with fingers that were none too steady:

"Of course we were friends—aren't we still?"

"I'm darned if I know."

"If you don't, who does?"

"I thought you might, Nelly-Lou."

"Why should I know any more than you?"

"Well, it's more or less up to the girl, isn't it?"

AS IF anything in all this world that has to do with loving—one means, of course, with friendship—was ever up to the girl! Nelly-Lou curled her pretty lip over that time-worn piece of masculine self-deception. "Up to the girl"—who has to sit and wait till she's asked; who has to be silent till the man has

Continued on page 51

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Borden's MILK CHOCOLATE
Borden's PREPARED COFFEE

Continued from page 48

A STORY NOT WITHOUT WORDS

spoken; who has to tear her love (one means again, her friendship) into little bits, like an old letter, and throw it away, in case he never speaks!

"I didn't know there was any difference in our—friendship," said Nelly-Lou most untruthfully.

"It's all shot to pieces," said Larry bitterly, "and you know it." They sat a while in silence, with that between them.

He added at last: "And I thought—I was fool enough to hope——"

"Were you?" inquired Nelly-Lou in a curiously stifled little voice. "Well, everybody makes at least one mistake, Larry." She was all at once swept with a trembling passion of anger. She, gentle little Nelly-Lou, was trembling from head to foot with the outrageous desire to hurt him, to see him suffer as she had suffered only that afternoon before the revelation of his two soul-sides.

SHE hoped she was not going to tell him what Sara Stanton had said to her, but she knew in her heart that she was. "Nelly-Lou," she wailed to her secret self, "be a lady!" But the adjuration was useless, lost before the storm.

"How can you be so cold?" asked Larry reproachfully. It was an unfortunate choice of words.

"Perhaps I have ice-water in my veins, instead of blood," suggested Nelly-Lou, and laughed—an unpleasant little laugh.

"What are you talking about?"

"Don't you know?"

"I certainly don't."

"Want me to tell you, Larry?"

"I wish you would."

So she told him, chill with scorn, meantime, of his pretended ignorance—and she told it well. Sara's languid drawl reproduced itself with amazing realism there in the scented shadow of the honeysuckle-vine. "And, oh, Larry," finished Nelly-Lou, mockingly pathetic, "you can't think how hurt I was, to know that you could be so—thrilling. Really, it was as good as a play to hear her tell it—and that you had never done it for me. Didn't you like me enough, Larry—or—what?"

NELLY-LOU mocking, Nelly-Lou brazen, Nelly-Lou cold and hard, was a new Nelly-Lou altogether.

Larry sat quiet, extraordinarily quiet, knitting his fingers together and staring down at them.

"You aren't going to say you never said it?" Nelly-Lou implored him. "I was so excited, by the time she'd finished, to think I'd known you all these years and had never seen that side of you; but I suppose a man has his different sides, hasn't he? And, of course, he isn't apt to be poetic—and just a bit melodramatic, now, wasn't it, Larry?—over a girl he's grown up with—is he? There's such a staleness about knowing people all your life, isn't there? Sometimes I feel myself as if I'd give anything in the world for just one new man in town!"

An earthquake could not have rocked that corner of the Johnston veranda more sickeningly.

"She said I said it—didn't she?" asked Larry.

"Haven't I told you?"

"Then you don't expect me to say I didn't."

BECAUSE that *was* a hidden, fluttering hope that Nelly-Lou had cherished up to that moment, she laughed softly.

"You believed her, of course," said Larry. "It was like me as you knew me?" Incredibly quiet and cool he sounded.

"'It was not at all like you as I knew you," said Nelly-Lou regretfully. "That's just what hurt my feelings so. You'd always pretended to be such a friend of mine, Larry, and here you were, able all the time to talk like the villain in a play, and never, never doing it for me! It made me feel as though you hadn't thought I was—attractive, and all that."

"I see!" said Larry, rising. He, no more than any other healthy young man, enjoyed being laughed at. "Good night, Nelly-Lou. I'm going home."

"Have I made a fool of you—and shall I pay the price?" inquired Nelly-Lou hopefully.

"I'll say somebody has!" said Larry—and went, without so much as shaking hands.

"Which wasn't the least what the lady meant." Poor Nelly-Lou! Having been a delicious little cat for one untrammeled half-hour, she now relapsed into well-bred femininity, and cried the major portion of the night away upon her embroidered pillow.

SHE had lost Larry definitely and she had not deflected the even tenor of Miss Stanton's way by one hairbreadth.

Nevertheless she rose next day, a trifle heavy-eyed, but determinedly calm, and attended a luncheon and a tea in Sara's honor. Sara, it appeared at the tea, was leaving before long for the Maine coast and a series of deferred visits.

"No place in the world can ever be as lovely to me as this. I've had the happiest time here," sighed Sara. Nelly-Lou, to whom this panegyric was addressed, said she was glad to hear it, and that Gainesville would be very dull now—the usual interchange of civilities between two ladies, antagonistic or otherwise. What Nelly-Lou wanted dreadfully to know was whether Sara would take with her when she went Larry's mother's engagement ring which had already done service for several generations of Proudfits; but one can not of course ask questions like that. It isn't done.

So the days went by, with never a glimpse of Larry, and with all too many glimpses of Miss Stanton, until the unbelievable day when Larry telephoned Nelly-Lou, directly after breakfast, and said in a queer, formal sort of voice:

"Nelly-Lou, I'm having a little party this afternoon—in the Blue Room of the hotel—there's a tea-dance—will you come?"

"Why, let me see—" said Nelly-Lou.

"It's for Miss Stanton. You know she's leaving on Thursday," said Larry. Whereupon Nelly-Lou, as he had known she would, said proudly, at once, that she would come.

She was in the Blue Room, exactly at the appointed time, wearing her prettiest frock and her simplest, floppiest hat, and looking like lovely, unenlightened eighteen instead of miserably disillusioned twenty-three. Larry got up from a chair near the door and came forward to meet her, smiling.

He couldn't have known that he was walking over Nelly-Lou's heart, but for some reason or other he flushed darkly when he spoke to her.

"You're just on time, Nelly-Lou."

The ripple and twang of the darky orchestra which played always with well-nigh metropolitan smartness, on Tuesdays, in the Blue Room of the Gainesville hotel, began to make itself heard.

"Are the others late?" asked Nelly-Lou, a little nervously.

"Here comes Miss Stanton now," said Larry.

And he and Nelly-Lou went forward together to meet Miss Stanton.

MISS Stanton greeted Nelly-Lou with extreme graciousness, Larry with a possessive informality which set Nelly-Lou's teeth on edge.

The three followed a waiter to a table in a far corner of the room and sat down.

"Well, Larry," said Sara sweetly, "why did you ask us so early? Half-past four—that's almost indecent!"

"Sorry," said Larry.

"Who's coming?" persisted the languid inquisitor.

"Oh, just a few—the usual crowd."

"I think he's very tiresome. Don't you, Miss Johnston?" said Sara, leaning over to pat Larry's sleeve with a provocative forefinger. Nelly-Lou achieved a smile. She was watching Larry's face, which wore, to one who knew him—or had thought she did—a strange look of dogged audacity. Why audacity? What was there in his wretchedly tactless party to require audacity? What possible reason?

"Don't ask Nelly-Lou what she thinks of me," Larry was saying coolly. "And personally, I'm just as glad the rest of the party is late. I've got a crow to pick with you, young lady!"

"With me?" drawled Sara caressingly. "Why, Larry!"

IT WAS really not decent, thought Nelly-Lou, her assumption of intimacy, Nelly-Lou being unavoidably present.

"With you," said Larry pleasantly. "What do you mean by telling Nelly-Lou all sorts of romantic nonsense and pinning it on to me?" Nelly-Lou swallowed a gasp. Miss Stanton looked deeply injured.

"Larry, are you out of your head?"

"I am not," said Larry. "But I want to tell you, Sara, you're likely to get me into serious trouble in my home town with this stuff about ice-water in the veins instead of blood—and all the rest of it." Across the little table Sara's eyes and Nelly-Lou's met briefly but with an almost audible clash. The moment was cataclysmic.

Larry, in the heart of a potential whirlwind, sat smiling oddly.

"THESE girls'll be expecting all sorts of sob-stuff from me," he protested, "and I won't be able to deliver it. It puts me at an awful disadvantage. I want you to tell Nelly-Lou you were just kidding, before she spreads it all over town and gets me a reputation I can't live up to."

Miss Stanton met his smile with a long and obviously inscrutable look. She threw back her head and lowered her eyelids. The gesture was one of her best.

"Well, if it wasn't you," she said, indolently amused, "it must have been one of the others. Really, Larry, I can't be expected to keep a card-index of all the silly things men say to me. Did I tell Miss Johnston you'd said something when you hadn't? So sorry!"

"It doesn't matter in the least," said Nelly-Lou icily. Her cheeks were burning.

"Yes, darn it—it does matter!" said Larry whimsically. "I can't do this Romeo-in-a-balcony thing, and Sara won't be here to coach me—so I don't want it reported that I can."

"You're too deliciously absurd," observed Miss Stanton.

"Tell her I didn't say it," suggested Larry, but there was quiet insistence in his laughing look.

"It must have been Jimmy."

"It *was* Jimmy?"

"Oh, I don't dare say it was—to *you!*"

"Anyhow, you were kidding about me?"

MISS Stanton began to laugh, a trifle deliberately, but it grew into a cadenza of uncontrollable mirth.

"You know it is too funny!" she sighed at last. "He takes himself very seriously, doesn't he, Miss Johnston? Of course, it couldn't have been you, Larry, dear. Now, are you happy? And have you any more crows to pick with me? Because, if you haven't, you might run and inquire over the telephone where the rest of your very amusing party is."

"Coming in the doorway, at the moment, most opportunely," said Larry.

"Did you ask us for half after four and the

Concluded on page 93

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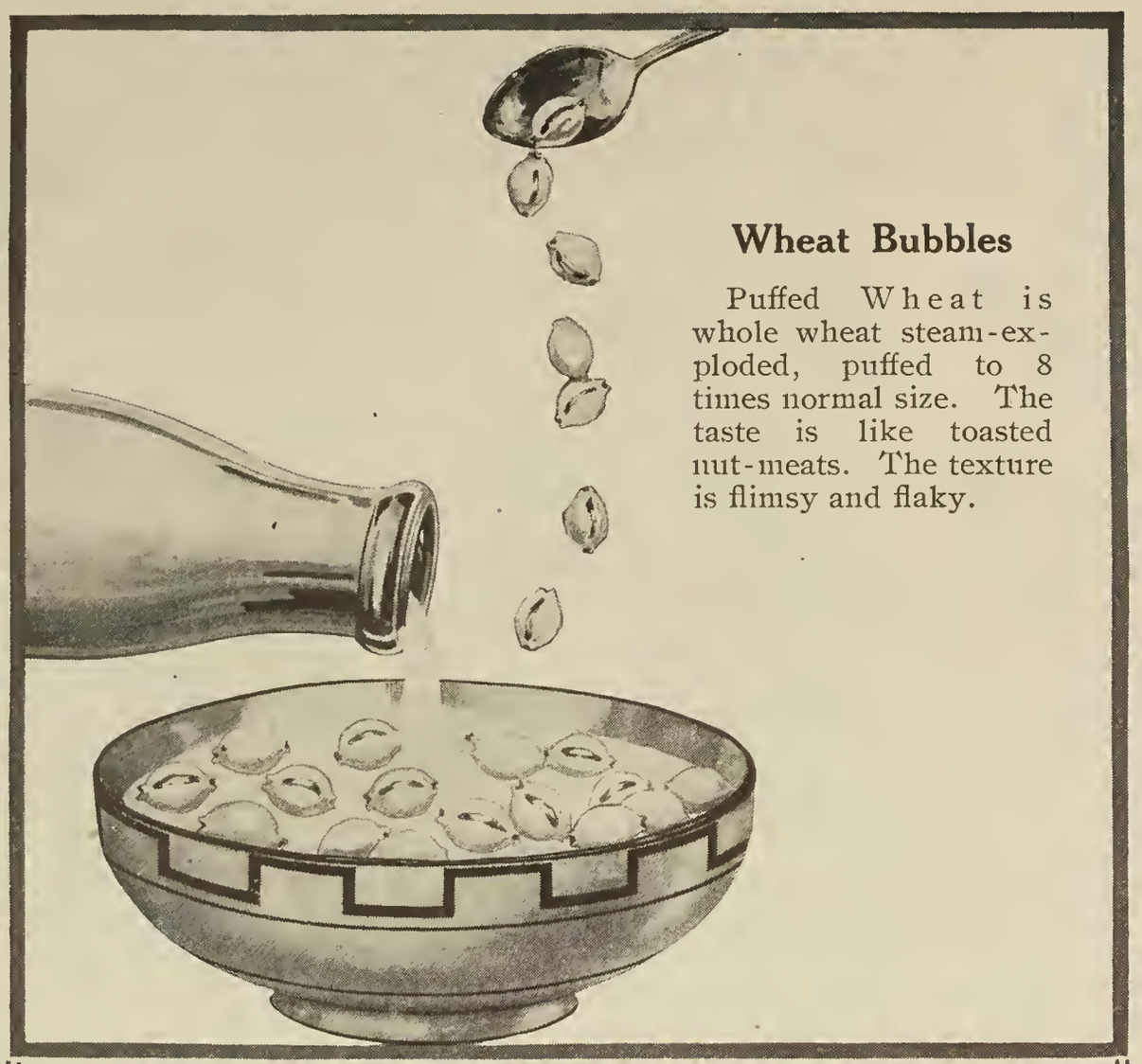
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Puffed Wheat is whole wheat steam-exploded, puffed to 8 times normal size. The taste is like toasted nut-meats. The texture is flimsy and flaky.

Children Forget

All Other Dishes When They Get This

You never tasted cereals that compare with Puffed Grains. Other grain foods lose their charm when children once know these.

Why not then serve them—all three kinds—morning, noon and night? And in a dozen ways?

Two are whole grains with whole-grain nutrition. One is corn hearts puffed and toasted—a sweet, flavory dainty.

All are steam-exploded. Every food cell is blasted by Prof. Anderson's process. So every atom feeds. No other process so fits these grains for food.



Flimsy Tidbits

But they are whole grains made delightful and easy to digest.

Too Good, Some Mothers Say

Some mothers say that Puffed Grains are too good. Children eat too many, displacing other foods.

But Puffed Wheat in milk is the greatest food that children ever get. All the 16 food elements are there, and fitted to digest. Whatever food Puffed Wheat displaces, the child is better for it. Few people ever get enough of the minerals in whole wheat.



Blend with Fruit

These flimsy, crusty morsels add enticements.

In the morning serve with cream and sugar. At night in bowls of milk. For variety's sake serve all three Puffed Grains. But the greatest is Puffed Wheat.

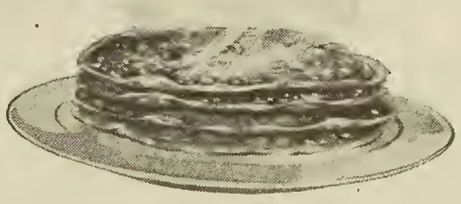
Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs**

All Steam-Exploded—8 Times Normal Size
Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour



After School

Crisp Corn Puffs and lightly douse with butter. Let children eat like peanuts or popcorn. Nothing you can serve to hungry children is so good for them.



New-Day Pancakes

We now use ground Puffed Rice in an ideal pancake mixture. The Puffed Rice granules make the pancakes fluffy, and give a nut-like taste. Never were pancakes so delicious.

Ask for Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. It is self-raising.

3350

Continued from page 15

THE MAN WHO WAS TIRED OF HIS WIFE

She was breathing hard.

"Oh, I don't suppose I can!" he admitted dryly. "But if you have even a grain of common sense, if you stop to think at all, you'll see that that's the only way you have of saving your face. I don't care a little bit what the dubs around here think. Margery cares less. But you do care. You care more than you care about anything else in this world. 'What the neighbors think' seems to be the only thing that ever greatly concerns you. Well, what they're going to think this time is going to be exactly what you choose to have them think, because nobody else is going to do any earing or talking. So it's up to you."

"You haven't any right to threaten me——"

"I'M NOT threatening you. I'm telling you." His patience was insulting. "Personally, I think you've been acting more of a fool than usual. If you'd have the good sense to take the chip off your shoulder and meet Margie half-way you'd find out what a good sort she is. Why, Aunt Debs and Uncle Rod and I used to laugh our heads off at her, she was so droll! We never knew what she was going to do or say next! Everybody liked her. She was the best pal I ever had. Nothing ever stumped her. Nothing—except a girl in—a—er—white dress and a big leghorn hat with pink roses on it——"

He patted Bertha's shoulder awkwardly. "Come now, be fair! Margery is! She owned right up that she'd always hated you. You see she had pretty good cause. From the moment when I met you I sort of forgot her. She was only thirteen, a scraggly, homely kid, and I'd been playing around with her all Summer. I guess it just about broke her heart. So she simply ran away, suffering God knows what, and I was so smitten with you that I hardly noticed she'd gone, didn't really make any decent effort to find her. Gad, what a selfish brute I was in those days—" he stared at her. He didn't know he was thinking aloud. "And yet I didn't mean to be. I used to pour out my heart to you telling you all the things I longed to do and have. I thought you were listening, that you understood. I suppose you were just planning your next clothes. Whenever you look particularly thoughtful I've noticed that you usually go shopping the next day——"

BERTHA yawned.

"She was the darnedest little kid for thinking things up"—his thoughts drifted back to the youthful Margery—"Aunt Debs and she! I don't suppose I'd ever had the gumption to take that Havana trip if the two of them hadn't kept getting steamship circulars and maps and things——

" 'Why of course you can go!' the kid said. 'If I were a man I'd go in a minute! It would be perfectly wonderful to see tobacco growing and long lines of black men loading it on ships! And you'd wear a hat like a traveler and fold your arms and watch them!' Little scamp!" he interrupted himself. "She's just the same kid now she's grown up! She knew all the while the other day who I was, but there she sat getting me to talk, getting my imagination to working—she's a great kid!"

"And she hates me just as much as ever!"

"No, she doesn't any more," he blundered. "She's sort of sorry for you now."

"Sorry for me!" Bertha's voice rose passionately. "Well, she needn't be! Scraggly, homely thing living in that tumble-down old house as a caretaker! Sorry for me! Why I look younger than she does this minute! I'm prettier! I'm——"

Cunnin' barked apologetically. He was little and old and sleepy. Bertha flew to let him in. She cuddled him in her arms.

"DID 'um lazy ole master put 'um out in 'ec rain alone——"

Charles shrugged his shoulders. Bertha was hopeless so far as he was concerned. Impossible. Weariness again possessed him. Life stretched out intolerably before him. He went up to bed without a word.

Bertha paused outside his door, Cunnin' under her arm. Whatever she meant to say was forgotten when she caught a glimpse of her slim self in the lovely negligée reflected in the hall mirror. She smiled complacently. After all, what had she to fear from an unattractive woman like Maggie Sherman? She could afford to be magnanimous. Besides, she was a bit puzzled by the way Charles was acting.

"If you really want me to go call on her, why I will," she conceded. "I suppose she must be having a stupid time, not knowing anybody around here. I guess you're about the only person who's talked with her, and of course you had to—as long as your aunt had befriended her as she did. But, you do have to admit, she is terribly dowdy. She won't be invited much anywhere even if I do call on her. But I'll go once, anyhow, and see what she's like."

He nodded absent-mindedly. He wasn't in the least aware of what she was saying. He was thinking of Margery's glowing eyes; he was remembering how her voice had deepened when she had said, "Oh, how I shall love paying back even a little of that debt! I can't begin to give you anything like the lovely moments that——"

IT WAS pleasant when his light was out to lie on his arm boyishly and think back to the surprises that he had planned for the shabby little girl round the corner. He remembered a dusty road, pink with periwinkles, along which they had trudged toward the tiny lake in which he had taught the eager child to swim. How delectably cool the water had been! How restful the tender green of the willows that arched above the pool!

His tired body relaxed with a jerk. He slept and dreamed that he dived into the inviting depths of the pool. Mysteriously he came up at Aunt Deborah's feet, and in the lovely grape-vine shadows of her old side porch, she let him boast of how he should some day set his particular world afire. In his dreams he waxed rich and influential, kind benefactor of a score of youngsters like Maggie, adored father of three or four cherubic daughters, proud father of a robust son or two!

HE AWOKE blessedly oblivious of the never-to-be-achieved but refreshed by their inspiration; he was in extraordinary fine humor, tingling with a pleasant expectancy of what the day might bring forth. He walked to the station with the Anderson kid, chuckling all the way at the youngster's naive condescension. He arrived at the station two trains ahead of time.

"Somebody left you a million dollars?" quizzed a nosey neighbor Margery had already dubbed the Chronic Obvious.

"This kind of a day makes me feel that way." Charles was blandly complacent. "My up-State aunt called this kind of day 'scrumdigunous!' "

Bertha spent fully two hours that afternoon dressing to call on Margery. She meant to dazzle her, to overwhelm her, to put her in her proper place. For after all she was nobody but a girl who had washed dishes for a family named Robinson. She was an ugly duckling who hadn't grown into a swan.

PRETTY Mrs. Shirley was very pleasant to look upon when she was ready. Her bronzed hair curled smoothly under her broad-brimmed hat; slender and youthful-appearing in a soft blue frock that made her eyes seem bluer than they were. She tripped to the end of the street on heels so high that she was haughty indeed. She regretted her chauffeur's illness as she hadn't regretted previously; she meant to mention it and her benevolence toward him as soon as she arrived, and she intended to call briefly and formally.

Margery was in the side yard giving Trudge a bath. She wore an old linen riding-habit, her bare feet were thrust into Chinese straw sandals with gay red straps. She had been washing her hair; it hung, half-dried, across the shoulders of a thoroughly wet blouse.

"Don't mind sitting on the steps while I finish off this purp, do you?" she was casual, not in the least awed by the elegance of her caller. "I suppose yours never dives into the mud after flirtatious froggies—mine is such a trifler!" she scrubbed vigorously. "Poor dear, it hurts him worse than it hurts me."

Bertha swallowed hard. For some unexplained reason she found her throat aching. She could think of nothing to say. She wished desperately that the other woman would go on talking. But a stupid pause followed in which Margery seemed quite oblivious that Bertha was taking an unwilling inventory.

"HER skin is wonderful—she doesn't wear corsets—she isn't pretty but her feet and her hands are—her teeth are lovely—the back of her neck is lovely—but she isn't pretty! *She isn't!*" Her thoughts whirled wildly. Blindly jealous she struck.

"No, don't stop. I can't stay very long. I'm just on my way to a tea. Charles thought you might be getting lonesome when—when you haven't much to do and don't know anybody here."

Margery put down the scrub-brush.

"Haven't a responsibility in the world," she agreed cheerfully. "It's a giddy, gorgeous feeling. Rented a funny old catboat, bought a new croquet set, some fishing-tackle—oh, I can hardly keep both feet on the ground thinking of all the things I'm going to do this Summer! Golf and tennis and ride and swim——"

"Is that all you're going to do?" Bertha's lips were trembling. She meant to put her question with delicate irony, but somehow all her apprehension slipped into her reckless query. She had a second of respite—"Of course she'll think I'm just making talk," she told herself.

But Margery, sinking back on her heels, eyed her visitor shrewdly.

"I'll be blessed if I know," she remarked suddenly. "I thought I knew exactly what I'd say to you if I had a chance. I meant to give you a large piece of my alleged mind. But now you're here I'm not sure—*just that second you looked as though you cared.*"

Tears rolled down Bertha's cheeks.

"CARED! Why, I can't see why you thought I didn't!"

"Never occurred to me that you did." Margery jumped up as the dog began to shake himself, "Watch out, he'll spatter you—Charles didn't look to me as though anybody cared about him; he just looked nagged to pieces. As though you'd grabbed all you could get and not paid him anything for it."

"How dare you!" Bertha was on her feet, her head high with rage.

"Gee, you started it," Margery's slang and boyish grin were all that saved the situation. "I'm *ra*-ther stumped at finding you care."

Bertha put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I—ought t-to h-hate you, but you are so queer I can't! I can't make you out. Ever since you've been here I haven't known what you were going to do next. Everything's been so different."

"I haven't changed things a switch," Margery was busily collecting the brushes and soap. "Wait till I maroon Trudge on that clothes-post to dry. We'll have to have things out some time and—it might as well be now—" she actually sang the last phrase. "It won't take me a jiffy to get under the shower and into something dry. Oh, Mary!" she

Continued on page 54



All Brown Shaping Lasts conform to the 18 distinct measurements of the perfect foot—thus insuring fit and comfort.



For Girls BUSTER BROWN SHOES For Boys of 2 to 16

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Style No. F-325

The Brown Shaping Lasts are expressly designed to give each bone and muscle of the growing feet the freedom of action, plus the perfect support, so necessary to health—thus insuring the correct shape to Buster Brown Shoes.

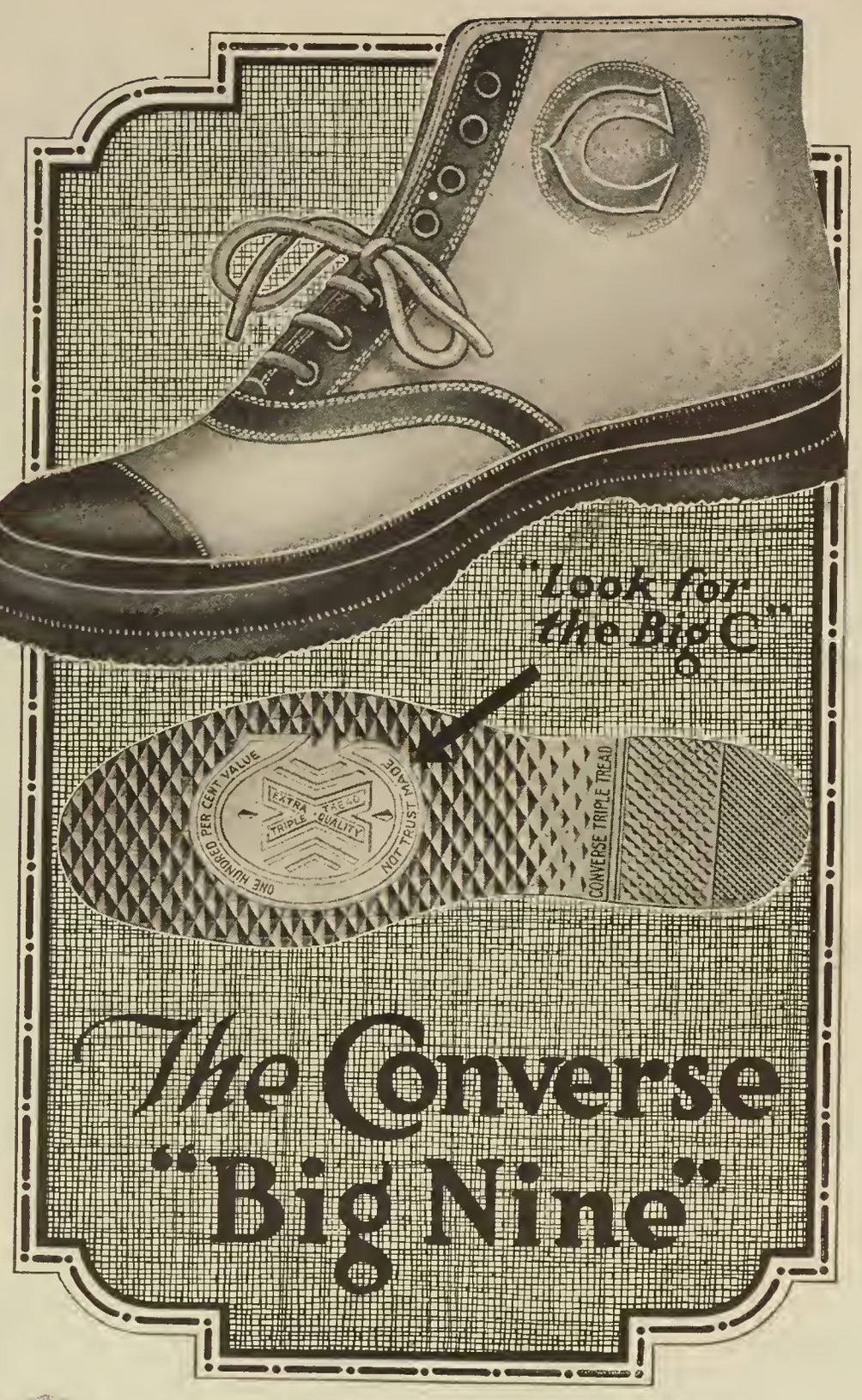
The nicety of fit in Buster Brown Shoes is indicated by the *eighteen* distinct measurements required to make each perfect Brown Shaping Last, as against only four measurements for ordinary lasts upon which children's shoes are usually made.

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The Converse "Big Nine"



Converse for Comfort

THE cool canvas shoe is rapidly displacing costly leather footwear. Outdoor fathers, mothers, boys and girls who go in for health and comfort, whether at home or at the seashore and mountains, have cast a majority vote for this sensible summer shoe.

Everything that can make a shoe proud of its name has been worked into Big Nines with the skill of the specialist.

Its cork insole forms a cool cushion for the foot; its footform last means a snug fit and a healthy foot.

Its fine duck uppers shape neatly about the ankles—a trim, neat fit.

And real horsehide trimmings, lacings and ankle patch admit Big Nines to the best Shoe Society.





For sturdy youngsters, and sturdy families—for everybody who wants to feel alive when he works or plays this summer—Converse "Big Nines" will fill the bill and reduce the cost.

Look for the big "C" on the sole. Write us if you don't find it.

Nine Big Points of "Big Nine" Supremacy

(1) Leather ankle patch (originators).
(2) Real Horsehide Trimming.
(3) Double stitching.
(4) Leather Lacings.
(5) Cork innersole—cool in any weather.
(6) Fine Duck uppers and lining.
(7) Footform last.
(8) Big C sole of tempered rubber—and *plenty of it.*
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Service Branches:

New York—142 Duane St.

Chicago—618-626 W. Jackson Blvd.

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Continued from page 53

THE MAN WHO WAS TIRED OF HIS WIFE

thumped on the back door. "Let us in through the model kitchen; there's a dear! And put over some coffee and show Mrs. Shirley what lovely nut-cheese sandwiches we have for company—" she held a swing-door to let her dazed caller through a hallway to the cheery living-room. "Don't sit on the wicker chair—it was there that Trudge landed after his recent affair with froggie; but I'll let you sit anywhere else you like."

The frankly curious Mary hovered about. Bertha couldn't manage an exit, but she sank limply to the piano-bench.

Margery was back so quickly and so spectacularly that she almost took the older woman's breath away. With her hair brushed sleekly against her head, in green-brocaded clothes that had been made for a Chinese boy, she was a very different person from the shabby driver of the antiquated Dearborn roadster. Bertha noticed for the first time how delightfully her eyebrows slanted upward. She gasped a bit as the lithe figure perched tailor-fashion on a shiny haircloth sofa. She noticed that the hands that dropped quietly were perfectly steady. Bertha herself had to hold her fingers tightly clasped to keep them from trembling.

"OF COURSE," Margery began casually, "I'm neither as bad a lot as you think nor as unsophisticated as Charles thinks. But you've the wrong slant on this thing when you blame me for the way things are going with your honorable hubby."

"Things were quite all right till you came."

"Very edgy, I should judge; can't see why you hadn't noticed."

"He's never even looked at another woman in all the years we've been married."

"How careless of Charles! He shouldn't have let you get so darned sure of him."

"I should think." Bertha's tones shook with wifely virtue, "I had a perfect right to be sure of him."

"How did you earn it?" Margery was matter-of-fact. "You haven't any kiddies; you don't earn your living; you toil not, neither do you spin. Just being pretty doesn't entitle you to much. That's as archaic a notion as the once divine right of queens. Yet lots of you pretty women haven't waked up to it. You don't work with him or play with him. Just eating with him doesn't——"

"My relations with my husband aren't any of your business——"

"But mine," Margery was sweetness itself, "are very much yours. Now my relations with your husband will probably be mostly playful, and they won't cost him anything. I always play fifty-fifty. Pay my own caddy, buy my own golf-balls and that sort of thing."

"He doesn't play golf," Bertha flashed triumphantly.

"But he's going to."

"WE TALKED it over last Fall and decided we didn't care to."

"You *are* rather corsety and nose-powdery for sports. And of course there are lots of devilishly good-looking women lying in wait at every green——"

"But I've told you that he's not interested in women. He wouldn't have even looked at you only he happened to know you when you were young. He doesn't like women. He says they bore him. He doesn't like to talk to them even. I have to make him talk or he'd be awfully rude to my friends. He almost never talks to a woman."

"He used to talk for hours and hours at a stretch to dear Aunty Debs."

"Why, she was his aunt! She was old!"

"She wasn't his aunt at all, she was his uncle's wife—which is very, very different. He's exactly the same type of man as his Uncle Rodman, the same types of women attracted them. Aunty Debs was his first love. He adored her from the time he was a bit of a boy. How he ever happened to marry you, she never could decide. And don't you think for a minute that he talked to Aunt Debs because she was old. She never really got old. She happened to get white hair and a few wrinkles, but they didn't stop her from being the most insidious kind of flirt ever! The kind that's so skilful that folks hardly ever suspect them.

"WHY, she flirted with men, women and children and horses and dogs! Do you know," Margery was so excited that she lighted a cigaret and began to pace up and down the room, "I just happened to notice something while I was looking at you—your profile isn't unlike Aunt Debs's! I'll bet you could make yourself look a lot more like her than you do now. Probably Charles saw that—probably that was what attracted him in the first place. Take off your hat——"

Margery herself took it off without so much as a by-your-leave. "I thought so! You silly dear! That's such a reckless thing to do to your hair. I had a friend who tried it and in less than a year she'd ruined all she had. I'd wash that right out as soon as I could if I were you. Your hair is the kind that grays ever so fast; it's going to be just darling when it's gray all over! And then, if you'd use just a touch of rouge instead of as much as you do and wear teensy black velvet throat-bands and fichus and drippy lace around your wrists—and sit in little rocking-chairs part of the time and very stiff narrow high-backed ones the rest—needlework in your hands—um, you'd be a perfect peach! You wouldn't get the hang of it all at once, but just a little practise and you'd look——"

"DO YOU actually think," Bertha's voice was small and hard, "that I'd be fool enough to sit and let myself get old?"

"You aren't holding him with this young-looking stuff," Margery was positively apologetic. "And, really, it's going to get harder and harder to do every six months now. I honestly don't know how you've done it as well as you have. You've got to do something, of course. Oh, if you only had some children! A boy to play tennis with, or a daughter, say about twelve. Children would interest Charles enough that you'd not have to bother. He's really very easy to entertain. But you haven't anything to work with except your looks, and he is so used to the ones you've got that he probably doesn't notice them any more."

"You're perfectly insulting!" Bertha was at the door, her blue eyes blazing with anger.

"PERFECTLY practical." Margery was as smiling as a June morning. "And darned good-natured I'll say."

"To stand there in cold blood and tell me how old I look and that you're going to try deliberately to get my husband away!"

"You took him away from me once. He was the first man I ever loved."

"You were nothing but a child!"

"I know. An inexperienced child. I ran away. If I'd only stayed and fought it out, I'll bet you'd never have had him. Candidly, I think he's lots stunninger looking than he was then. He's going to be awfully distinguished-looking as he gets older. And once he gets settled down to being elderly, why, he's going to be as imposing as——"

She was talking to no one. Bertha hadn't even bothered to say good afternoon.

Margery actually had the impertinence to run after her visitor with her forgotten parasol.

"I'm really not such a bad lot as I seem—" her voice was contrite, but her eyes were mischievous. "We'd much better pretend to be friends. If you'd think it over, you'd see why. I'm going to be here all Summer."

"Then we're going away for the Summer!" Bertha flamed out.

"It wouldn't be any use." Margery shook her head thoughtfully. "He'd use business for an excuse and come back. You might go for a month by yourself, later on, but just now you'd be foolish."

AGAIN she was talking to no one. Bertha had crossed the road and was hurrying around the corner.

Margery eyed the clock reflectively as she dressed. She had to scurry a bit. It takes skill to look attractively careless. But at the exact moment when Charles reached the bend in the hill that made him pant, the ubiquitous roadster slowed down on its way back from the village.

"Cooky night!" she called gaily. "Hop in and spoil your supper! What do you s'pose happened to-day? Bertha came to spend the afternoon with me and we had a great old visit about you. Seems she's thinking about taking up golf and I'm awfully keen about it, and I'll bet it would be a bully game for you. They say that everybody who ever played croquet well learns to put easily, and as near as I can make out it's putting that wins the game!"

Charles munched his cooky. A little kindly feeling for Bertha roused itself in a remote cockle of his dormant heart. She was behaving much better than he'd dared expect. Making much less fuss than he'd anticipated. And he liked the golfing idea, only he hadn't been able to get Bertha worked up to it. She just thought it would upset the servants because dinner would always be late, it was pleasant to know she'd forgotten that side of it. He began to discuss details eagerly. Margery deposited him at his front door in high spirits.

HE FAIRLY ran up the porch steps. He flung a friendly arm across Bertha's shoulders as he waved a gallant farewell to Margery.

"Thanks, old lady, for going to see Margery. That's the way! Told you you'd like her when you knew her. Isn't she the greatest kid for falling in with anything the other fellow wants to do? I'll bet you girls will be winning medals in no time. You were a pretty good sport to ask her to play with us. Seems she's got some sticks, but she's only used 'em a couple times, so we'll all start about even. Lucky we belong to the blamed old Country Club, eh? Paid dues all these years and never got our money's worth. I guess I'll phone Fred right away about getting an all-Summer guest-card for Margery. We'd better go in on the early train and order clubs so they'll be out in time for playing Saturday."

Bertha didn't say anything. Twice before dinner and about three times during dinner she opened her lips to announce that she did not intend to play golf. But for the first time in something like seventeen years Bertha was beginning to think before she spoke. She cried herself to sleep that night. She was ready, even to her new veil-clasp, for the eight-ten train.

IF CHARLES had imagined in that suggestive moment when Margery had announced that she was going to pay her fancied debt that she was planning any clandestine romance, he was destined to dazed disappointment. To Bertha's utter amazement the strange young person even ceased to taxi him from trains. Her avoidance of tête-à-têtes would have been disarming if she had not so openly insinuated that she was a rival for Charles's affections.

To the casual observer the three of them became allies in ignorance, the dufferiest duffers on the course, the bitter trial of the bored instructor who more than earned his wage. By the third week when Bertha was plodding along, nearly hysterical with fatigue even before she reached the fifth hole, the agonized professional's eyes gleamed with relief when he heard the incorrigible Margery suggest

Continued on page 57



KOVERALLS

Keep Kids Klean

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HERE is just what *every* mother wants at a price *any* mother can afford. KOVERALLS—the ideal suit for boy or girl, for every day wear the whole year 'round. The suit that stands in a class by itself for convenience, style and long wear. Practical, healthful, economical.

Youngsters dressed in KOVERALLS can romp and play in any way that brings the most fun without fear of getting "all mussed up and dirty." Call them in at "dress-up" time and slip off the KOVERALLS! See the underneath togs dainty and clean—the little bodies white and unhurt—no bruised or infected skin. KOVERALLS keep out the dirt thoroughly and protect the stockings and underclothes. Easily washed.

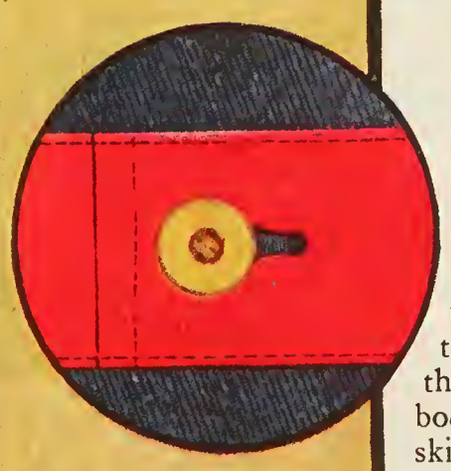
KOVERALLS will not rip, no matter how rough and tumble the play. Made in one piece with drop back; easily slipped on or off. No buttons in front to hurt the little ones or scratch furniture. No tight or elastic bands to stop circulation or retard freedom of motion.

KOVERALLS cut the laundry bills in two, save mother's work and worry and keep the child healthy and happy. Glance at the four circles and you will know the reasons why KOVERALLS are so popular with mothers.

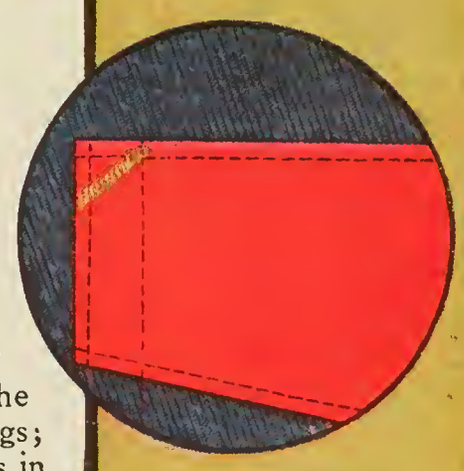
KOVERALLS unlike rompers, are cut the full length of the leg, protecting the stockings; or you can let the child go without stockings in perfect confidence that the little legs will be free from scratches and dirt.

Two styles, round neck with long sleeves, and Dutch neck with elbow sleeves. Two weights in a variety of colors of durable fabrics, all trimmed with bands and pipings in contrasting fast colors

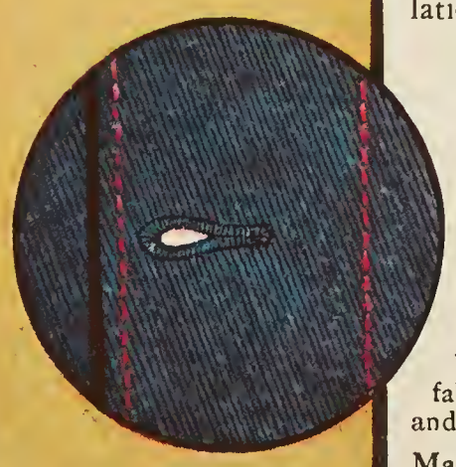
Ages 1 to 8 years.



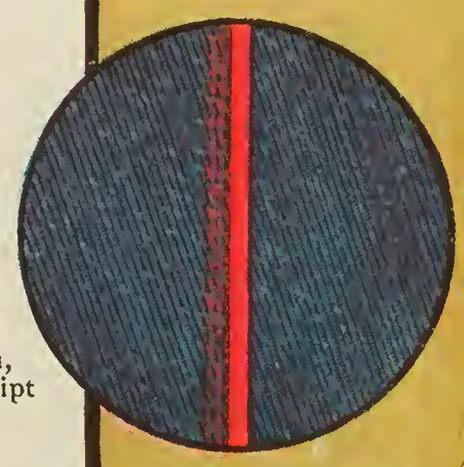
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Double Stitching and Triangles of Cord hold Pocket in Place



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Hamilton Beach

Continued from page 54

THE MAN WHO WAS TIRED OF HIS WIFE

that they might learn tennis quicker than they were getting on at golf.

"This game is too slow for young folks like us," Margery gestured toward the busy courts beyond the sixth hole. "That's the sport for us. This takes too long, anyway. Now tennis is more fun because we can get in a couple sets in the morning and play late afternoons too."

Be it said to Bertha's credit she did try tennis twice. But after that she knitted on the benches for endless hours while Margery and Charles enthusiastically agreed that they liked tennis even better than golf. Bertha had reached the brooding stage. It was June and she was wearing broader-brimmed hats than ever, hats whose crowns were pulled down to the tips of her ears, her eyes had a pleading, haggard look, a look that Charles never noted.

FOR Charles was far too intent on himself in those days to think about Bertha. He had forgotten to be tired of her. From a sedate tobacco-broker who had been rather a grouch he had become a jovial, rather elephantine play-boy who laughed a great deal over nothing at all and played a great deal of inaccurate tennis and ragged golf. His neighbors began to get the impression, somehow, from his and Margery's constant references to Aunt Deborah, that she was some sort of cousin of his; not a tabby-cat in the lot really had anything on Margery.

To be sure none of the women exerted themselves to make things pleasant for her; they did find, however, that she was a convenient person to know. Especially on maids' days out. Margery never minded how many persons dropped in to impromptu Thursday suppers. Nor how many unruly kiddies flocked to her back yard. She even let visiting mothers-in-law be wished on her.

A sparkling June melted into a languid July. Bertha, who was always at her worst in hot weather, began to fret. Margery's irrepressible vigor was an insult; the pace that intriguing young person set had become a galling spur. Yet there was never a word from Margery to suggest that Bertha must do anything that Bertha didn't want to do. Things might have gone along this way for the rest of the Summer if Charles hadn't stupidly taken to quoting Margery and boasting about Margery very much, as though she were a precocious kiddie and he were her fond father. That was the straw that broke the camel back of Bertha's pride. They quarreled so bitterly one humid night over a seeming trifle that Charles lost his new-found serenity of spirit and said things so harsh that Bertha dissolved in hysterics.

"BIT run down," Doctor Haswell vouchsafed in answer to Charles's conventional question when the doctor came down to the porch after giving Bertha a mild opiate. "Deuced hot even for this time of year. Do her good to get a change of air. Why don't you two run up in the mountains to the Rawsons' cottage for a couple of weeks? I know they've asked you and it would be just what Bertha needs."

Sullen, still annoyed by his irritating evening, Charles pleaded business. But under the doctor's urging he agreed to go for a week-end and leave Bertha with the Rawsons for August.

Margery was all sympathy; she dropped in on the morning they were leaving to hear Bertha's fretful grumbling about packing. She offered to help, indeed she offered to do all the packing for the semi-invalid. She contemplated the smoldering rage in Bertha's blue eyes and put both hands on the older woman's shoulders.

"Look here," she burst out in her impetuous way, "I wish you wouldn't go away feeling this way about me! I told you long ago that I'm not the bad lot you keep thinking me! Truly, I'm not. But you do make me want to shake you, you dear silly! You're such a bungler! I'm going to see this through, though, and when you come back, say about the last week in August or the first of September——"

"HOW dare you tell me what to do!" Bertha's long-silent anger broke. "Oh, how I hate you! If I weren't sick, so tired and sick that I can't keep fighting you any longer—if you weren't in my own house! I suppose you'll get him in the end; you're already winding him around your little finger. I suppose I'll spend the rest of my life hating you! But I tell you right now, I'll take every cent of alimony I can get! I'll keep you both poor! And all the time I'll be praying that somebody else will come along and make you suffer the way you've made me suffer."

"But if I write you or telegraph you, you'd come back, wouldn't you?" Margery's tones were very gentle. "And put on a soft gray dress with a frilly fichu and do your hair high like Aunty Debs? I've brought you a comb like Aunty Debs's lovely old silver filigree back comb. It would be just sweet in your hair."

"Go away! I hate you! And I always hated his old Aunt Debs! Go away!"

Margery went. She went with her jaws shut tight.

"Oh, these amateurs!" she groaned.

OVER the week-end she golfed and swam and played tennis every minute, she was feverishly active, she was really waiting, bright-eyed and alert, for Charles's return. He had planned on coming back Tuesday. But Monday night (after a hectic Sunday with an exacting Bertha) found him, cap and bag in hand, hurrying up Margery's path like a boy. He whistled the call he had taught her years before.

"'Lo, Cinderella!" he called softly under her windows. "Come on down. There's a prince hanging around; an old prince who feels like a party!"

She came to him unwillingly. She had been lounging in a hammock under the apple-trees. She had not moved until he spied her. It was moonlight. She came across the dew-wet grass, barefooted, in her Chinese boy's dress. Her loveliness took his breath away.

"You darling!" he whispered.

"You goose!" she retorted.

"BUT you are a darling—" he caught her in his arms. She beat her fists against him.

"You beast!" she bared her teeth at him. "You beast, you're spoiling everything——"

She fled, leaving him amazed, angrier at her—and at himself—than he had ever been before in his life.

Her usual sunny self, she phoned him in the morning.

"Weren't we third-acty last night?" The blithe good humor of her made his heart sing with joy. "It must have been that moon!"

"Sorry I was such a cad—" his rueful voice told the story of his sleepless night. "I don't suppose you'll understand, but there're times when I——"

"Times when if you'd give me a decent handicap I might win nine holes—" she interrupted gaily. "I'll take you on this morning or, if you're in a hurry to get to town, I'll wait till afternoon. Bet you a ball a hole or anything you say——"

He agreed very humbly.

"And," she stammered just a bit, "h-how did you leave Bertha?"

"Oh, fine!" he answered perfunctorily. That was next to the last time that they ever spoke to each other about Bertha.

THERE followed wonderful days for Charles. Days in which he lived as in a happy dream. Days in which he fairly basked in the sunny sweetness of Margery's perpetual good humor. He lived a sort of contented bachelor life in his deserted house. He had given the maids a vacation, he slept in a hammock, sang under his shower mornings, made himself coffee or shamelessly begged breakfasts from Margery. He kept up a pretense of business, sternly made himself lunch in town most days, but early afternoons always found him back at Margery's side.

"I'd rather be with you than any one I ever knew," he blurted out boyishly one unforgetable evening. It had rained, they had been dining on her porch. Margery was tucking orange lilies into a brown basket. She had just run into the storm-sweet garden to cut them with Uncle Rodman's dear old knife. She smiled over her shoulder as she put the knife back in his hands.

"Thank you kindly, sir, she said, though flattery had turned her head." Her absurd rimes always made him laugh.

"I would though," he declared stanchly. "I'd rather be with you than any one I——"

She moved behind his chair. He remembered afterward that that was the night she gave him her only caress. She pulled his head back against her arm and let her fingers smooth his unruly hair.

"YOU'D be singularly unappreciative if you didn't." she murmured with quaint conceit, "for I don't suppose any woman in the world was ever nicer to a man than I've been to you this blessed Summer. I'm altogether vain of how I've done it. I've paid with interest, excessive interest. It's a wonder the police don't arrest you for accepting such an exorbitant rate." She eluded him lightly as he sprang from his chair. "Don't spoil it!" her voice again had the dreamy sweetness of that Spring day when she had said she was afraid to blow his whistle. "Just let's leave it all right for both of us to remember! It ought to last us scores and scores of times when things are going wrong. Won't it be nice to think about how very, very sweet I was to you to-night, and how very, very dignified you were with me? I do like you when you're dignified, Charles. When you aren't, you remind me of a big Newfoundland puppy with muddy paws, but when you are—why, you're like a gorgeous great Dane——"

"But, anyhow, you always think of me as a dog!" He was bitter.

"Think how dearly I love and respect dogs!" The August days melted away in a blur of pleasant activity. Just to be with her was all he asked of life. He no longer felt conscience-stricken about his feeling for her, perhaps because he no longer tried to justify it. He did not try to analyze it. He was simply dimly aware that it was not always love. And yet he knew that it was more than friendliness. It seemed to him that it must be something that no man had ever before felt for woman. He tried to put this idea into words one day. He blundered absurdly:

"I DARE say that sometimes I seem fonder of you than is feasible——"

"I know," she interrupted his stammering phrases. "You sometimes worry for fear you like me more than you should, but you can't make yourself sorry about it." She put her hands on his shoulders and smiled serenely. "Want to know what it is, this feeling you have for me? It's peace."

His hands sought hers and gripped them.

"But don't get sentimental about it," she warned. "And, remember, there's only one woman in a lifetime that a man feels this way about. It's usually his mother or his sister, once in a great while it's his wife. In this particular case I'm lucky that it happened to be me. I enjoy it so—" Her droll chuckle slipped out. "Yet I don't feel at all upliftish about it. I just feel like a lucky little pussy cunning myself after a saucer full of cream, not stolen cream, y'understand, but cream that kind Providence poured out for me——"

"You absurd child!" he scolded her. "Do

Continued on page 58



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Character

The basis of real value

CHARACTER is a dominant force that commences with a thing at its creation and marks superiority. It is the inspiration of faith and the forerunner of leadership.

Those who have enjoyed a *Napanee Dutch Kitchenet* have felt the presence of just such a human force—a character that evinces itself in the perfection of minute details of construction, finish, and features of convenience—in the completeness of its service.

The men who build *Napanee Dutch Kitchenets* are given the best materials procurable. They are instructed to make the finest kitchen cabinets in the world. As a result of this skillful workmanship and care, each cabinet produced has a character that you will discover is the real reason for the high esteem in which all *Napanee Dutch Kitchenets* are held.

Special Features

Five different models.
Two sizes.
All drawers and shelves scientifically correct in size and arrangement.
Finished in beautiful velvet oak or snowy white enamel.
White porcelain or non-warping metal sliding top, pulls out to give full working space.
Patented lowering flour bin, easy to fill, nothing to get out of order.
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Bacteria cause tooth decay. And bacteria develop rapidly under the loose margins of the gums and between the teeth, unless effectively checked.

Listerine, because it is a liquid, penetrates to these places. Listerine, because of its antiseptic properties, prevents bacterial development. It removes the cause of tooth decay.

Therefore, a thorough Listerine mouthwash should follow the regular tooth brushing.

The tooth brush keeps the teeth clean. Listerine keeps them sound.

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Listerine is non-poisonous—safe for use either diluted or undiluted. For this reason it is particularly serviceable for personal hygiene or any household use.

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LISTERINE

the safe antiseptic

Continued from page 57

THE MAN WHO WAS TIRED OF HIS WIFE

you know you have a very bad habit of comparing folks to animals?"

"It's flattery when I do," she assured him. "I told you long ago that I have heaps and heaps of respect for animals, the dears are so honest that I diagnose over them by the hour."

SHE made out an account one afternoon on the back of a golf score-card that she found in her sweater pocket. They were becalmed in the catboat, waiting for the sunset breeze to let them sail home. They were both in bathing-suits. They had been swimming until they were pleasantly weary. He lay in the shade of the drooping sail, she still swung her feet idly in the water. They were discreetly chaperoned that day by the Chronic Obvious and his sedate wife.

Charles was really getting dangerously restless in those days. Margery had to manage sometimes. It was less of a strain to have a placid woman knitting endless miles of wool somewhere within chatting distance. But, of course, it was also a bore, and whenever Margery was bored she was always possessed with a spirit of naughtiness. With seeming languor she handed the accounting to Charles.

"See if I've added right," she drawled:

Cinderella Maggie, Dr. To Handsome Prince Charles, Cr.

Spring and Summer of 1901:

A few small fishes
A scar on her forehead
9 shivers
1 chill
An appetite
} Acquired while learning to swim.

A little petting, teasing and heaps of encouragement.

Received on account, Summer, 1920:
Cookies too numerous to mention.
Far too much devoted attention.

"I NEVER sign a receipt until I'm paid in full," he answered.

The Chronic Obvious stared at him. Blissfully unconscious that two daring playfellows were using him for a goat he replied:

"Why, of course, you wouldn't. Nobody would. Never heard of receipting an unpaid bill."

Margery was in a softened mood that day. And Charles was his nicest self. Bronzed, shining-eyed, a good twenty pounds lighter than he had been when she first hailed him in the Spring, he smiled lazily up at her. And when he smiled like that she forgot everything in the world except the fact that they were pals. Something of her little-girl adoration for him always came back into her gray eyes at such a time. She exulted in the droll lift of his eyebrows; she gloated over the sturdy set of his shoulders, but she grieved over his irresolute mouth.

"IT'S not fair," she found herself thinking passionately, "that just because I was born a few years too late he didn't recognize me, that he didn't know enough to wait for me—the stupid dear! He'd never have gotten stodgy and bored if he'd kept playing around with me! He'd never have grown into any tired business man—he'd have been my merchant prince! And he'd have dashed off to all the fascinating corners of the earth whenever the spirit moved him and come home just bubbling with his old-time fun. Oh, if he'd had a son or two that mouth of his would have been firmer, and if he'd had a daughter or two how chivalrous he'd have been! The calendar simply wasn't fair to him—or to me."

The sail flapped idly in the calm, it was so still that they could almost hear the faint click of the knitting-needles and the throaty breathing of the Chronic Obvious who had slipped into bromidic dreams. Charles reached out his hand and imprisoned Margery's. She did not open her eyes, she let her fingers rest in his for a time, but when she pulled them away she smiled and gently shook her head. Of all the memories that Charles kept of her the tranquillity of that moment was the one that always remained pregnant with inexpressible longings. The one that was untarnished by anything for which either of them could feel any reproach. The moment that was rightfully theirs.

THEY dined together on the club-house porch. Margery was gay and sparkling. She teased Charles unmercifully. They lived through a stupid game of bridge in the Habitual Meddler's house. She was the only bad taste that their Summer had left in their mouths. She always ran true to form, and that particular evening she had cackled much about "When the cat's away the mice will play." Joined by the scorn they had in common for her they both of them solemnly ejaculated, "Oh, damn!" in chorus as they shook the dust of her pathway from their feet. It was so funny and unexpected, their saying it aloud and together, that they laughed immoderately as they strolled homeward in the cool starlight. His arm slipped across her shoulders in exactly the same friendly way it had when she was a little girl and they had prowled sleepily homeward from the village band concert.

"Remember how Aunt Debs used to leave the freezer out for us to scrape Wednesday nights?" he asked suddenly.

"Before we started," she answered, demurely removing his arm, "I told the Model Maid her wages would be docked if she didn't leave at least a pint and a half of pineapple sherbet on the cellar-stairs landing."

"You treasure!" he exclaimed. "I don't know what your poor old Charley boy would do without Miss Imp."

"Be sure to save some for poor old Miss Imp." She gently mocked his sentimental tone as she opened the cellar-door. "Oh, I almost forgot something! While you're digging it out I've an errand—don't let any salt run down in the can. I'll be back in a jiffy——"

He heard her little roadster bang out of the yard as he set the freezer on the kitchen-table. He waited five minutes, ten minutes; he began to get very impatient.

"Don't see why she didn't tell us where she was going," he growled peevishly at the whining Trudge. "Don't see why she's so blamed secretive about where she was going—" and when the car slipped back up the drive toward the garage, he held the door for her. "Where the deuce did you go?" he demanded querulously.

"Just where I pleased," she answered saucily. She said nothing more until the last appetizing spoonful had disappeared.

"Got anything more to eat?" he asked boyishly. "That stuff makes me positively hungry. Let's cook something."

"Can't. I have to finish packing."

"PACKING what?" His dismay was absurd. "You're not going anywhere?"

"I'm going to just the opposite of the 'out of the everywhere into the here' of that slushy old baby-dear-pome. I'm going out of the here into the everywhere, old dear. Back on my job. This is enough vacation to last a poor working girl for a lifetime."

He was terrifyingly tall as he stood beside her. He caught her to him so swiftly that she had no time to dodge.

"You can't go!"

Her strength surprised him. She was out of his arms and through the doorway before he could comprehend how she'd done it.

"Can't I, though?" she flung back at him. "I can do whatever I please. And the next thing I please to do is to give you your medicine. Want to take it standing or will you sit down?"

He was trembling with rage. He spoke thickly.

"Don't you worry. I'll take whatever I think is coming to me." His tones were menacing.

She was standing in the center of the bare living-room, she had switched on a glaring center light, her packing boxes and trunks were lined against the wall, she had stripped the whole place of all its color and charm. Yet even in the ugly glare she was rather an alluring figure; straight as a boy in her clean-cut white linen frock, she folded her arms and faced him.

"YOU'RE lots more difficult to manage than I anticipated." She was breathing hard. "Oh, you're more of a man than I thought!" She dared to admit his strength, his power over her. "But there's something you're forgetting! That you armed me for this kind of encounter years and years ago! That first day that you found me crying—P. S.," she interrupted herself to add impishly. "Those weren't real tears, Charles. I never could cry. I took those tears off the wet dish-towels and hung 'em on my cheeks to get your sympathy! That very first day you told me to buck up and remember what Bill Shakespeare said about living.

"Bill says, 'All the world's a stage,' you told me. 'Whenever you're in a tight corner pretend you're an actor and that there's an audience watching. It's liable to make quite a difference in the way you behave,' you said. And the other thing you taught me, that I never, never forgot, you didn't know you taught me. You had a shabby copy of Montaigne, you'd underlined, 'As soon as women become ours, we are no longer theirs.' Well, think it over, Charles. You're going to be mine forever."

"YOU don't think I'm going to let you get away with that sort of thing!"

"You're Bertha Shirley's husband!"

"Look out!" he warned her. "I tell you it's too late for you to pull this kind of stuff."

"It's exactly the right time."

"Bertha's husband! Why, Bertha hasn't meant anything to me for years and years." He began to pace about. "We had that all out this Spring. I told you the first night we talked together how I felt about her and that I knew she didn't give a darn about me. I played fair from the start. So you can't begin hedging at this stage of the game. Gad, if you do, you're a worse grafter than Bertha's been! She only grabbed a house and lot and a few clothes, but you've deliberately snatched at everything I had that was worth while to give." He strode toward her angrily. "I tell you I'll make you pay!" His fingers bruised her arm. "Why, Imp dear, you can't mean that you've been playing with me—that you don't care about me!

"Look here," he pulled a string of white corals from his pocket. "I've been carrying these around like a sentimental fool for the last two weeks. They're the corals I forgot to get for you when you were little. And—and—the feeling I have for you now is so big—that I was afraid to try to give these—afraid to try to give you anything—afraid to speak or breathe almost, for fear I'd offend you——"

She took them from him. She said a lovely thing as she pressed her lips against their cool, pink-flecked surfaces.

"THEY wouldn't offend the little girl I used to be! I'll let her wear them always."

"You can't work on my sympathies any longer," he retorted. "You put down your cards too soon. Give me back those beads——"

She hid them in her bosom.

"I love them too much," she smiled.

"You let me moon around all Summer thinking you cared, and now you stand there in cold blood and make fun of me!"

"I do care." Her voice was gentle. "How

Concluded on page 60

Lysol Disinfectant Makes the Sick-Room a Bedroom Again



CLEAN all floors, walls, closets, dark corners, window sills and dust-covered surfaces with a solution of Lysol Disinfectant and water—not only after sickness, but at all times, and in all rooms. Make it a regular habit.

And to keep sinks, drains, toilets, closets, cuspidors, garbage cans, and places where flies gather, free from germ life, add two teaspoonfuls of Lysol Disinfectant to a pint of water. Sprinkle a few drops of this solution frequently in all such places—especially in warm weather.

Lysol Disinfectant kills disease germs and cleanses all surfaces to which it is applied. A 50c bottle makes 5 gallons of powerful disinfectant; a 25c bottle makes 2 gallons. Sure, safe, economical.

Women find Lysol Disinfectant also invaluable for personal hygiene.

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Contains the necessary proportion of the antiseptic ingredients of Lysol Disinfectant to render the razor, strop, cup and shaving-brush aseptically clean, to guard the tiny cuts from infection, and give an antiseptic shave. If your dealer hasn't it, ask him to order a supply for you.

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Contains the necessary proportion of the antiseptic ingredients of Lysol Disinfectant to protect the health of the skin. It is also refreshingly soothing, healing, and helpful for improving the skin. Ask your dealer. If he hasn't it, ask him to order it for you.

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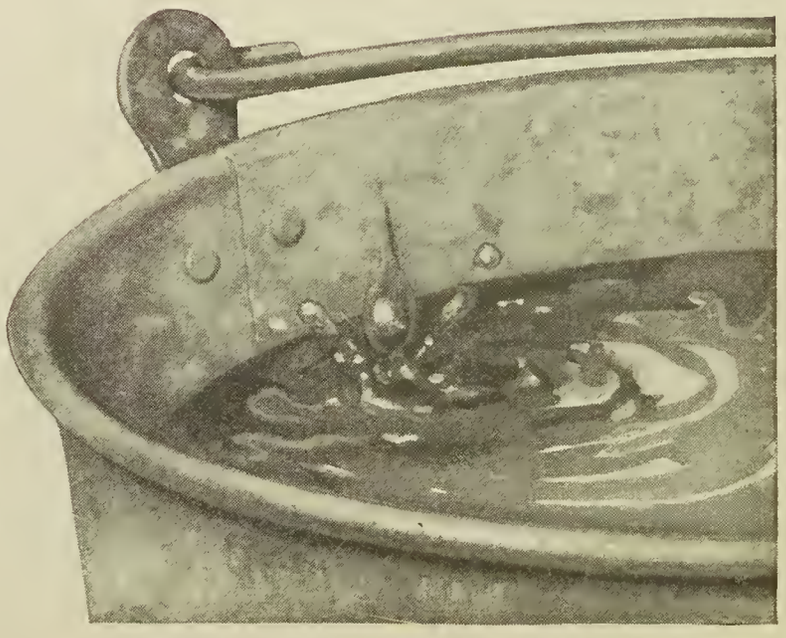


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Your grocer now has two new cereals for which everyone has waited.

They are Two-Minute Oats and Two-Minute Wheat. Both are ready-cooked, and better-cooked than is possible at home.

We cook them three hours by live steam under pressure, at higher than boiling heat. Every granule is thus fitted to digest.



Then we evaporate them. In this dry, condensed form all their flavory freshness keeps.

One heaping tablespoonful makes a dish. And the cereals will taste, whenever you serve them, just as though fresh from the cooker.

Merely do this

Stir the granules in boiling water. Within two minutes they absorb the water. Then you have a hot, soft, flavory dish, exceedingly delicious.

Both the Oats and Wheat in this form have a new, delightful flavor, due to high-heat cooking. So these whole-grain foods are more inviting than they ever were before.

Hot foods on call

Now you can serve a hot oat dish, 3-hour cooked, long before the coffee. Or hot granulated wheat.



Every hurried breakfast may have its savory cereal. Children need never miss their whole-grain dish.

The cereals are cooked as they should be. They taste better than ever before.

Think how long you have wanted foods like these. Now that we have them, get them.

Two-Minute Cereals are entirely new in form and flavor. The products are controlled by patent exclusively by The Quaker Oats Company, as is the process.

Two-Minute Oats
Two-Minute Wheat

Hot and instant **Already 3-hour cooked**

The Quaker Oats Company

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Send coupon

We will mail you then a six-dish package of each. Try them now—learn at once what they mean to you.

Grocers have the full-size packages of both.

12 Breakfasts Free

The Quaker Oats Company
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Mail me a 6-Dish Package of each Two-Minute Oats and Two-Minute Wheat.

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Concluded from page 58

THE MAN WHO WAS TIRED OF HIS WIFE

much I care you can never understand. But it's this way. I love you. I shall always love you. I love you the way Aunt Debs loved you. I love the boy in you and not the man. It's exactly the way you loved me once. You loved the little girl in me and not the woman."

"I love the woman now."

"You only think you do."

"You knew it that first day in the woods when I kissed your hair."

SHE blew him an airy kiss from her fingertips.

"Take it back, you stingy dear! It was such a sketchy, scared little kiss that I won't miss it! Besides, you didn't kiss me, you kissed Spring. And you'll forget all about it the very next time you kiss Bertha. Oh, don't look like that! Before you know it you'll be back again at her side. You'll find yourself tucking your fingers under her chin, you'll hear yourself saying, ''Lo, old lady, feeling better?' Oh, you could no more desert her than I could let you! Why, if you did, the minute it rained you'd find yourself worrying about whether she'd remembered to put on her rubbers or if somebody had put them on for her. I've watched you do it, I know how vain you are of her pretty feet. I know, too, how much she needs you.

"Poor Bertha! She's had very little in life! She's been cheated out of all the things that matter most—tied by the stupid tyranny of little things from the big gorgeous world—" she flung out her arms. "It's too late now to teach her, but it's too late now to take away the little that she has; she wouldn't know how to find anything else. And you needn't wax sentimental about your Midsummer madness. Your feelings may have fooled you, old dear, but they never fooled me.

"Come now, sit down on this haircloth sofa a minute. It's as shiny and hard and secure as a New England conscience. It's a good place to take inventory. You're admittedly forty-seven, and you had let yourself get bored with life. You were tired of yourself and everybody, so like the blessed goose you were you blamed it on your innocent wife and decided you were tired because of her.

"Spring and I had to come to your rescue. It was very lucky for you that Spring and I came along when we did. But, oh, how bored you'd be, Charley boy, if it stayed Spring forever! For you really are almost forty-eight, and there's years and years ahead when it will be far pleasanter for you to sit by the fire than it would be to dash about with a violent soul who wanted to romp all day! And who wanted heaps and heaps of noisy animals and kiddies about when you've learned to like a quiet, well-ordered house.

"Oh, think of all the chilly Fall days coming right now, when you'd hate playing golf in the rain with me but when you'd love to hurry home to a pretty woman beside a fire, a woman who doesn't want much more than just that—you and her little fireside. How easy it is for you to give her that! You meant to do much, much more for her the day you promised to love and honor and cherish her."

He walked to the window and folded his arms. He stared out into the blankness of the darkened garden for a long time. She held her breath as she watched him. She dreaded to look in his eyes when he turned.

"Imp," he stammered, "perhaps you're right. But even if you are, there's something that bothers me. You—you've worn such shabby clothes all Summer; you've had mighty little to spend, and you've had somebody else's roof over your head. What is going to become of you—if—if I let you go?"

"I'll always have your hyacinths to feast my soul."

"But I mean regular things—" he gestured awkwardly. "You let slip one time, when you weren't thinking, that you'd worked pretty hard for your living. I'd like to know that everything was going to be all right with you—perhaps I——"

"Bless you, don't worry," she answered steadily. She put her hand in his for the last time. "With folks like me it doesn't really matter whether the purse is empty or filled. Either way everything will always be quite all right with me."

IT MIGHT have been an hour later that he tramped up his own path. He moved toward the threshold mechanically. He was dog-tired; he felt desolate, deserted, as though all the joy had gone from life. Through the porch window he caught a glimpse of a supper-table beside a lighted wood fire. It looked as though Aunt Deborah's loving hands had spread it—bread and butter cut as she had so often cut it, thin slices of pink ham, a ruddy gleam that meant currant jelly, a great pitcher of milk and a plate of thick molasses cookies. Margery had done it very well indeed. She had even dared to put a pipe and a tobacco-pouch beside his plate! And beyond the table in the big armchair, with her head bent over her embroidery, sat Bertha.

"Hello!" he stammered. "Feeling better, old lady? When did you get home?"

"About ten o'clock." Her voice sounded small and thin after Margery's deep contralto; it startled him. He made no move toward her. Not until she leaned forward in the light to thread her needle. It was then that he rubbed his eyes incredulously. It was then that he discovered how appealingly pretty she looked. There was a dear familiarity about her. He looked at her so steadily that she shivered slightly under his scrutiny. A scarf hung over the chair beside her, a scarf like Aunt Deborah's Spanish-lace scarf.

"Why," he ejaculated, staring down at the comb like Aunt Deborah's silver comb, "you vain thing! You've been powdering your hair!"

"It's not powder." Her voice was tremulous. "It's just that I'm getting old, Charles."

"Old!" he scoffed. "You aren't old!" He was beginning to exult again in her beauty. His fingers lifted her chin.

She wanted, oh, how she wanted, to be haughty with him! She wanted to make him suffer. And yet she had to look! The sweet humility of her eyes broke down the last barrier between them.

He knelt awkwardly at her side.

"Bertha," he said slowly with her hand against his lips, "I guess it's right what they say about there being no fool like an old fool. I've acted like an old fool all Summer, and the worst part of it is I can't say I'm sorry. But if you could forgive me——"

"For being tired of me?"

"Tired of you?" He was on his feet, his entirely prosaic self once more. "What rubbish! I wasn't tired of you. I was just sort of disgusted with life generally. I didn't mean to take it out on you—" he actually thought he meant it!—"I'm pretty much of a grouch, and you've been a patient little wife to put up with me all these years."

SOMETHING you've lost and found again is infinitely more precious than it was when chance first made it yours. It was that way with Charles's love for Bertha. It was more golden, more shining, richer than she had known. She heard herself laughing, not her smooth, perfect laughter, but laughter that was strangely like a sob.

"You're not an old grouch—" she murmured.

"A hungry old grouch," he insisted, as he reached to pull a plate toward him and seated himself casually on the arm of her chair. "Where'd you dig up all this food? There wasn't a thing in the ice-box. Jinks, I'm hungry!" He munched contentedly. "Open your mouth, old lady. Have a bite?"

And it was that glimpse of them that Margery caught as the taxi rattled her toward the train.

"The dears!" she murmured and shook hands with herself cordially, just as he had taught her. "They're letter perfect!"

It might have been a week later that the Chronic Obvious sat down beside Charles on the eight-ten.

"Why didn't you tip us off that your cousin was a celebrity? I made one fool of myself all right yesterday afternoon in the Vandemore. The wife and I were waiting for some one when along blew Mrs. Dearborn. I wouldn't have known her at first, but of course the wife spotted her. The wife said she had on about a thousand dollars' worth of clothes, but I didn't see anything but a stiffish hat and some blue serge and white beads. She bowed as pleasant as you please. Chap next to me says, 'Y'seem to know her well.'

" 'Name's Dearborn,' says I.

" 'Dearborn, nothing,' says he. 'That's Madge Sherman. Gee, she just coins money hand-over-fist!'

" 'Doing what?' says I.

" 'Producing plays. Why, man alive, in another five years she'll be the foremost theatrical producer in America! She's got a string of successes now that would make you blink. Money-makers. Just simple little plays that don't take much scenery or such big actors, but she's got the trick of putting 'em across and getting the crowds to go see 'em. Kind of a wiz' at it. They say it doesn't make any difference how crude the actors are or how small the part they're going to play—she jollies 'em into thinking they're important. Everybody who works for her gets hipped on her. They eat out of her hand.' "

Charles was no longer listening to the Chronic Obvious. Again he thrilled with emotions. Again she had roused him, angered him, baffled him, and in the end soothed him, just as she always had. He fancied he could hear her voice:

"Blessings on Bill Shakespeare for telling us that all the world's a stage. It makes life lots easier to know that all you have to do is play *your* little part."

How deftly she had shown him his "part"!

How beautifully she had canceled her fanciful debt!

The peace that passeth all understanding encompassed his soul. At last he knew the meaning of that sweet barter called friendship, with its never quite balanced accounts, with its eternal give and take. He knew that the fragrance of the hyacinths with which he had feasted her soul would last through all his to-morrows.

The End

THE WEST WIND AND THE ROSE

I BREATHED upon her petals pink,
For she was wondrous fair.
I crept into her hidden heart
And found it golden there.

I swayed her on her graceful stem
And begged her for a kiss.
In all the world I have not found
A flower as sweet as this.

The other flowers may bow and nod
And court me as I pass.
But I'd give all their beauty for
A rose leaf on the grass.

—DOROTHY STOCKBRIDGE.



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There is nothing better than fresh, light, fine-grained rolls.

And it's easy to make them from a little bread dough on bake day.

Parker House Rolls with Bread Dough
Two and one-half dozen

Take 4 cups (2 lbs.) bread dough, when ready to shape into loaves. Roll out to ½ inch thickness. Shape with a biscuit cutter, brush each shape with melted butter, crease through the center, fold over and press edges together. Place in a buttered pan one inch apart and let rise until fully twice their bulk. Bake in a quick oven 20 to 25 minutes.

Sweeter and richer rolls may be made by creaming together: 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon butter or lard, 1 egg, and adding to the regular bread dough, together with enough extra flour to make a medium dough.

Parker House Rolls
Two and one-half dozen

SPONGE

½ cake Yeast Foam or Magic Yeast
1 cup lukewarm water; 2 cups flour

In the evening break yeast and soak 20 minutes in lukewarm water. Mix with flour to medium sponge. Cover and let rise in warm place over night.

DOUGH

Sponge as above; 1 cup lukewarm water; 1 teaspoon salt; ½ tablespoon sugar; ½ tablespoon butter or lard, 4 cups flour.

Early in the morning mix sponge with water, salt, sugar and butter or lard. Add flour and mix to medium dough. Let rise 2½ to 3 hours. Roll out to ½ inch thickness. Shape with a biscuit cutter, brush each shape with melted butter, crease through the center, fold over and press the edges together. Place in a buttered pan one inch apart and let rise until fully twice their bulk. Bake in a quick oven 20 to 25 minutes.

Sweeter and richer rolls may be made by creaming together: 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon butter or lard, 1 egg, and adding to the regular dough, together with enough extra flour to make a medium dough.

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Continued from page 13

THE WINGS OF LOVE

but Clem, apparently ignoring, struck back more subtly.

"Poor George Starrow! He had *such* a time getting along in school, before he was dropped out," she said compassionately.

"He wasn't dropped, Clem; you know that; His father made him stop."

" 'Twouldn't have made much difference, though, I guess," Clem continued dreamily.

"Oh, well, you see he wasn't going to be a schoolmarm. What difference would it ha' made? He doesn't have to live by his mere brains. He's got a grand business, anyhow."

"That'll be good for you, Mudge—when he gets ready to marry."

"FOR me! 'When he gets ready to marry.' Why, my Heavens—" Mudge rolled her blue eyes up toward the ceiling. "Oh, Clem, if you knew—if you knew the ways of a fellow that's really gone on you—of George Starrow—the ways I have to use to keep him just *so*. I can't *bear* anything but a cave-man, but they take some handling, I can tell you."

"A cave-man! George Starrow!" Clem laughed irrepressibly. "I sh'd call him more of—more of a *bolster!*"

A tide of red swept Mudge's face. "That's all you know," she said calmly; "you don't know men, that's all. A man's inner self. You've got to be able to read 'em."

"I can read George Starrow, Mudge, like a road-sign."

"Oh, do you think so?" Mudge came back sardonically, with a heavy smack of her iron, and she added after a moment: "You better get your eyes examined."

"Well, then, Mudge, why don't you take him? You've been fussing with him long enough."

"That's ladylike. I'd like you to know, Clem Williams, I don't *fuss* with any man. I don't *have* to. George Starrow is all right. I don't say I'm going to marry him, though," she added.

"I thought you were as good as engaged——"

" 'As good as'—that's nothing!" Mudge paused above her iron thoughtfully, staring dreamily into the garden. "I don't say but that a while ago—but maybe I've changed my mind. Maybe I have."

"YOU'D better change your iron, too," counseled Clem, and Mudge hastily tore herself from abstraction, and bent in horror above the filmy tissue where her iron had rested a fraction too long.

"Oh, Clem, I've burned my dress—I have! I've burned it."

"Wet it and hang it out. It's too bad!" Clem left her pan and bent with Mudge above the dress.

"Oh dear," said Mudge, "my best dress. And for to-night!"

"George wouldn't notice. A man doesn't," Clem comforted her.

"Oh, I don't care for George. But for to-night, of all things. Why, I'm going over to Sue Aincy's for supper. And I wanted—I wanted—" Mudge's lip trembled.

"Oh, well, Sue Ainey! It isn't burned bad, Mudge. Wet the spot and hang it in the sun——"

"And I wanted so—" a round tear fell on Mudge's cheek. "Just when a person wants to—wants to make an impression——"

"On Sue Ainey! Good Heavens!"

"Not for Sue Ainey! I—I—" Mudge, still blowing and dabbing at the wounded organdy, turned a fierce pink, spoke breathlessly, "It's because—it's because it's to be so special. I didn't tell you, Clem, but it—it may *mean something*. It's to meet somebody, I'm going. To meet him, by request. He said he had seen me. He asked Sue to fix it up—and now, oh, I've burned my dress!"

SOMETHING, some curious tension entered into Clem's attitude. She stood very still; spoke in a mere thread of voice.

"Who—who is it you're to meet, Mudge?"

"That Gifford Wells that's visiting Miss Barbey, and knows Sue. I saw him yesterday when I was on the porch. He's—he's swell, Clem."

"Giff—Gifford Wells. And he asked to—to meet *you!*"

Clem's voice was so high and thin Mudge must have noticed but for the catastrophe that had befallen.

She nodded her bent head affirmatively.

"Sue told me. I couldn't hardly believe it," she added confidentially. "He's—he's so different from our boys, George and the rest."

"And Sue told—told you, he wanted to meet you?" Clem insisted.

"Why, sure—that's what she said. She said he asked her if she knew 'Miss Williams.' She says he's crazy to meet me. She said he told her he saw me in Melldock's drug-store Thursday evening."

"Melldock's drug-store!"

A curious light, soft and transfiguring, broke in Clem's tense face.

"But you weren't there Thursday night, Mudge. You were over at Grantby with George on that picnic. You didn't get back 'til twelve."

"THAT'S what I told Sue. But he probably mixed the evening. He must ha' meant Wednesday. Ben Shorter an' I had a soda there Wednesday night. Wednesday an' Thursday's not so much different."

"Not so much different."

Clem moistened her lips, took a half-timid step nearer Mudge.

"Mudge—Mudge, you don't suppose he—he could ha' meant some one else?"

"How could he?" Mudge raised surprised eyes. "Oh, Clem, I'm crazy to meet him. An' he's so good-looking—and his clothes—elegant, just like the magazines——"

But Clem was listening no longer. She stepped back, turned with a faint half-smile and stepped into the sunny little porch. Before her was a pleasant prospect of neat garden-beds, strips of petunia and portulaca, with beyond whitewashed chicken-runs and her father's little shop. But Clem did not see them.

Her heart was pounding curiously, a mist was before her eyes. A two-day-old memory rose before her, a memory she had carried about and examined ever since: Of herself, bundle-laden, turning to the door in Melldock's, and a young man opening it for her. A tall, slim young stranger, with deep, dark-lashed gray eyes. Not a complete stranger, really.

Everybody knew that young Wells was back from France and visiting his cousin Lesbia Barbey. A strange awkwardness had come upon Clem. She had foolishly spilled one of the little parcels and the young man had picked it up. Picked it up like a Chesterfield, and Clem had received it stammering, blushing absurdly.

No man had ever made her blush before in her life, she remembered. All that was wasp and capable termagant in her had died before the intense charm of his appraising gray eyes. Now a thrilling sweetness swept upon her.

"It was me, after all," she thought, forgetful of her careful schooling. "It was me!" Her mouth trembled; a prescience of something new and lovely came upon her.

SHE was aware of depths of untried feeling before her, of unsquandered riches of affection and intensity that lay at her command. It was as though some portentous tocsin had sounded.

Was it come at last—the beautiful, the awaited? Behind her she caught the concerned clamor and lamentation of the still-distressed Mudge. Mudge, the complacent, who counted no one but herself. Her lips curved in a smile. To hide her happiness, she caught up a linen towel bleaching on a peony-bush, and buried her face in it.

"Poor Mudge!" she thought richly. "What'll she do when she finds out he meant some one else? What'll she do about it?"

It was plain that Mudge was snared. Caught like a bird in a limed net.

She had come into Clem's doorway late in the evening and stood brushing her hair, a little sleepy, but profoundly satisfied.

" 'Wake yet, Clem?" she had asked.

Clem was awake. She had taken a "circulating library" up to her room and had tried to spend the evening with it. Had tried hard, fighting two emotions: that thrilled sense of tremulous expectancy that invaded her, and an impatient envy of Mudge's great opportunity. Once or twice savage doubt tore sharply at her. Mudge was handsome when she was fixed up, no denying. And men were fickle, easily deflected. If Mudge made a proper impression, he might easily forget that little fleeting moment in the shop. Yet the woman triumphant in her, stirred by that hint of prior interest, overrode these.

SHE gave herself to half-wistful contemplation of the tree-tops, the stars, the evening sky. Her time would come later. The time when she would actually meet him and false impressions be corrected. She was too happy, too swept away to have any lasting doubt. Deeply within her, Clem had always believed there would be some one—some one from the outside world to touch her closely, to care. Mudge was all right, but the boys round here were more her style. What she herself wanted, craved with intense instinct, was some one more finely organized, more advantaged of life. Gifford Wells—the very name was fraught with an aura of rare culture. And she knew his legend: He had come from a university before he went to France.

Mudge never cared about that sort of thing. Mudge's grammar was "beyond words" at times. No man of the world——

She had stifled an artificial yawn behind her hand.

"Oh, hello, Mudge. Yes, I'm awake. How's Sue?"

"Oh, Sue—She's—all right. Oh, Clem, he's grand; simply grand."

Mudge stood in the door, her hair-brush arrested. A bar of moonlight came into the room, slid over the floor, touching Mudge, with her long, white nightgown and flowing hair. It etherealized her, softened and beautified her. With a little jealous catch at her heart, Clem rendered tribute. Any man looking at Mudge now—yes, any man—would call her beautiful. She pretended to yawn again.

"Oh, you mean Gifford Wells?"

"YES— Oh, Clem," Mudge waved her hair-brush, "he's —he's—I never saw any one like him! He just takes you—by storm." She hesitated, then laughed a little. "He has that way.

"But it was funny. He must ha' got mixed up. 'I thought you were somebody else. No, I thought somebody else was you,' he said. Then— Oh, Clem, he made me blush. He says, 'I can't think of anything nicer than for you to be *you*.' Wasn't that lovely, Clem? George Starrow never said a thing like that in his life!"

"I s'pose not," said Clem dryly.

"He talked that way off and on all evening; said the *loveliest* things! I guess if he mixed me up with anybody else it's all right, anyhow. I—I *can* get on with fellows, Clem, if I do say so myself. I asked him and Sue to supper Tuesday Night."

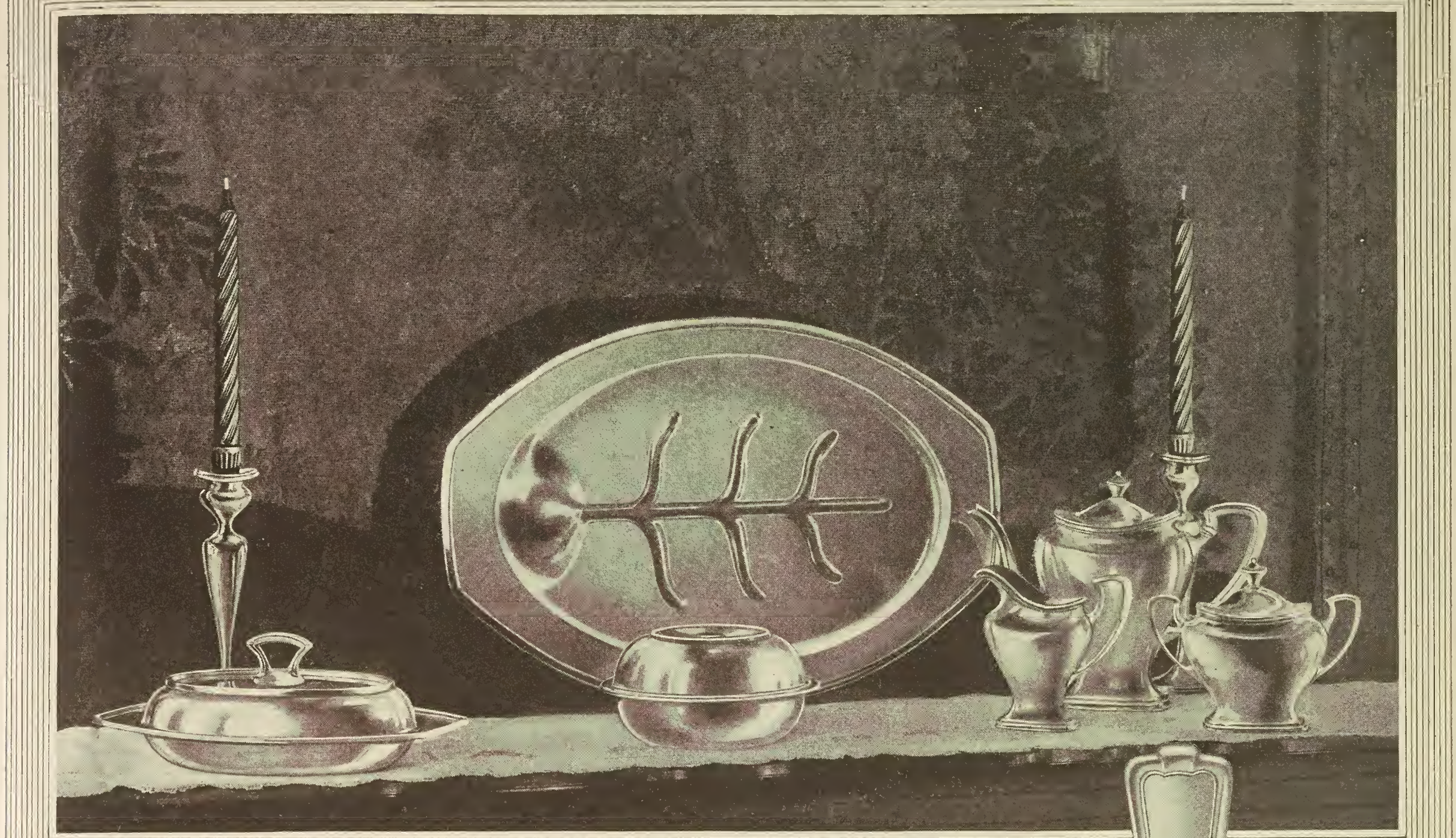
"Tuesday night!" After Mudge went to bed. Clem still sat looking out at the garden. In two more days! Again the queer doubt stirred. Perhaps Mudge had erased her memory, but she would not believe—not until she saw!

SHE had not been erased. He came over to her in two long strides as she entered the room from where he stood with Sue and Mudge.

"Why," he said, "I was perfectly right—I *did* see Miss Williams!"

"Yes—I'm Miss Williams, too." Clem answered. "You mean—you mean that time in Melldock's drug-store?" she added, faltering a little, to show him she remembered, then blushed furiously. It was an inept, fatuous speech, unworthy of her usual poise.

Continued on page 64





A complete silver service for the Bride

IF she wants anything at all, she wants silverware; and the latest fashion in silverware is a complete silver service in the same pattern.

It has not always been possible to get such a combination in fine silverplate; but now it is a distinctive feature of 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverware. In several attractive patterns, the Tea and Coffee Sets, Trays, Vases, etc., match perfectly the spoons, knives and forks—all of the high quality that has made this brand of silverplate preferred for more than seventy years.

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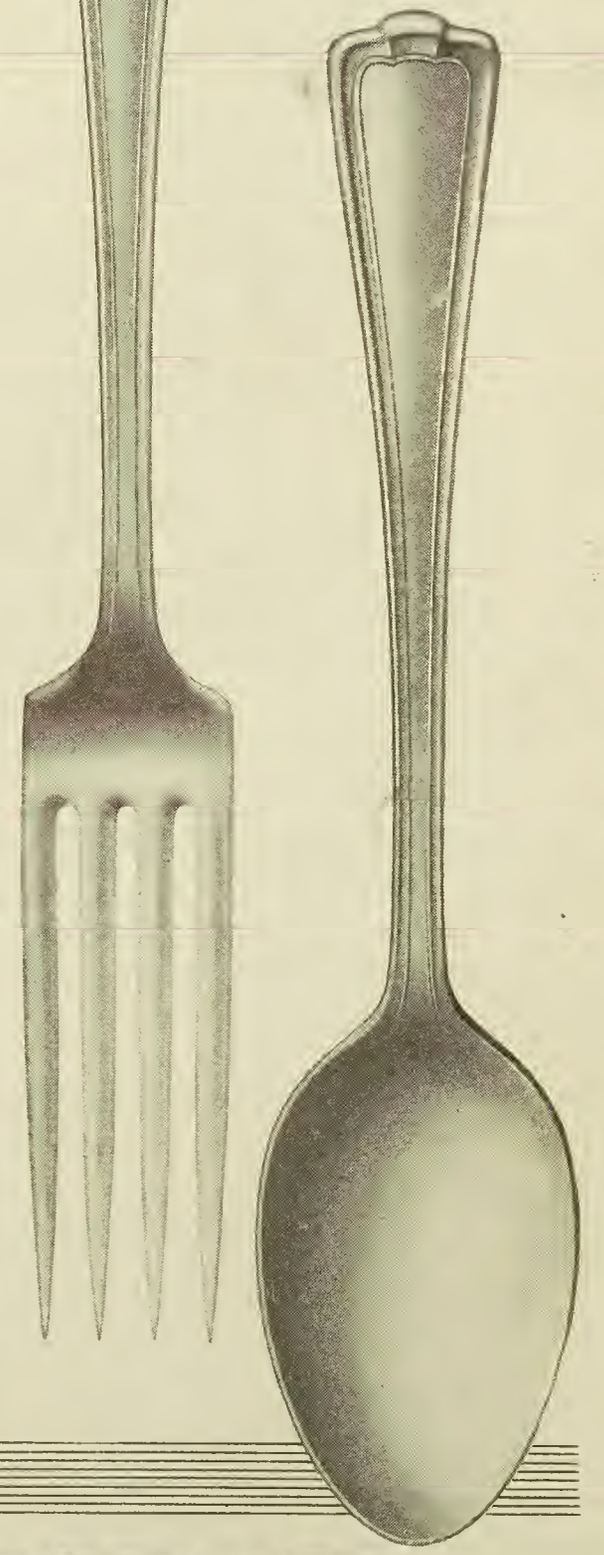
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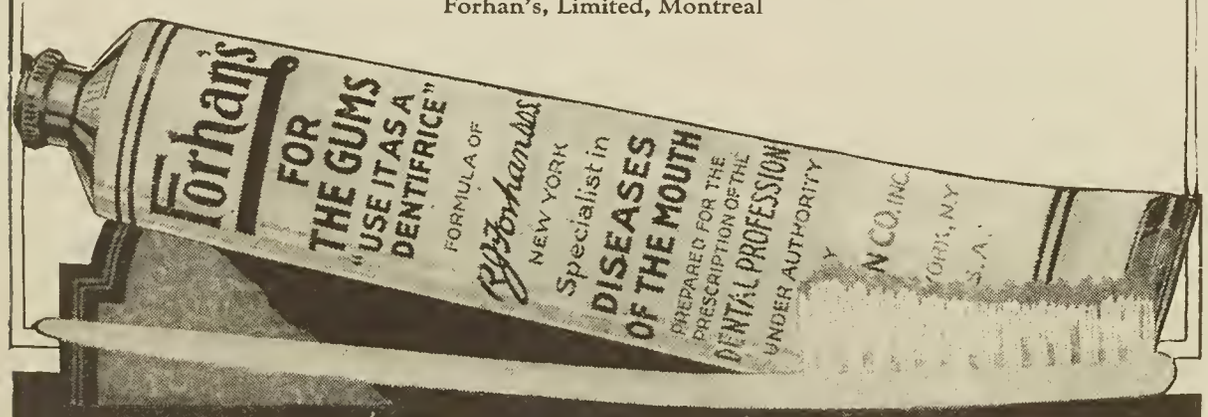
Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

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Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down*. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
Checks Pyorrhea

Continued from page 62

THE WINGS OF LOVE

But Gifford Wells still prisoned her hand in his.

"No one would forget having seen *you*," he said. He spoke very low, his eyes close on hers. It was deliciously confidential, intimate, yet automatically she wished Mudge and Sue could hear him. Mudge looked so pink and complacent in her blue-and-white, chatting with Sue.

"I'm—I'm afraid you're a flatterer," Clem said in her best "circulating-library" manner. She was glad swiftly to recapture the note she had decided on. She would show him she was not like Mudge. Mudge would have declared he was "kidding."

"YOU make it fearfully easy then," he came back quickly. It struck Clem as the most wonderful repartee she had ever heard—a *mot* worthy of a place in a novel.

He still held her hand.

"Do you know I wanted to know you terribly——"

"It's not difficult—" Clem smiled at him. Her heart was beating pizzicato.

"And when I saw you come in, just now, looking so pretty in that wonderful yellow dress, I couldn't believe——"

Mudge came over and touched his arm informally, but Clem stood rooted, thrilled to the depths of her being. No one had ever called her pretty. No one—not even herself—had regarded her buff flowered muslin as wonderful. But now, this Gifford Wells— He had the sophisticated eye. He connoted the outer world, and he had looked upon her and found her good.

And over there, Mudge stood beaming fatuously, offering her little provincial wares of charm to him. He was listening so beautifully, bending gracefully, attentively. No one could have told he was bored—as he must be, truly. He was the perfect guest, the perfect gentleman.

He was graceful, lithely built, with a brushed back peak of silky, dark hair. His teeth, his tie, the way his nails were kept!

Clem tore herself away at her mother's summons.

"You lend a hand, Clem—Mudge'll want to talk to her new beau." Clem could have laughed aloud in ironic amusement. If they knew—if they only knew!

AT SUPPER she wished passionately that things were different. Her father—his table manners! And the dessert, put right on the table with the rest of the things, in the little red-glass dishes. Perhaps Gifford Wells was used to finger-bowls. He probably thought they had never heard of them.

"We're awfully simple," Clem said, passing him the buttered biscuits, "and we're poor as church-mice." She wanted to add fiercely, "Of course you see that."

"If I had the money to do with, I could show anybody" she thought angrily.

"Why, simple things are always the nicest. I like 'em best. After the stuff the A. E. F. got 'over there'! When I was with the A. E. F.——"

"You were over, weren't you?" Clem thrilled.

"Rather!" he said, "Our division was in the thick. The Argonne, St. Mihiel, Belleau Wood——"

"It—it must have been terrible," Clem gasped originally, then hated herself. It might have been Mudge speaking.

"But I suppose you were thankful to be in an active sector?" she added primly.

"Oh, we were in luck," he spoke lightly. He had crumbled a biscuit and began a little edifice of crums. Was it possible those slim, tapering, brown hands had been cruel, strong with gun and bayonet?

He began to sketch some of his experiences lightly, illustrating with biscuit-crums. He referred to salients and shell-holes, to impossible billets, to experiences "on leave." But the outstanding feature in his memory was, he said, France itself. The architecture, traditions, the women, the language.

"I PREFER to talk about all this," he said, his fine eyes burning into Clem's, "the other's just horror. But France—*'la belle France'*—that's the real thing."

"Every cultured person wants to see France," Clem brought out fiercely. "I know I do."

"Of course. And you'll go there, too, some time. I know you will," he looked at her cryptically. "You belong there. You remind me, more than any one I've ever seen, of the Frenchwomen. You have—you have something—er—Continental to you——"

"I studied French at normal," said Clem.

"Wonderful, isn't it? The language of romance, *n'est-ce-pas?*"

"*Oui*," said Clem quickly, with a little sidelong sparkle.

"Didn't you *hate* to take off your uniform?" Mudge edged in from the other side.

"Won't you have more canned peaches, Mr. Wells?" asked Clem's mother.

It was maddening—the interruptions, the vulgar eternal platitudes. If they could have a moment alone——

Clem, helping her mother with the dishes, was delayed in joining the others. When she sought the front porch, she found George Starrow and a friend had arrived. They had captured a reluctant Mudge, and when Clem sat down on the little porch settle, Gifford Wells rose and came over. He sat down by her, his hand brushing hers, and Clem was instantly aware of the curious magnetic thrill that pervaded her.

"WHAT do you do with yourself here?" he asked with that little intimate possessive manner he used. The murder would out sooner or later, so Clem was frank.

"I'm—I'm just a school-teacher. Primary grade. I was at normal two years," she added.

"A teacher! Good Heavens! With your looks!"

"You know what I called you, a while back, Mr. Wells," Clem laughed nervously, the blood flying to her cheeks.

"And you know what I said—and I meant it. But I suppose it's because you're clever—your teaching, I mean. Perhaps I shall have to be afraid of you."

"Oh, don't," Clem nearly burst out in agony, remembering Mudge's strictures on men and "smart Aleeks."

"It doesn't really take a great deal of brains to teach here—" her lip curled, "and I don't like it," she added. "I'd rather travel and—and see things. France and—and all that. There's—there's a lot I *don't* know," she confessed honestly.

"Well—you'll do it. Some day"; there seemed to be some exquisite portent in his tone. "When I was in college—" He began to sketch some of his college experiences, and Clem thrilled. She came back with a few shy touches about "normal." Yet, though Gifford Wells talked of things far afield, he showed he was never unconscious of her. He toyed with a little frill on her dress, caressingly, and when saying, "Mind if I smoke?" he had drawn out a box of cigarets and lighted one he played at blowing rings with delicious boyishness.

"HOLD up your finger and I'll put a ring on it," he suggested, and when Clem stuck up her little finger, he looked at her with amused significance.

"That's the wrong finger. The third finger—left hand," and he had blown a perfect circle of creamy smoke about Clem's little spike of a digit.

She had never figured in anything so absurdly childish, nor so exquisitely intriguing. It was foolish and utterly beneath one's dignity but so painfully sweet!

"These people are so busy. Let's walk up to the corner," he suggested.

They had strolled to the top of the street together. The shrubs and hedges gave out a delicate perfume, and the charm of the place seemed to touch Gifford Wells.

"This is a pretty place. I'm glad I came. *Mighty* glad I came," he said significantly. "Are you going to be good to me, while I'm here?" he broke out suddenly. "Are you going to let me see you—often?"

"I'm—always here," Clem faltered.

"Because I want to see you," he swept impetuously on. "I knew I'd want it that day in the store. You and I— You and I have lots in common, don't you think so?"

"Oh, yes!" Clem breathed.

When Mudge burst in on her later, she was abstracted, aloof.

"I must say," Mudge exploded bitterly, "it was mean of George Starrow to horn in and spoil my evening so. George isn't in Mr. Wells's class—he's too rough-neck. Give me a cultured man. And I wanted to talk to Mr. Wells. He told me the other night there was a lot of army stuff he had to tell me—and he *notices* you so! Oh, Clem——"

"I'VE got a headache, Mudge," Clem said. She heard Mudge singing as she got ready for bed, in a loud, joyous, whooping soprano. Something was making Mudge very happy evidently. She smiled significantly.

Then she lost herself in her own rapture. It had been beautiful, this evening. It was true. There was a common bond between them—he himself had noticed. Now she sat by her open window and took out and examined singly each little phrase he had uttered, those he had spoken concerning herself—weighed them carefully, blissfully. It was worth while to have waited for this. Never to have bothered with cheap ephemeral flirtations, like Mudge. To have held oneself for the real, the beautiful thing.

When Clem had brushed her hair and got into her nightgown, Mudge was long since silent. The house was hushed and quiet, and suddenly, involuntarily, Clem slipped down on her knees and said a little prayer. The last part was not so coherent, nor so relevant, perhaps;

". . . And make me a good girl . . . and happy . . . and happy . . . and bless him . . . and let him like me."

They all went to the picnic at Soutter's Grove together in Vinney's bus, Mudge looking very vivid in red-and-white, "candy-stripe," with cherries in her hat, and Clem in a cloud of new lilac.

"You make me think of sweet peas—lavender sweet peas," Gifford Wells whispered as he helped Clem out of the bus. He was helping all the girls, the Beau Brummel of the party, as became a man of the world, and Clem noticed how silly Mudge acted in getting out, dimpling and reddening and holding herself together in little kittenish shrugs.

CLEM remembered something her mother had said the night before. "Mudge is terribly gone on that new Wells fellow. I sh'd think she'd have sense and take George Starrow and settle down. You can't tell about a stranger."

Not that Mudge was the only one. Not one of the other girls but was affected in more or less degree. Small wonder, too, with Gifford's war tradition, his clothes, his finish of manner. If Mudge and the other girls chose to be foolish, it was because of their silly, susceptible selves. Because they construed a genial, charming courtesy as something personal; a quick and chivalrous manner as special tribute. She could have laughed at them—contempt rather than irritation.

If they realized how often Wells's eyes rested on her, the number of little innuendoes he contrived, his manner of touching her fingers—once in a slow, deliberate pressure. It was as though he would isolate her in the midst of the gay, chatting crowd—lay a sort of claim on her.

Once, passing her on the way to the brook, he stopped to say quickly, significantly:

"How are you? Happy?" And Clem's cheek reddened, her heart beat quicker. For a clever schoolma'am who had renounced the follies of her kind, it was at once amazing and deliciously disturbing to find herself so meltingly foolish.

Continued on page 66



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Continued from page 64

THE WINGS OF LOVE

"They're a noisy lot," Wells whispered, looking back at the picnickers gathered round the hampers; "not our kind exactly, are they, Sweet Pea?"

Clem quivered into a small, flushed smile.

"We must have a talk—alone," he added, turning away at a call.

THEY had had moments in the very midst of the gay crowd, parties at Lesbia's or Sue's or even in her own home, where Mudge pressed like Nemesis—when he had sought her, dropped down beside her, deliberately, talking in his "second voice"—running upon a little thread of implied intimacy, that inclusive touch that had united them against the rest, made them spectators, so to speak, before a shallow, pleasant pageant. They had not been long, these moments of delightful comradeship. They were, necessarily, stolen-sweet before the rest, but a time must come, would surely come, when they would have the uninterrupted moment, and meantime she could wait! The little moments were sweet enough, implicit with promises for the future.

People—the young men of her acquaintance—were either awed or bored by Clem. But not Gifford Wells. He, too, craved finer things, one could see that. She could talk with him freely, letting herself go. Where she was didactic, positive, irritating with Mudge or her parents or the youth of her acquaintance, a strange shyness came upon Clem with Wells, and a strange freedom also. She was more simple, natural, naive. She fired up quickly, wistfully, her fleeting color burning.

Her color rode high, off and on, all the afternoon in Soutter's Grove.

Though Gifford Wells joined the sports and games of the others, swinging the girls cheerfully, dancing in the little rickety pavilion, he found time to come at intervals to Clem, sitting a little aloof as usual.

ONCE he came up to her after a dance with Mudge. The phonograph jazzed out a poignant fox-trot. Mudge, Clem thought, had danced "too close." She had literally lain against Wells. If that was Mudge's way of conquest——

Now Wells, wiping his face, sat down.

"You don't dance, do you, Sweet Pea?"

"Not this sort of thing," shrugged Clem. "Only waltzes."

"I could get them to look up a waltz——"

But even with the words, the machine commenced grinding out, "The End of a Perfect Day" in "Blue Danube" time. Wells seized Clem's hands, drew her up with him.

"Come on," he whispered, "you and I——"

She had never danced so. He caught her to him masterfully, so her breath failed, she grew faint and relaxed. Only her feet moved lightly, automatically.

"You're like thistle-down—it's heavenly—with *you*," Wells whispered.

Clem scarcely knew when the dance ended. Wells held her hand a moment before releasing it.

"Let's you and I walk up here to the back of this little hill and cool off behind the trees. Your sister showed me the place a while ago. Wouldn't you like to—a few minutes?"

Clem found herself shortly on the top of a little knoll looking out on a gentle prospect of farm country. She was unaware of it, conscious only of her isolation here, with Wells, behind a screen of buttonwoods, definitely hidden from the rest.

HER hand was in Wells's, yielded quite involuntarily, and for a little they had sat in a happy silence. Even the casual phrase Wells uttered at intervals slipped off Clem's mind. But suddenly, with a swift, curious sense of suffocation, she realized what he had asked her.

"You—you wouldn't let a fellow kiss you, would you, Clementine?"

It took her a minute to command herself.

"I—I wouldn't kiss some one—I didn't—love," she said in a broken thread of voice. It was so still for a second that she caught the drumming of her own heart, then she realized Wells had taken both her hands.

"Would you kiss—*me?*" he asked.

It faded out, after that—the place she sat in, the trees, the countryside, the picnickers she had left—even knowledge of herself, for one flashing second. Then she found herself on her feet, her face burning, looking at him.

"You're a darling—" he was saying. "We'd better go back now——"

If Clem expected him to say anything else, she was, she realized, counting on an absurdity. It was no sort of a place to "say things" in, with heedless people to interrupt or claim them any minute.

But she moved through the rest of the afternoon in a trance of happiness. Even Wells's good-night pressure of her hand scarcely roused her.

"I'll see you to-morrow," he whispered.

He would see her—surely. And there would be other days—oh, surely! Days that would belong to her. He was expected to stay two weeks longer. She prepared for the night, still in her happy daze. She was glad Mudge did not come in, but kept to herself, singing loudly.

HE CAME the next day. At mid-afternoon he dropped in on them, and in the instant of his arrival, Clem sensed a disturbing portent. He carried a light overcoat and grip. He was on the way—on his way to the station—his visit abruptly broken.

"I had no idea of this," he said. He sat on the piano-stool which seemed to emphasize his migratory passing. He sat there, his fingers laced, talking to them.

Mudge had gone pale at once, and said nothing. Clem did better. She managed a little conventional patter of regret in a voice she scarcely recognized. The room, she found, was behaving strangely, moving up and down in curious jerks. She wished passionately Mudge would go out and leave them for a moment. She looked over once and said:

"Why don't you get some of that nice cake you made, Mudge?"

But Mudge only said: "Oh, yes—*you* get it, Clem."

In the end, however, Mudge had got it, though Wells protested. In the swift interval of her absence, he had spoken.

"Now you'll forget me—won't you?"

"Forget you?" said Clem, with her heart in her voice.

"I'll not forget you, Sweet Pea, nor these last days. You'll hear from me—remember that."

Almost directly Mudge was with them, but Clem's shadow had materially lifted. Of course there could be nothing else now. She must wait. Until he came back; or until he wrote. He would write, surely—would have mentioned it more explicitly had Mudge given them time. Now, capably she bore her share of farewell with gracious fortitude. Mudge clung to them steadfastly, going to the very door, and Wells shook a hand of each.

"YOU can't know what a bully time I've had. You've been wonderful. After the things I've been through, it's—well, perhaps some time I'll tell you better—when I come back."

"Do let—do let's hear from you," Mudge stumbled.

"You certainly shall," he said, and he was gone like a bright meteor. But Mudge had an afterthought. She sped after him down the steps.

"Oh, I want to tell—I want to speak——"

Crude, Clem thought, and smiled faintly. But already her lightened spirit was drooping. Something gray was come across the day.

She went up to her room and instinctively looked into her glass. Pale. She was not pale yesterday at this time. She let herself drift back to that intimate, lovely episode on the wooded knoll. He had called her a darling. She heard voices below. Mudge had come back and was talking to her mother. She heard Mudge laughing.

The days moved very slowly, dully, Clem thought. It was as though the heart of things had rather dropped out for her. The usual routine had never seemed so depressing.

"Funny what a difference just one person makes," she thought.

She would feel better after she had heard from him. There would be a note, if only a line, after what had happened. But Monday, Tuesday—four days slipped by. The end of the week crawled near, and the heavy shadow that had touched Clem clouded her whole sky now.

"HE MAY be busy. What do I know? Because I haven't got lots of affairs—," she thought fiercely.

She was sitting on the porch on Saturday afternoon. Down at the corner she saw Sue Airey come along, stop and talk with Mudge returning from an errand. They stood there for some time. Mudge had not been so talkative these past few days. She must have plenty to exchange with Sue to keep her so busy.

A bee winged lazily by, alighted on a canterbury-bell, the exact color of the clear sky, but Clem, pursued by unhappy reflections, saw no loveliness. She was busy balancing excuses against doubt, then she looked up and saw that Mudge was coming toward her. Tottering, rather. An utterly unfamiliar Mudge. A broken, utterly wrecked Mudge, wide-eyed, stony-faced, who put out her hands blindly at the gate.

"For Heaven's sake, Mudge! What is it? What's happened?"

Mudge came on unseeing. She moved stumbling up the steps, faltering toward the door, her face twisted in an expression of utter anguish.

"What is it, Mudge?"

"Let—me—be—" the words seemed wrung from her sister's tortured lips. She faltered blindly into the house and up the stairs, Clem at her heel.

THERE Mudge lay down on the bed, her face in the pillow, her knees drawn up. She still wore her hat and clutched her purse and parasol and the little bundles she had carried from down-town.

Clem came and stood by her.

"Mudge——"

"Go away," groaned Mudge, "go away——"

"Are you sick?"

"Sick? Yes! Oh, let me be——"

A cold fear clutched suddenly at Clem.

"Mudge, did Sue Airey— Have you heard anything—dreadful——"

Mudge only groaned.

"I want to die. Go 'way, Clem."

Clem shook her shoulder.

"You tell me," she commanded thinly, wetting her lips. "Did she—has Sue told you anything—about Gifford Wells?"

A convulsive shudder passed over Mudge, then:

"He's—married!" she choked.

"Married! Why, it's a lie!" Clem gasped. "Why, didn't he tell us Why, he's coming back——"

"I know—" suddenly Mudge lifted her head. "But it's true. He's married. He eloped with a girl—at Hoopersville—rich girl—her father'd kicked him out—Sue says." A mighty sob burst from her. "Sue saw it all in the Hoopersville paper. And that's—n-not all. *Sue* says—she says she just found out—he's no good. Never was in France—dragged into the army—never left th—this country. Never got through c-college. Expelled—no good—and j-just a flirt—only a masher—makes love to everybody—C-Clem——"

She lost herself in violent crying.

"C-CLEM, I thought—he cared for me. He s-said so—always telling—me how p-pretty I was—said I was s-sweet. Said he was coming—back to me. Said it that day we—were

Concluded on page 93

Continued from page 21

THE PORTYGEE

had forgotten the fact, and so had he. That settled the idea of using Jessamine and the buggy. Never mind, it was a beautiful night and the walk was but little over a mile.

When he reached the tiny story-and-a-half Howes cottage, setting back from the road upon the knoll amid the tangle of silver-leaf sprouts, it was Helen herself who opened the door. She was surprised to see him, and when he explained his errand she was a little vexed.

"The idea of father's worrying!" she said. "Such a wonderful night as this, bright moonlight, and in South Harniss, too. Nothing ever happens to people in South Harniss. I will be ready in a minute or two. Mrs. Howes's niece is here now and will stay with her until to-morrow. Then her sister is coming to stay a month. As soon as I get her medicine ready we can go."

THE door of the tiny bedroom adjoining the sitting-room was open and Albert, sitting upon the broken-springed lounge with the faded likeness of a pink dog printed on the plush cover, could hear the querulous voice of the invalid within. The widow Howes was deaf and, as Laban Keeler described it, "always hollered loud enough to make herself hear" when she spoke. Helen was moving quietly about the sick-room and speaking in a low tone. Albert could not hear what she said, but could hear Lurania.

"You're an angel, that's what you be," declared the latter, "and I told your pa so last time he was here. 'She's an angel,' says I, 'if ever there was one on this earth. She's the wisest, smartest, best-lookin' girl in *this* town and'—eh?"

There had been a murmur, presumably of remonstrance, from Helen.

"Eh?"

Another murmur.

"*Eh? Who'd* you say was there?"

A third murmur.

"*Who?* Oh, that Speranzy one? Cap'n 'Lote's grandson? The one they used to call the Portygee? *Eh?* Well, all right, I don't care if he did hear me. If he don't know you're wise and smart and good-lookin' it's high time he did."

HELEN, a trifle embarrassed but laughing, emerged a moment later, and when she had put on her hat she and Albert left the Howes cottage and began their walk home. It was one of those nights such as Cape Codders, year-rounders or visitors, experience three or four times during a Summer and boast of the remainder of the year. A sky clear, deep, stretched cloudless from horizon to horizon. Every light at sea or on shore, in cottage window or at masthead or in lighthouse or on lightship a twinkling diamond point. A moon, apparently as big as a barrel-head, hung up in the east and below it a carpet of cold fire, of dancing, spangled silver spread upon the ocean. The sound of the surf, distant, soothing; and for the rest quiet and the fragrance of the Summer woods and fields.

They walked rather fast at first and the conversation was brisk, but as the night began to work its spell upon them their progress was slower and there were intervals of silence of which neither was aware. They came to the little hill where the narrow road from West Harniss comes to join the broader highway leading to the Center. There were trees here, a pine grove, on the landward side, and toward the sea nothing to break the glorious view.

Helen caught her breath. "Oh, it is beautiful, beautiful!" she said.

Albert did not answer. "Why don't you talk?" she asked. "What are you thinking about?"

HE DID not tell her what he was thinking about. Instead, having caught himself just in time, he began telling her of what he had been thinking when his grandfather called him to the telephone.

"Helen," he said, "I want to ask your advice. I had an astonishing proposal made to me this afternoon. I must make a decision, I must say yes or no, and I'm not sure which to say."

She looked up at him inquiringly.

"This afternoon," he went on, "Doctor Parker called me into his office. There was a group of men there, prominent men in politics from about the country; Judge Baxter from Ostable was there, and Captain Warren from South Denboro and others like them. What do you suppose they want me to do?"

"I can't imagine."

"They offer me the party nomination for Congress from this section. That is, of course, they want me to permit my name to stand and they seem sure my nomination will be confirmed by the voters. The nomination, they say, is equivalent to election. They seem certain of it. And they were insistent that I accept."

"Oh—oh, Albert!"

"Yes. They said a good many flattering things, things I should like to believe. They said my war record and my writing and all that had made me a prominent man in the country— Please don't think I take any stock in that——"

"But *I* do. Go on."

"WELL, that is all. They seemed confident that I should make a good congressman. I am not so sure. Of course the thing—well it does tempt me, I confess. I could keep on with my writing, of course. I should have to leave the home people for a part of the year, but I could be with them or near them the rest. And—well, Helen, I—I think I should like the job. Just now, when America needs Americans and the thing that isn't American must be fought, I should like—if I were sure I was capable of it——"

"Oh, but you are—you *are!*"

"Do you really think so? Would you like to have me try?"

He felt her arm tremble upon his. She drew a long breath.

"Oh, I should be so *proud!*" she breathed.

There was a quiver in her voice, almost a sob. He bent toward her. She was looking off toward the sea, the moonlight upon her face was like a glory, her eyes were shining—and there were tears in them.

His heart throbbed wildly.

"Helen!" he cried. "Helen!"

She turned and looked up into his face. The next moment her own face was hidden against his breast, his arms were about her, and—and the risk, the risk he had feared to take was taken.

THEY walked home after a time, but it was a slow, a very slow walk with many interruptions.

"Oh, Helen," he kept saying, "I don't see how you can! How can you? In spite of it all! I—I treated you so badly. I was *such* an idiot. And you really care? You really do?"

She laughed happily. "I really do, and—I really have, all the time."

"Always?"

"Always."

"Well—well, by George! And—Helen, do you know I think—I think I did too—always—only I was such a young fool I didn't realize it. *What* a young fool I was!"

"Don't say that, dear, don't! You are going to be a great man. You are a famous one already; you are going to be great. Don't you know that?"

He stooped and kissed her.

"I think I shall have to be," he said, "if I am going to be worthy of you."

ALBERT, sitting in the private office of Z. Snow & Co., dropped his newspaper and looked up with a smile as his grandfather came in. Captain Zelotes's florid face was redder than usual, for it was a cloudy day in October and blowing a gale.

"Whew!" puffed the captain, pulling off his overcoat and striding over to warm his hands at the stove. "It's raw as January comin' over the tops of those Trumet hills and blowin' hard enough to part your back hair, besides. One time there I didn't know but I'd have to reef; cal'late I would if I'd known how to reef an automobile."

"Is the car running as well as ever?" asked Albert.

"You bet you! Took all but two of those hills on full steam and never slowed down a mite. Think of goin' to Trumet and back in a forenoon, and havin' time enough to do the talkin' I went to do besides. Why, Jess would have needed the whole day to make the down cruise, to say nothin' of the return trip. Well, the old gal's havin' a good rest now, nothin' much to do but eat and sleep. She deserves it; she's been a good horse for your grandma and me."

He rubbed his hands before the stove and chuckled.

"OLIVE'S still scared to death for fear I'll get run into, or run over somebody or somethin'" he observed. "I tell her I can navigate that car now the way I used to navigate the old *President Hayes*, and I could do that walkin' in my sleep. There's a little exaggeration there," he added, with a grin. "It takes about all my gumption when I'm wide awake to turn the flivver around in a narrow road, but I manage to do it. Well, what are you doin' in here, Al?" he added. "Readin' the *Item's* prophecy about how big your majority's goin' to be?"

Albert smiled. "I dropped in here to wait for you, grandfather," he replied. "The novel-writing mill wasn't working particularly well, so I gave it up and took a walk."

"To the parsonage, I presume likely?"

"Well, I did stop there for a minute or two."

"You don't say! I'm surprised to hear it. How is Helen this mornin'? Did she think you'd changed much since you saw her last night?"

"I don't know. She didn't say so if she did. She sent her love to you and grandmother——"

"What she had left over, you mean."

"And said to tell you not to tire yourself out electioneering for me. That was good advice, too. Grandfather, don't you know that you shouldn't motor all the way to Trumet and back a morning like this? I'd rather, much rather, go without the votes than have you do such things."

Captain Zelotes seated himself in his desk chair.

"BUT you ain't goin' to do without 'em," he chuckled. "Obed Nye—he's chairman of the Trumet committee—figgers you'll have a five-to-one majority. He told me to practise callin' you 'the Honorable' because that's what you'd be by Tuesday night of week after next. And next Winter mother and I will be takin' a trip to Washin'ton so as to set in the gallery and listen to you makin' speeches. We'll be some consider'ble proud of you, too, boy," he added with a nod.

His grandson looked away, out of the window, over the bleak yard with its piles of lumber. The voice of Issachar raised in expostulation with the driver of Cahoon's "truck-wagon" could be faintly heard.

"I shall hate to leave you and grandmother and the old place," he said. "If I am elected——"

"*When* you're elected; there isn't any 'if.'"

"Well, all right. I shall hate to leave South Harniss. Every person I really care for will be here. Helen—and you people at home."

"It's too bad you and Helen can't be married and go to Washin'ton together. Not to stay permanent," he added quickly, "but just while Congress is in session. Your grandma says then she'd feel as if you had somebody to look after you. She always figgers, you know, that a man ain't capable of lookin' out for himself. There'd ought to be at least one woman to take care of him, see that he don't get his feet wet and goes to meetin' reg'lar and so on; if there could be two, so much the better. Mother would have made a pretty good Mormon, in some ways."

Concluded on page 90



Aunt Belle's Comfort Letters



Aunt Belle is a real person and that is her real name. A great baby doctor says she knows more about babies than a lot of physicians do. Write to her about your baby.

Baby's Chauffeur

Dear ALICE:

If you won't misunderstand me, I think you overdo your devotion to baby, wheeling the carriage up and down the Park by the hour. It really is neither necessary nor wise.

For the first year, anyway, Baby will be perfectly satisfied if you will place the carriage on the quiet back porch or anywhere in the open air, with a few toys hanging from the top to play with after his nap when he is taking his bouncing exercises. Put off as long as you can introducing Baby to automobiles and street sights and noises. It is better for his nervous system and saves you a lot of trouble.

He will be on the streets soon enough in all conscience.

Anyway it isn't excitement that Baby craves. He'll be happy and good just as long as he is comfortable. A change of diapers is more welcome than a change of scenery. Plenty of talcum on little chafed legs will still his cries more quickly than jolting him over curbs.

You can see from the familiar blue can below that I mean Mennen Borated Talcum. When mothers ask me about Mennen's, I just say that it is safe.

Of course anyone who has used it at all knows that it is wonderfully soothing to irritated skin, but what gives me such absolute confidence in its purity is the fact that for over forty years a majority of mothers, doctors and nurses have sworn by Mennen Borated.

Incidentally, I use it myself. I couldn't live through this hot weather without a talcum shower after my bath. It makes even tight corsets feel like a Greek dancer's costume.

Lovingly,

BELLE.



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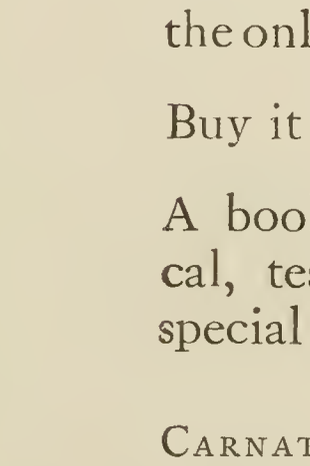
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A booklet containing 100 economical, tested recipes, among these a special fudge recipe, sent on request.

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656 CONSUMERS BUILDING, CHICAGO

Carnation Milk



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Sold by Grocers Everywhere

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SELF-FROZEN CREAMS

BY NELL B. NICHOLS

IT IS time for luncheon. The children have been playing in the back yard all morning. Mother knows how hungry they must be, so she has prepared a wholesome fruit custard for them. Much to her surprise it attracts little attention. The children are tired and warm. They refuse to eat. They think they are not hungry.

To the wise mother this is an invitation to coax the appetites of her children so that they will eat the foods which will furnish their bodies with the proper nourishment. The mother decides to buy an ice-cream freezer. She knows it will work miracles.

It isn't always the children who think they aren't hungry. Their father, returning from a day of work in the office during Midsummer, frequently chooses sitting on the porch instead of eating. A warm meal doesn't tempt him to move. But tell him there is a homemade frozen pudding and he forgets that his appetite was poor. He eats an entire meal before he realizes what a warm evening it is.

Sometimes mother isn't hungry either. Housework is warm work during the Summer months. If she has a dish of fruit ice, she eats it with the dinner and forgets for a few moments that the mercury is high in the thermometer.

ICE-CREAM WITHOUT TURNING A CRANK

THERE was a time when the ice-cream freezer had a place in the home only when used for special events—the holidays and when guests came. And think what it meant to freeze cream then! Usually there were long arguments between all members of the family as to who would turn the crank. Childish tears fell and there was much hard work. Turning the crank is a thing of the past. Electricity is being used in many homes instead of human power. It is doing its work well.

Then there is the type of freezer which requires no turning. There is no crank. The cream mixture is placed in the freezer, the salt and ice are added, and that is the end of the work and worry. The cream freezes and is ready for use when it is meal-time.

In this type of freezer the wall is constructed with an air-space which helps keep the warm air from entering and the cold air about the ice from escaping. It requires the minimum amount of ice and work to do the freezing. And the frozen product is excellent in quality.

At the top of the freezer is the opening to the compartment in which the cream mixture freezes. The mixture to be frozen is placed in this compartment, the lid is fastened securely and the freezer is inverted. In the bottom is the opening to the ice compartment. Being separated entirely from the food container, there is no chance of salty water getting into the cream.

The ice and salt are placed in the ice compartment—the ice is broken into small pieces about the size of a walnut. A sack of muslin or burlap is helpful in breaking the ice. The larger pieces can be placed in the sack and broken with a hammer or hatchet. When the ice compartment is packed well, a cup of cold water is poured into it to start the melting and the lid is fastened tightly. The freezing starts at once.

The coolness caused by the melting of the ice can not get outside the freezer and the heat from the outside can not get in, so the food freezes. The time required for freezing varies from thirty minutes to one hour. However, the ice-cream need not be used as soon as it is frozen, as it will remain hard for seven or eight hours without adding more ice to the compartment holding the salt and ice mixture. This type of freezer is just the thing for picnics as well as for the home. The cream mixture and ice can be placed in the freezer just before leaving home and it will be ready for use when it is time to eat.

The ice-cream frozen in this way is smooth and of fine texture if properly made. The smoothness of any ice-cream depends on the smoothness of the mixture when it is placed in the freezer. A properly prepared mixture is smooth and will freeze smoothly while a thin, watery, poor mixture is likely to freeze in an unsatisfactory way. It may contain pieces of ice.

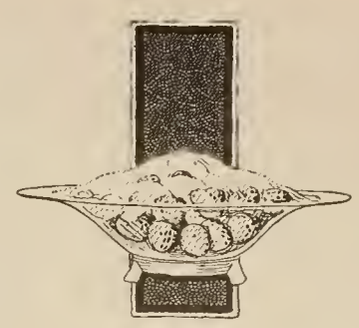
Another thing which influences the texture of the ice-cream is the amount of time it is given to freeze. If it is hurried, the mixture is more likely to contain small ice particles, while if it is frozen slowly it is fine and smooth. The time required to freeze a cream mixture is regulated largely by the amount of salt used with the ice. The more salt used, the more quickly the cream will freeze. In making ice-cream best results are obtained if one cup of salt is used to every two cups of ice. In the freezing of ices where the grains are coarser, equal parts of ice and salt give the best ice. In packing frozen mixtures in a mold, four cups of ice are used to one cup of salt.

If there is a hurry for the cream, which freezes itself, it can be scraped from the sides of the cream compartment once or twice during the time it is freezing. This is especially helpful when a large freezer is being used.

When the ice-cream, ice, sherbet or any other frozen mixture is to be served, it may be taken out whole if desired and cut in slices. To do this the ice and salt are removed first and cold water poured into the ice compartment. In a few seconds the ice-cream or frozen mixture in the food compartment is loose at the sides and will come out whole.

The ice and salt can be used again if one wishes more cream the same day. If not, the freezer can be cleaned quickly. There are no loose pieces to wash and dry with the exception of the lids and there is no wood to absorb any of the water or dirt. It is very easy to keep this type of freezer in a sanitary condition.

Concluded on page 69



Luscious Marshmallow with Berries and Fruit

You start with the sauce. "The Sauce of Luxury" they call it in the great hotels and restaurants. *Yet it costs less than plain cream and sugar!* Prepare it by thinning 3 tablespoons of Hip-o-lite with 2 tablespoons each of water and white syrup. Heap the berries high in a crystal bowl, place in the refrigerator to chill, and just before serving pour on the sauce. Then, *taste* one berry, its cool tartness concealed beneath the creamy sweetness of marshmallow!

But this is only *one* way to use Hip-o-lite. There are so many others, that to really enjoy your summery gelatines and tapiocas, your berries and peaches this season, you simply must have



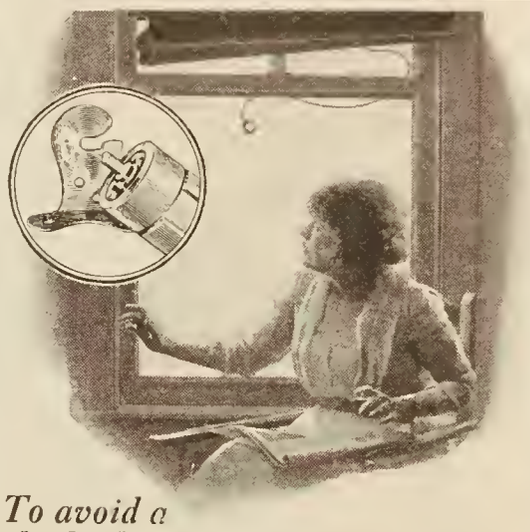
The Hip-o-lite Book of Caterers' and Chefs' Professional Recipes, a copy of which will be sent immediately upon receipt of your request. A postcard will do. Address Dept. L520.

THE HIPOLITE COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS, MO.

HIP-O-LITE

a ready to use Marshmallow Creme

AT ALL GROCERS'



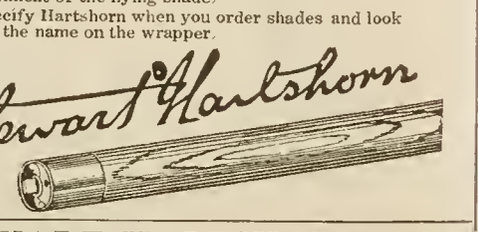
To avoid a shade that "jars up"—

be certain that the roller is a Hartshorn. For in a Hartshorn the brakes or dogs are made of die-cut metal, with clean-cut edges insuring a firm grip on the spring control.

So carefully are these metal parts made that even constant usage of the roller fails to wear down their tightly gripping surfaces and completely eliminates the slipping of the roller and the startling accompaniment of the flying shade.

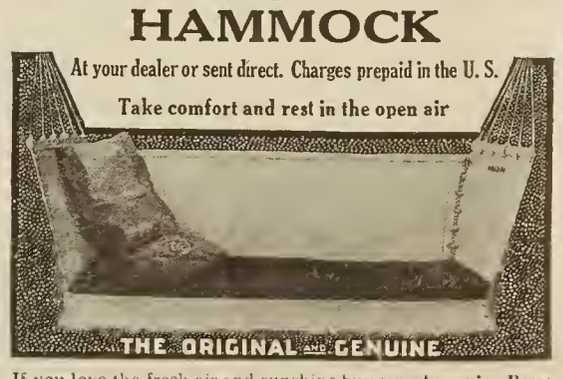
Specify Hartshorn when you order shades and look for the name on the wrapper.

Stewart Hartshorn



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If you love the fresh air and sunshine buy a real genuine Rowe Gloucester Hammock at your dealer or direct from our sail loft at Gloucester, Mass. You will get real actual comfort from a real Gloucester Hammock. Oh! so comfortable to stretch out in on hot days and evenings. They do not fade. Rain or fog does not soil them. Nothing to rust. No noise or clatter. Made of duck to use and stand usage. Not one returned in 15 years as unsatisfactory. Send for Catalog.

E. L. ROWE & SON, INC., *Workers in Canvas*
159 Wharf Street Gloucester, Mass.



-MAKES DAINTIES MORE DAINTY

THE next time you prepare a cake, dessert, ice-cream, or a sundae, use that toothsome flavoring—Mapleine. Your guests will be delighted with the rich, old-fashioned maple taste it imparts. It adds greatly to the joy of any occasion. So use

MAPLEINE
The Golden Flavor

Makes Instant Syrup

To make a pint of syrup:

2 cups sugar, 1 cup water and half teaspoonful of Mapleine.

And for corn syrup flavoring or for flavoring the many cane syrups grocers sell, Mapleine is remarkable.

Mapleine contains no maple sugar, syrup nor sap, but produces a taste similar to maple. Grocers sell Mapleine.

2 oz. bottle 35c; Canada 50c

4c stamp and trade-mark from Mapleine carton will bring the Mapleine Cook Book of 200 recipes, including many desserts.

CRESCENT MFG. CO.
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Tycos
CANDY THERMOMETER



DELICIOUS creams, fondants, syrups — you can make them all *expertly* if you test the temperature of the batch frequently with a *Tycos* Candy Thermometer.

Price, $2.00

Taylor Candy Booklet, free on request; full of delicious recipes.

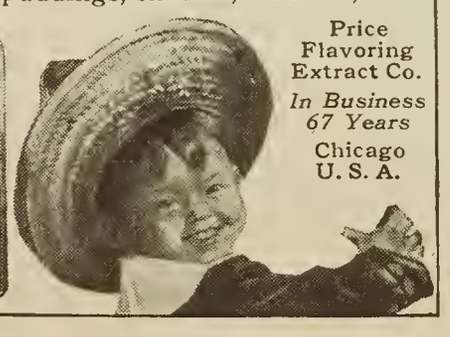
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Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER N.Y.
There's a *Tycos* or *Taylor* Thermometer for Every Purpose

PRICE'S VANILLA

"Look for the little Tropikid on the label"—it stands for the pure juice of finest vanilla beans, aged in wood to bring out *the full flavor.* Price's is just right in strength. For cakes, puddings, candies, custards, etc.





Price Flavoring Extract Co.
In Business 67 Years
Chicago U. S. A.

Concluded from page 68

SELF-FROZEN CREAMS

Every housewife makes original recipes for frozen foods when she has a freezer, because she knows best what will please her family. Here are a few new recipes which make tempting, wholesome and nutritious desserts:

MARSHMALLOW ICE-CREAM

1 egg
1 cup milk
½ cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ cup marshmallows
2 cups thin cream

BEAT the egg, add the milk, sugar and salt. Heat to the boiling-point and add the marshmallows which have been cut in fine pieces. When cool, add the cream and the vanilla. Freeze and serve with or without a chocolate sauce.

GRAPE ICE

¾ cup sirup
1 cup grape-juice
1 cup water
¼ cup orange-juice
2 tablespoons lemon-juice

MAKE sirup by boiling one-half cup of sugar with one-fourth cup of water for a few minutes. Mix all the ingredients together, strain and freeze.

GRAPE ROLL

LINE a mold with frozen marshmallow ice-cream and fill the center with frozen grape ice. Pack and let stand for two or three hours before serving.

CHOCOLATE-PECAN CREAM

1 square chocolate
⅔ cup sugar
2 tablespoons boiling water
2 cups thin cream
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 cup pecan nut-meats
⅔ teaspoon vanilla

MELT chocolate, add sugar and cook with water until smooth and glossy. Add the cream slowly, then the salt, the pecan-meats which have been crushed into small pieces and the vanilla. Freeze and serve with a topping of whipped cream and a few pecan-meats. Other nuts may be used in place of the pecans if desired.

APRICOT CREAM

1 cup dried apricots
½ cup sirup
2 cups thin cream
1 cup milk

STEW apricots until tender and put through a sieve. Add the sirup made by boiling two parts of sugar to one part of water for five minutes. Add the cream and then gradually stir in the milk, stirring constantly to avoid curdling. Freeze.

PEACH ROLL

1 cup fresh peaches
2 cups cream
½ cup sugar

MASH the sliced peaches and add the sugar and let the mixture stand twenty minutes. Better results are obtained when the sugar is made into a sirup by boiling with one-fourth cup of water and then added to the peaches. Strain the sugar-and-fruit mixture, add cream and freeze.

MERINGUE

¼ teaspoon gelatin
1 tablespoon water
⅔ cup cream
6 tablespoons sirup
2 egg-whites
1 teaspoon vanilla

SOAK and dissolve gelatin in water. Add to cream and sirup. When it begins to thicken, pour slowly on to the beaten whites of eggs and continue beating until the consistency of whipped cream. Add vanilla. Line a round mold with the frozen peach ice-cream and fill the center with the meringue. Pack and let stand three hours.

RASPBERRY JELLY CUSTARD

2 cups milk
2 eggs
4 tablespoons sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 cup raspberry jelly

MAKE a soft custard from milk, eggs, sugar and salt. When cool, add the vanilla and the raspberry jelly which has been made with fruit juice, gelatin and water. The jelly should be cut in fine cubes. Freeze.

CARAMEL ICE-CREAM

2 cups milk
1 egg
¼ cup sugar
1 cup thin cream
½ cup macaroons
¼ cup caramelized sugar

COMBINE the milk, egg and sugar. Part of the sugar should have previously been caramelized by stirring in a pan over the fire without adding water until the sugar becomes brown. Heat the mixture to the boiling-point. When cool, add the cream and the macaroons crushed fine. Beat well and freeze.

BANANA ICE-CREAM

1 cup milk
1 egg
½ cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
2 cups thin cream
½ teaspoon lemon flavoring
2 bananas

MAKE a custard of the milk, egg, sugar and salt. When cool, add cream and flavoring. Remove skins from bananas and scrape with a knife. Put fruit through a sieve. Add to mixture and freeze. Serve between layers of gingerbread and top with whipped cream and candied cherries.

MAPLE-FRUIT CREAM

1 cup maple-sirup
2 cups cream
1 cup pineapple
½ cup candied cherries

MIX the sirup and cream. Add the cherries cut in small pieces. Put pineapple through a sieve. Combine all ingredients and freeze.

For freezing creams use one part of salt to two parts of ice. For freezing ices use equal parts of ice and salt.

Welch's
"THE NATIONAL DRINK"



Did you ever think of the connection between pink in youthful cheeks and the purple red of Welch's?

NATURE had a purpose in storing such healthful richness in Concord grapes. She was looking out for her children.

Welch's is pure — always. The juice of full-ripe, premium-grown Concords, fresh-pressed and stored in glass — nothing added, nothing taken away.

Recipes for many unusual and attractive drinks for receptions, parties, dinners and other functions are given in our booklet, "Welch Ways." A copy will be mailed on request.

Your grocer or druggist can supply Welch's by the bottle or by the case. Ask for Welch's at the Soda Fountain.



Welch's Grapelade
the pure grape spread

A Welch Quality Product made from choice selected grapes and pure sugar, without seeds, skins or acid crystals. Other Welch Quality Pure Fruit spreads are Peachlade, Plumlade, Cherrilade and Fruitlades with strawberries, raspberries, blackberries and black currants. In 15-oz. glass jars or 8-oz. tumblers from your grocer.



The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N.Y.

Edgar Lee Masters

author of

"Spoon River Anthology"

famous on both sides of the Atlantic, has written the most delightful serial, the first instalment of which begins in the June number of *Romance*.

There can not be another "Tom Sawyer," but, so far as it is possible, "Mitch Miller" is it. The ambition of the two boys is to be another Tom and Huck. They do a pretty good job of it.

See the world through boyhood's eyes, read:

"Mitch Miller"

the new serial which begins in the June number of

ROMANCE

Beside the second instalment of "Red Gold," by Jackson Gregory, there are ten corking short stories in this number.

Twenty-five Cents a Copy

On all news-stands May 12th

LIVING ON A LITTLE

BY RUTH DUTILH

YEARLY SALARY—$2,500

	Per year	Per month
Insurance	$104.00	$8.67
Food	920.00	76.67
Rent	600.00	50.00
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Savings	200.00	16.67
Clothes	500.00	41.67
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SAVED	Per year
By doing without a maid	$200.00
By buying clothes with care	150.00
By buying in quantity	120.00
By paying cash at market	50.00
By home barbering	15.00
By home shoe-blacking, etc.	30.00
By home millinery and dressmaking	35.00
	$600.00

BEFORE my husband's business insured a regular bimonthly payment, his income was on a commission basis: Five hundred dollars one month, perhaps only fifty the next.

Had we lived according to that shifting program, always spending what came in, regardless of the future, we should have lived through days of luxury, no doubt, but also days of terror and anxiety.

We determined from the start to live well within our income. We were able to compute from three years' experience what an average year should bring in. From that we deducted a few hundred dollars for a possible "lean" year, illness or other emergency. We put down life-insurance payments, falling due twice a year, added to that about what proportion of our remaining income should be given to charity and church; also, roughly, what we would like to set aside toward a home of our own.

The balance was divided by twelve. On this denominator our budget of monthly household expenses was determined.

I had never liked bookkeeping. Figures have always been elusive, unsatisfactory facts to me.

I remember my father, in my college days, insisted that I send him a monthly statement of my expenses. I kept an account-book faithfully, but as I recall there never was a report when I had not spent more than he had sent me! Just how to account for it we never knew, and fortunately for me he was not an exacting accountant, knowing, perhaps, my sheer inability to do better.

For this matter of the family income, however, I knew I must have some accurate basis, real figures to go by. My husband and I faithfully kept account for several months of every penny spent, from a newspaper to a suit of clothes, from a package of gum to a sack of flour. After several weeks we were able to arrive at an average on items of food, clothing and so forth. Making note of these, we dispensed with the troublesome memorandum-book and the aggravating expense-account.

Those to whom bookkeeping and figures are easy will laugh at this, I know, but I felt as if I had recovered from a serious illness when we gave up accounting for the elusive penny and the missing dime.

"I am ten cents short to-day," I said to my husband more than once. "I can not account for it." Two weeks later the lost dime was found in the pocket of my raincoat. And so it went.

EACH Monday now my husband gives me a check, totaling the amount set aside for the week, marked "food" on the stub. Every check is similarly accounted for, and in this way our check-book becomes our expense-account.

I soon learned that while as a cash customer I was not as welcome at market and grocery as the housekeeper who ran up a bill, it more than paid to buy supplies myself, to buy enough of each article for several meals, and to pay as I went.

In all these years we have never had the dreaded avalanche of bills the first of each month.

With very few exceptions, the gas, electricity, doctor's and newspaper bills are the only bills that are ever presented to us, and as we have carefully calculated what the monthly statements of these will be with the exception of the doctor's bill we have always a reserve in our account to cover them.

Every month all moneys that we can save, above the average expenditure, are immediately put into the savings-bank. Every bit of extra is added, even as little as a dollar or two—gifts, special payments, unexpected sales. There is seldom a month, even in these days, when we can not add to this fund, and as each thousand dollars is reached it is invested, not in stocks, but in Liberty bonds, real-estate mortgages, or similar conservative but absolutely sound investments. But this means watching the small expenditures, learning to buy carefully, knowing real values, thinking ahead, careful planning, some sacrifices.

ALTHOUGH our income is now a steady one, and has been twice advanced, yet the rise in the cost of living, the growth of the children and the additional expenses incidental to advancement, have rather more than offset the additional income, so that we find to-day all our plans for curtailing expenses and simplifying our home life more valuable than ever. When wages go up and maids are not to be had, we rest secure in the fact that we do without. We are able to do this for several reasons. Our kitchen has every necessary tool for doing work well and quickly. Meals are planned a day ahead, and supplies are always on hand. Dishes are washed once a day. At each meal they are rinsed, and neatly piled

Concluded on page 71



Meet My Housekeeping Assistant

3-in-One cleans and polishes my furniture, woodwork, floors, oilcloth, and linoleum.

It makes dandy Dustless Dust Cloths and Polish Mops.

A little in water makes cut glass and windows sparkle.

3-in-One lubricates my sewing machine, and everything else about the house that ever needs oiling—clocks, locks, hinges.

It prevents rust on the gas stove and tarnish on faucets, fixtures and other nickeled things.

3-in-One

The Universal Household Oil

has 73 uses in every home—your home. Now that you have been introduced to 3-in-One, why not get thoroughly acquainted by writing today for

FREE Sample and Dictionary of Uses. To save postage, request these on a postal card.

3-in-One is sold at all good stores. East of the Rocky Mountain states, 15c, 30c and 60c in bottles; also in 30c Handy Oil Cans.

Three-in-One Oil Co.
165 CCH Broadway New York
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Dutch Bulbs
Order your Supply Now!

Advices from big growers in Holland indicate great scarcity of bulbs this coming season and enough cannot be grown to meet the demand. To insure getting your supply send us your order at once. **Until July 1st, not later,** our present low prices for the choicest varieties of bulbs grown by specialists in Holland will hold good.

By ordering from us now instead of waiting until Fall, you make a large saving, *get a superior quality of Bulbs not usually to be obtained at any price in this country,* and have a much larger list of varieties to select from.

Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissi, Crocus, give, for a small outlay of time and money, an abundance of flowers in the house from December until Easter, and in the garden from earliest spring until the middle of May.

Our orders are selected and packed in Holland, and are shipped to our customers immediately upon their arrival in the best possible condition.

They need not be paid for until after delivery, nor taken if not satisfactory.

If not for sale by your dealer, write for

Free Booklet

Our booklet contains descriptions and prices of almost a thousand of the choicest imported Dutch Bulbs, suitable for growing in the house or garden and the directions given make failure practically impossible.



ELLIOTT NURSERY
356 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Established 30 years. We have built up one of the largest bulb businesses in the world.

Clear Out Rats In 3 Nights

"Rough On Rats" rids your premises of all rats and mice in 3 nights. Change the bait you mix with "Rough On Rats"—that's the secret. Rats won't eat the same food that they know killed others. Varying the bait fools them. Druggists and general stores sell "Rough On Rats"—the most economical, surest exterminator. Write for "Ending Rats and Mice." Mailed free to you.

E.S. WELLS Chemist — Jersey City, N. J.



ROUGH ON RATS



See That Yarn Center

It Gives Greater Cleaning Surface

This is a big improvement because it enables the mop to pick up vast quantities of dust and dirt. It also gives full protection to floors.

Another new feature of the

LIQUID VENEER MOP

is the removable swab. It slips from the frame as a curtain from a rod. It may be easily washed, put through a wringer, dried and replaced on frame. There are three other big improvements.

But, best of all, the mop is treated with Liquid Veneer and it imparts a truly wonderful finish to floors, making them RIVAL YOUR PIANO in cleanliness and brightness. It removes every trace of oil and makes the floors dry, free from grease and shining with all their original beauty.



Try this big, fluffy mop. $1.50 complete. ($1.75 in Canada.) Sold on approval by dealers everywhere.

Buffalo Specialty Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.

TOILET PINS

Pins today are not the luxury they were back in the fifteenth century when the first metal pins were made in England; being so rare they were often dignified by use as gifts.

Money used for the purchase of such gifts came to be called "Pin money."

To make sure your "pin money" goes into good pins

Don't just say "Pins"

At all the best notion counters

Always ask for

Kirby, Beard & Co. Ltd.
PINS, NEEDLES, HAIRPINS,
"There is a difference"

Keeps Skin Smooth, Firm, Fresh —Youthful Looking



To dispel the tell-tale lines of age, illness or worry—to overcome flabbiness and improve facial contour—there is nothing quite so good as plain

Powdered SAXOLITE

Effective for wrinkles, crowsfeet, enlarged pores, etc., because it "tightens" and tones the skin and underlying tissue. No harm to tenderest skin. Get an ounce package, follow the simple directions—see what just one application will do. Sold at all drug stores.

Concluded from page 70

LIVING ON A LITTLE

away. Plenty of hot, soft water and a scalding leaves only the drying of silver and glass. A home-made tea-wagon saves steps.

Our dining-room is rather large and serves often as a study or playroom for the children. An alcove in the kitchen has been made into an attractive breakfast-room. It has light, and growing plants in the windows, and a charming gate-legged table is quickly shut and out of the way in work hours.

IN THE Summer every possible meal is served on the porch, overlooking the lake, and each member of the family sets his own tray cafeteria-fashion, and serves himself or herself in the kitchen. In Summer one meal a day is packed in a hamper, and out in the woods along the lake shore, sandwiches, coffee, milk and berries make a meal fit for the gods. In Winter, on certain busy days the children meet my husband and me at noon, and we take one meal at a pleasant cafeteria, café or hotel, varying the place and program so as to add to its zest. We are not strictly vegetarians, but we eat very little meat. Therefore the stupendous rise in the cost of meat has not troubled us. We find fresh vegetables, salads, cereals, good milk, good bread and plain sweets keep us in fine health. All this spells easy work for the housekeeper. A year or two ago it was not possible to get wholesome, well-baked bread; to-day scientific baking and electric machinery have made possible sweet, crusty loaves, and at a cost that is a saving, when heat, time and strength are counted in terms of money.

Desserts have gone with the maid, except for simple puddings. The best fruit of the season or the best candy are excellent substitutes. This reduces cooking and dish-washing, releasing the housewife's energy for more interesting, stimulating things.

Our supply-closet is a joy, and for several years has been an actual asset. We have always believed in buying by the quantity.

By buying cans of soups or vegetables in bulk several dollars may be saved in the course of a year; on a box of soap as many more; on eggs put down in water-glass nearly half their Midwinter cost, and so it goes.

Besides, time saved from marketing is valuable. It always pays to buy the best grade. It may cost a trifle more, but it makes up in flavor, quality and lack of waste. In the matter of clothes, domestic preparedness means buying out of season, and knowing how to make over. Husband's overcoat must be bought after the holidays.

That means going shabby a bit longer, and buying a plain conventional garment when he does. My husband is wearing an overcoat bought two years ago for thirty dollars that would have cost eighty dollars this year, if, indeed, such a wool garment could be had at any price.

I make my own hats as one economy, and that does not mean a home-made-looking affair. I have had this season three hats for five dollars and fifty cents, the price my milliner wished me to pay her for making old materials into one hat.

I TOOK several twenty-five-cent lessons at our local Y. W. C. A. millinery-class, and, out of old materials and a yard and a half of new velvet have three hats, one of which called forth compliments from this very milliner.

When new material is bought, it must be done with thought. Buy the best, but be sure it is of a price one can afford and a conventional color. Old materials that are still good should be carefully ripped, cleaned and stored. Mary's clothes this season all came out of the piece-box, and, being made at home, cost practically nothing.

Small recurring expenditures are the greatest source of loss. It was easy to calculate what we would spend in a year to "bob" Mary's hair once a month and to have John's locks cropped twice as often. Through my husband's barber I bought a clipper, barber's comb and scissors, costing together about six dollars. In seven years we have saved more than one hundred dollars.

A hand shoe-button plier is another of our simple time-and-money-saving tools. When buttons fly off, in a trice they are fastened firmly, while the blacking-box makes the shoes almost as good as new. The blacking-box alone saves us thirty dollars a year, I suppose, with eight feet to keep polished, but my husband will have immaculate shoes, and not only does his own blacking, but ours; also, his own shaving, and often the pressing of his trousers, saving thereby many dollars a year.

PERHAPS the only way in which our domestic preparedness policy restricts us is in entertainments. We do like to see a good play; we love the best operas, and good music is soul-stirring to us both. But we deny ourselves most of these. Once a year we pick out the best play in town and go, as a special treat. For the rest of the year we go to good free lectures, and we are able to hear some fine ones; we read the best books to be had in our city library, and we take our pleasures in long walks, rowing, swimming, skating, tennis, any recreation that can be had without great expense. My husband and I both used to play golf, but we have given it up as too costly for our program.

Our policy has much to be said in its favor. We are a moderate-sized family. Our income of twenty-five hundred is small for a man in my husband's responsible position, yet we live in comfort, have good health, many friends, and are saving each year. While prices soar, wages go up, and luxuries are taxed, we sit in the shelter of our scheme of living, free from worries, surely, if slowly, laying up for a home of our own, possible sickness, the education of the children, and old age.

We talk of preparedness for war. Is not domestic preparedness as vital and necessary for the family and the country, and does not such a program as ours help to create economic and social betterment?



11 Cents

Supplies a Day's Nutrition

A boy needs 2,000 calories of nutrition daily. In Quaker Oats those 2,000 calories cost 11 cents.

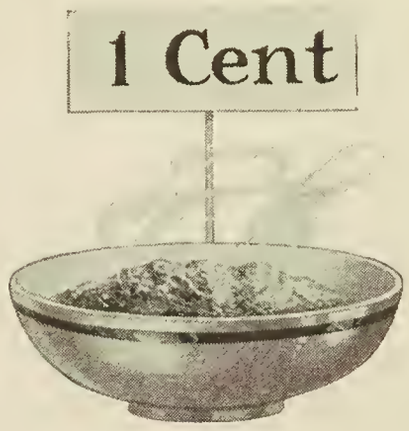
The oat supplies nutrition in well-balanced form. It is rich in nearly every essential. It abounds in needed minerals.

It is vim-food, food for growth. For ages it has been regarded as the greatest food that grows.

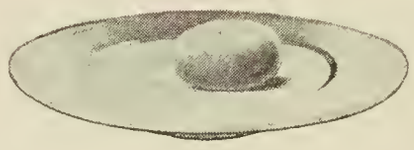
Other foods up to $1.50

The calory is the energy measure of food value, by which all foods are rated.

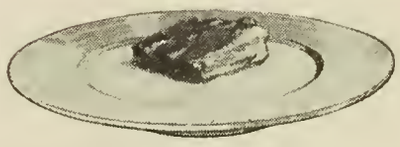
Note what 2,000 calories cost in other prime foods at this writing.



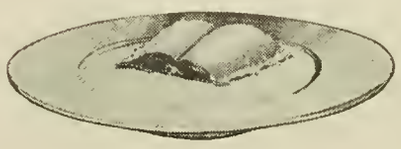
One Cent a Dish
Serves Quaker Oats



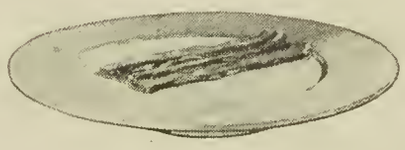
It Costs 5 Cents
To Serve a Single Egg



4 Ounces Meat
Costs Eight Cents



A Bit of Fish
Costs Eight Cents



A Slice of Bacon
Buys Two Dishes Oats

Cost of 2,000 Calories

In Quaker Oats	11c
In Average Meats	90c
In Average Fish	$1
In Hen's Eggs	$1.40
In Vegetables	22c to $1.50

Thus meat, eggs and fish will average some ten times Quaker Oats. And many foods cost 20 times as much.

Not the Sole Diet

This does not mean that Quaker Oats should be the only diet.

But the oat dish is important, as every mother knows. It starts the day with almost a complete food.

It will save 90 per cent on your breakfasts, compared with many foods. And that saving will cut down your average food cost.

The Quaker Oats breakfast was never so important as today.

Quaker Oats

Extra-Flavory Flakes

This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

It makes the oat dish doubly inviting, and you get it for the asking, without extra price.

15c and 35c per Package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

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TO BOB OR NOT TO BOB

BY ANNE ARCHBALD

DEAR SALLY-BACK-HOME:

You may be interested to learn that I am on the eve of taking a most important step. "Matrimony!" you exclaim at once. No, my dear, not matrimony, though it resembles that estate in being almost as irrevocable. Ceasing to be mysterious, Sally dear, I am going to-morrow to have my hair bobbed!

"Fancy! At your time of life!" I can hear you say. "With not even an artistic career, or a room in Greenwich Village as an excuse!" As a matter of fact, years have little to do with it. Two of the very smartest-looking women in New York society, who know the last word in the art of dressing, have worn theirs bobbed for several years—the Baroness de Meyer and Miss Elsie de Wolfe. Both must be under forty, and as you know I am still several years away from that. Their hair is completely gray, too, but their skins are young and fair, and they look perfectly lovely with their rows of curls round the head. Like French marquises. I've seen them both.

Bobbing has been in my mind for some time, you know, because of the immense convenience of it—and because it's so hygienic. My artistic friend, Callie, believes that every single woman of us should have her hair bobbed because of those two reasons, especially the latter. She says the modern woman hasn't the time to devote to keeping long hair clean and cared for, and a friend of hers who is here in New York studying to be a trained nurse, agrees with her. They both say they think there is something distinctly unhealthful, now that we know so much about antisepsis and hygiene, in carrying round these superfluous masses of hair that collect dirt and germs. You can't be washing them all the time. We had a tense discussion (you've no idea how much there is to say on the subject) at tea one afternoon, and the two of them so brought me over to their point of view that I was going to take the scissors to my hair right then and there.



A HALF-WAY BOB, WHEN YOU CUT ONLY THE SIDES

Fanny dissuaded me, however. And after all I have to live with Fanny.

"I agree with what you say about the hygienic side of short hair," she said; "but I don't agree about its being universally artistic or becoming." As a matter of fact, Callie and Friend Nurse hadn't touched on that aspect of the question. "It's all right when you're young, with a fresh skin and youthful contours. But how would you like to see a double or a sagging chin going around with a youthful bob?"

"Perfectly," responded Callie cheerfully. "If you objected it would simply be the result of faulty associations. When every woman was bobbed you wouldn't think of such a thing. Take men, for example. Does your esthetic vision protest against the wavy gray pompadour of your dear eighty-year-old grandfather, because brother Jack down from New Haven has a blond one too? And that's a silly argument about the chin, because no woman nowadays has a right to have a double or sagging chin, no matter how old she is."

And as a last clinching instance for her argument Callie cited the two women I have spoken of, the Baroness de Meyer and Miss Elsie de Wolfe.

Though there Fanny rather had her. "But those women look charming bobbed because each is individual, in the first place. The bob happens to suit their faces and skins. And more important still because each has the money and leisure to live up to it. For after thirty the bob does have to be lived up to. You can't wear just the average dresses and hats with it. Like Frank Stockton's famous story of the fire-screen, you must go and refurnish the whole house to match it. In the excitement of the moment and under your influence Polly may think all she cares about is hygiene and convenience, but as a matter of fact, like the rest of us, she wants above everything to be as good-looking as she can make herself."



THE ALICE-IN-WONDERLAND BOB, WITH THE CIRCLE COMB

And Fanny let the tail of her eye flick for a fleeting instant at the photograph on the corner of my desk.

"Personally I think she would look enchanting with a bob, if she could live up to it. But I don't think her salary warrants it as yet. It would mean constant trips to the hairdresser, and new suits and hats and all."

Fanny won the day in the end. I realized the truth of what she said. But that was in the early part of the year. Since then I've had my rise in salary, and am getting on so famously that I can live up to a bob. Also several other things have influenced me. I'll tell you when I write next week. All will be over by then. In the meantime, *au 'voir* from

Yours, POLLY.

DEAR SALLY-BACK-HOME:

The deed is done. I'm bobbed! Not irrevocably, though. That is, I'm bobbed only half-way. I'll tell you about it in case you ever want to try the thing yourself.

I found a clever monsieur, a Serbian by way of Paris, for the operation. He was attached to one of the smart hair-dressing establishments on Fifth Avenue, assigned to the department of bobs. Does nothing else all day long but minister to bobs, clip and curl them. That gives you some idea of how much "everybody's doing it."



AS WORN BY THE BARONESS DE MEYER

"A bob? Yes, mees. Certainly," he said, as soon as I was seated in the hair-dressing chair. "What kind of a bob?"

"What kind!" I stammered, rather astonished. "Why—just a—a bob. You know. The *regular* kind."

"There is none," said monsieur, smiling. "We have now as many different bobs as there are different ladies to wear them. There are bobs short and long. There are those curled and straight. There are those with parts and those brushed straight back. And since each must be cut a little differently one must decide beforehand what one will have. There is also what we call the 'partial or half-way' bob. It is for those who are not quite sure. The back is left long, and the top and sides only are clipped.

"Madame Gabrielle Dorziat, the French actress, has originated it. Might I suggest that mees have a 'partial'? It should suit her type beautifully."

A half-way bob! What a splendid idea, I thought. Not to burn all one's bridges at once, but have something on which to crawl back to safety, if need be. Even Fanny couldn't object to that.

"*En avant, monsieur,*" said I, speaking fluently in French. "The 'partial' for mine, if you please."

And we were off.

"What do the women do, monsieur," I inquired as he clip-clipped, "who regret their leaps into bobdom? Or who get tired of their bobs after wearing them a while?"

"Well, there are not very many who wish to unbob," he responded. "When they do, it is simple enough. We let the hair grow a little longer than usual, so that it can be drawn to the back of the head, and then we devise an arrangement of false puffs or a knot to cover the ends until the hair has had a chance to grow back to normal. A *coiffeur* has just originated a hair piece, which we think very clever, and which we suggest in such cases. A mass of puffs and curls and fluffiness is attached to a black velvet ribbon. The hair is drawn back and fastened and this *postiche* placed over it, filling out the back and sides of the head. The velvet ribbon goes round the forehead, like a fillet, helping to hold the arrangement in place.



THE REAL NELL BRINKLEY—CURLED ALL OVER



WITH CURLS AND STRAIGHT BANGS



PARTED IN THE MIDDLE



ANOTHER HALF-WAY BOB, THE ORIGINATION OF GABRIELLE DORZIAT, THE FRENCH ACTRESS — CLIPPED AROUND SIDES AND TOP



WITHOUT CURL OR WAVE—THE STRAIGHT AND SIMPLE OR CHILD'S BOB



CATHERINE CALVERT, MOVIE-FEATURE STAR, WEARS HERS THIS WAY

When it is adjusted, the head gives the appearance of a curled bob. This hair piece is also suggested for those who wish their hair to look as if bobbed without actually having it done."

By that time *I* was done. And my bob took like a dream, Sally dear. I hardly know myself when I look in the glass. My hair has been curled and dressed—beautifully done. My Serbian hairdresser knew every inch of his ground from start to finish. Each hair has been given scrupulous attention. So that the sides are right, and the flat knot behind fits exactly into the angle it should, and the short hair that is tossed back over it curls up all around the top of my head in little tendrils, like a Nell Brinkley halo. Some artist, monsieur! I went right out and contributed to the Serbian Relief Fund, I was so grateful.



PARTED ON THE SIDE AND FLUFFED

To-morrow I'm going out to buy some new clothes, and then I'm going to have my picture taken. After that you may expect to hear of almost anything happening. And so no more from

Yours, POLLY.

Everybody falls for it, sooner or later. Early in the game before people were doing it a lot one of my young friends haled into New York from Cincinnati. She had been a season's débutante, but one season had been enough for her. She hungered for Washington Square.

So she came to the Square and bobbed her hair.

Minot Van Dyke's a charming New Yorker. He had been terribly keen about Mariana until she bobbed her locks. Then he quit—cold. "She looks *awful*," he said. "If one of my sisters ever did that!" Six months later his youngest sister *did* bob. And she looked so fetching and she always was so correct and smart that Minot couldn't put up a single word of opposition.

Of course it was too bad that Mariana had drifted back Ohioward, by this time, because, otherwise—who knows?—with Minot's conversion effected his first interest might have come back.

That was one time a bob cut in on matrimony. It won't turn any such trick in my case, be-*lieve* me! I was wise. I had Frank all converted to the idea before I pulled the trick. Actually he was wanting me to do it—thought it was such a soft and fluffy hair-frame for the face. That's going some when you think how desperately conservative men have been for years about women—*their* women—smoking or parting their hair on the side, or doing any of the things that have been supposed always to be men's special pet prerogatives.



"How much longer silk things last when they are laundered with Ivory Soap Flakes!"

NOW that silk stockings and gloves, silk underwear and all the pretty silk things that every girl wants are so expensive, it's a great comfort to know that one can lengthen their life by laundering them with Ivory Soap Flakes.

Ivory Soap Flakes laundering is different from ordinary washing because you don't have to rub the delicate silk fabrics. Just swish and dip and swirl them round and round in the wonderful suds that bubble up when the snowlike flakes touch warm water. In a few minutes the silk is as clean and lustrous and lovely as new.

This rub-less laundering can do no injury, because Ivory Soap Flakes is simply a quicker-working form of genuine Ivory Soap, pure, mild, unadulterated. It has been washing the frailest materials perfectly, for over forty years.

IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Foams in warm water to "Safe Suds in a Second"

for washing particular things

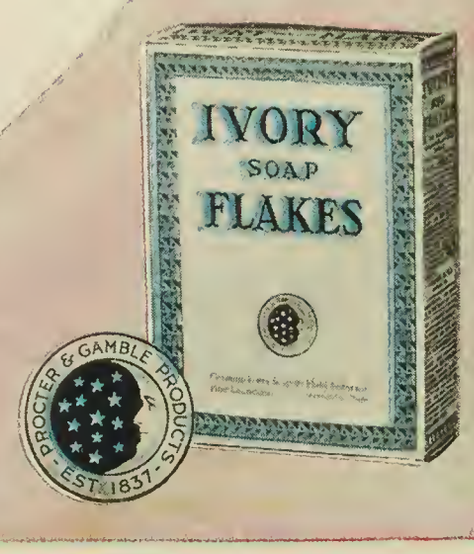
such as

CHIFFONS	HABUTAI	ORGANDIE
CHINA SILK	ITALIAN SILK	SHEER MATERIALS
CREPE DE CHINE	KNITTED SILK	SILK HOSE
DELICATE TINTS	LACES	TAFFETA
EMBROIDERIES	LINENS	WASH KID
FLANNELS	MESSALINE	WASH SATIN
GEORGETTE CREPE	NETS	WHITE FOOTWEAR

and all other fabrics that water alone will not harm

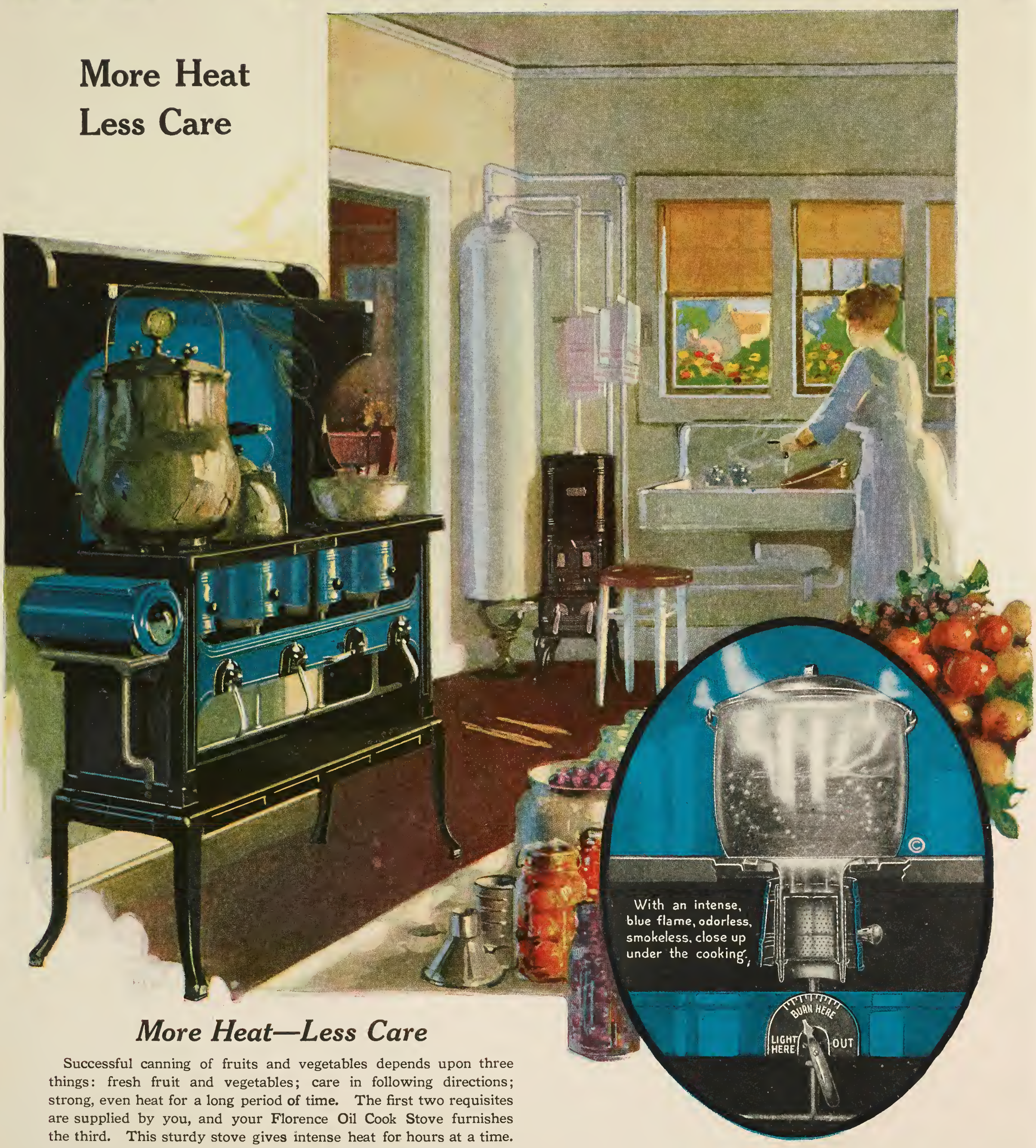
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Just send your name and address to Dept. 17-F, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, and you will receive by mail a generous sample package of Ivory Soap Flakes, and a booklet of easy directions for washing fine fabrics of all kinds so that they look like new.



FLORENCE
OIL COOK STOVES

More Heat
Less Care



More Heat—Less Care

Successful canning of fruits and vegetables depends upon three things: fresh fruit and vegetables; care in following directions; strong, even heat for a long period of time. The first two requisites are supplied by you, and your Florence Oil Cook Stove furnishes the third. This sturdy stove gives intense heat for hours at a time.

The Florence burner is the most practical burner made. Just raise the chimney and touch a lighted match to the asbestos kindler—in a few minutes you get an intense, clean, hot blue flame right under the cooking. Heat is automatically controlled by lever handles. The heat goes into the cooking and not into the kitchen.

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Concluded from page 24

THE BEAUTY HAT

I've got on my head is *blushing!* I ought to have come bareheaded like you, my dear. That little gray hat is almost lovely enough to wear to heaven. I'd rather wear it, anyway, than a halo!"

Cecilly's eyes sought for the little gray hat. It was exactly beside *her* hat—the gray and the gay close together. Why, yes, it was lovely, of course; if anybody wanted a little gray hat. Cecilly stole a look at her mother's intent face and understood. Mummie wanted it! It had never occurred to Cecilly that her mother liked hats.

Of course she wore 'em when she went anywhere, which was seldom; but "they" had always—just about always, the girl remembered now—been the same hat! Cecilly was so used to that shabby old hat that she never took the trouble to look at it—she was always sure it was on duty, the old faithful! When now she flashed a glance at it, she saw that mummie was right, it was blushing!

NOT that Mary Bassett did not ring really admirable changes on Old Faithful. Turned front-side-back and back-side-front it had served several seasons; perked up on one side, another effect had been produced—a different-shaped bow of ribbon, a readjustment of its long-suffering little feathers—it had indeed been a dauntlessly courageous little hat. But it made Cecilly shudder now to see it—daring to look madame's lovely creations in the face.

"I see yours, Cecilly—the one you admire so much! It's a little darling, bless its heart! If I were a fairy godmother—oh, if I were a fairy godmother!"

"You're a fairy mummie. Come on, let's go and look at the aluminum window at Willard's, something we're acquainted with!"

"My dear, take me to a tin window then! I'm a perfect stranger to aluminum." Mummie's laugh was entirely without bitterness. Her face was the old, contented mummie face again; the wistfulness had slipped away from it into some secret little storeroom of her soul.

Cecilly blew a kiss to the beauty hat as she turned away from the window of hats. "Good night!" she called. "See you again to-morrow!" But there would be a to-morrow when she would not see it there again. Somebody would be wearing the little beauty hat and she, Cilly Bassett, might meet it walking on the street! If she ever did! She sighed deeply. Must she get a cane and go about the streets like a blind man to keep from seeing her hat on somebody else's head?

"Cilly girl, stop moaning over little hats in big windows"—mummie had stopped moaning—"and I'll treat you to an ice-cream with two spoons! But you must be polite and offer me one of 'em. 'Can't I persuade you to take a spoon, Mrs. Bassett?' Then see Mrs. Bassett be persuaded!"

SO the little excursion to Madame B. Ton's ended, after all, in a gay riot of luxury. Tho two of them sat at a little marble-topped table and chatted over their one saucer and two spoons as gaily, thought Cecilly, as if there had been two saucers and one spoon! Oh, gailier, *gailier*—for mummie and she were together.

The next day something entirely out of all reasonable expecting happened to Cecilly. Even reasonable *dreaming!* For madame beckoned to her from behind the window of hats—beckoned, I say, to Cecilly Bassett! And madame was smiling in the friendliest manner. She actually met the girl at the door with an expansive little gesture of welcome.

"Come in. I want to talk to you."

Madame Bon Ton wanted to talk to Cecilly Bassett!

"I've been watching for you. If you'd gone and disappointed me by never coming at all to-day!"

"Oh, I always come!"

"Well, listen, dearie—I want you for a model."

"For a—a what?"

"A model to try my hats on. Your hair—I never saw such hair! I'll have to do it over just a wee bit, that's all. You'll sell hats for me at my opening; we'll see! You'll come, won't you, *chérie?*. Next Saturday it is. I shall have flowers and music—and you! When I don't need you for trying on, you will open the door for the ladies—and smile like this," beaming and welcoming, "and I will pay—*certainement*, I will pay."

Cecilly wheeled suddenly, "Will you pay me a hat?"

"*Ciel!* It is a hat she wants, then, for her wages! *Ciel!*" No laughter in waves this time, but astonishment followed by a little understanding made Madame Bon Ton beautiful.

"*Pauvre enfant!* It is a pretty little hat she wants? And she shall have—but not that one!" Pulling Cecilly along to a table heaped with a profusion of untrimmed shapes, tossing them over recklessly, she selected one somewhat like (but oh, not *like*) the little straw foundation of the beauty hat in the window. She set it jauntily upon Cecilly's uncovered head.

"*Bon!*" she cried, nodding her pompadoured head. "A bit of trimming, a bud or two—*voilà*."

THE light faded a little from Cecilly's eyes. Still, it would be a hat. And what one of madame's hats was not pretty?

"I can pretend it's my hat," thought Cecilly "and I can—can hyp—hyp—? Hyp, what? Well, anyway, make folks think it was her hat! 'See my new hat?' I'll say, by looking at 'em hard—that's hypping! 'Isn't it a beauty hat? You remember the beauty hat in Madame Bon Ton's window, don't you? Well—'" And by now Cecilly was laughing at her own thoughts and the light was back in her eyes.

"I'll come," she said; "to your opening, I mean, if my mother is willing."

At home she found mummie bending with flushed face over a lacy creation on her ironing-board. Cecilly blew in on her like a fresh breeze. But mummie's finger went up in warning.

"*Sh!* till I get this fluted. Sit in that rocker, but don't rock—it squeaks. I've got to concentrate." That was their little joke between them—mummie's concentrating on flutings and laces. But it was more than a joke to mummie. She worked on now with earnest patience.

"There! Now, talk."

"Mummie, you didn't know I was a model daughtie, did you?"

"Never suspected it!"

"Well, I am. I mean I shall be Saturday—all day. And, mummie, did you ever know of anybody that was paid a hat? For wages, I mean. Well, you see some one before you!" springing to her feet and bowing low. "Oh, merey, I mean if you are willing!"

"Sit down, daughtie, and I'll see if I can bring you to! When were you first taken this way?"

"Don't laugh—it's solemn earnest. Madame Bon Ton wants to hire me Saturday to try on hats and open doors. And she's going to pay me a beauty hat."

"Oh, Cecilly, not that little darling one we saw!"

"*A* beauty hat, not *the*," sighed Cecilly. "But it can't help being pretty, mummie. Do you think it can help?"

"Never! Oh, you Cilly girl, I'm so glad! We'll have flapjacks for supper, to celebrate!"

"Better have 'em for Saturday supper; maybe the Bon Ton'll burn down, or something, and we'd have wasted the celebration."

"We'll waste it, then. Grease the frying-pan! Fill the sirup-pitcher!"

The Bon Ton remained standing and a very sweet and flushed little door-girl welcomed its stream of guests as they appeared, one at a time or in a little chattering group. Until madame substituted a young person with hair, just *hair*, and called Cecilly to try on. Tho flushed, exeited face and the hair that was so much more than just hair were lovely accessories to madame's dainty creations.

WHEN it came to trying on the beauty hat for the inspection of a stout mother with a homely little girl, Cecilly stood very straignt and looked very lovely. Her eyes were wistful with longing until a funny thought came to her, and they laughed under the beauty hat.

It had suddenly occurred to her how the stout lady's little girl would look in her place. Cecilly was not vain, but she had a true sense of values—of the value of the beauty hat on that other little girl. Sallow skin and almost colorless hair—was that why madame adroitly avoided trying it on the homely little girl?

"I like that one—you like it, don't you, Millicent? We'll take it." And once for all *the* beauty hat was lost to Cecilly. But there was still *a* one!

"Good-by, dear," whispered Cecilly into the lining, as she slipped it off. "Try to match her as much as possible, won't you? And if we never meet again, remember how I loved you."

A woman came to the opening who looked like a glorified mummie. Not any nicer nor half as dear, but very much dressed-upper. Cecilly could not keep her eyes away from the sweet, thin face. And when madame tried on her the very same hat mummie had wanted to wear in heaven—well, somehow, that broke Cecilly's heart. Her eyes stung with tears—fieree tears that mummie must be denied. Mummie who was so dear, who longed and laughed, always laughed.

"Yes, oh, yes, I like it! It is very sweet and rather beeoming, don't you think?" The customer was turning the head that looked so much like mummie's head to this side and that side before the mirror. Cecilly's heart stood still with dread lest she should buy mummie's beauty hat.

"BUT—" Cecilly took courage. "But" meant she wouldn't. "I think it isn't quite what I want. Doesn't it look quite a little window-worn, don't you think?"

Window-worn! It looked perfectly lovely. Cecilly could find no blemish in it. Still, if this customer thought—if she convinced madame— A sudden idea sprang full-fledged into Cecilly's brain. She stood perfectly, perfectly still and entertained that idea. Her eyes took on a soft shining, very becoming to Cecilly's eyes.

She was tired enough when she got home at night, but mummie heard a happy sound in her feet as they came flying up the stairs. Mummie knew happy sounds.

"Get your wages?" she called.

"In a paper bag!" called back Cecilly, flying up another flight of stairs. "I'm coming right down, mummie! I want to get a comb and brush."

But when she came down to mummie, it was mummie's hair she combed and brushed—so she could try her "wages" on to mummie, she said; you could tell better standing off and looking.

Standing behind mummie, Cecilly set the beauty hat carefully on the soft gray hair, adjusting it a little one side—no, the other side; settling it just to suit herself. She uttered little notes of approval.

"Feels good," mummie said. "Nice and light, Cecilly. I'm glad you got a light one. How does it look on an old lady?"

"It looks perfectly dear!" cried Cecilly with a distinct little catch in her voice. "Don't get up—don't move; I brought your hand-glass down. Now, mummie, look!"

Mummie's sweet face when she looked would remain always a lovely picture in Cecilly's memory room. The startled color that flew into it—the beautiful way the little gray hat matched.

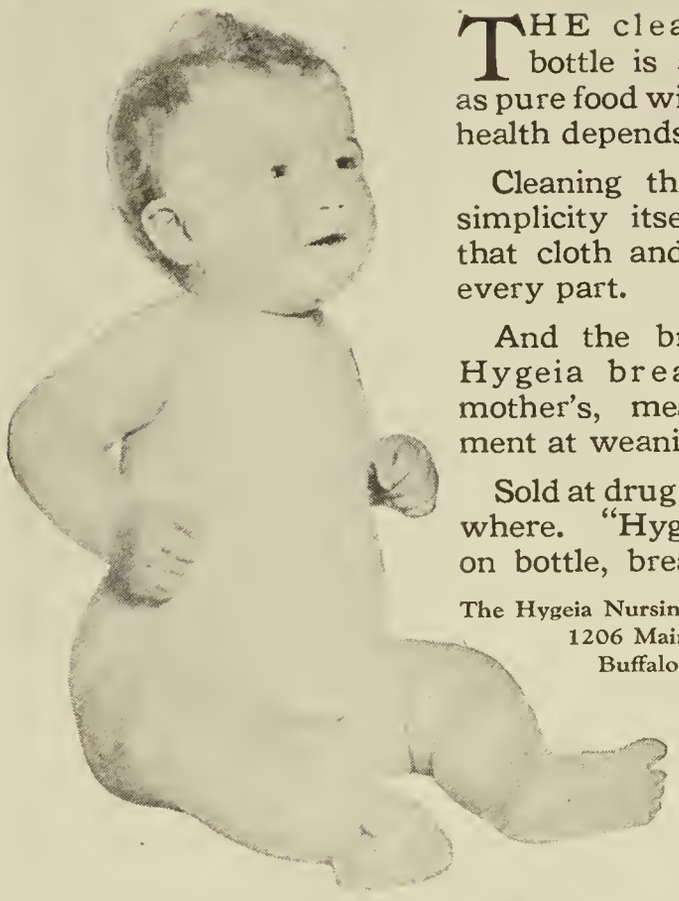
"DON'T say a word, mummie—not yet! Unless you don't like the way it looks——"

"Cecilly! But your 'beauty hat'—yours, Cecilly——"

"This is it," firmly. "Madame says my hair is becoming. I've decided to wear my hair another season, mummie."



For Baby's Sake Use the Hygeia Open-Mouthed Nursing Bottle



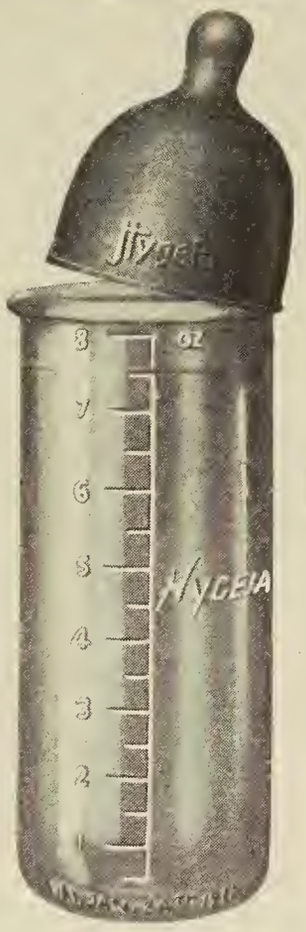
THE clean nursing bottle is as necessary as pure food within. Baby's health depends on both.

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THE PRE-SCHOOL CHILD

BY CAROLYN C. VAN BLARCOM

THE transgressor is not the only one whose way is hard. The way of the "pre-school" child, the toddler between the ages of two and six, is also a hard one.

And there is probably no period during childhood which is so generally neglected as this "pre-school" period.

One of every five school children in this country is suffering from some degree of malnutrition, and it is believed that the proportion of malnourished children among the toddlers is still higher than among school children.

The child who is well nourished and sound physically is the lovable pink and white, gay, bright-eyed little creature that we all think of as the average child. He is of the height and weight that are normal for his age; he has good color, healthy-looking skin and hair and bright eyes; his muscles are firm; he sleeps well at night and has a nap during the day; he eats his meals with a good appetite and his bowels are regular. He is an active, playful little fellow; aggressive and curious. In short he is a happy, normal child and a joy to all who know him.

THE poor little undernourished child is just the reverse of his normal brother, in some or all of these respects. He is usually, but not always, under weight. He may have been given the kind of food that fattens but does not nourish satisfactorily, and as a result be fat and flabby and have white, pasty skin. But as a rule he is thin and pale and generally delicate-looking. His appetite is capricious; he is likely to sleep brokenly and restlessly; he is listless and tires easily. He "hangs around" and does not want to play as other children do.

Such a child's eyes are dull and sometimes the little face looks old and careworn, and he is not as alert and quick mentally as his active little playmates. In addition, the malnourished child is very frequently fretful, irritable and sensitive, crying easily and giving the impression of being ill-tempered.

THE majority of these undernourished children have one or more physical defects such as adenoids, enlarged tonsils, defective vision, weak hearts, misshapen bones or decayed teeth. These are the children who become nervous and anemic, develop tuberculosis and heart trouble, and easily succumb to infectious diseases. If the trouble is not corrected there is often such impairment of the mental powers, and such inability to concentrate and reason clearly, that the little sufferer drops far behind normal children of the same age.

It is well-nigh impossible entirely to atone in later life for the damage done by malnutrition during early childhood. It is like building a house and giving scant care to the foundation during construction, and then trying to make the building substantial and solid by giving close attention to its completion.

You are putting in the solid foundation and strong girders for your son or daughter during infancy and the pre-school period, in the shape of good nerves, bones, muscles, teeth and general well-being. The only way in which you can be quite sure of doing this is to supply the inexorable demands of nature.

No one can cheat her. We may think we do when we take liberties with children's food and care, but the unbalanced account shows up some way some time.

CONSIDER for a moment the rate of your child's growth and development and you will see how definite are his requirements. During the first six years of his life he will increase his birth weight about seven times and double his height. But during the next six years he does not quite double his weight and only increases his height by about one-quarter. The first six years then is a period of enormous growth, and during this time the child not only needs food to supply daily needs but he must rapidly increase the size and weight of the different parts of his body.

MORE than this actual tangible growth he must improve the quality and increase the endurance and power and stability of his nerves, bones, muscles, and of his digestive organs. If he fails to do this there surely will be trouble of some sort later on. The toddlers' requirements may be summed up under three headings: Suitable food, regularity of living and constant watchfulness.

Suitable food means food of a character, variety and amount that will supply the steadily increasing demands of a rapidly growing body, and at the same time it must be food that will not overtax the digestive organs, hurt the appetite nor injure the still delicate nervous system. It must always be absolutely clean and thoroughly cooked, and the milk must be fresh and kept cold.

THE diet of children between the ages of two and six years should consist of the following:

Milk—One quart daily (boiled or Pasteurized).

Cereals—Twice daily, *thoroughly* cooked.

Bread—White or whole-wheat, stale or toasted; bran biscuit; Graham crackers; zwieback and crackers.

Vegetables—Thoroughly cooked, mashed fine, and combined with milk when possible; spinach; string-beans; asparagus tips; young Lima beans; stewed celery; young beets and carrots; squash; cauliflower; strained stewed tomatoes; baked or boiled potatoes.

Fruits—Baked apples and bananas; stewed apples, prunes, pears, dates, peaches and apricots; juices of oranges, grapefruit, peaches, strawberries and raspberries. After the fourth year, apples, pears and peaches, if fresh and quite ripe, may often be given with safety.

Broths and Soups—Practically all plain broths, seasoned with salt only, may be given to the toddlers as well as those to which milk, rice, barley or farina have been added.

Concluded on page 77



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Powerful air-hammers join all corners of the Air-Tite refrigerator with an air-tight double seam. The outside cabinet is air-tight, too—solid wood with no loose panels. Between cabinet and lining insulation material is packed under heavy pressure.

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Be Sure Baby is Healthy at Teething Time

Keep digestion natural, the bowels open, give sufficient food and

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The Infants' and Children's Regulator

Then the milk teeth never cause trouble for you, or discomfort for baby. Mrs. Winslow's Syrup brings most remarkable results in good health and comfort for the baby. It's pleasant to give and pleasant to take.



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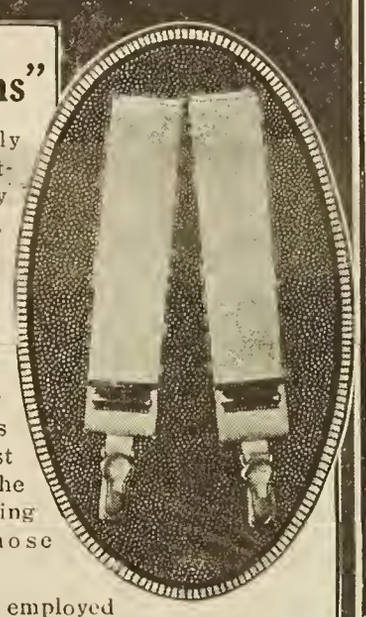
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STORK

Concluded from page 76

THE PRE-SCHOOL CHILD

Purées of peas, beans, celery, spinach, potato or asparagus are permissible and nourishing.

Meat—As the necessary animal proteids may be derived almost entirely from milk and egg-yolks, meats should be given very sparingly, and only occasionally, to young children. Permissible meats are rare roast beef or broiled steak; roast lamb or broiled chop; roast chicken or turkey, scraped or chopped fine. Crisp breakfast bacon may be given to a child of five or six, but a young child should never be given ham, sausage, pork, liver or kidneys. The "dish gravy" of roasted or boiled meats is good for growing children, but thickened gravies, if rich and highly seasoned, should be avoided.

Fish—Absolutely fresh shad, sole, salmon or trout, preferably creamed.

Eggs—Not more than one per day; soft-boiled, coddled or poached.

Dr. E. V. McCullom of Johns Hopkins University, advocates the use of egg-yolk for growing children; to children under three years of age a teaspoonful should be given three times weekly, mixed with fruit-juice or milk, and after the third year a whole yolk twice weekly.

Desserts—Junket, custards, plain rice, farina and corn-starch puddings, and occasionally plain home-made ice-cream.

Never give fresh bread, pie, cake, pastry, rich or highly seasoned foods, pickles, wine, beer, tea, coffee, soda-water, lemonade, fried food of any kind; vegetables that are not perfectly fresh nor any but fresh and ripe fruit.

SATISFACTORY meal hours after the second year are: breakfast at seven, dinner at one and supper at five-thirty. It is well to give a cup of milk or broth and a cracker or piece of stale bread or zwieback at 10 A.M., but nothing else between meals except cool, boiled water, and that should be given abundantly.

In addition to proper food and regular meal hours, the eating habits which the child develops during this period are so important, so easily acquired, and broken with such difficulty, that I am going to give you Doctor Holt's advice from his book, "The Care and Feeding of Children."

"Children who are allowed to have their own way in matters of eating are very likely to be badly trained in other respects; while those who have been properly trained in their eating can usually be trained to do anything else that is important. Learning to eat proper things in a proper way forms, therefore, a large part of a child's early education. If careful training in these matters is begun at the outset and continued, the results will well repay the time and effort required."

AND since a happy frame of mind promotes digestion, the meal-time should be a pleasant one for children as well as adults. If your child takes his meals with the family, teach him to become a member of the family group by taking part in the conversation without dominating it. It is not wise to insist that "children should be seen and not heard" at the table. They should be talked with and listened to as reasoning human beings. Their mistakes should not be ridiculed nor punished at the table. You can help your little toddler to develop self-respect, dignity, and a consciousness of his part in the family life by treating him with courtesy and consideration at meals as well as at other times.

BUT suitable foods and desirable eating habits are not the whole story in preventing malnutrition during the pre-school period. The daily routine must be regular; the nervous system must be kept stable by regular and sufficient rest; the bowels must move regularly at least once daily, and the child must have fresh air day and night. Put him to bed at six o'clock, in a room with the windows open, taking care that he is warmly covered, and have him lie down for at least an hour every day.

HAVING provided the little body with suitable food and adopted a regular daily routine as to sleep, bathing and bowel movements, there is still the question of watchfulness to be considered. You should have your "pre-school" child carefully and thoroughly examined by a physician at least once a year, that you may know definitely what is his general state of nutrition, and also that you may discover physical defects and have them remedied before they become serious.

YOU should do this on the same principle that you look over the stockings in your darning-basket each week. If there are any holes or dropped stitches you are anxious to discover them at once and do the necessary darning. No matter what others advise or tell you is their custom, you know only too well that if you neglect to mend a hole it will not mend itself nor disappear; nor will it remain the same size. It will grow worse and worse until finally you will be able to save the stocking through great effort, if at all.

PHYSICAL defects such as adenoids, diseased tonsils, decayed teeth and imperfect vision are incompatible with your child's good health, and the sooner they are discovered and corrected the more trouble both you and he will be saved.

There is one more point that has an important bearing upon your child's general well-being and that is his general frame of mind. He should be happy and at the same time he must be obedient and amenable to discipline.

You can accomplish wonders with even a very young child by reasoning with him and helping him to understand why he does or does not do certain things; and also if your requirements of him are just the same when you are tired and worn-out and irritable as when you are well and fresh and rested.

There is a world of wisdom in the couplet, that for the good of the race:

"The parents should be cleanly wed,
The child nobly bred, wisely fed and firmly led."

One Nursery Problem Solved— with Colgate's

The text of this advertisement was published in the leading magazines in February, 1910, issues. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is uniform in consistency, and so is the advertising of it. Brush your teeth with this safe dentifrice, sanely advertised.

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All this at a cost only a trifle more than ordinary.

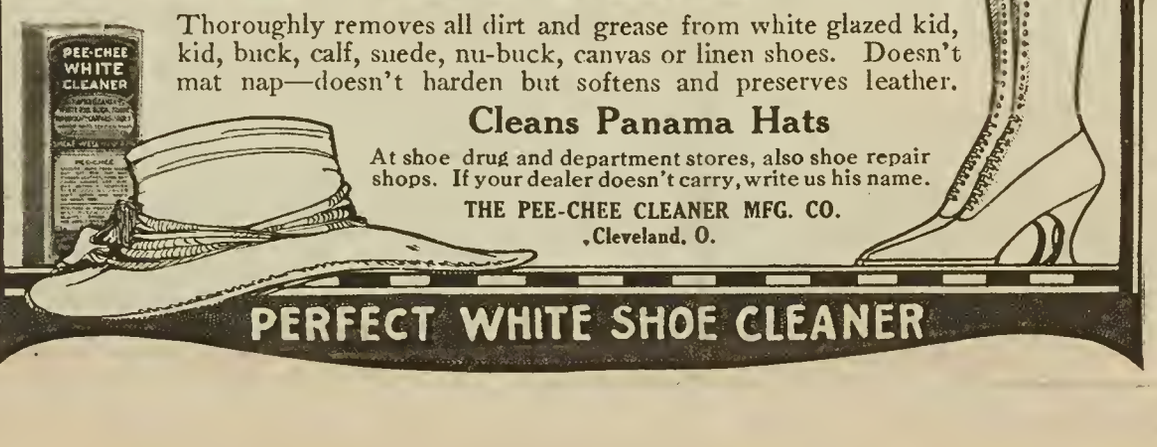
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THE PEE-CHEE CLEANER MFG. CO.
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PERFECT WHITE SHOE CLEANER

Continued from page 14

TEACHING ON SNAKE MOUNTAIN

I pushed open the erude door, and stood a minute sickened by the smells—liniment, whisky, chewing-tobacco, acrid wood-smoke, straw, unwashed men and women. Nobody spoke, and a rapid survey showed me a semi-eircle of both sexes around the fireplace, others in twos and threes about the room, a huddle of children in one corner, and on the bed just at my right a strange group. A chair stood on the bed, and propped against it, a boy of eighteen or nineteen, fair and of fine physique, sat stripped to his waist. His head was twisted back, his face contorted and ashy; from his open lips came a steady, soft moaning. A patchwork quilt, filthy with tobacco stains, was spread over his knees. Two men were working over him with the malodorous bottle of liniment. The lad's eyes met mine for a moment, then relapsed into the indifferenee of suffering.

THOSE at the fireplaee looked at me incuriously; tney ehewed and spat in the direction of the blaze.

"I am the new teaeher," I said. "I am sorry to have bothered you. I see you have a very sick boy."

A tall, sallow woman with harsh eyes and a soft voice—I never could get over those contradictions—spat toward the fire, and commanded over her shoulder.

"Git the woman a cheer."

It was plain at once that she was head of the clan, and so she was. What Myry Miller wanted, Seth Miller, her husband, did; and their children, and their children's wives, and their children's children.

The chair was brought and I sat down. I asked about the boy; if I could be of any help, and if they had sent for the doctor.

"We hain't yit," said Myry Miller. "Don't seem to be no one to send, hit's so fur, and he won't last more'n 'nother day nohow. He's coon-huntin' durin' the big wind, and a tree fell on him, right acrost his middle. The tree was eighteen inches acrost; he couldn't live nohow after that."

I questioned her a little further, and finding that the lad was not paralyzed, advised sending for a doctor. I tried to make my remarks calm and casual; in keeping with their mountain fatalism, but it was hard to do and listen to that continuous, low groaning. Myry Miller told me he was her son, was just eighteen, married, and had one child. The young wife, an untidy girl of immature prettiness, hunched over in her chair, and said nothing at all.

SETH MILLER, black-whiskered, lanky, and deep-eyed, got up with the bottle of liniment.

"Know yit whar ye's to stay? T'other lady that come up yere to teach, said she couldn't find no plaee to board. We wasn't good enough for her, I reckon, fer she didn't ast us, and we'd 'a' took her if she'd 'a' ast."

"I was just looking around," I told him. "But, of course, I couldn't expect you to keep the teacher when your boy's so badly hurt. You are pretty erowded, anyway, aren't you?"

"Tollable," said Seth. "We's four young uns to send to school and the baby. And Ed and his wife and their kids stays with us. Phil" (with a nod toward the injured boy), "he ain't yere reg'lar. But if ye don't find no place, why, we kin give ye a place to sleep and suthin' to eat."

Beyond the large kitchen where we sat were two tiny dark bedrooms. Eleven people regularly to those three rooms!

"Where did the teacher stay last year?"

"Down at Benson's," said Myry Miller; and after a pause, "Old lady Benson'd keep ye, but I dunno's ye'd like it, maybe. They's only one room, and they's three grown sons there. They tears round consid'able. Miss Lindy, last year, she didn't mind."

Miller's hospitality was evidently preferable to that of old lady Benson and her three grown sons. I could even detect a subtle condemnation of the teacher who had been willing to board at Benson's.

MART and Laury Rhodes's was the only home left that might be open to the teacher. There I went and there I stayed. I found two rooms, bare-raftered, rough-floored, hot, smelly, and full of flies. But one of the beds had a white spread, and lace squares over the pillows. There were three children, all with fine features and delicate prettiness: Liddy, aged eight; Ronny, six; and Jack, sixteen months. He was a sickly baby and cried night and day.

It was now nearly four o'clock, and as I had had nothing to eat since very early morning, I asked Mrs. Rhodes for some bread.

"I hain't no bread ready, but you kin have a sweet potato," said she.

I ate the cold sweet potato, and climbed back over the hill through the crashing timber to get the schoolhouse ready for work next day.

It was the shoe-box type, of logs, weather-boarded over. The open shutters slammed back and forth in the wind, and the door was gone. I found it, torn from its hinges, lying on the floor inside. The room was filthy. Most of the window-panes were missing. The stove was rusty and broken; the pipe useless, and the stove-door in pieces. Some ancient, broken benches, liberally decorated with the "jack-knife's carved initial" were the only other furniture. Vulgar words, chalked in illiterate script, stared from the walls.

There were no books, maps, or desks. The teacher was provided with neither chair nor table.

It had begun to rain, and suddenly grew quite dark, so I decided to leave my attack on the schoolhouse for to-morrow. Mart Rhodes was home from the logging-camp where he was working, and I found him uproariously playing with the children when I returned. He was a healthy, twinkly-eyed giant, with a roaring laugh and a square, frank face like a boy's, and a mouth that perpetually turned up at the corners.

THE youngsters adored him, and the minute he came in all three would pile on him, and he would sing camp-meeting hymns, bits of coon songs, or lumberjack chanteys to them, while Laury Rhodes got supper. Laury was thin and sickly; she had "heart spells," and very young had begun to chew tobacco for "dyspepsy." She had attended a mission school, and was the best-educated person in the section.

After a supper of corn-bread, biscuit, and sweet potatoes, we sat around the fire, and talked over the chances of holding school. Mart said all the children in the district except his had whooping-cough, and since that gave parents a good excuse to escape the attendance law, he " 'lowed they wa'n't goin' to have no teachin' " this term. Apparently they hoped by one ruse or another to keep from having school in the district any longer.

At seven-thirty the family went to bed. At three the next morning, still black dark outside, I heard them stirring. At a quarter of four, Liddy woke me, explaining that daddy had gone out to milk, and I could dress. After breakfast I helped with the housework, and when seven o'clock came at last, I took my tin lunch-bucket filled with cold bread and potato, and started for the school. School hours in Tennessee are from eight in the morning until four in the afternoon.

Since there was nothing to work with at the school, I walked to the store, three and a half miles away and bought broom, soap and pail, and ordered twenty-three window-panes and some stove-pipe. These latter, Mr. Hambly, the storekeeper, told me he would get for me next time he went to the county-seat, "not long—a week," he reckoned.

NO CHILDREN had appeared when I returned, so I tackled the righting of the school alone.

The joy of sweeping, scrubbing, painting a blackboard, and washing what few window-panes there were, was often interrupted that day by mountain men and women who rode up to the doorway, looking in until I saw them and spoke.

"Think you goin' to git a school?" they would all ask.

I assured them I would, ignoring hints of the unpopular compulsory school law, and the whooping-cough, and cheerfully taking it for granted that the mountain people were all anxious to have a teacher.

And I did "get a school."

There was no use excluding whooping-cough since all the children had it except Liddy and Ronny Rhodes, and them I taught at home mornings and evenings, changing the hours at school from eight until four to nine until three in order to do so. Curiosity brought Earle Richards and Etty Benson at once, and the reports they spread of the strange methods and fascinating apparatus employed by the new teacher brought the whole school within a day or two.

Some of the pupils had a reader and speller, and one had an arithmetic, but most of them had no books at all. They had no pencils or paper, and these I furnished. Writing was a problem, however, since there wasn't anything that could be used as desk or table on which to rest the paper.

IT WAS a curious school. The youngsters dragged the benches as close as possible to the stove—used the first week without a stove-pipe—and attacked the tasks I gave them. Only two had passed the beginner's stage in writing, but after some hard drilling for several days, all the children above the second reader could transcribe print into script. In arithmetic the whole school, with the exception of two girls who were ready to delve into the intricacies of long division, had to learn the fundamental operations. The few who had learned something of adding and subtracting stood stupefied by a problem involving carrying and borrowing, and division they frankly would not attempt.

My slender store of hand-work materials and teaching apparatus filled them with amazement.

They refused at first to have anything to do with the plasticine for modeling—actually looked scared at the prospect of my making them. So I dragged my bench up to the stove, and said I didn't want anybody to model who didn't like to; it was really fun, not work; but if they wanted to look on, *I* was going to make a bear. Inside of fifteen minutes every one of my pupils was making either a much better bear, or a wildcat, or a squirrel.

THE girls were inveigled into hemming six pairs of curtains—we had no blinds—by a device as transparent.

After a few experiences like this, they offered less resistanee to innovations, but I was constantly being astounded at their lack of general knowledge. A simple story history lesson brought out the fact that not one of the sixteen knew the name of the country we live in. They lived in Tennessee, that was the extent of their geographical knowledge. They could not tell the name of the State capital, did not know what the city of Washington was, and could not tell the names of any of the warring nations, except France and Germany.

The first time I read them a story they listened blankly. Coming home from school that evening, a fifteen-year-old-boy asked me what a witch was. The next day we cut out

Concluded on page 81

Hamilton Beach Carpet Washer

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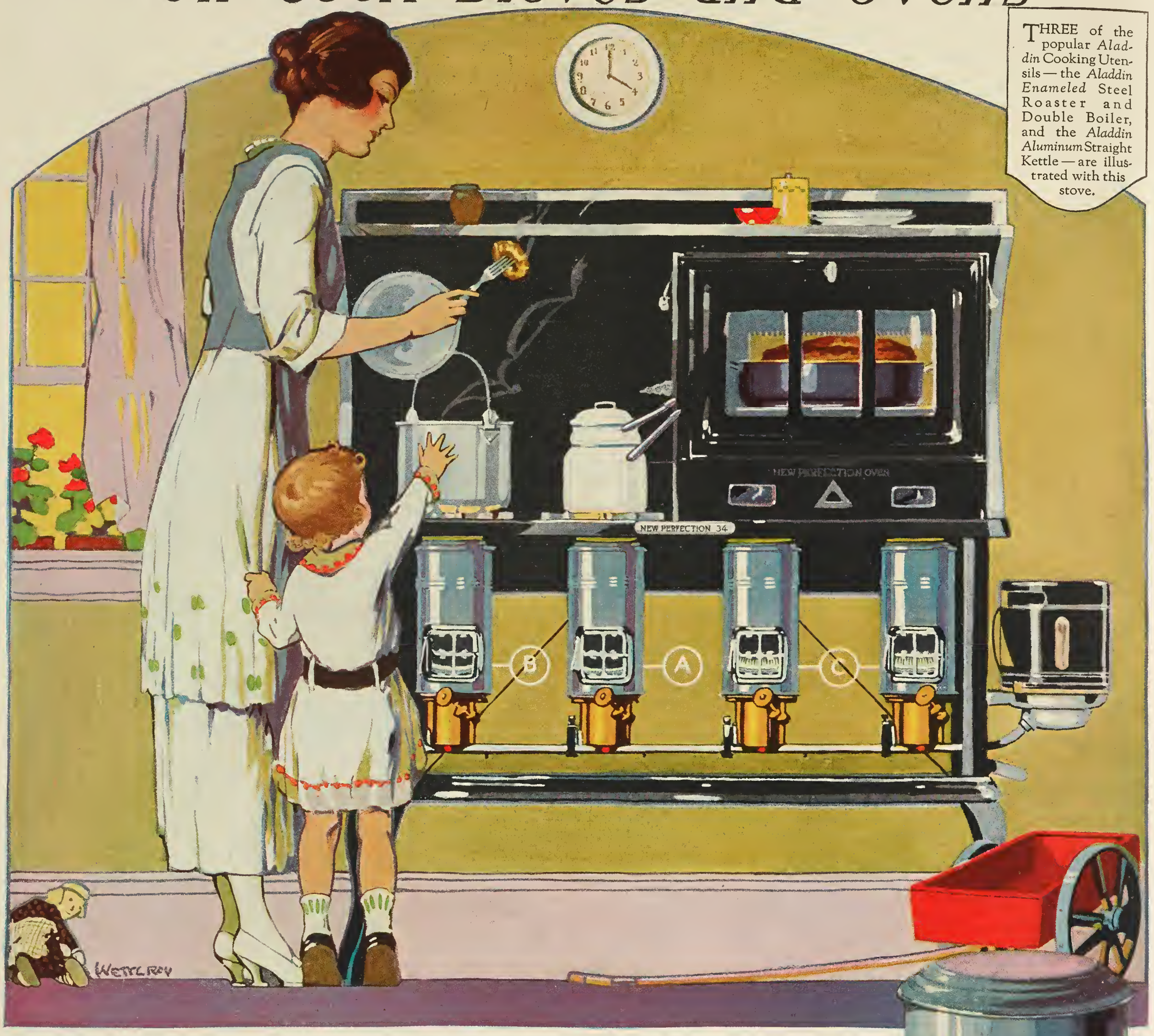
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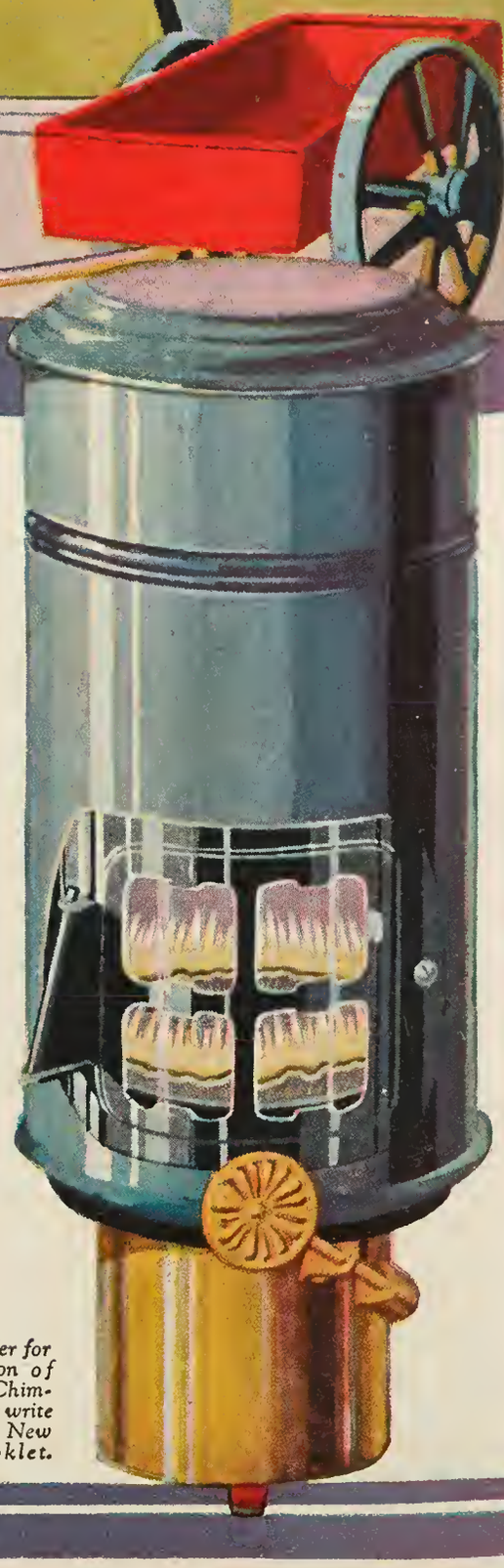
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Concluded from page 78

TEACHING ON SNAKE MOUNTAIN

silhouette witches in black paper, and I kept on reading fairy-tales. One day the recess-play noises sounded different, and I went out to investigate. My pupils were dramatizing Tom Thumb!

They were not dull children, but they had had only a few months' schooling each year, and their attendance probably had not averaged fifty days a term. They had never had a teacher well enough educated to teach without clinging to a text-book. None of their teachers had had any professional training, but even with the best of teachers, the equipment of the school was so miserable that the children could not learn without great effort.

One thing horrified me: *the school had no toilets.* I wrote the county superintendent of my astonishment that a school could have been built and used for fifty or sixty years, and not have this easily provided necessity. He replied that the county board would gladly pay for window-panes, fuel, stove-pipe, and other things I asked for, but that they could not pay for building toilets *because two-thirds of the schools in the county did not have them.*

THERE were woods around my school, so that we were more fortunate than a teacher several miles from me whose school stood in the open and on the highroad. She was a well-bred Southern woman, unused to hardship, and she cried when she told me of her experiences.

Of course the mountain homes were not provided, either; one good reason why typhoid is so prevalent and so fatal there.

All the children chewed tobacco. They had begun it before they had all their teeth. The first noon I scrubbed the school floor—somewhat grimly, I fear—and when school was called made a rule, enforceable under pain of dire penalties, that no one might chew or spit inside the school. After that there was a ceremony of getting rid of the "chaw" and a final expectoration when the bell rang for "books"—disgusting, but it had its humorous side.

I visited every day at some mountain home, and the people grew used to seeing me drop in unceremoniously. They liked it; other teachers had been afraid to tramp alone over those rustling trails, and the people thought they felt themselves above the mountaineers.

AT FIRST, the community regarded the "new woman" with some suspicion. The theories of why she had come so far to teach in Tennessee varied according to the guilt that lay heaviest in the mind of the originator. By some I was thought to be a moonshine informant, by others to be searching for draft-evaders. The suspicion gradually died down, however, as day after day passed, and I showed no interest in anything but school matters.

Then I spent long hours sitting with them before the fire, and listening to their stories of men-folks who had been "sent away" for making or selling, or both. They told me how the schoolhouse had once been used for a storehouse and as a camping-place for bootleggers, and how the lining-boards, which had been torn from the walls, had been used to make a box for the "mash."

Curious tales I heard, too, of their neighbors, relatives, ancestors—tales of hatred, of unhappy love, of insanity, of murder and suicide and epilepsy, of death agonies and lingering disease, of fugitives from justice, of self-inflicted purgatories in reparation for sin, all the grim undertow of life, with never a sparkle of laughter.

The most improbable legends about my own life and doings were circulated; I was credited with a gift for mind-reading, with tremendous strength, and with uncanny accuracy in the use of the pistol I was popularly supposed to carry at all times. Explanations like these were necessary to account for a teacher who was not afraid in the mountains.

Personally, I believe that the teacher at Snake Mountain has no more to fear than a public-school teacher in Boston or Los Angeles; but a timid girl who credited the warning hints of the mountain women would certainly lead a miserable life there.

Books were bought by the parents only after much urging, flattery, and the tactful use of neighborhood rivalry. For days I taught without texts, or with as many as five pupils using the same book.

The county board finally consented to put in eight double desks. I got this concession only after a struggle, because the board contended that the mountaineers would break up everything sent them. In self-defense, the mountain people said they would care for school furnishings, if they had anything worth caring for.

ON THE surface at least it seems as though Tennessee is quite willing to let mountain schools remain in their primitive, story-book backwardness. The mountains are wicked, ignorant, romantic, fascinating. Modern schools would make them humdrum communities, as commonplace, law-abiding, respectable as any village in Iowa.

If an up-to-date consolidated school were built at the Ledge or thereabouts and transportation furnished, at least one hundred children would be reached at less expense than with the present wasteful system, which permits the mountain school to be at times as a camp for bootleggers. But, of course, it would mean that Snake Mountain would no longer remain in romantic ignorance and isolation.

The National Bureau of Education records the fact that seventeen per cent. of the children of school age in Tennessee are illiterate; that in two counties studied—and they were considered progressive!—fifty-six per cent. of the children attended school less than seventy-six days a year, and fourteen per cent. less than twenty-six days; that over twenty-four per cent. of the rural teachers have had no high-school training whatever.

IN ANSWER to a letter of inquiry about vacancies in teaching positions, the State superintendent wrote that only a teacher of the broadest charity and a truly missionary spirit would undertake to teach in the small schools of Tennessee. He was right. It does take a truly missionary spirit—partly because of the low salaries, but mainly on account of the living conditions, and—listen, taxpayers and State legislators!—because of the hopelessly inadequate equipment the teacher has to work with.

Lincoln may have educated himself by the light of a pine-knot and the help of a text fished from an ash-barrel, but the average child is no Lincoln. It is too hard to get an education in Tennessee.

Concluded from page 27

THE PILGRIMS' PLYMOUTH

stopped but at the grave. There has never been sufficient honor done those heroic martyrs, the Pilgrim mothers.

Watson's Hill, with its pleasant Indian name of Cantaugantecst, was the scene of the first treaty with the Indians. The Pilgrims had the tact and the real kindness to succeed with the suspicious natives, who had been shamefully treated by earlier whites. And the first treaty with fierce Chief Massasoit was kept faithfully for fifty years, to the great credit of both races in their difficult relationship.

WHEN Miles Standish, early in the game, moved over to Duxbury and John Alden followed him, Governor Winslow going still farther, to Marshfield, it must have seemed to the Pilgrims like the exodus of Israel. What is nowadays the distance of a few minutes in a motor-car meant a day's journey to them. We can quickly skirt the salt meadows of Kingston, where Governor Carver settled by the Jones River, named for the treacherous captain of the *Mayflower*. Here stands a fine old mansion, the house of Major John Bradford. The Aldens built near what is now the Duxbury station, in 1631.

The gray-shingled house bearing the famous name is two hundred and forty years old, and was built by a grandson of John and Priscilla, on the site of the homestead established by these favorites of romance. Not far away in South Duxbury was Standish's home. Doubtless the captain had long had his eye on the commanding bluff whence he could so easily signal to the Plymouth fort. The hill is one hundred and eighty feet high and four hundred yards from the water, which washes it on three sides. Standish built his house on the south side of the hill from which his statue now looks down. He named the place Duxbury from Duxborough Hall, the English home of the Standishes. His house was burned while his eldest son, Alexander, was living there; but the latter built near the cellar-site a new house, partly from the materials of the older homestead; and this low, gambrel-roofed structure still stands, restored, the broad chimney showing the date 1666.

In the little Duxbury burial-ground lies Captain Miles Standish, between his two wives, guarded by four ancient cannon. Here also lie, his neighbors still, John and Priscilla Alden; and Deacon William Brewster.

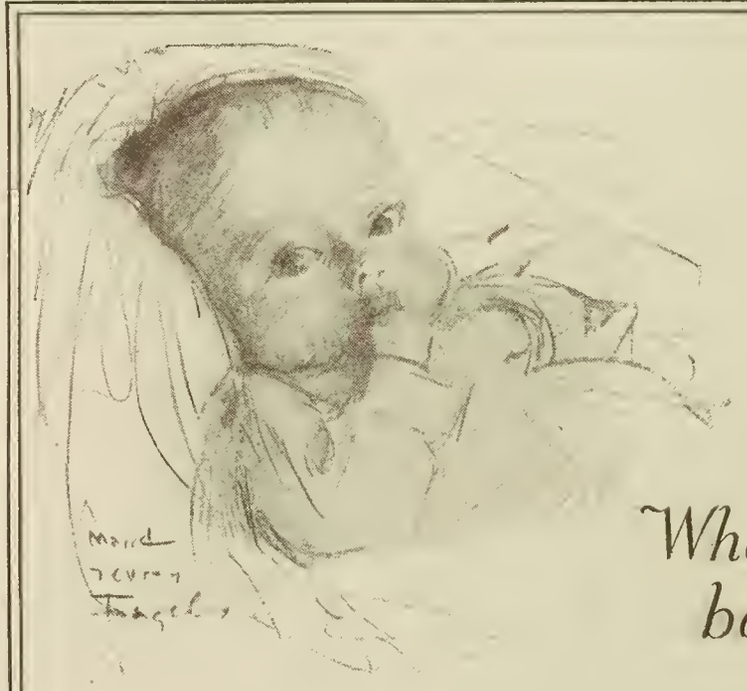
Near by, in Marshfield, is the old Winslow estate, "Careswell." The present house, a quaint, low-roofed affair, stands on the site of the Governor Winslow mansion. In the family burying-ground lie Josiah, and Governor Edward Winslow, whose marriage to Susannah White in 1621 was the first wedding to be celebrated in the colony. Peregrine White is buried close by.

Marshfield is the birthplace of another famous New Englander, Daniel Webster, who is buried in the family graveyard on the site of his ancestral home. But we have strayed some distance from Plymouth. And if we once begin on New England's general historic and literary shrines, we shall have a long pilgrimage indeed.

We ought, however, to visit Provincetown, the scene of the first landing, outside the harbor of which the Pilgrims made their famous "Compact." It is a beautiful run from Plymouth, over hard roads between cranberry-bogs and woods where the mayflowers grow in season.

ON THE very knuckle of that fist that is so sturdily brandished against the world, stands a beautiful monument to the Pilgrims' first landing, the tallest tower on the continent except the Washington Monument. Looking out over the cruel sea, with silent triumph, it seems to typify the English blood that won out once again in the battle with the elements and with fate. It is a monument as well to the sturdy self-reliance, the unflinching determination to fight for the best things in life, that have characterized the Pilgrims and their descendants in all parts of the world.





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FLAG DAY AND NEIGHBORS' DAY

BY WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

SYMBOL of the welding together of the people of a great nation, our flag stands for fellowship. The very foundation of fellowship is neighborliness. Without that spirit which binds together the people of each section there can be no union as a nation, for the spirit of union, like charity, begins at home. We must be united in friendliness with those immediately about us if we would be united as a nation. No chain holds together when links are missing.

This year we celebrate Flag Day on June fourteenth in a double, more uniting sense than ever before, and by a general movement making the occasion Neighbors' Day as well. The slogan chosen for this celebration, "Hello, neighbor!" carries in its homeliness a world of meaning. Stripped of all formalities, the phrase is genuinely American in its expression. It brings heart-warming assurance of good feeling, of comradeship, of fellow sympathy.

OCCUPYING an important place in this double celebration with its single aim, is the community "sing" of old songs to be engaged in everywhere that neighbors gather on that day. Those old songs, sung by all together, will prove a surer stimulus of fellowship than any flight of oratory, for in the heart of every American man and woman both words and melody are linked with the happiest, tenderest recollections that life holds.

More and more we are coming to recognize the worth of our old songs sung all together, and singing them we realize even more strongly, too, that where many voices mingle in those dear measures, many hearts are brought into closer friendliness. Such a song as "Home, Sweet Home," with its words by an American; such another song as "Suwanee River," both words and music by our own composer, Foster, are interwoven with memories of our mother's singing to us; with our school-days and with the happiest times of love and life.

What being, after a good community "sing," holding the treasures of memory, could cherish a grudge, springing perhaps from small beginnings to leave an ever-widening gulf? The grudge would probably fade, the gulf be bridged, when we found those once antagonistic hearts to hold exactly the same emotions inspiring us. And when genuine friendliness already reigns, that genuine friendliness will surely grow of deeper worth through a hearty community sing of all together.

LOVE of our country is very closely interwoven with love of our country's music. For every crisis in our history we have had songs springing from the hearts of our composers, and that have meant response in the hearts of those then living. Such songs are a holy legacy, a vital reminder of supreme effort and of life sacrifice that we to-day might live on in freedom.

On this approaching Flag Day and Neighbors' Day we shall be singing these songs, songs of home and songs of patriotism. Home and country are one. The home we love in a sense that is intimate; our country we love in the bigger, broader sense of national devotion. We can not love the one without loving the other; we can not love either unless we prove ourselves good neighbors in all that the word implies.

Just as it is impossible to cherish all that home and country mean by a single annual Flag Day observance, so it is impossible to cherish neighborly feeling, which means national feeling, by a single day of fellowship. But the coming celebration of both together on the fourteenth day of June may bring to us an individual and freshening reminder of what the whole year can be made to hold.

LONG Summer evenings are ahead of us; some of them at least, even in the busiest community, are free. There is no happier relaxation than community singing, which has grown so tremendously in our country within recent years. It may be enjoyed in the remotest sections; it does not depend on massed numbers, but on individual voice and fraternal spirit.

Wherever there is a good quartet of voices, soprano, alto, tenor, bass, to lead in its songs, community singing should prove successful. And always the children should be included. Happiness that singing brings has never yet been measured by the volume of voice possessed by any singer. All children delight in song; community singing strengthens love of home, of country, a spirit of fellowship that even the littlest among them may grasp, and in consequence will likely hold fast to throughout life.

There is a more or less perfunctory kind of Americanism that keeps the great patriotic days and then lapses into comfortable repose. The kind of Americanism that we need for ourselves and in our children is Americanism for every day in the year; the sort of Americanism that never rests, never grows weary.

In music we have an undying source for its refreshment; we have the songs, we have the voices with which to sing them. Many an orator may spur us on while within hearing of his words, many another will give us thoughts that linger. But in taking part in things ourselves as individuals we have a stronger kind of inspiration. And it is in song of the community description that we find it.

IF it draws us in spirit nearer together as neighbors, such singing will also knit us closer to our homeland. It will help to develop that personal kind of interest in affairs that will strengthen our belief in the weight of the individual vote, which means incalculably more than complaining of the direction of affairs, and inactively allowing their directors, whom we declare at fault, to continue

Concluded on page 83



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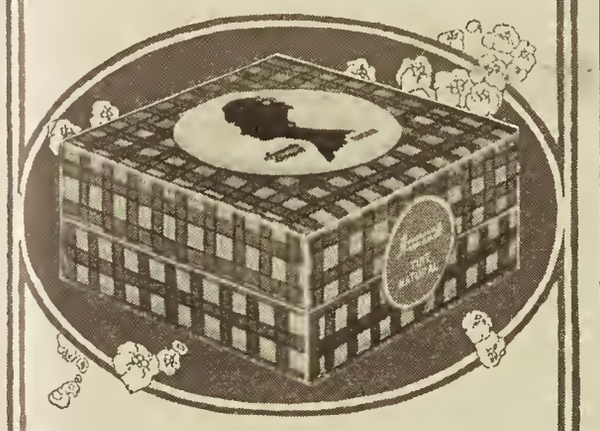
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Concluded from page 82

FLAG DAY AND NEIGHBORS' DAY

undisturbed on their course of wrong-doing.

If in union there is strength, in music made together there is union. The more united we are as neighbors, the greater our strength as a nation. Those who have directed community singing and who have worked for it, will tell you of the value of its results; that is why community singing on Flag Day and Neighbors' Day has been chosen to play such eminent part.

It is a great truth that the world war drew us nearer together as a people; we want to remain near together as a people through all time. Every means within our power should be set in motion to achieve this. Personal affairs are linked indissolubly with national affairs. Moving together as justly actuated people, we get our desires as justly actuated individuals. But if we move separately and apart, with selfish inconsideration of our neighbors, we reach the goal to which all selfishness is doomed—sour disappointment.

THERE is no ceremonial, no important function that socially engages us without its accompanying music; our children find their most attractive games the ones wedded to song. Considering our youth as a nation, and the tremendous strides that we have already made in music, I am hopeful that the future holds for us a place as the most musical of peoples. We do not approach music from a purely emotional point of view, but with our intelligence as well; therein lies our strength and the security of our advance in it.

Those in charge of our Flag Day and Neighbors' Day program fully recognize this truth. Our people through their community singing on that day, and on all other days to follow, will realize each in his or her own mind that thought aroused by it. Emotion may prompt that thought; emotion of one kind or another prompts every thought. But reasoning intelligence, such as in this case will exist, as past proofs promise, will register the value of that kind of thought, a kind of thought that springs from the mind as well as from the heart.

Man shall not live by bread alone. Nor was truer word ever spoken. Out of the cares and weariness of life, the daily harrowings and turmoil, music lifts us. Many voices mingling in old, loved songs, make lighter many burdens. That is something community singing will do for us Americans.

If it did nothing else it would prove a benediction. But in spirit it does far more; the outcome brings us the nearest approach of which mortality is capable to that injunction, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," and in nearer approach to yet another injunction that might well be added, "Love thy country as thy mother."

THE DELINEATOR has caused to be made a list of "Songs for the Home Town to Sing," a list from which to make selections for Flag Day and Neighbors' Day, and all community occasions. This list will be sent free to any on request. It includes our famous songs of home and country, songs dear to each and all.

Together with this list there is another of "Records Popular in Community Singing," records of songs that, having become favorites with our brave boys "over there," have grown to be favorites with us over here. With these two lists, there is included yet another of "Song Books for Community Singing." The three will constitute a library catalog of song for any and all embarking on the splendid undertaking of community singing in their own neighborhood.

Children love a little celebration all their own, which those dear to them may witness and share in the consequent enjoyment. For school or other public presentation THE DELINEATOR has had prepared an appropriate Flag Day and Neighbors' Day program composed of stirring numbers, which will be sent free on request.

THE celebration making most indelible impression on the minds of children is the celebration in which they bear a personal share. All children love, and quite naturally, a festival that is their very own. The whole year through, with such bright exceptions, they are bidden to witness or measurably participate in things that engage their elders.

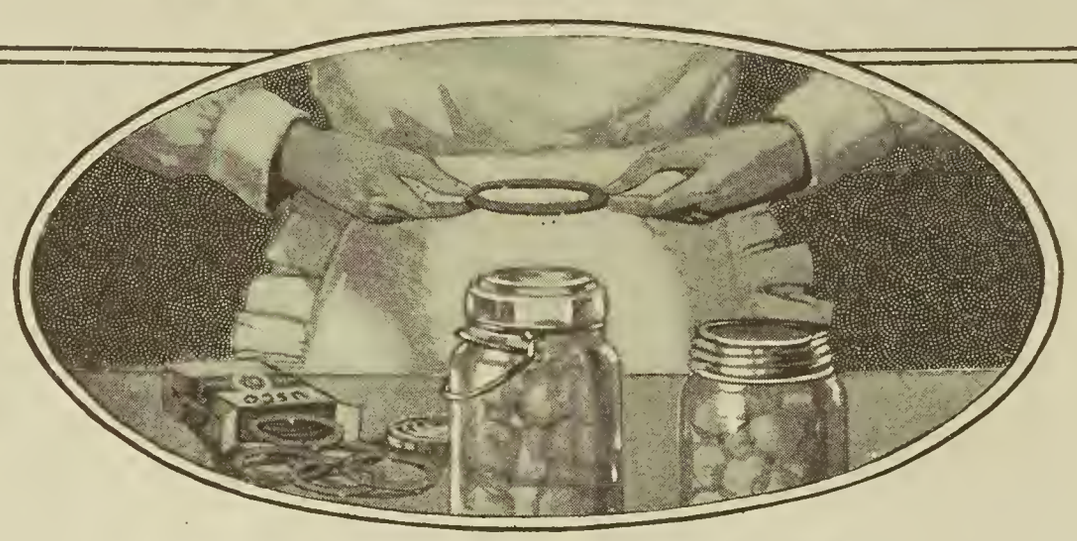
On the other hand, Christmas Day becomes a juvenile possession. Our own memories of it are, as we well know, undying ones. A child without those precious Christmas memories to draw on in later years, and for store of sympathy with every little one, is heart impoverished.

There is a limited array of other days, none too numerous, in which the child gathers store of eternal memories. Of these, patriotic festal days are of vital import. Our schools, public and private, have done nobly in the matter. Still more remains to be done in a general way.

ON Flag Day and Neighbors' Day we shall have the opportunity presented to make it ever-memorable to them and everywhere. The children of to-day will be future citizens and future neighbors. On them will rest the responsibilities that are now ours. Give them their own celebration everywhere, festival programs that begin and end with their own efforts in patriotic song, chorus, and musical recitations, impressing upon them the day's true meaning, its fraternal-patriotic message, a message that will grow into life and action with them through the years to come. The more we stimulate this and kindred patriotic celebrations, the better bred-in-the-bone Americans we shall have to guide our dear land's future in the right way.

For any of the lists of songs enumerated in this article, send to William Armstrong, Music Editor, THE DELINEATOR *Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City. Be sure to enclose a two-cent stamp. This is to cover the cost of posting them to you. The material itself is free.*

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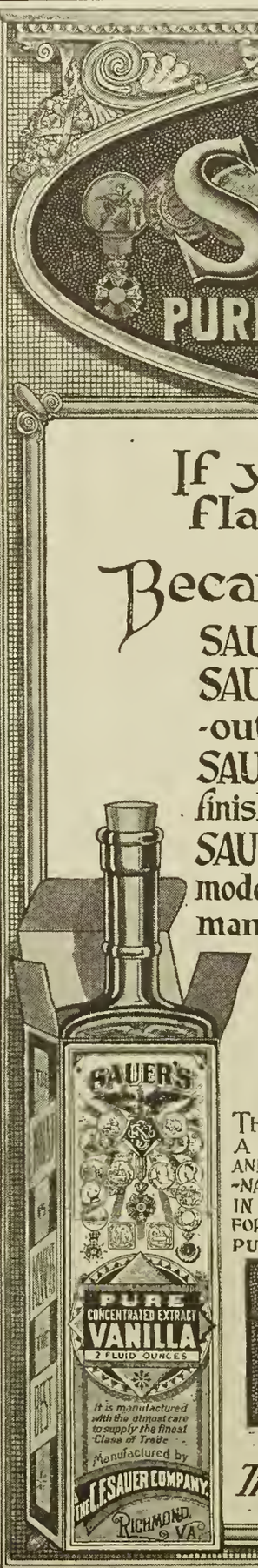


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THE NEW TEMPERANCE BEVERAGE AND ALL-ROUND FLAVOR. A REFRESHING DRINK WHEN PROPERLY MIXED WITH SUGAR AND WATER. DELIGHTFUL IN FRUIT PUNCH, MILK AND EGG COMBINATIONS, SHERBETS, ICES, ICE CREAM, PUDDINGS, CAKES—IN FACT IN ANY DESSERT. IT IS THE ONE FLAVOR THAT CAN BE USED FOR ALL PURPOSES. A 35¢ BOTTLE MAKES 40 GLASSES OF DELICIOUS PUNCH.

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ESTABLISHED 1887





VACATION DAYS ARE KNITTING DAYS

And your holiday handiwork will be easier and far more satisfactory if you knit with— — —

MINERVA QUALITY YARNS

Wound on the logical ball. Rich in color, beautifully finished, very strong and lofty.

If away from home — try the nearest quality shop. Ask to see the famous Minerva Knitting Manual which pictures and describes over 100 unusually attractive knitted articles. Price 35c; or 40c postpaid. (In Canada 50c.)

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Women say La-may stays on better than any other face powder.

UP TO the present time it has been almost impossible to get a face powder to stay on the face longer than it takes to put it on. You powder your nose nicely and the first gust of wind or the first puff of your handkerchief and away goes the powder, leaving your nose shiny and conspicuous, probably just at the very moment when you would give anything to appear at your best. A specialist has at last perfected a pure powder that really stays on; that stays on until you wash it off. It does not contain white lead or rice powder to make it stay on. This improved formula contains a medicinal powder doctors prescribe to improve the complexion. In fact, this powder helps to prevent and reduce enlarged pores and irritations. It is also astringent, discouraging flabbiness, crow's feet and wrinkles. This unusual powder is called La-may (French, Poudre L'Amé). Because La-may is pure and because it stays on so well, it is already used by over a million American women. All dealers carry the large sixty-cent box and many dealers also carry the generous thirty-cent size. When you use this harmless powder and see how beautifully it improves your complexion you will understand why La-may so quickly became the most popular beauty powder sold in New York. We will give you five thousand dollars if you can buy a better face powder anywhere at any price. There is also a wonderful La-may talcum that sells for only twenty-five cents. Herbert Roystone, Dept. R, 16 East 18th St., New York.



"TREO" TRIUMPHS



"TREO" GIRDLE
PATENTED
The All-Elastic Corset
With the Feature Strip

THE "TREO" GIRDLE

MADE entirely of porous woven surgical elastic web, which "gives" freely to every movement of the body, yet firmly holds the figure. Lends grace with absolute comfort. Our patented method of construction and character of materials used make it equally desirable for street, dancing, evening or sport wear; white or flesh tint. Retail Misses' lengths, $5.00 to $7.00; Adults' lengths, $5.50 to $15.00.

CAUTION. The TREO GIRDLE has the feature strip of elastic above the elastic waist-line band, and, therefore, supports the body above and below the waist-line. Other similar all-elastic garments are simply hip-confiners, and Not Elastic Corsets. *If your dealer cannot supply you, write for FREE Booklet.*

TREO "Paraknit" Brassiere

is made of "Paraknit," a new kind of light weight, open work, elastic material, invented by us, which is very, very flexible, extremely stylish, and healthful.

Reinforced elastic diaphragm strip at lower edge supports and reduces diaphragm without pressure, and is a very great advantage. *Retail $3 and $3.50 at dealers, or write for illustrated booklet.*

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160-D Fifth Avenue - - - - New York
In Canada Address, EISMAN & CO., Toronto



"TREO" Paraknit
TRADE MARK
Elastic Brassiere
PATENTED
Reinforced Diaphragm Strip

Continued from page 16

THE TREE OF JOY—XII

AT THE INN OF THE LION OF GOLD

"IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE"

The realest tragedy of this war is to the too-old-to-die and the too-scared-to-forget, such as some of these into whose faces I now look. Not all had sons to give. But everybody's paid the price somehow. Schoolmaster Vauchelet's little daughter Lilian died from grip due to exposure during the wild retreat before the advancing foe. Mayor Julien's wife Eugénie succumbed to the hardships of existence as a civilian prisoner behind the enemy's lines. Gentle, kindly Edmond Julien. There may be indemnity for his wrecked house, but not for the loss of his wife of forty years. By the stricken look in his soft brown eyes I can see.

Across my bouquet of white roses the Municipal Council of Landres et St. Georges seems after all not so strangely foreign. What is French? And what is American? These are folks, just folks like us in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, or Beaver River, Kansas. And they're in trouble. God knows the place needs a tree-of-joy planting. Devastated as all the world is of this, its most precious product, we still have more of it at home than they have here.

So I tell them how, in response to Schoolmaster Vauchelet's letter of appeal to THE DELINEATOR, the readers of this magazine would adopt their commune to do for it what we can while it struggles with all the problems of reconstruction; and that whatever assistance may be sent will come not only from the pocketbook but from the heart of the homes of the United States to the land of that Frenchman whose name was on the lips of Pershing and the American Army. At the mention of Lafayette, the glance that flashes in the eyes into which I am looking is of one republic to another.

But never mind our school-book history. Even as I have spoken, I seem to be conscious how faded and far is the past. The bond to cement the friendship between two nations is the vivid present. It thrills right now around this new pine table.

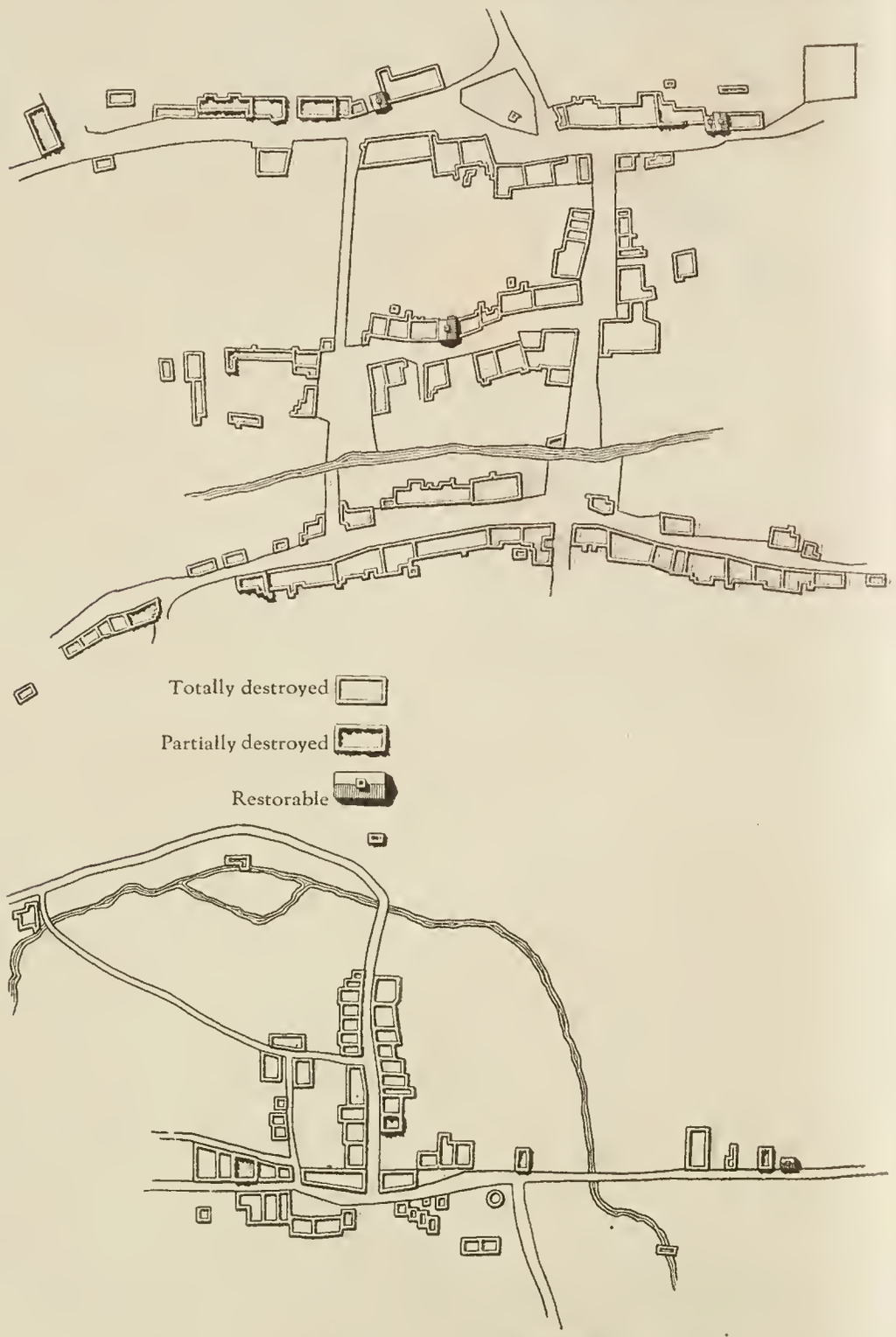
The last light of the setting sun is fading. Madame Genty brings the little dim *lampe Pigeon* and sets it before us. It seems the time to tell these Old-World villagers to whom I have come, some of the things they are so curiously eager to know about you who have sent me.

All sorts of odd relics of your far country the backwash of the war has left at their doors. There's an American white porcelain bathtub standing here now in the public square, to Landres as much a municipal curiosity as the Egyptian obelisk we keep at home in Central Park. A glass paper-weight somehow left lying on the mantel in her otherwise empty house to which Madame Beuleau returned, enterprisingly advertises the First National Bank of Gastonia, North Carolina. More useful souvenirs of a departed army were salvaged up on the Côte de Chatillon. There were five hundred American army shoes. The mayor is wearing a pair. He says laughingly: "I found seven lefts before I matched them with a right." Lucie Mauvais has a shirt-waist she fashioned from a khaki shirt. Mère Catherine has made herself an apron from an army tent. American army blankets are the bedcovers that have kept the returned population from freezing. The store the Quakers opened at Buzancy supplied most pressing needs, everything from garden-seeds to sheets. Now there are American patchwork quilts that came in the bargain sale the Red Cross held one day at the Inn of the Lion of Gold. The patchwork quilt is a new idea in France. Madame Enard has one in a corner of which, worked in red cotton, you may read, "The Merry-Go Round Club, Ottawa, Kansas." She smooths it over the bed in place of her lost red *plume* and says: "Look how it makes the trimming for a devastated house."

It is this America, you see, that would now take Landres et St. Georges under its protection. And they are very curious to learn all about what manner of people you may be. Of our General George Washington they have heard. But not of Annie Northcutt. And the most common tradition in Europe is of our millionaires encrusted with gold, whom it is casually supposed we have in America in splendid palaces that sparkle up and down the length of all our city streets. So I explain to the Municipal Council that we have one New York. But that nearly everybody in America lives in cities not anything like that. We have Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and Beaver River, Kansas, and Knox City, where Annie Northcutt lives, who started the Tree of Joy for France with a gift of $1.60, which is about eight francs. Knox City, it happens, has just the same number of inhabitants as before the war were counted in this very French commune.

Now the faces before me take on a new expression of interest. Great cities in their splendid grandeur it is difficult to visualize. But little cities, one is aware that there people live and love and suffer. And go to work and to church.

I would make that clear. DELINEATOR folks, I continue, why, DELINEATOR folks are some of them farmers like you in Landres. Some are storekeepers. Some are schoolteachers. And everybody like that, who won't be writing off checks in the name of



LANDRES ET ST. GEORGES

SURVEY MAP MADE BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT FOR *THE DELINEATOR*. IT SHOWS THE BUILDINGS IN OUR TOWN OF THE GOLDEN BOOK "TOTALLY DESTROYED," "PARTIALLY DESTROYED," AND THE FIVE HOUSES THAT REMAIN IN A "RESTORABLE CONDITION"

Continued on page 87



SILKS SATINS, LACE—*Kept dainty and new through the longest vacationing*

MADAME has given instructions to pack only the finest, the filmiest. The silk and valenciennes underthings and the sheerest of the stockings. The georgette frocks with their extravagantly simple air. Two favorite negligées and the loveliest of the blouses.

Always Madame refuses to be bothered with the great number of her possessions—only the most adored. For with Lux these few can be kept so fresh, so exquisite.

At the first speck of dinginess in filet collar or cuff, Marie tosses the beloved one into a big bowlful of Lux suds. The foamy bubbles cover it. The rich



lather presses through and through it. Every tiny thread is searched out and cleansed snowy white.

In half an hour the pretty thing will be bright and sweet and summery again, looking as calmly new as if it had just come out of the specialty shop's tissue wrappings!

The old way of washing was so heartless. Many a fragile blouse has Madame wept over in the old days—actually scrubbed to death! But the Lux way is so different. It is so gentle and so careful with her fine things.

There's never a bit of pasty cake soap to stick to the silk thread and be ironed into it! Never a thought of a cruel rub! The pure suds just whisk the dirt away and leave the fabric whole and new, the color clear. The grocer, druggist or department store has Lux always ready for Madame. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

How to launder silks

Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip the garment up and down in the rich lather. Squeeze the suds through it—do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Roll in a towel. When nearly dry press with a warm iron. Jersey silk and georgette crepe should be gently pulled into shape as they dry, and should also be shaped as you iron.



If you are not sure a color is fast

If possible, first wash a sample and dry it. If the color runs try to set it, as follows: For brown and black and pink use two cups of salt to a gallon of cold water. For blue use half a cup of vinegar. For lavender, use one tablespoonful of sugar of lead. Soak for half an hour and then rinse thoroughly before washing. Colors must be set before each washing.

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À une sorcerie féerique seulement pouvez-vous attribuer le charme de mon talc Djer-Kiss—captivant dans son exquisite, captivant dans son charme français.
—Kerkoff, Paris.

Translation—To faerie magic alone can you impute the charm of my Djer-Kiss Talc—captivating in its exquisiteness, captivating in its French grace.

Djer-Kiss Talc

—the warm summer through

Made in Paris, Djer-Kiss Talc brings to you quite *l'air exquis,* a fascination so quite Parisian. And what a softness and purity—what a fragrance of refinement! With what smoothness *après le bain!* With what a soothingness in warm weather!

Surely, Mademoiselle, more than ever you will love this unusual French Talc—Djer-Kiss Talc—the warm summer through.

Djer-Kiss
*Made in France**

EXTRACT ▿ FACE POWDER ▿ TALC ▿ SACHET
TOILET WATER ▿ VEGETALE ▿ SOAP

*ROUGE *LIP STICK *COLD CREAM
**Made in America with Djer-Kiss Concentré*

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IN RETURN FOR FIFTEEN CENTS the Alfred H. Smith Company, 34 West 34th Street, New York City, will be happy to send you samples of Djer-Kiss Extract, Face Powder and Sachet.

Continued from page 84

THE TREE OF JOY—XII

AT THE INN OF THE LION OF GOLD

"IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE"

Lafayette for their secretaries to mail. But every little while they'll walk and save the price of a car-fare. Or maybe sometimes it will be the price of a theater ticket they put aside. Or it may be a dollar out of the chicken money or five dollars or ten dollars or twenty dollars if the hay crop is large or the potatoes come pretty good this year.

Annie Northcutt, I must tell them, does not live in a mansion with a retinue of servants. She has a home that is very nice and comfortable and dear, the kind that we in America love best of all. She makes little girls' dresses from Butterick patterns just as Lea Vauchelet sits and sews here for Arlette. She is turning the pages of THE DELINEATOR just as women folk here are opening the same magazine in its French edition, *The Miroir des Modes*. Madame Genty sets another bottle on the table. Annie Northcutt, I say, will be cooking supper to-night way across the world there in Knox City, Missouri. Of course I don't know positively. But I shouldn't be at all surprised if Dudley Northcutt may be a little late in washing up. Maybe he has to be called and called. Then, when he draws his chair up to the table, he wonders why the food is cold.

From the darkness to which Madame Genty has withdrawn there is a sound as of a woman's laugh. In the light of the *lampe Pigeon* somebody smiles. It is Schoolmaster Vauchelet. Soon the smile is going all the way around the Municipal Council.

DUDLEY NORTHCUTT raises stock, I tell them. From his ranch have come the best horses in Knox County. The whole council lean forward as one man. Live stock! Why, who knows it better? Before the devastation of this their beautiful Argonne, in Landres and round about, they raised the world-famous horses of the Ardennes.

Still there is more in common between all the little cities and villages of America and the little villages and communes of France. It is something that is subtly stirring our souls here in this shadowy room. At the Inn of the Lion of Gold this week they will put on the wall the engraved parchment scroll sent from the War Department of the Government: it is the Municipal Honor Roll with the names of five soldiers dead for France from this commune. Like that they came too from all our great cities and our little cities in the United States, I point out, and from the homes of which I have been speaking. Knox County sent its quota of boys and Kansas and Wisconsin and all the rest. And you here in Landres, oh, you know how many of these will never come home to us in America!

Not now the Marquis de la Fayette or General Washington standing in the spot-light of the centuries, heroic figures though they be, hold our attention in the Inn of the Lion of Gold. Powdered wigs and knee-breeches and silver-buckled shoes fade from the picture. It is a khaki-clad host of boyish forms that draws near.

THE shadowy room is very still as the mayor of Landres rises in his place. Edmond Julien does not speak with animated gesture, as you probably suppose a Frenchman would. Not any more. His hands he just folds quietly one across the other before him as he stands. He is saying for the Municipal Council that it is with much pleasure and very deep gratitude they accept the generosity extended by the American people to them in the great misfortune, *grande infortune*, that has befallen their commune. There is a deep note in his voice. And it is nothing political or historical or long ago that glows now in the faces framed in encircling darkness beyond the little rays of *lampe Pigeon*. It is something definitely warmer and more human.

America, the mayor is saying, has been the savior of Landres. And without our great relief organizations with their millions of money, who brought food while the red tide of war swept the communes of France, they who are survivors here to-night would have died of starvation. What they owe to the Red Cross and the rest is beyond expression. Now comes THE DELINEATOR with this new assistance straight from people whose names one can know. And it seems very precious that the aid is to be extended like this from other folks who get supper and who tend stock at the barn—and who have to lose boys in the war.

THE mayor's voice breaks. At the far end of the table Jules Chenet draws a hand across his eyes. Mayor Julien wishes me to carry back to my people the gratitude of his people—and something more.

He turns to his fellow councilmen. It is of the boys America has had to leave in France that he speaks. Eagerly each man about the table nods assent. The mayor takes a sheet of paper from his pocket. Madame Genty brings pen and ink. Close beneath the *lampe Pigeon* it is drawn up, the official French document I now present to you. It is the formal pledge of our Town of the Golden Book to observe each year on the thirtieth of May in the adjoining cemetery of the Argonne, with appropriate services, America's own Memorial Day. Landres et St. Georges, for which one of the greatest battles of the war was fought and won by the American Army, will never forget.

The scratching of the pen, which works badly because it is a war pen, is the only sound in the room. What the mayor has written, he signs; then Jules Chenet, the assistant mayor; then Albert Vauchelet, secretary. Then all the way around it goes for them to write: Jules Day, Octave Paquis, Nicholas Julien, Edmond Nizet, Paulin Duplessis, Charles Genty, Henri Fromentin, and Algernon Richard.

Secretary Vauchelet takes from his pocket the *mairie* seal and legally stamps the paper. "*Voilà!*" says the mayor, passing it over to me. They are raising their glasses. I am grateful that it is so. This choking in my throat—you see, I can not speak. So "*Vive l'Amérique!*" they say. Then "*Vive la France!*" And "*La France et l'Amérique!*" they cry.

KANSAS, Missouri, Wisconsin, please do not mind that they pledge us like that. It is the wine of their country and their way and their tribute. O my America, you see how beautiful is their thought, that the Tree of Joy you send to France for a Town of the Golden Book shall bear some leaves of healing for your stricken hearts at home. You in the little cities over there, now you are nearer than you seemed. And this commune would draw you close over all the barriers of race and space. They have so waited and wanted to know you. Because you are Edwin Jones's folks and Sam Black's and all the rest whose names they have read with awe and wonder and affection.

Remember how that boy of yours when the teacher wasn't looking scrawled his name somewhere on a desk at school in the United States of America? It's scratched on the rocks by the stream where he used to go fishing. With Mary Smith or some other best girl's name linked beneath, it was cut in the bark of a tree at the Sunday-school picnic. Later, seeking distraction from Greek or calculus, maybe he did it on the high walls of learning called college. Isn't it the way of youth that would perpetuate its young importance for all the world to see! Ah, but then he wrote it on the landscape of France and into the annals of two nations! On city walls and village inns, on castle halls and cottage kitchens, I have seen it over here, the autograph of the American boy. It's everywhere the army went. And it's on the broken door-post of the fallen *mairie* in Landres: "Edwin Jones, Wiseonsin"; and on Madame Lambard's garden wall, "Sam Black, Decatur, Alabama"; and here is "Joe Shelton from Pleasant Hill, Missouri"; and "Earl W. Kiger, Clovergap, West Virginia"; and "E. F. McKenna from Blackfoot, Idaho." Like that as I've passed through the streets of the Town of the Golden Book I have read again and again where an American boy's hand wrote. Dear kid, how long afterward was he a hero hit by a shell? Making this American history in the Argonne, the transition to immortality was for some so swift and sure. There, mothers of heroes, don't cry. They over here, also acquainted with grief, would comfort your sorrow. They are not so different, for all they are French. Especially have I learned it in Europe that all soldiers under the uniform are much the same. In the hospitals, the nurses have seen; each boy is just some mother's son.

Can't you feel the tie that is drawing us all here in the dim light of the *lampe Pigeon?* Right here where the damage is done? Right here where all the guns are through? Here it is clearest of all, that all the dear youth in whatever uniform, who "went west" so even jokingly to death, have somewhere found a common meeting-ground. Over there none is French or American or British. Listen, if you will, none is even Hun. But all are one, with wars and wounds and hates forgot.

And it is some of these I distinctly feel stand by this night in the Inn of the Lion of Gold. Eternity is not so far, I am sure. And Romagne is right the next village.

YOU at home by the sitting-room window, some day you must take my hand and walk with me through the Town of the Golden Book. Out on the edge of the commune where the white chalk road winds among the bluet flowers and the red poppies, I would have you see the Côte de Chatillon and the famous Argonne cliffs where the boys from home vanquished the enemy. Across the next plateau and the next rise the towers of Cornay Castle, beneath which Corporal York of Tennessee performed his record feat of valor. Over there beyond the Mountain of God is the way to Sedan, along which the American army chased the Germans out of France. Back through Haut Rue we shall go, past the church that literally is rent in twain and lies a heap of ruins. But High Street's been more or less cleared up by the gang of German prisoners working as a wrecking crew all Summer. Only five houses in the whole town, you know, are in a condition to be left permanently standing. Some, not fallen, had to be pulled down. Some have been patched up and propped up temporarily, like Dr. Bernard's house, where church service is being held in the one room that has four walls left.

BUT it's not so very safe. There are villagers who shake their heads and stay away: "That house, it will fall on those Christians some day," they say. Richard Aleide, who is a carpenter, has got a very good little three-room house together for his family. About twenty of the little ready-made wooden barracks have now arrived, like the one for the Inn of the Lion of Gold. But in these isolated wooden structures the people feel strange and awkward. Their little stone cottages before the war had stood so cozily close each to each through the generations. I have asked Mayor Julien how far back his family goes. It was, of course, a foolish New-World question. When at last he understood, he answered very simply: "Why, for always. Always there were Juliens in Landres." As old as always, then, let's say, is this Town of the Golden Book. Anyhow, High Street,

Concluded on page 88

In *these* smart shoes there's glorious comfort

Comfort that you'd never dream they had if you only saw them—and didn't try them on.

For they're just the daintiest, trimmest-looking models you can imagine—with every new line and delicate fancy to delight the feminine heart.

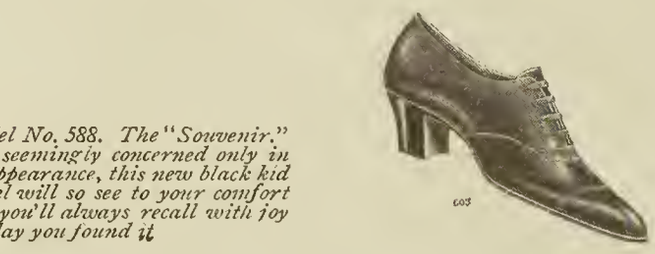
At your Red Cross Shoe dealer's today, see and try on the new spring models that "bend with your foot." They're really, truly comfortable.

Write for new spring Style Guide!

Sent without charge. Illustrates and describes the correct models in all materials—each model the standard of value at its price. With it we will send you the name of your Red Cross Shoe dealer. Address The Krohn-Fechheimer Co., 740 Dandridge Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Model No. 588. The "Souvenir." Tho seemingly concerned only in its appearance, this new black kid model will so see to your comfort that you'll always recall with joy the day you found it





Model No. 603. The "Walden." Its heel fits snugly; there's "room" across the ball; toe's a bit rounded, too; the material is soft black kid and, more, it's a Red Cross Shoe. A real walking oxford!

Model No. 590. The "Rouen." How seldom one finds anything exactly to one's taste among "dress" shoes! How doubly delightful then to discover this distinctive combination of patent leather and black satin, so plain and yet so undeniably rich in tone!



Red Cross Shoe

Look for this trade-mark on the sole



For your lovely summer frocks you just must have this charmingly dainty *POLLY-ANNA* Underwear. The smartly tailored vest and drawers has the exclusive feature of skirt back that allows for graceful ease and comfiness.

Every *POLLY-ANNA* garment, whether in attractive cottons, silks or True Irish Linen, is tailored with the same care of hemstitched edges and narrow shoulder-straps.

For sale in knit underwear department of most good shops. Write us for illustrated booklet.

CHAS. E. SHEDAKER & SONS
Philadelphia

Amolin

The Personal Deodorant Powder



As necessary as soap and water

Many a woman bathes daily in a vain effort to keep her body free of the odors from perspiration and other causes. But a greater and greater number of women now realize that the use of Amolin after the bath is just as necessary as the bath itself, to keep the body clean-smelling and free from *all* odors *all* the time.

Amolin is the one *safe* deodorant for all uses, everywhere on the body. It destroys odors without closing the pores, and without stopping perspiration. It soothes the skin, heals and prevents chafing, does not injure gowns.

Send 4c in stamps for a purse-size can, with booklet of many uses.
Larger sizes 30c and 60c at all drug and department stores

THE AMOLIN COMPANY, LODI, N. J.



ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

(DERIVATIVE COMPOUND)

A Very Agreeable Aperient

All nature's creation is for your enjoyment —but to *revel* in the great out-doors and drink *deep* of its joys, bounding health is most necessary. To be mentally alert and physically fit, the digestive and eliminative organs must function naturally.

For this purpose ENO, derived from the medicinal properties of Nature's fruits, is most effective. A spoonful in a glass of water makes a bubbling, pleasant tonic corrective that clears the head, steadies the nerves, sweetens the taste and forestalls constipation, biliousness and indigestion; hence, prevents their many after-effects, including headache, insomnia, sour taste, languor and poor appetite.

ENO comes in one size only at a $1.25 a bottle—but its results are as tangible as the delights of Nature. At all druggists.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., London, S. E., England

Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc. New York, Toronto, Sydney

Concluded from page 87

THE TREE OF JOY—XII

AT THE INN OF THE LION OF GOLD

"IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE"

here where we stand was built some thousand years ago by the Romans. It's the road that leads to Romagne, which you see they gave their ancient name. Oh, it was the serenity of the centuries that was shattered here by the shot that was fired in Serbia. When these folks hurriedly closed their front doors and fled before the foe, they left behind them, along with the family photograph-album and the best china tea-set, associations that linked them with the ages. When they returned last Spring, at the tidy little house the roof was fallen in and the walls were sagging. Very likely there wasn't any front door; it was gone, burned by some army for firewood. Owls hooted in the front parlor. Birds flew in and out the broken windows as you may see them now.

There was all about the evidence of which I have told you of the American occupation. And there was more than the names that are written over the ruins. Right here all around in the fields among the poppies and the wheat and in these ancient stone-paved village streets fought the American Army. And some of them fell. It was an abomination of desolation to which the population returned. In old gardens, where white roses grow, they found new-made graves. And in their front yards. All through the Summer the removal went on. Now from forest and field in the Ardennes, of all our seventy-five thousand who stepped off in France, they have gathered at rest in one cemetery at Romagne thirty-seven thousand. Of these, 442 were picked up in the commune of Landres et St. Georges.

OUT from High Street along the ancient Roman road we shall come to the great burial grounds. You can see a long way off against the blue horizon the white crosses. Regiment after regiment of them, they stand in serried ranks, the American crosses beneath a French sky. On the wide green carpet spread before them is spelled out in pansies "The Argonne Cemetery."

The mayor at the Inn of the Lion of Gold has something more to say. And now you at home will understand how it is. For the boys who fell in their streets and their wheat-fields the commune feels an affection especially intimate and sacred. These belong in a way to Landres as well as to Wisconsin and Pleasant Hill and Clovergap. Landres, too, loves them. This may be only a little broken town that looks not much good. But the generations here are rooted in the very soil with a fierce and French tenacity. No other place in the world, not the greatest and the grandest, would do in which to live. So long as the ground beneath their feet shall remain, this is home. And it was America drove the invaders out. So you see it is a reciprocal adoption the commune would extend to America when they cover these graves with flowers at the memorial celebration in the Argonne. Never before in history were armies known who came three thousand miles to force a foe from another land. The awe of the achievement is tremulous in the mayor's voice as he turns to me: "Tell your people for us," he concludes, "that it shall be our right and our privilege to care for these graves as if indeed their boys were our very own. What we promise, that we perform. One can say only what one has in the heart," he finishes. And it is his first gesture. He puts his hand over his own heart that's been so mortally wounded.

AS WE go out from the Inn of the Lion of Gold, I am sure I hear in the moonlight the measured tramp, tramp of that boyish host in khaki. It's not so far from Romagne. Mothers of heroes, pin firmly on your gold-starred decorations. There is a tie that binds your town to the Ardennes.

You know how one may live even almost next door to folks right along for years. Somebody's married over the way; well, that isn't your affair. Somebody's born; well, the doctor attends to that. But somebody dies; and you're not so heartless you can't care. You go up the front walk a little awkwardly, it may be. But no matter. You will not ring the bell. You will just tap gently there by the floating black crêpe to say you live next door and is there anything you can do. For a funeral in the house—oh, a funeral in the house makes all folks kin!

Now for almost all the world there's been the funeral in the house. Have no fear. The Town of the Golden Book will lay your wreath in the Argonne. You are Edwin Jones's folks.

EDITORIAL NOTE:—*We would specially call your attention to this story, "At the Inn of the Lion of Gold." It is done with Mrs. Daggett's characteristic sympathy and insight and understanding of the grief of the world to-day. We know it will touch your heart. And whether or not you have a boy over there who will not come back from France, we feel sure that you will wish to do something for this little French village that is going to decorate our American graves in the Argonne. Three projects of relief we have in view for this, our* DELINEATOR *Town of the Golden Book. (1) An automobile truck for the transportation of supplies and essential commodities; (2) an endowment of five thousand dollars to defray their communal taxes for the next five years; (3) ten thousand dollars with which to establish a dispensary and health center. Every little gift will help. Each donation will be acknowledged with an illuminated souvenir certificate. And your name also will be written in the "Golden Book" to be kept in the archives of the village* mairie. *Send something to-day. Address contributions care French Relief Editor, Butterick Building, New York. And all contributions not otherwise designated will be assigned to the relief of the Town of the Golden Book.*

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Every Womans Depilatory



Removes Hair

Immediately—safely

BY actual test genuine De Miracle is the safest and surest. When you use it you are not experimenting with a new and untried depilatory, because it has been in use for over 20 years, and is the only depilatory that has ever been endorsed by Physicians, Surgeons, Dermatologists, Medical Journals and Prominent Magazines.

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At all toilet counters, or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of 63c, $1.04 or $2.08, which includes war tax.

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Not affected by wind, rain nor perspiration, yet gives no over-done or artificial appearance.

LA MEDA COLD CREAMED POWDER protects every tiny crevice of the flesh with a velvety film of powder, giving your complexion that delicate freshness of a young girl's skin.

Highly beneficial and recommended for constant daily use. Tints: Flesh, White, Brunette.

Any druggist or toilet counter anywhere can get LA MEDA COLD CREAMED POWDER for you—or it will be sent postpaid on receipt of 65 cents for a large jar.

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Please send handsome miniature test jar of LA MEDA Cold Creamed Powder in the _____ tint. I enclose 10 cents silver and 2c stamp for postage and packing. (Or 12c stamps if more convenient.)

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They add wonderfully to one's beauty, charm and attractiveness. A little

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applied nightly, will nourish, stimulate and promote growth of eyebrows and lashes, making them long, thick and lustrous. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. Thousands have been delighted with the results obtained by its use; why not you? **Two sizes, 50c and $1.00. At your dealers, or direct from us by mail, in plain cover, prepaid. Satisfaction assured or price refunded.** *Avoid disappointments with imitations. Get the full name correct—"LASH-BROW-INE." It's imitated.* LOOK FOR *The Girl with the Rose.* It's on every box.

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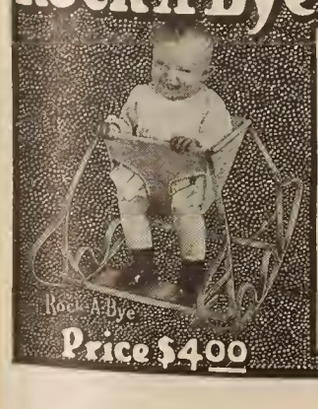
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THEY WHO DIED FOR LIBERTY HERE

This is the list of our American boys who fell at Landres et St. Georges, the exact point on the map of Europe where the American army broke the Kriemhilde Line

* Member of the United States Marine Corps.

ADKINS, HARRY, Private, Company D, 165th Infantry.
AHLQUIST, GEORGE, Sergeant, Company L, 163d Infantry. 2d Lieutenant.
AHRENS, JOHN F., Corporal, Machine Gun Company, 9th Infantry.
AHRENS, WILLIAM, Corporal, Company I, 354th Infantry.
*ALLEY, LAWRENCE E., U. S. M. C.
ANDERSON, OLE M., Private, Company K, 9th Infantry.
*ANIGIL, WILLIS, U. S. M. C.
ARDISSI, ORAZIO, Private, Company H, 319th Infantry.
ARMS, LESTER A., 2d Lieutenant, Company H, 167th Infantry.
*ASHLEY, WILLIAM H., U. S. M. C.
*ASPROOTH, OSCAR M., U. S. M. C.
*ATHA, J. R., U. S. M. C.
*AUSBORN, SYLVANUS, U. S. M. C.
BAKER, HARRY L., Private, 1st Class, Company A, 354th Infantry.
BAKER, MANCO L., Private, Machine Gun Company, 23d Infantry.
*BAKER, ROBERT, U. S. M. C.
*BAILEY, RALPH L., U. S. M. C.
BALES, J. E., Corporal, Company L, 351st Infantry.
BALES, IVAN JOHN.
*BALZER, EUGENE I., U. S. M. C.
BANNING, MAURICE, can not identify.
BARBER, ARFNEEM, can not identify.
BARDO, ARTHUR W., Private, Company F, 167th Infantry.
BARDO, W.
*BARKELL, JAMES, U. S. M. C.
*BARKWOOD, WILLIAM D., U. S. M. C.
BARNES, J. E., Private, Company D, 354th Infantry.
JOHN EDGAR.
*BARNETT, MAURICE E., JR., U. S. M. C.
BARZAIE, SIDNEY, Private, Company K, 165th Infantry.
BARZARE.
BASS, ARTHUR W., Private, 40th Company, 10th Tr. Bn., 155th D. B.
BEAM, PERLEY H., Private, Company K, 355th Infantry.
BEAN.
BEATTIE, ARTHUR J., 1st Lieutenant, Company H, 167th Infantry.
BEATTIE, JOHN C., Private. 1st Class, Remount Company, 354th Infantry.
CLARENCE.
BEAVER, SAM, Private, Company F, 144th Infantry.
BEECHER, FLOYD C., Private, Company K, 9th Infantry.
BELDEN, EDWARD R., Private, Company C, 5th Machine Gun Battalion.
E.
BELL, IRUS A., Private, Company B, 2d Engineers.
*BELL, JESSE J., U. S. M. C
BELPERIO, PASQUALE, Private, Company H, 319th Infantry.
BENOIT, ALCIDE, Private, Headquarters Company, 165th Infantry.
BENOIT, PHILIP, Private, Company B, 165th Infantry.
BENSON, PERRY C., Sergeant, Company L, 23d Infantry.
*BERCH, A. J., U. S. M. C.
BERGOLDT, WILLIAM, JR., Private, Company E, 117th Engineers.
BESAW, CHARLES, Private, Company A, 354th Infantry.
BEST, CLAUDE D., Private, Company K, 165th Infantry.
BIGN, D., can not identify.
BIRCHFIELD, JOHN H., Private, 1st Class, Company L, 166th Infantry.
F.
BISHOP, WILLIAM E., Private, Company K, 23d Infantry.
BLACK, A. M., Sergeant, Company E, 167th Infantry.
BLACK, SAM.
BLAGG, CHARLIE, Private, Company M, 165th Infantry.
BLOOM, EDWARD A., Private, Company L, 165th Infantry.
BLOSSER, (?) AMIL, Private, Company L, 166th Infantry.
BLOSSER, EMIL D.
*BOARDMAN, FRED W., U. S. M. C.
ROGERS, CHARLES, Sergeant, Company L, 167th Infantry.
ROGERS, CHARLES L.
BOTUEN, THOMAS, 167th Infantry.
BRACKETT, JOSEPH, Private, Company L, 165th Infantry.
BRADFORD, SHEPHERD, Private, Company D, 807th Pioneer Infantry.
BREWSTER, ANTHONY N., Private, Company A, 2d Engineers.
BRIDGES, AVERY, Private, Company C, 165th Infantry.
BRIGGS, JOHN W., Private, Company A, 328th Infantry.
BROWN, GRADY W., Private, Headquarters Co., 220th Infantry.
BROWN, JAMES F., Private, Company I, 165th Infantry.
BROWN, JOHN S., Private, Company M, 167th Infantry.
*BROXUP, JOHN, U. S. M. C.
BRYANT, LAWSON F., Private, Company C, 325th Infantry.
*BRYCE, CLARENCE A., U. S. M. C.
BRYNES, JOHN T., Private, Company M, 165th Infantry.
BYRNES.
BUCKLEY, D., Private, 1st Class, Company K, 165th Infantry.
DANIEL.
BUGG, EDDIE H., Private, Company B. 121st Infantry.
Corporal, 161st Infantry
*BURCHARDE, ADOLPH C., U. S. M. C.
BUSICK, CLARENCE J., Private, Company I, 168th Infantry.
BOSICK, C. J.
BUTLER, JAMES W., Private, Company D, 165th Infantry.
CAIN, COMER C., Private, Company I, 321st Infantry.
*CAIN, OLNA Y., Company D, 5th U. S. M. C.
CAIN, OLMA.
CANNY, GEORGE F., Private, Company C, 23d Infantry.
*CHODUPSKI, PHILLIP C., U. S. M. C.
CHRZANOWSKI, WADLASLAW, Private, Company D, 328th Infantry.
CLATRE, JOHN J., Private, Machine Gun Company, 165th Infantry.
CLAIRE, JOHN J.
CLEMENUS, EDWARD, Private, Company D, 165th Infantry.
CLEMENTS, EDWARD.

Continued on page 101

DELTOX
GRASS RUGS

Beauty without Extravagance

DELTOX Rugs offer exceptional opportunities to beautify your home at a reasonable price. These wonderful rugs are made by skilled workmen in rich colors and beautiful designs which harmonize with all decorations.

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Oshkosh Wisconsin





Your Feet Want Rest and Comfort

Ask your dealer for a package of

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The antiseptic, healing powder to shake into your shoes and sprinkle in the foot-bath

This standard remedy gives quick relief to Aching, Swollen, Perspiring, Smarting or Tender feet, Blisters, Callouses, Corns, Bunions and Sore Spots.

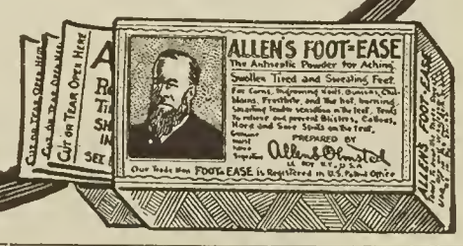


At night, sprinkle one or two **Allen's Foot-Ease** powders in the foot-bath, and soak and rub the feet. In the morning shake some **Allen's Foot-Ease** in each shoe and walk all day in restful ease and comfort.

Nothing relieves the pain of tight or new shoes so quickly. Saves the friction upon nervous, painful feet, **and shoes and stockings last much longer.**

Used by American, British and French troops. Over One Million five hundred thousand lbs. of Powder for the Feet, supplied to our troops by the Government. It Freshens the feet and gives new vigor.

Drug and Dept. Stores sell it.

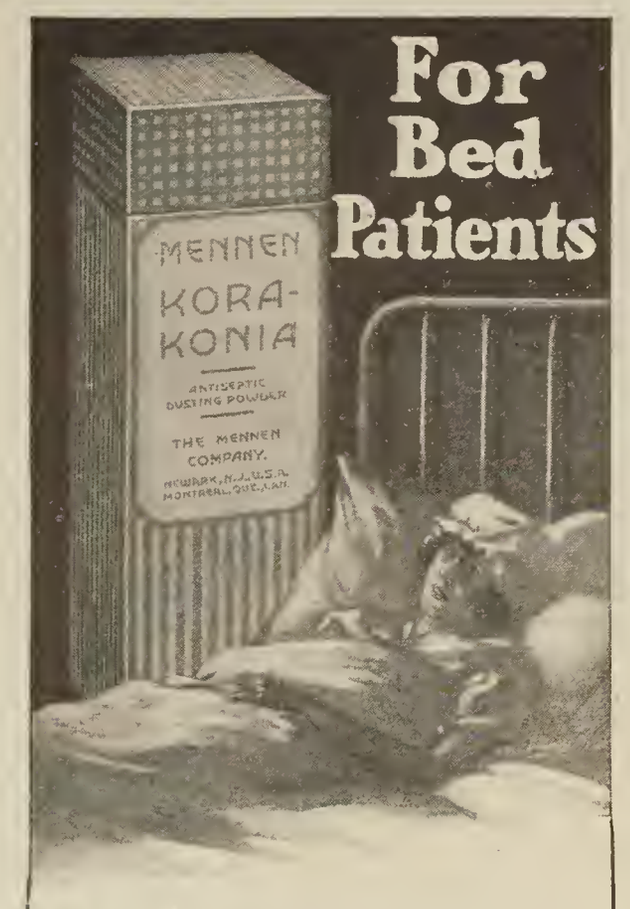


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INSTEAD OF KALSOMINE OR WALL PAPER

ALABASTINE beautifies your walls—modernizes your home, and conduces to the health of your family. Alabastine is durable, sanitary, economical; for interior surfaces, plaster, or wallboard—in full five-pound packages, directions on package; mixes with cold water. All Alabastine packages have cross and circle printed in red.

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For Bed Patients

Heals Suffering Skin

The real suffering of being sick is skin suffering — unendurable irritation, nervousness, even bed sores—causing sleeplessness and retarding recovery.

Kora-Konia gives merciful relief. It quickly dries up and heals bed sores, allays irritation and keeps the skin cool and soothed.

Kora-Konia must not be confused with talcum. It is a highly medicated powder containing ingredients of recognized healing value. It is moisture-resisting and adhesive, clinging to the skin for hours. It is absorbent and antiseptic. Kora-Konia is wonderful for baby rashes and heals rawness caused by a baby's involuntary habits.

Our generous sample box, which we will send for 10 cents, will convince you of Kora-Konia's remarkable value to all who suffer from skin irritation. A large box costs 50 cents.

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A Touch of Omo Bias Tape

Used as a trimming, relieves the severe plainness of little tub frocks, and tiny rompers. And it will last as long as the clothes themselves!

Carefully cut, so as not to ravel nor pucker, Omo Bias Tape is indispensable for binding seams, buttonholes, trimming the children's clothes or your own tub dresses and aprons.

Omo Bias Tape comes in a various assortment of weights, from sheerest lawn to heavier materials and in thirteen different widths.

If you would like a liberal sample of Omo Bias Tape write for our booklet 7-B, "In Fancy Work and Dressmaking" and both will be sent you free of charge.

The Omo Manufacturing Co.
MIDDLETOWN, CONN.



BIAS TAPE

Concluded from page 67

THE PORTYGEE

Albert laughed. "Helen feels she must stay with her father for the present," he said. "Of course she is right. Perhaps by and by we can find some good capable housekeeper to share the responsibility, but not this Winter. *If* I am sent to Washington, I shall come back often, you may be sure."

"When *are* you cal'latin' to be married, if that ain't a secret?"

"Perhaps next Spring. Certainly next Fall. It will depend upon Mr. Kendall's health. But, grandfather, I do feel rather like a deserter, going off and leaving you here——"

"Good Lord! you don't cal'late *I'm* breakin' down, runnin' strong to talk and weakenin' everywhere else, like old Minister Kendall, do you?"

"WELL, hardly. But—well, you see, I have felt a little ungrateful ever since I came back from the war. In a way I am sorry that I feel I must give myself entirely to my writing—and my political work. I wish I might have gone on here in this office, accepted that partnership you would have given me——"

"You can have it yet, you know. Might take it and just keep it to fall back on in case that story-mill of yours busts altogether, or all hands in Ostable County go crazy and vote the wrong ticket. Just take it and wait. Always well to have an anchor out to wind'ard, you know."

"Thanks, but that wouldn't be fair. I wish I *might* have taken it—for your sake. I wish for your sake I were so constituted as to be good for something at it. Of course I don't mean by that that I should be willing to give up my writing—but—well, you see, grandfather, I owe you an awful lot in this world—and I know you had set your heart on my being your partner in Z. Snow & Co. I know you're disappointed."

Captain 'Lote did not answer instantly. He seemed to be thinking. Then he opened a drawer in his desk and took out a box of cigars similar to those he had offered the Honorable Fletcher Fosdick on the occasion of his memorable interview.

"Smoke, Al?" he asked. Albert declined because of the nearness to dinner-time, but the captain, who never permitted meals or anything else to interfere with his smoking, lighted one of the cigars and leaned back in his chair, puffing steadily.

"WE-LL, Al," he said slowly, "I'll tell you about that. There was a time—I'll own up that there was a time when the idea you wasn't goin' to turn out a business man and the partner who would take over this concern after I got my clearance papers was a notion I wouldn't let myself think of for a minute. I wouldn't *think* of it, that's all. But I've changed my mind about that as I have about some other things." He paused, tugged at his beard, and then added: "And I guess likely I might as well own up to the whole truth while I'm about it. I didn't change it because I wanted to, but because I couldn't help it—'twas changed for me."

He made this statement more as if he were thinking aloud than as if he expected a reply. A moment later he continued:

"Yes sir," he said, "'twas changed for me. And," with a shrug, "I'd rather prided myself that when my mind was made up it stayed that way. But—but, well, consarn it, I've about come to the conclusion that I was a pig-headed old fool, Al, in some ways."

"Nonsense, grandfather. You are the last man to——"

"Oh, I don't mean a candidate for the feeble-minded school! There ain't been any Snows put there that I can remember, not our branch of 'em anyhow. But, consarn it, I—I—" he was plainly finding it hard to express his thought—"I—well, I used to think I knew consider'ble, had what I liked to think was good, hard sense. 'Twas hard enough, I cal'late—pretty nigh petrified in spots."

Albert laid a hand on his knee.

"DON'T talk like that," he replied impulsively. "I don't like to hear you."

"Don't you? Then I won't. But, you see, Al, it bothers me. Look how I used to talk about makin' up poetry and writin' yarns and all that. Used to call it silliness and a waste of time, I did—worse names than that, generally. And look what you're makin' at it in money, to say nothin' of its shovin' you into Congress, and keepin' the newspapers busy printin' stuff about you— Well, well," with a sigh of resignation, "I don't understand it yet, but I know it's so, and if I'd had my pig-headed way 'twouldn't have been so. It's a dreadful belittlin' feelin' to a man at my time of life, a man that's commanded ten-thousand-ton steamers and handled crews and bossed a business like this. It makes him wonder how many other fool things he's done— Why, do you know, Al," he added, in a sudden burst of confidence, "I was consider'ble prejudiced against you when you first came here."

He made the statement as if he expected it to come as a stunning surprise. Albert would not have laughed for the world, nor in one way did he feel like it; but it was funny.

"Well, perhaps you were, a little," he said gravely. "I don't wonder."

"Oh, I don't mean just because you was your father's son! I mean on your own account, in a way. Somehow, you see, I couldn't believe— Eh? Oh, come in, Labe! It's all right. Al and I are just talkin' about nothin' in particular and all creation in general."

MR. KEELER entered with a paper in his hand.

"Sorry to bother you, Cap'n 'Lote," he said, "but this bill of Colby & Sons for that last lot of hardware ain't accordin' to agreement. The prices on those butts ain't right and neither's these half-inch screws. Better send it back to 'em, eh?"

Captain Zelotes inspected the bill.

"Humph!" he grunted. "You're right, Labe. You generally are, I notice. Yes, send it back and tell 'em—anything you want to."

Laban smiled. "I want to, all right," he said. "This is the third time they've sent wrong bills inside of two months. Well, Al," turning toward him, "I cal'late this makes you kind of homesick, don't it, this talk about bills and screws and bolts and such? Wa'n't teasin' for your old job back again, was you, Al? Cal'late he could have it, couldn't he, Cap'n? We'll need somebody to heave a bucket of water on Issy pretty soon; he's gettin' kind of pert and uppish again. Pretty much so. Yes, yes, yes."

He departed, chuckling. Captain Zelotes looked after him. He tugged at his beard.

"AL," HE said, "do you know what I've about made up my mind to do?"

Albert shook his head.

"I've about made up my mind to take Labe Keeler into the firm of Z. Snow & Co. *You* won't come in and," with a twinkle, "I need somebody to keep my name from gettin' lonesome on the sign."

Albert was delighted.

"Bully for you, grandfather!" he exclaimed. "You couldn't do a better thing for Labe or for the firm. And he deserves it, too."

"Ye-es, I think he does. Labe's a mighty faithful, capable feller, and now that he's sworn off on those vacations of his he can be trusted anywheres. Yes, I've as good as made up my mind to take him in. Of course," with the twinkle in evidence once more, "Issachar 'll be a little mite jealous, but we'll have to bear up under that as best we can."

"I WONDER what Labe will say when you tell him."

"He'll say yes. I'll tell Rachel first and she'll tell him to say it. And then I'll tell 'em both I won't do it unless they agree to get married. I've always said I didn't want to die till I'd been to that weddin'. I want to hear Rachel tell the minister she'll 'obey' Labe. Ho, ho!"

"Do you suppose they ever will be married?"

"Why, yes, I kind of think so. I shouldn't wonder if they would be right off now if it wasn't that Rachel wouldn't think of givin' up keepin' house for your grandmother. She wouldn't do that and Labe wouldn't want her to. I've got to fix that somehow. Perhaps they could live along with us. Land knows there's room enough. They're all right, those two. Kind of funny to look at, and they match up in size like a rubber boot and a slipper, but I declare I don't know which has got the most common sense or the biggest heart. And 'twould be hard to tell which thinks the most of you, Al, eh? Why! Why, it's after half-past twelve o'clock. Olive'll be for combin' our topknots with a belayin'-pin if we keep her dinner waitin' like this."

As they were putting on their coats the captain spoke again.

"I hadn't finished what I was sayin' to you when Labe came in," he observed. "'Twasn't much account, just a sort of confession, and they say that's good for the soul. I was just goin' to say that when you first came here I was prejudiced against you, not only because your father and I didn't agree, but because he was what he was. Because he was—was——"

Albert finished the sentence for him:

"A Portygee," he said.

"WHY, yes, that's what I called him. That's what I used to call about everybody that wasn't born right down here in Yankeeland. I used to be prejudiced against you because you was what I called a half-breed. I'm sorry, Al. I'm ashamed. See what you've turned out to be. I declare, I——"

"Sh! Sh! Don't, grandfather. When I came here I was a little snob, a conceited, insufferable little——"

"Here, here! Hold on! No, you wa'n't, neither. Or if you was, you were only a boy. I was a man and I ought to——"

"No, I'm going to finish. Whatever I am now, or whatever I may be, I owe to you and to grandmother, and Rachel and Laban—and Helen. You made me over between you. I know that now."

They walked home instead of riding in the new car. Captain Zelotes declared he had hung on to that steering-wheel all the forenoon and he was afraid if he took it again his fingers would grow fast to the rim. As they emerged from the office into the open air he said:

"Al, regardin' that makin'-over business, I shouldn't be surprised if it was a kind of—er—mutual thing between you and me. We both had some prejudices to get rid of, eh?"

"Perhaps so. I'm sure I did."

"And I'm sartin sure I did. And the war and all that came with it put the finishin' touches to the job. When I think of what the thousands and thousands of men did over there in those hell-holes of trenches, men with names that run all the way from Jones and Kelly to—er——"

"Speranza."

"YES, and Whiskervitch and the land knows what more. When I think of that, I'm ready to take off my hat to 'em and swear I'll never be so narrow again as to look down on a feller because he don't happen to be born in Ostable County. There's only one thing I ask of 'em and that is that when they come here to live — to stay — under our laws and takin' advantage of the privileges we offer 'em—they'll stop bein' Portygees, or Russians, or Polacks or whatever they used to be or their folks were, and just be Americans—like you, Al."

"That's what we must work for now, grandfather. It's a big job, but it must be done."

They walked on in silence for a time. Then the captain said:

"It's a pretty fine country, after all, ain't it, Albert?"

Albert looked about him over the rolling hills, the roofs of the little town, the sea, the dunes, the pine groves, the scene which had grown so familiar to him and which had become in his eyes so precious.

"It is *my* country," he said.

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WHAT WE READERS THINK

SOLDIER-BOY LANGUAGE

DEAR MADAM: Will you pardon my assumption if I take exception to the quotation, accredited to a school teacher, in THE DELINEATOR for December?

The item of which I write is included in the editorial entitled "Smut," and reads: "During the war, the use of oaths among soldiers was enormous. Little boys are reacting to that now."

Does it occur to you that possibly the donning of the O. D. did not cause American young men to swear any more than they swore when they were wearing civilian clothes?

Most of the boys who were in the army long enough to acquire the habit of profanity, were in France or Russia or Germany before they had time to learn to swear fluently—if they did have to learn it after they became soldiers. Then they would have been teaching the youngsters of these countries to swear with the unique American accent.

AS ONE of the two million buck privates of the A. E. F., I engaged busily during the war in calling the squareheads some names that did not seem to me so very wicked, after all.

Would you modernize the old saying, "To swear like a sailor" and make it "To blaspheme like a doughboy"? Personally, I believe soldiers did swear, do swear, and will swear, just exactly as much as sailors, and I haven't any doubt but that the millions of slackers, profiteers and aliens who never donned O. D. or navy blue, have a nice little vocabulary or two of really eloquent swear-words that wouldn't look good in print.

Sure they swore. They swear now that they are civilians again. In my particular outfit there were apple-knockers from up-State New York, hillbillies from Missouri, hay-shakers from Kansas, and a few cactus-thorns from New Mexico, and there were as many varieties of cuss-words as there were kinds of men, but I believe most of the fellows who swore during their service had sworn a time or two before they were drafted into the army.

WE FELLOWS—and I believe I am speaking for a great majority of men who saw service—don't want any favors from any one. We have done our bit, and we're trying to drift back into the civilian life again, and to forget the sacrifices of war. We want to forget all about it, but we believe that it's not quite the thing to do to look to the soldiers to carry the blame for conditions which have arisen during the past few, or many, years. We'd rather sling our packs and carry the old "full field equipment." It would be easier.

Personally, I believe the four million men of the American Army and the lesser number of the American Navy were about as clean and manly a bunch of fellows as could be grouped, even by selective draft, from the ends of the earth. And there might be some necessity to call in a few women to help make up a group of four million as decent people as the boys of the American Army. Pardon my frankness, but "them's me sentiments."—DAVID M. B., New Mexico.

Concluded from page 66

THE WINGS OF LOVE

at the g-grove. Clem—he k-kissed me! Made me hate George—and—I—I love *him*. I couldn't help it—so—oh—oh—oh!"

Sobs and groans played havoc with Mudge, lying there with her crushed hat and parasol, but Clem stood very still.

"He—he kissed you?" she asked in a still, queer voice.

"You'd ha'—done—it—yourself——"

BUT Clem did not hear. She was silver-white, her eyes fiercely shining, burning with hot, strange intensity. Something in her, bleak, angry, seemed to crouch, ready to spring in outraged agony, some inordinate fury seemed rising in her heart, welling up against the madly gnawing pain within her, that bit and clung and ate.

"Well," she said with a long, hissing breath. "We-e-ll." Then as Mudge had done, she put out her hands blindly and felt her way into the hall. Down the stairs she went, moving automatically, instinctively. There was no reason in her going, but she found herself in the still little kitchen. She turned on the water and drew herself a glass; then, without touching it, poured it away, stood silent, shaking.

"A flirt—just a masher—makes love—to every one——"

The strange pain in her ate on and on. Something seared her hand, and she saw a hot silvery tear had fallen. But suddenly she brushed her eyes fiercely.

"Let's have some sense here—let's have some sense. He isn't worth it—not worth a thought."

SHE was aware then of the gaudy calendar above her. Of the winged "Love."

"You—you little—*devil!*" she said, and reaching up, she tore it from the wall, ripped it into pieces. But even with the violence of her act, something saner reasserted itself in her.

This thing that had come upon her and Mudge, that had flown into their lives and out again, was not love. It was a fleeting madness, a sweet intoxication, brewed of mystery, Summer, youth's longing for romance. She had been ready to pour out the riches of her soul as a libation before it. Caught—the clever graduate as easily as her simple sister.

"And I thought I *knew* so much—so smart. No better than Mudge." A deep wave of self-scorn rose in her heart.

Suddenly Wells's face rose before her eyes, she heard his voice. Memory spoke—she saw the little knoll behind the buttonwoods, and a great gale of emotion swept over her, bent her slight figure as a storm bends a sapling. In time her spirit could rise phenix-like from the ashes of her episode, seeking for the old ideals, and she would be herself, the old triumphant, indomitable Clem; but now in her moment of disappointment she knew no thought of this, knew only the immemorial suffering of the woman who has misplaced a trust.

SHE was very close to Mudge now. They were sisters, bound not only by blood, but by a common tie of suffering. And some sense penetrated her, with the note of Mudge's frank grief. A wave of compassion, a feeling of kinship with her sister swept over her.

"Poor Mudge! She takes it hard." She trembled.

"Poor both of us," she added out of the hurt and humiliation within her. Then as she caught a louder groan from up-stairs, her old invincible flicker of humor stirred in her, twisted her lips to a pale, wry smile.

"Oh, well, Mudge—we'll take it through—know better next time. We'll take it through—*together*—and wait for the real thing."

Concluded from page 51

A STORY NOT WITHOUT WORDS

rest for five?" suggested Miss Stanton, with glance momentarily shrewd.

"I did," said Larry, equally collected.

A moment later the party began in earnest.

"Want to dance, Nelly-Lou?" asked Larry. He had stood with his hand on the back of her chair, significantly waiting while Jimmy Wythe and Sara, Julia and a man from out of town drifted off together. The music was a waltz, seductively muted.

"If the party is for Miss Stanton, you ought to be dancing with her," said Nelly-Lou. She rose nevertheless.

"WELL," said Larry, smiling, "you see, Nelly-Lou, nobody but you thinks the party is for her."

He held out his arms and Nelly-Lou went into them—as one naturally does at the beginning of a dance. But her hand was rigidly impersonal; she averted her face and there was no yielding in the contact of her slim shoulders with his.

Larry began to sing in a coaxing whisper while they danced: "Oh, how I want you, dear old pal o' mine!"

The music sang it and sobbed it in a variety of pleading nuances.

"Nelly-Lou," said Larry, "didn't you have any more faith than that in my—sense of humor?"

"She said you said it," said Nelly-Lou stubbornly.

"Sara's a man-eater," said Larry; he drew Nelly-Lou masterfully closer to avoid the impact of a reckless young couple behind them. "All she wanted was one more scalp to take away with her." The reckless young couple approached and passed, but Larry did not relax his arm. "I'm nothing in her life, she's nothing in mine; she's collecting, that's all. You saw yourself how she took it when I put it up to her. She laughed——"

"I know," said Nelly-Lou suddenly and passionately. "It was nothing at all to her!"

"What is it to you, Nelly-Lou?"

That quick, husky whisper went to the core of Nelly-Lou's heart. She turned her head and looked up into Larry's eyes. Her white lids dropped before what she saw there.

"Everything—or nothing?" said Larry.

Deliberately he released her hand and took something from the inside pocket of his coat; deliberately he took back her hand and said softly: "Let me see the other a minute!" When she laid her left hand, palm outward, against his shoulder, he slipped something upon her third finger very quickly and quietly—they had not stopped dancing. The something was a great, gleaming cluster of diamonds in an old-fashioned setting, Larry's mother's engagement ring.

"Want it, Nelly-Lou?" asked Larry.

NELLY-LOU touched her unsteady lips to the ring before she slipped her hand across his arm again.

She didn't speak, she didn't have to—they could feel each other's heart-beats.

Across the room Jimmy Wythe commented enviously: "Larry and Nelly-Lou dance pretty well together, don't they? Watch 'em."

"Ye-es," said Sara Stanton, with her slow, sweet smile; "but she dances just a bit close—don't you think? The clinging-vine type—if you know what I mean. You don't think it's catty of me to say so, do you, Jimmy dear?"

And being a man, of course he didn't.



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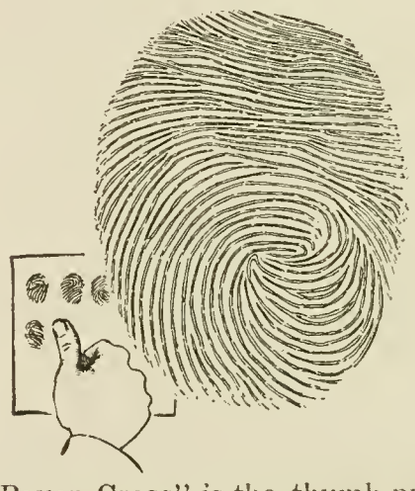
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WORKS: PROVIDENCE AND NEW YORK

JUNE ROSES PLUS JUNE BRIDES

BY EDNA ERLE WILSON

JUNE is the month of roses and romance. She comes with a smile in her eyes, joy in her heart. and a love-spell in her hands. And if one feels inclined to doubt the poet's assertion that the lady is always in tune, he need only put his ear to her lips and listen. He will find that she is a very accomplished musician. But if he listens long, he will also discover that her repertoire is rather limited, with a pronounced preference for one selection. The strains of the familiar wedding-march from "Lohengrin" is the tune that Lady June prefers to sing. In consequence she gathers half of the whole year's weddings to her breast, and becomes the avowed godmother of all brides and grooms, whom she blesses with courage and showers with rose petals!

OF JUNE weddings there are no end, from the formal, elaborate church affair to the simple home one. But if a record could be kept of all the marriages celebrated during 1920's hymeneal month, it is safe to prediet that in this day of high living the totals would show the home weddings prevailing. There is a charm and sweetness about tying the love-knot under one's own roof-tree, with just the friends and relatives of the bride and groom in attendance, that is not felt in the more public church ceremony. And the bride ean atone for any seeming exclusiveness by making the guest-list to the reception that follows the wedding just as long and all-embracing as she wishes.

Wedding invitations are somewhat like the laws of the Medes and Persians. They change not. For a home wedding they may even be dispensed with altogether, and the request for the guest's company be extended over the telephone or by means of friendly little notes. Cards could then be sent out for the reception to follow. If invitations to the ceremony are used, however, they should be mailed at least three weeks before the wedding-day.

Perhaps when nature blessed June with an abundance of roses she had a reason. For flowers play an important part in all wedding schemes, and no more beautiful floral decoration could be chosen for the background of the home wedding than June's own flower. If flowers speak, then pink roses and sweet peas certainly talk of wedding morns, of love and happiness and a rose-colored future.

THE best effort should be concentrated upon the room in which the ceremony is to take place, which will probably be the drawing-room or parlor. The day of the stereotyped wedding bell or canopy which hung over the happy pair to the exclusion of any other form of decoration has passed away. Indeed a wedding need not be such a set and fixed affair in any of its details as most people think it must in order to conform to tradition and good form. There are many little variations which lend color and originality to the event and serve to make each one subtly different from the others.

All the eharm of an old-fashioned rose-garden was brought to life by the skill of a famous New York florist, making one June wedding of last year stand out as a dream of loveliness. This pink-rose motif was so simple that it may be copied with sueeess by any bride-to-be. A fan, formed of a large wire frame and covered with strings of asparagus, was substituted by this floral artist for the time-honored bell. Pink roses were tied in a large cluster at the handle and allowed to radiate from this point to the outer edge. As no pedestal was used, the fan being invisibly supported from above, the general effect was that of a quaint hand-painted fan suspended in the air.

A LARGE specimen palm stood on each side of the fan. Under it was an altar. On each side of the white-satin-covered rail small shower bouquets of pink sweet peas were tied. Dainty little kneeling-cushions of pink satin were used. In front of the palms were placed tall standards of deep Columbia roses combined with the paler shade of Ophelia roses. The ribbons which marked the aisle down which the bridal party passed were tied to these standards, and a narrow carpet of white cloth pointed the way to the altar.

Bare spaces on the drawing-room walls were filled in with baskets of roses and sweet peas, the baskets used being exact reproductions of the ones which the peasants of southern France carry on their baeks. These rose-laden baskets were suspended from the picture-molding with pink ribbon, large bows of which mingled with the flowers. Garlands of pink roses were hung in front of the mirrors, and on each side of the mantel tall standards of pink roses stood. The fireplaces were filled in with field-daisies, and the doorways were festooned with wild smilax and long sprays of pink snapdragon.

THE stairway down whieh stepped the little white-satin-slippered feet of the bride was covered lightly with wild smilax and large bunches of roses, tied seeurely with ribbon to the newel, whilc clusters of roses were wound gracefully over the balustrade. A large mirror in the hall, which reflected the blushing face of the happy bride as she passed, was decorated with asparagus and Ophelia roses.

But while decorations are very important, they alone could not make a wedding. There must be people, and the bridal procession is such a vital point that its correct formation is something that ean not be ignored. The ushers come first, of course, marehing up the aisle in couples.

Usually in a home wedding the brides-maids await the strains of the wedding-march up-stairs, and when the signal is given come slowly down the stairs. They may march singly or in couples. Both ushers and brides-maids, when they reach the altar, step to one side, where they stand throughout the

Concluded on page 95



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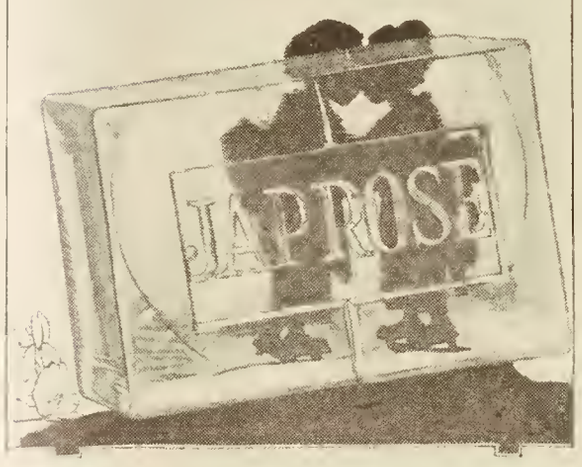
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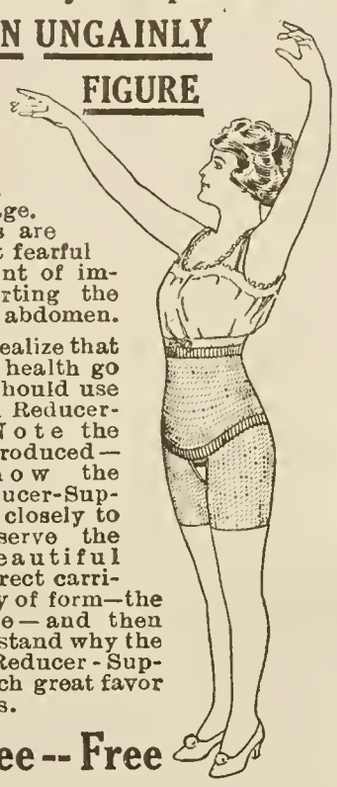
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Women strive to preserve or achieve a graceful figure, and erect carriage, yet thousands are fighting against fearful odds on account of improperly supporting the vital parts—the abdomen.

Women who realize that style and good health go hand in hand, should use the "Goodform Reducer-Supporter." Note the picture here produced—illustrating how the "Goodform Reducer-Supporter" clings closely to the body—observe the marvelously beautiful figure—the correct carriage—the beauty of form—the charming poise—and then you can understand why the "Goodform Reducer-Supporter" is in such great favor with the ladies.

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If you use any kind of abdominal protector, or if you are in need of one, write at once for FREE description, chart and pictures of this wonderful invention. Don't send any money, just your name and address, that's all. **Dealers, Write for Terms.**

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"Wedding Goods"

After the knot is tied the B and G escape through Dennison's *Rose Petal* confetti. Don't forget too, that Dennison's wedding cake boxes are made for *the* cake.

Ask your dealer.

Send 10c to Dennison, Dept. H, Framingham, Mass., for our booklet *"Arts & Decorations"*

What Next ?

Concluded from page 94

JUNE ROSES PLUS JUNE BRIDES

ceremony. If they march in pairs, each couple divides at the altar, one usher or bridesmaid stepping to one side, the other to the opposite one.

After the bridesmaids comes the maid of honor, who is followed by the little flower-girl, carrying the ring in the heart of a big pink rose. The bride appears on the arm of her father. She is met at the altar by the groom and his best man, the latter stepping back as the groom steps forward to the side of the bride.

THE best man and the maid of honor stand beside and a little behind the bride and groom while the ceremony is taking place. This allows them to discharge their duties unobtrusively. The best man must take care of the ring and be sure to produce it at the right moment, while the maid of honor must be ready to hold the bride's bouquet while the little golden circlet is slipped upon her finger.

Immediately after the ceremony the bride and groom turn around and, standing under the flower fan, receive the congratulations and best wishes of their friends and guests. The bridal party form the receiving line, and assist in greeting the guests who come to the reception.

Effective bouquets for the bridesmaids at a rose wedding consist of bowl-like baskets filled with a pretty combination of roses and sweet peas. The bride's bouquet may be a shower of white sweet peas, or of roses combined with valley lilies.

Pink sweet peas, white lilacs and purple wisteria make attractive decorations for the dining-room where the wedding breakfast or supper for the bridal party is served. Two large vases filled with long branches of wisteria may be placed upon the mantel, over which they will fall in a graceful manner. The table itself is a dream of bridal beauty in its charming pink-and-white color scheme.

Two flat, flexible strips of wood are carried from the four corners of the table, forming an arch. These strips are covered with pink-and-white crêpe-paper and entwined with smilax. From the center where they cross hangs a large bell of pink crêpe-paper rose-petals, tied to the intersection of the arch with a butterfly bow of pink tulle ribbon.

A CRYSTAL or glass bowl of pink roses and sweet peas with maidenhair fern is set on a lovely centerpiece formed of pink roses and maidenhair ferns. On this bridal table plain glass candlesticks with pink candles are effective.

All the art-shops carry alluring place-cards to add another touch of beauty and grace to the bridal table. One of the newest and most popular ones is a hand-painted kewpie bride encircled in a gold wedding-ring. This fantastic little figure rolls her black eyes demurely under a dainty cap-like lace wedding-veil.

In her hands she holds a bulging green-and-white bouquet. The tie which binds her to the wedding-ring is a spray of orange-blossoms.

This same set of place-cards includes the figure of a conventional bride, with white veil and white bouquet, which, in spite of the fact that it is not a new idea, never loses its charm.

Of favors, too, there are many attractive ones from which to choose, some of which are so simple that they can be fashioned at home by clever fingers. A silver-wish bone mounted on a spiral of wire is sure to bring good luck to its possessor. The whole thing is simply wire bent in the desired shape and covered with white crêpe-paper. One or two pink rosebuds with green leaves are caught to the top of the wish-bone with pink ribbon.

SMALL, inexpensive china dolls may be dressed as attractive bride and groom favors. The bride is mounted on a paper-cup foundation so that she won't get nervous and wabble when she looks into the eyes of the preacher. She wears frilled white crêpe-paper skirts and in one hand she holds a tiny shower bouquet of crêpe-paper roses. Diminutive pink rosebuds, also of paper, catch falling streamers of white paper to her head, forming a bridal-cap arrangement. The china-doll groom is mounted on a circle of white paper.

Pink crêpe-paper slippers mounted on cardboard and outlined with gilt are dainty reminders of the days when shoes were cheap enough to throw after departing newly-weds. In the center of these little favors are nut-cups filled with pink bonbons. A tiny pink rosebud adorns the toe of each slipper.

Small, old-fashioned bouquets encircled with lacy paper have a charm all their own, reminiscent of the Junes and roses and brides of yesterday.

Plain wire may be bent into hearts and covered with white crêpe-paper, the two loose ends of wire forming a foundation on which the favor stands. Pink rosebuds with green leaves are tied with pink ribbon to one side of the heart. Some of these heart-shaped favors grow into spirals ending in orange-blossoms with heart-shaped bride faces. The leaves of these favors are of silver paper.

AFTER the bride and groom have received the congratulations of their guests and have partaken of the wedding supper, they may slip away to change their bridal attire for the sober raiment to be worn on the wedding journey. As the bride reaches the top of the stairs she should not omit the old-fashioned ceremony of tossing her bouquet among the girls gathered below, the one who succeeds in catching it being marked as the next bride among the number.

If shoes and rice are too expensive in this year of 1920 to be thrown away in a reckless manner, guests may take a hint from Mistress June herself, and scatter a shower of rose petals after the departing couple as an omen of good luck and happiness for the days ahead.



The Proof of the Baking

Success in baking is largely a matter of selecting the leaven that is thorough in its action, that brings out the full, rich flavor of the original ingredients and gives results that gratify the housewife (and satisfy the whole family).

Rumford, the wholesome baking powder, has been endorsed by the leading cookery experts and is today a favorite leaven with thousands of thoughtful economical housewives everywhere. When flour and eggs are so high, it pays to use the leaven that brings good results—all the time.

Rumford insures good results—makes food more digestible and nourishing. It saves time, patience and money.

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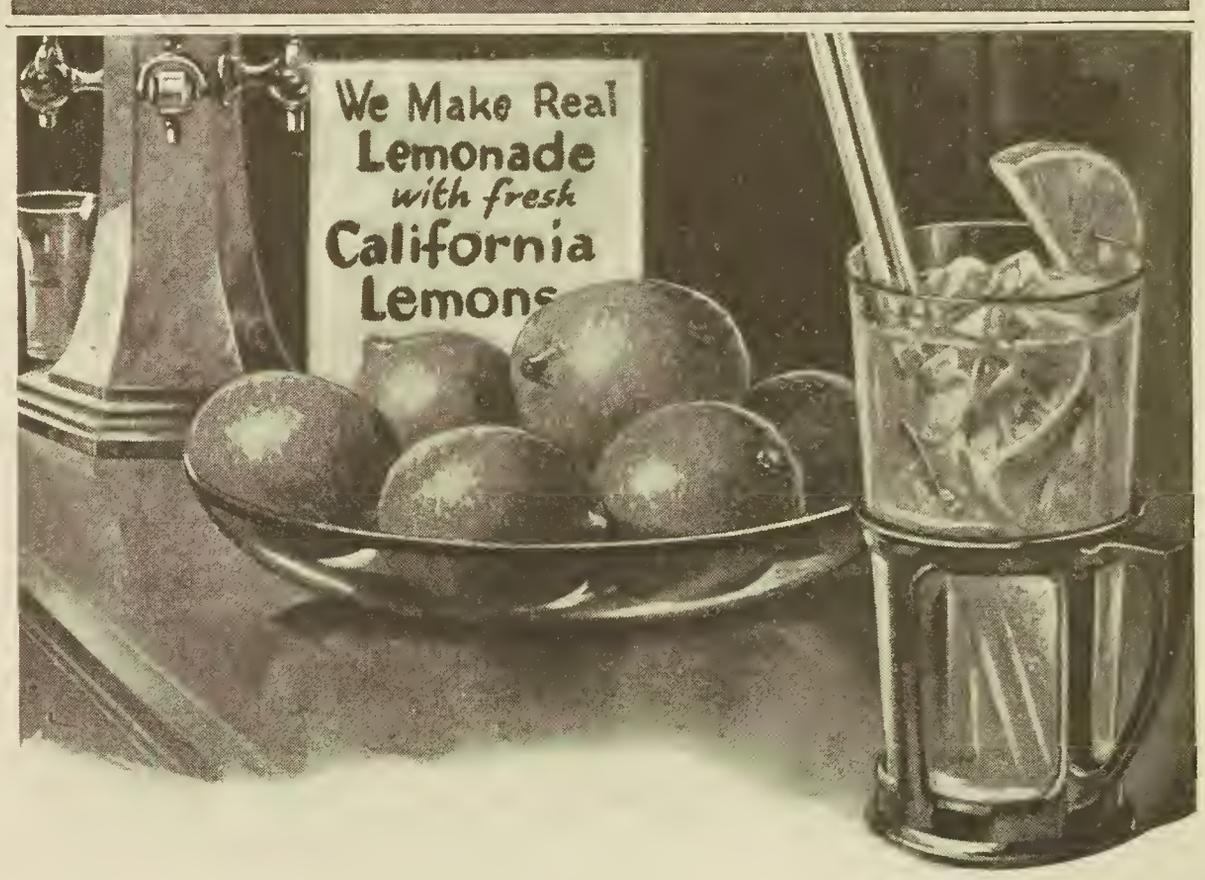


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M-78

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The Wholesome Baking Powder

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Are anxious to *let you know* that they serve

Real Lemonade

Say, "I want an 'old-fashioned' lemonade," the next time you visit a first-class soda fountain.

You'll get the same delicious, cooling, refreshing drink that you have at home—made with fresh lemons.

It's the Aristocrat of Soft Drinks.

Imitations never are as good, and every good store knows it. Where you find *real lemonade* you are apt to find the best in *other* lines of goods.

The best lemonade is made with *California* lemons. Ask your dispenser to use this kind.

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There Are Big Opportunities in the use of *efficient machines* for the quick and profitable dispensing of real lemonade and fresh orange juice drinks.
Write us about *new* profits.

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"— for that final daintiness"

The use of Delatone relieves the mind from anxious watchfulness of movement, and at the same time permits unembarrassed wearing of the sleeveless gowns or sheer sleeves in the present fashions. Unhampered movement, artless grace and easy elegance are made possible with Delatone. That is why—

"they all use Delatone"



Delatone is an old and well-known scientific preparation, for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growths, no matter how thick or stubborn.

Beauty specialists recommend Delatone for removal of objectionable hair from face, neck or arms. After application, the skin is clear, firm and hairless.

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AT summer camp or town house, whether the water is hard or soft, careful girls agree that the most easily used and effective hair cleanser is—

CANTHROX
SHAMPOO

which gives such massy fluffiness that the hair appears much heavier than it really is, while each strand is left with a silky brightness and softness that makes doing up the hair a pleasure. It is so easy to use and so effective that it has been for years the favorite of all who want to bring out the natural beauty of their hair. Canthrox, the hair beautifying shampoo, rapidly softens and entirely removes all dandruff, excess oil and dirt.

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It costs about three (3) cents a shampoo. No good hair wash costs less; none is more easily used. A few minutes is all that is needed for your complete shampoo.

Free Trial Offer—To show the merits of Canthrox and to prove that it is in all ways the most effective hair wash, we send one perfect shampoo free to any address upon receipt of two cents for postage.

H. S. PETERSON & CO., Dept. 130, 214 W. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

Continued from page 23

HOW I PREPARE A RÔLE

matter of fact, it was their favorite method of coming down-stairs, just as it was their practise to steal in preference to taking things which they were most welcome to help themselves to. These girls loved to steal and lie for the sheer love of lying and stealing. They had no more object than poor *Becky* has when she sneaks the apples in that house of plenty. They told lies in preference to the truth and where telling the truth would have benefited them obviously and telling lies would not. Save as human beings obsessed by double personalities they were utterly incomprehensible to me, and I think the time is coming fast when every incorrigible young girl, and boy, too, will be treated for naughtiness by trained physicians just as they are now treated for mumps and chicken-pox. Naughtiness is quite as much of a disease of adolescence as are certain physical ailments, and as our civilization progresses we will some time look back and view with horror our present inhumanity to the delinquent of either sex.

This play caused much discussion at the time regarding the possibility of a dual personality in every woman. I was never much inclined to accept this idea. The average woman is possessed of many various moods, and these are caused by her physical condition of the moment. Her environment may also cause a change in her mental attitude. Frequently one knows of girls who are sullen and unattractive in a house where no one realizes that a change of environment might cause a change of character. These same girls going elsewhere show their real value in their happiness and charm.

"MARIE-ODILE"

NOW I shall tell you about the most interesting character that I have ever had the privilege of playing. I have never appeared in a part that appealed to me like *Marie-Odile*. Briefly, this is the story—a story of the ideal of the convent—a refuge of silence—brought into conflict with the world lying at its gates. A problem that had found expression in countless stories was presented simply and with imagination in the tale of this little novice in the Alsatian convent.

The novice is *Sister Saint Marie-Odile*. Some years back, in the early fifties, the good nuns found one morning on the steps of the convent a tiny foundling. She was taken in and they named her for Mary, the immaculate, and for Odile, the blessed patron saint of Alsace. She was reared in the convent, taught by the nuns, and finally, with some misgivings as to what her station would have been in the world outside, prepared for the final vows of the sisterhood.

The period of her novitiate is come almost to its close when the play begins. The year is 1870, a year to be remembered in the history of Alsace, but of the Franco-Prussian war only the faintest whispers reach the cloistered dwellers in the distant convent and none at all reach the ears of *Marie-Odile*. The convent was her world. Outside of its walls she knew nothing.

With the exception of the old chaplain of the convent and poor old *Peter*, the man of all work about the place, bent double with age and decrepitude and half-witted, *Marie* had never laid eyes on a man.

In the meantime the war breaks out, and into the valleys of beautiful Alsace rush the Prussians.

A band of these soldiers, looking for food and drink, came to the convent and rudely entered its sacred precincts. They found no one but *Marie* and old *Peter*. The chaplain and all the sisters had fled.

Having feasted on the food and wine of the convent, the sergeant of the squad departed with his men—all but *Corporal Meissner*, who remained behind for a few hours only, but long enough to start up a flirtation with the innocent novice.

OF COURSE the flirting was all done by the handsome Prussian. Men were absolute mysteries to the dear little *Marie*. She had never felt the thrill of love. Sex? She knew no more about it than she did about the other side of the valley.

The dashing Uhlan went away; all the other Uhlans departed from the neighborhood, a year passed and the Mother Superior and the sisters returned to the convent.

They found that which horrified them and called forth from the Mother Superior a shower of malediction upon the head of the unsophisticated novice.

Marie-Odile was a mother!

It was all the more pitiful from the fact that the young girl could see no good reason for the curses that fell upon her from the Mother Superior's lips. "God had worked a miracle for her—a sweet, blessed miracle! He had sent her the dear baby. So pretty, so full of joy for her. What had she done that she should be cursed and driven out to do bitter penance for the rest of her life?"

Then *Sister Louise*, with a face sweet as an angel's, suddenly turned upon the Mother Superior with the ringing indictment: "You are responsible for the situation that has so shocked your soul. You have kept this girl in blank ignorance of herself and of the world in which she lives. You have taught her a false, perverted view of life, and upon you, rather than upon her, rests the guilt of this unfortunate business."

BUT they sent her from the convent. So with babe pressed closely to her breast and a smile on her lips, she went forth. "I don't know what I've done," she says. "I don't know what it all means. But I do know God won't forsake me and my baby."

"Marie-Odile" teaches a great lesson, a much-needed lesson. Too many mothers let their daughters grow to womanhood without telling them the things girls must be told in order to properly care for and protect themselves. It is but natural they should shrink from it, but the duty is nevertheless quite plain and imperative. No play in recent years has caused such an endless discussion as this poetic production of Edward Knoblock. Its daring theme makes one fairly gasp, but after mature reflection its great power for good will not be denied. So convincing, so compelling is the gentle force of this beautiful character that the audience has no heart for applause at the end of the play when *Marie* and her baby go out from the convent. The people are thinking.

CONVENT life always appealed to me. I had often visited convents in Europe, especially those in and about Paris. I had never been able to spend more than a day in them. But the longing to spend at least a fortnight within their walls was strong. I had promised myself that relaxation and exaltation. When I read the play "Marie-Odile," and Mr. Belasco decided that I should play it, the longing to live for a time in a convent was augmented by what I believed was the actual need of it. I never have thought that one needs to go to the source to study types. I believe that that is nonsense. We do not need the physical exterior. What we need is insight. But to better know a soul, so that you may understand it, is different. There is the difference between mere externals and the psychology of a part. I have a friend who arranged for my stay in a convent in New England. She accompanied me and was my companion during my stay. We arrived at the end of a day of dusty travel in a quaint town by the sea. We drove at dusk through the straggling village and, at the meeting-place of shore and woods, drove to the gate of a high wall and rang for admittance.

A little portress in black habit admitted us.

"We were expecting you," she said. "You are a little late." She tried to take my bag, but I wouldn't permit it. She was smaller than I. So together we carried it up-stairs. I was shown into a bare, square room, without rugs, but with clean, shining floor, a high ceiling, four French windows—I've always doted on French windows and determined to have them in my own home which I shall some day build—a four-poster bed, a plain little dresser, a clothes-press and a writing-table.

At seven we were called by a bell to the refectory. We ate a simple, nourishing supper at a long table in a high-ceilinged room, bare of everything save the necessaries. It was like the long refectories we have seen in the pictures of monasteries. Two of the sisters were present. One sat at the side of the table and read to us, for conversation was not permitted at table. The other sister served us.

I was impressed during that reading with the fresh, wholesome beauty of the girl, for she was a mere girl, who read to us from the "Life of St. Francis of Assisi," and by her keen intelligence. There was a simitar-like keenness in her penetration of subtleties. Her sense of humor was exquisite.

AT THE long table were other women, like ourselves, from the world, who had come for rest. It was what in the church is known as a "retreat," a time spent in meditation, in isolation from the world. These fellow boarders were what we meet any day in any crowded city. For me they did not much matter, but the good sisters greatly mattered.

The next morning a bell, sweet, low-toned, but insistent, called us from our beds at five. It was a summons to chapel. I covered my head, as is the rule, with a white veil, and hurried through the dim corridor. Shadowy figures preceded and followed me. Some were women from the world, like myself. Here and there we all but stumbled over a little nun, scrubbing the floor or polishing the brass on the door-knobs.

The matin service was read by a priest. From behind a curtain came the voices of nuns, some old and cracked, some young and with lark-like freshness. One high soprano thrilled through the service, a stream of gold. One rich contralto throbbed pulse-like. The owners of the voices were invisible.

We returned to our rooms and prepared for breakfast. A bell summoned us. Again there was a simple, nourishing meal in the refectory. Again the girl with the fine mind and the sense of humor, in the nun's habit, read to us the story of the life of one of the saints. The other nun waited upon us.

After breakfast I took a long walk on the shore. I returned in time for one-o'clock dinner. In the afternoon I walked again. I returned to my room and read from the "Lives of the Saints." They are the most interesting of stories.

I hemmed towels, not hemstitched, not embroidered, just hemmed them. The work seemed in keeping with the simplicity of the life I had planned for myself at the convent. At four a bell sounded for vespers. I attended that service and walked again.

AT SEVEN I came back to a substantial supper. A bell called us to the little chapel at the end of the corridor for meditation and prayer. Then back to my room. I undressed by candlelight, and at eight was ready for sleep.

That was an example of my days in the convent. There was no variant of them, with one exception. At first I had walked before supper. Latterly, I did not, lest I should miss the most charming feature of the day.

At dusk the nuns walked in the garden. The younger ones walked backward, facing the elder ones, that they might chat face to face instead of across shoulders. Their sweet voices came through the dusk. There were gay little trills of laughter. There were voices pitched in light-hearted conversation. I was dying to know what they talked about, but I never got near enough.

A tall, stately woman, with sweet, aging face and preoccupied manner, was pointed out to me. "That is the Mother Superior," I heard. "She has much to do." I could understand that the administrator of this little city of

Concluded on page 99



The Bewitching Hour

During that last quarter of an hour is charm often created —or at least *perfected.* Garden Court Face Powder is an efficient aid, but a modest one. It never thrusts itself upon the attention. For Garden Court is the powder invisible —invisible by virtue of its fineness, yet giving a healthy bloom to the texture of the skin.

Garden Court Face Powder will stay on in all climates. It comes in white, pink, naturelle and brunette; and it carries the famous Garden Court perfume of 32 chosen fragrances. Use Garden Court Double Combination Cream as a foundation.

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Garden Court toilet creations are on sale exclusively at the thousands of Penslar Drug Stores throughout the United States and Canada.

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Garden Court



The Care of the Skin is the "care of the Pores"

YOU know, of course, that the care of the skin is really the "care of the pores."

But have you ever stopped to think that the pores *of the body,* as well as the face, daily need to be kept fresh and active—with an *easy-rinsing* soap?

If the pores of the body become clogged with a hard-to-rinse-off soap, the activity of the skin is diminished. It becomes "tired" and loses its vigor and bloom.

So, in your daily bath, as well as for the clear smoothness of your complexion itself, you need Fairy's *pure, active, easy-rinsing* lather. You will notice how cleansingly Fairy "creams itself out" of pores—from head to foot. How freshened it leaves the pores in their "beautifying activity." *How perfectly it rinses off and away from the skin!*

There is no soap more beautifying than Fairy Soap—in its healthful "care of the pores"—because there is no soap *more* purely cleansing. And there is *no soap so easy-rinsing.*

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

Both Toilet and Bath Sizes

FAIRY SOAP

Have you a little Fairy in your home?

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Concluded from page 96

HOW I PREPARE A RÔLE

women, in behind high walls, would have much to do.

I am sure it gave me a different outlook. It made me more patient with the trifles that beset us. It deepened my sense of the beauty of unselfish devotion and the dignity of the simplest labor. It cleared my vision of some of the complexities that dim our eyes and made me see things with the simplicity of concentration. The habit is a symbol and all the externals that seem to belong to it seem naturally to suggest themselves. What I learned at the convent was to understand *Marie-Odile*.

IF ONE respect my playing the little noviee was different from anything else I have ever done. It made me utterly unconscious of Frances Starr. When I put on my habit, Frances Starr was pushed so far into the background that she was forgotten. That has never been true of my other performances. I believe that the power of detachment from personality that I imbibed within those convent walls made this possible.

I have never been so happy in my life as I was when playing *Marie-Odile*. My happiness was in the atmosphere of the play. Nuns are the happiest women in the world. They have the cheerfulness of one who has a single purpose in life. Their lives are smooth, gently flowing, peaceful currents. They know none of the cross-currents that we call complexities and distractions. Their happiness is a by-product of absolute concentration.

Marie-Odile, as Mr. Knoblock created her, and as I tried to represent her, is a childlike personification of the spirit of the convent. She is unalterably cheerful. Nothing hurts her for long. She knows no such canker of the soul as resentment. Rebuffs and reproofs fell away from her. Jealousy was unknown to her. Think of a life that has never known envy or jealousy!

That is something we derive from even a little stay in a convent, a sense of a great gladness in life. She was grateful for the least good that came to her.

"TIGER! TIGER!"

MY PART in "Tiger! Tiger!" is not so different from the author's *Marie-Odile* when it comes down to the final analysis. Although the environment of *Sally* and *Marie-Odile* was quite different, they have many points of similarity. *Marie-Odile* was left as a baby on the door-step of a convent. Brought up by nuns within convent walls, she knew nothing of the world beyond. The victim of a complete ignorance of the world, of men, of all that goes into the making of a normal human life, the novice was inherently and instinctively free from superficiality. Her duties were either religious or domestic. The former was largely a matter of drilling; the latter instinctive, for first and foremost *Marie-Odile* was woman. All the big things of life are elemental, and the elemental ruled in this convent-bred girl because she had been shut out from any knowledge or experience that might have enabled her to cope with it. It was "Tiger! Tiger!" that sprang out of the jungle at *Marie-Odile* when the Prussian officer lifted her face to his in that far-away yesteryear. No less so than the "Tiger! Tiger!" which is *Sally's* undoing in this new play which Mr. Knoblock has called after the jungle beast. *Sally* like *Marie-Odile* looked and loved even as actual and fictional women have been looking and loving throughout all the ages of history.

Now the thing that seems to have created such a furor of comment since the opening of "Tiger! Tiger" is the fact that its heroine is a cook—an illiterate little London cook—and that a girl handicapped by such an occupation and such educational restrictions should appeal to a cultured and fastidious member of Parliament. There is really nothing unusual about this idea. In every age there are innumerable examples of men of wealth and education who have married barmaids, chambermaids, cooks, and women of every menial occupation. The history of sex-attraction is that it is no respecter of persons. Even recalling all this, it should be remembered that *Sally* is not just a cook. Take a little look at her! The daughter of an English farmer, she was probably of a leading family of the countryside. Had her parental guardian been industrious and sober, *Sally's* life would have been a different story.

BUT he wasn't. He was a besotted beast who let the farm run down and left his girl to the mercy of the world. Betrayed by a young farmer of her own station and ostracized from her community, what more divinely natural than that *Sally's* thought should turn its home-making genius to another woman's kitchen? She is not of the cockney London type, and her thought clings no less to the wide free spaces of her native heath; her love embraces no less the flowers, the birds and the woods when she is forced into another environment to make a living. The cleanness of the country is a part of her thought; the air of the out-of-doors a quality of her nature. Her instincts are, like those of *Marie-Odile*, all maternal. She is a home woman, and a home-maker. To have sent her into a London shop, or any environment save that of home, would have been for Mr. Knoblock to strike a false note. To *Sally* domestic work is not menial. Instinctively she likes it and defends it loyally when her cultured lover recoils from the information that the girl who has stirred his masculine depths is a cook. *Sally* is a normal product of the English countryside; rigid in her concept of right; loathing everything abnormal—such as whisky-drinking.

The conventional thing for Mr. Knoblock to have done would have been to have had *Sally's* M. P. take her out of her environment; send her to school and send her on the stage in the last act in a lovely frock with a French sentence on her lips. But he is too true to character, too faithful to life's realities to have done any such destructive thing; and so we have this girl—a tragic figure because life is tragic to her sort, but a woman divinely maternal, inherently pure, utterly unselfish, exquisitely tender, instinctively a home-maker.

A WOMAN who acts sincerely must feel sincere, she must live this way. An etching has as many artistic points as a thickly brushed marine. In a big emotional part an actress soon forgets her audiences; she is driving toward her climactic scenes, supported by all the lines and action of the play. She knows her audience will respond—she is carrying it with her; but with the slender thread of charm—a whimsical thing at times—that holds a comedy, she must feel her audience with her, she must not relax in the slightest, and she must know all the way that the audience must do as much work as the players themselves.

Mr. Belasco once said that there are clever people on the stage and there are experienced people, but in the long run it is experience in the theatrical profession that makes for artistic success. There is no such thing as just good luck in the dramatic field. Success of any degree is result of respect for your art, thought, and hard work, provided of course that the individual has a talent and capacity for acting. When one's work is also one's pleasure then you have a chance to do things worth while. Patience and industry, throwing one's whole soul into the things that you are doing at the time, are frequently the secret of stage success.

Very hard work, a little luck and that curious something we call destiny is the simple story of my stage life. There are some happenings in it that can not be satisfactorily explained by either hard work or even luck. So that is why I am forced to believe a little in fate.

A LITTLE GIRL'S THOUGHTS

BY HILDA CONKLING

THE GREEN PALM-TREE

I SAT under a delicate palm-tree
On a shore of sounding waves.
I felt sure I was alone
Listening.

A sea-gull flew by from France,
A sea-gull flew by from Spain,
A sea-gull flew by from Mexico!

I laughed softly
When they came and saw me:
It was those travelers
From foreign countries
Changed my thoughts
To laughter!

THE FIELD OF WONDER

WHAT could be more wonderful
Than the place where I walk sometimes?
Swaying like trees in rain . . .
Swaying like trees in sunshine,
When breezes stir nothing but happiness . . .
What could be more lovely?
I walk in the Field of Wonder
Where colors come to be;
I stare at the sky . . .
I feel myself lifting on the wind
As the swallows lift and blow upward . . .
I see colors fade out; they die away . . .
I blow across a cloud . . . I am lifted . . .
How can I change again into a little girl
When wings are in my feeling of gladness?
This is strange to know
On a Summer day at noon;
This is a wild new joy:
When Summer is over
The scarlet of three maple-trees
Will guide me home.
O mother, my dear!
Fear nothing! I will come home
Before snow falls.

RAMBLER ROSE

RAMBLER ROSE in great clusters,
Looking at me, at my mother with me,
Under this apple-tree,
The wind blows on you,
The rain drops on you,
The sun shines on you,
You are brighter than before.
You turn your faces to the wind
And watch my mother and me,
Thinking of things I can not mention
Outside of my mind.
Rambler Rose, in the shining wind,
Smile at my mother!

The author of these verses, who is attracting much attention in the literary world, is only eight years old.



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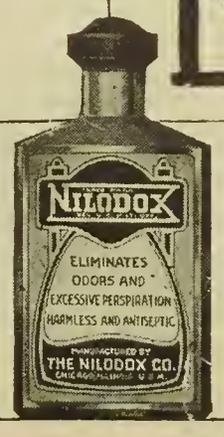
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The STAR VIBRATOR *Electric Massage*

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Concluded from page 36

STILL MORE WHYS

It's just a matter of taking time to get started along the right way. A matter of being yourself, only more so—yourself brought up to the *n*th degree.

HOW many of you use chamois skins instead of powder-puffs? Never, *never* a chamois skin! One of those soft, paddy things that look like a biscuit gone wrong. And put the powder on softly; don't scrub it in. And wash the puff once a week.

Have you a spot in the middle of your throat? Why? You're not cleansing properly, or you have a long stain of some sort. Put on a good bleach cream and cleanse the right way.

Pat and feed your crow's-feet and the lines underneath your eyes—they are not to be tolerated. A little care will banish them. Pat gently and put the food on gently but *regularly* and *often*.

AFTER each meal cleanse the corners of your mouth with a bit of cotton squeezed out in cold water and a little tonic on it. Don't have the little discoloration there that comes from not cleansing properly after each meal.

You mustn't dash in and do a lot of things without knowing how! This beauty-culture business is a science, exact and definite. All the good skin specialists have the same fundamentals: how to cleanse the face and neck without harming the texture of the skin or stretching it; stimulation of the circulation; feeding the tissues and "firming up" the muscles; overcoming discolorations.

And then use your head. Your face probably has some ideas of its own. Pay attention to them. Is your nose trying to get wider? You've probably been rubbing it the wrong way for years and it's just naturally "taking it out on you" by getting wider. When you powder or cold-cream it, don't have the stroke *out*, but straight down on each side so that you don't widen the nostrils.

ALL this sounds like an awful bother, I suppose. But it was an awful bother to breathe when you first got here, and to learn to walk and to talk. *But it was worth doing*, you've found out. When you have learned to do things the intelligent way, there's a satisfaction in doing them; you see results, and you feel right inside. And after a while it becomes mechanical and easy, just like your breathing and walking and talking.

We wish you wouldn't sleep on a pillow. Lie flat on your "tummy," if you can, for that throws your organs front and rests all the things that ought to be rested and relieved. And as you lie on your cheek, be sure your cheek is pressing up a little against the sheet rather than down—mustn't tear down in the night what you've built up by patting in the day. Fall in love as soon as you can; we talked about that in the last article and said we'd tell why. But it's June! So we don't need to, though of course we can't help saying just one thing! Love does to human beings what the sun and the Spring rain do to anemones, brings them *up* out of the ground, makes them *bloom!*

Up! Up! *Lift!* Relax *up*, not down; think *up*, aim up, love up.

TRAILER!

A woman there was who wished to be fair,
Being a woman;
Deep, lighted eyes and glorious hair,
Thin skin of silk, no wrinkles—but there,
No need to describe—
You're a woman.

So she went at the task—time and money she spent
(That ambitious woman),
But the results didn't turn out just as she meant;
You see, she'd forgotten to follow her bent,
Or her eyes, or her brain,
For that matter.

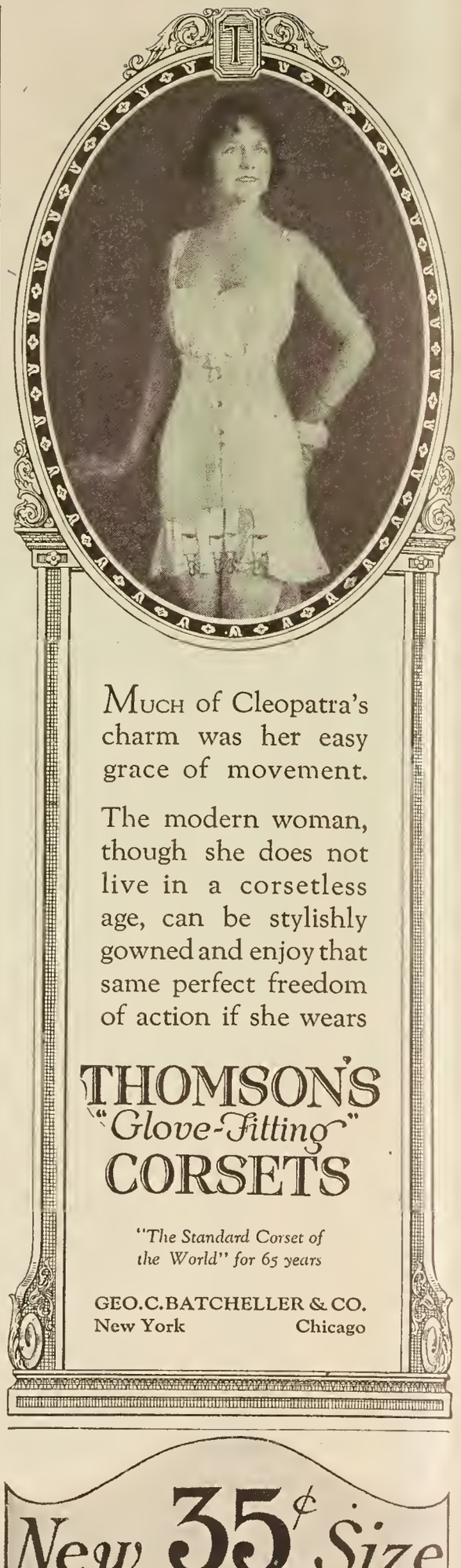
But it wasn't the money; it wasn't the time,
That stung like a white-hot brand.
It was coming to see that she could have known how,
Seeing at last that she would have known how,
If she'd only asked us
For a hand!

MORE than fifteen thousand requests for beauty help came to Celia Caroline Cole in February! Such a call from Macedonia is unprecedented.

So extraordinary has been the interest of DELINEATOR readers in the monthly Beauty Department and so swiftly has this record-breaking interest been established that Mrs. Cole has decided to enlarge her department in every possible way.

Not only will she continue to give the inspiration, charm and cheer that are found monthly in her articles; she will add, too, the concrete instructions, that, previously, she has been imparting to the women who wrote to ask it from her. Minutely she will consider the technique of scientific care of the hair, the skin, the nails, the general bodily condition which is the solid foundation on which all beauty rests. The intricacies of massage and exercise to eradicate wrinkles; the means of ridding the skin of blackheads, pimples and freckles; treatment for red nose, shiny nose; how to cleanse the skin—just when and how soaps and lotions and toilet-water and almond-meal and grease-cream and olive-oil and all other cleansing agents should be used; cure for dandruff, graying hair, falling hair, dry hair, too oily hair; the technique of washing hair, etc., etc.

And all her instructions will be on the authority of the foremost beauty specialists of the smartest beauty-shops of smart New York, where the last word on beauty magic is uttered and where women actually are made beautiful and kept beautiful.



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Brown Spots	Youthful Hands
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Continued from page 89

THEY WHO DIED FOR LIBERTY HERE

CLIFFORD, JOSEPH, Private, Company K, 166th Infantry.
CLINTON, HARRY, Private, Company C, 165th Infantry.
HART, CLINTON.
*COCHRAN, HARRY K., U. S. M. C.
COLLINS, P., Corporal, Company I, 165th Infantry.
PATRICK.
*COLT, PETER A., U. S. M. C.
CONMINE, DANIEL M., Private, Company C, 328th Infantry.
COMMINI.
CONWAY, EARL G., Private, 1st Class, Company E, 23d Infantry.
CONWAY, FREDERICK J., Private, Company E, 165th Infantry.
COOK, WILLIAM W., Private, Company B, 55th Machine Gun Battalion.
WILLIE.
COONEY, PETER, Sergeant, Company M, 165th Infantry.
CORKERY, RAYMOND L., Private, Company D, 23d Infantry.
COSGROVE, GUSTAVE, Private, 1st Class, Headquarters.
GUSTAV, Private, 1st Class, 165th Infantry.
COUSENS, R., Private, Company I, 165th Infantry.
ROBERT D.
COX, JIM, Private, 1st Class, Company B, 354th Infantry.
CRAIG, SAMEUL E., Private, Company C, 354th Infantry.
CRETO, FRANK, Private, Company I, 23d Infantry.
CRISP, WALTER, Private, Company D, 165th Infantry.
CROWE, ALLEN, Private, Company I, 165th Infantry.
CUCOUELET, ALFRED, can not identify.
CURN, CHRISTENBERRY, Private, Company L, 167th Infantry.
CHRISTENBERRY, CURN.
DALBA, FRANK, Private, Company M, 23d Infantry.
DAMIEN, HENRY, Private, Company D, 319th Infantry.
*DAVIDIAN, DICKRANT, U. S. M. C.
DAVIDSON, EMMETT, Private, Company M, 165th Infantry.
ERNETT.
*DAVIDSON, FRED C., U. S. M. C.
DAVIS, CARL, Private, Company E, 9th Infantry.
DAW, DENLEY, Private, Company I, 167th fantry.
DAY, CLARENCE E., Private, Company E, 326th Infantry.
U. S. M. C.
DAY, JOSEPH E., Private, Company F, 328th Infantry. (*Promoted to sergeant*).
DEARING, HARRY A., Private, 1st Class, Machine Gun Company, 165th Infantry.
DEMOTH, E. F., Private, Company D. 165th Infantry.
DEMUTH, FRANK F.
*DEVLIN, BERNARD J., U. S. M. C.
DEVERIES, WILLIAM, Private, Machine Gun Company, 167th Infantry.
DEVRIEST.
DIER, WALTER E., Private, 1st Class, Headquarters Co., 354th Infantry.
DIXON, DANIEL W., Private, Company L, 23d Infantry.
DORSON, SPECNER H., Private, Company L, 167th Infantry.
DREIER, A. C., Sergeant, 2d Company, 150th Machine Gun Company.
ALBERT C., Sergeant, Co. B, 150th Machine Gun Battalion.
DREISBACH, EARL E., Private, Company B, 150th Machine Gun Battalion.
DUFF, J. P., Sergeant, Company A, 165th Infantry.
JAMES P.
*EARLY, GEORGE T. Corporal, U. S. M. C.
ECKAY, JOHN J., Company K, 165th Infantry.
Private, Machine Gun Company, 165th Infantry.
ELASKER, ARTHUR, Private, can not identify.
ELBE, FREDERICK, Private, Co. H, 319th Infantry.
GUSTAVE.
ELIASH, SAM, Private, Company A, 327th Infantry.
ELLETT, ANDREW J., 2d Lieutenant, Company E, 165th Infantry.
ELSON, CHARLES DANA, Corporal, Company M, 165th Infantry.
*EUSSE, HARRY F., U. S. M. C.
EVERS, CHAS. R., Private, Company D, 165th Infantry.
EVYUN, HENRY, Private, Provisional Company 58, Aug.
HARRY, Auto Replacement Draft.
FABRE, O'NEIL, Private, Company I, 166th Infantry.
FADER, JOHN A., Corporal. Company M, 166th Infantry.
FAILING, GEORGE M., Corporal, Company E, 165th Infantry.
FALLING.
FAUCHER, ROSARIO, Private, Company A, 325th Infantry.
*FENNEN, TIMOTHY F., U. S. M. C.
FICKLIN W., Private, Company I, 23d Infantry.
FITZPATRICK, RAYMOND, Private, Company A, 165th Infantry.
FLEENOR, THEDFORD H., Private, Company E, 305th Engineers.
FLEGAL, FREMAN, Private, Company I, 167th Infantry.
FERMAN V.
FLYNN, JAMES P., Private, Company C, 328th Infantry.
FORD, OLLIE H., 2d Lieutenant, 23d Infantry.
OLIN H.
FORHOUT, NAHIB, Private, Company K, 165th Infantry.
FOX, ALBERT, 55th Company, 14th Prov. Rect. Batt., 155th D. B.
Private, Company I, 165th Infantry.
FOX, JOSEPH F., Private, Company G, 166th Infantry.
FREUND, JOSEPH L., Sergeant, Company K, 319th Infantry.
*FRYE, CHAS. T., U. S. M. C.
*GALLANO, ERNEST A., U. S. M. C.
GARRISON, A. A., Private, Company D., 354th Infantry.
ANDREW.
GASPER, LOUIS J., Private, Company F, 2d Engincers.
GASPAR.
GASTON, LACEY, Private, Company D, 165th Infantry.
GAVAGHAN, JOHN, Sergeant, Company K, 165th Infantry.
*GEHO, DAVID W., U. S. M. C.
GIARRUSSO, LEONARD, Company K, 165th Infantry.

Continued on page 102



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a two-part story

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Continued from page 101

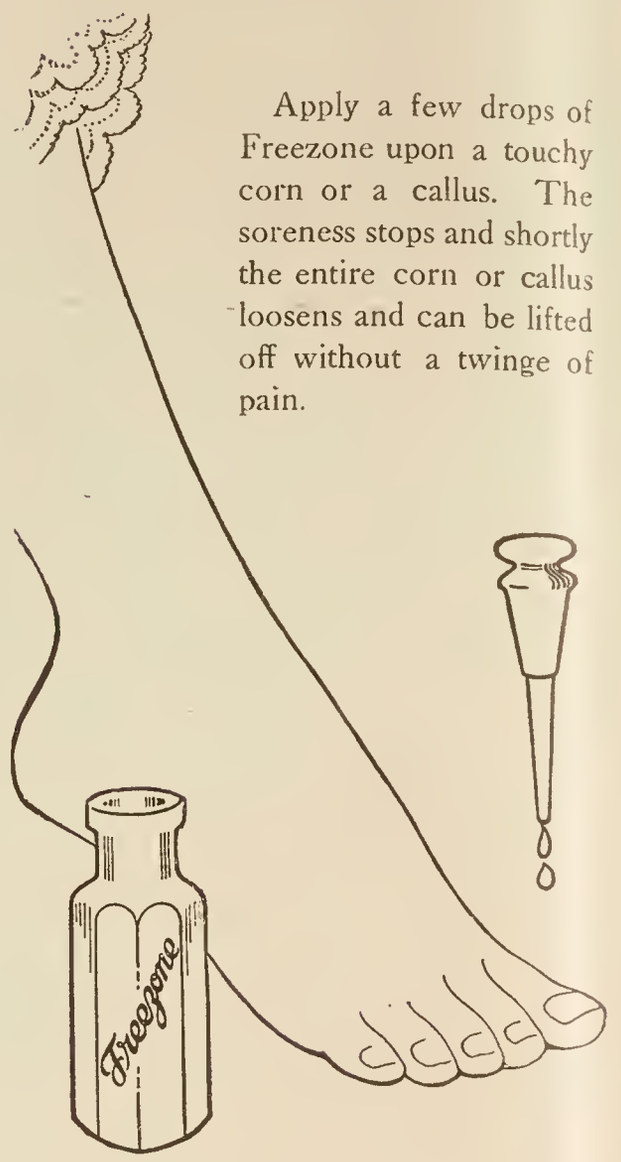
THEY WHO DIED FOR LIBERTY HERE

GILDA, FRANK, Private, Company A, 165th Infantry.
GILDAY, FRANK.
GILL, HARRY ALOYSIUS, Private, Company I, 165th Infantry.
*GILMORE, JAMES R., U. S. M. C.
GIOLO, FRANCISCO, Private, Company K, 165th Infantry.
GIOIO.
GOERES, ANDREW L., Private, Company K, 165th Infantry.
GOHL, GEORGE B., Private, Company A, 354th Infantry.
GOLDWIN, R. H., can not identify.
GOLTZ, JOHN A., Private, Company D. 2d Engineers.
GOETZ, JOHN A.
GOOLSBY, EULIS T., Private, Company 3, P. W. E.
GORDON, WRIGHT, Private, Company A, 23d Infantry.
WRIGHT, GORDON.
GORDON, WYNNE, Private, Company D, 165th Infantry.
WYNNE, GORDON.
*GOOD, D. B., U. S. M. C.
*GRAHAM, CHARLES D., U. S. M. C.
*GRANTHM, JAMES, 6th U. S. M. C.
GRANTHAM.
*GRESHAM, B. W., U. S. M. C.
GRIFFN, MARTIN G., 1st Lieutenant, 23d Infantry.
GRIFFIN, MARTIN G., Captain, Company C.
GROSS, RUSSELL C., Private, Company E, 328th Infantry.
GROTH, JOSEPH, Private, Company B, 353d Infantry.
HAGAN, HAROLD M., Private, Headquarters Company, 165th Infantry.
HOGAN, HAROLD J.
HAGARTY, J. J., Private, Company D, 165th Infantry
HEGARTY, JOHN J.
HALLOWAY, W. N., Private, Company F. 167th Infantry.
HOLLOWAY, WILLIE H.
*HAMILTON, WILLIAM W., U. S. M. C.
HANER, NOAH, Private, Company L. 166th Infantry.
HANER, NOAH WILSEN.
HARRIS, LOYD, Private, Company C. 165th Infantry.
HARRISON, WM. H., Private, Company I, 167th Infantry.
HART, DANIEL, Private, Company L, 161st Infantry.
DAN N.
HART, W. R. W., Sergeant, Company A, 117th Engineers.
Company F.
HASTING, JAMES W., Private, Company D, 165th Infantry.
*HATFIELD, HARRY, U. S. M. C.
HAUXHURST, HENRY D., 2d Lieutenant, Company K. 165th Infantry.
*HEDDEN, HARVEY P., U. S. M. C.
*HEGEWALD, EDWARD T., Corporal, U. S. M. C.
HEMME, GEORGE H., Mechanic, Company L, 319th Infantry.
HENRY, JOSEPH E., Private, Battery C, 6th Field Artillery.
HENSON, ROSCOE, Private, Company D, 9th Infantry.
HERMANEK, WILLIAM, Private, Company B, 9th Infantry.
*HIGGINS, RALPH S., U. S. M. C.
HIRT, JOHN J., Private, Machine Gun Company, 167th Infantry.
*HLOUCAL, JOSEPH H., U. S. M. C.
HOFFARTH, ORENA, Company A, 343d Machine Gun Battalion.
HOFEARTH, OREN A., Corporal.
HOGAN, JOHN D., Sergeant, Battery B, 12th Field Artillery.
Battalion
HOLDEN, JOHN H., Private, Company L, 167th Infantry.
HOMSLEY, JOHN C., Private, Company M, 167th Infantry.
HOPPER, FRANK, Private, Company D, 23d Infantry.
HOWARD, FRED A., Sergeant, Company F, 2d Engineers.
HOWARD, JOHN M., Private, Company K, 167th Infantry.
HUEY, HOWARD R., Private, 1st Class, Company D, 342d Machine Gun Battalion. *HOWARD T.*
IVERSON, OSCAR, Private, Company A, 165th Infantry.
JAMIESON, FRANK E., Private, Company I, 23d Infantry.
*JESSEN, EMIL, U. S. M. C.
JOHNSON, ADOLPH, Private, Company D, 354th Infantry.
JOHNSON, FREDERICK, Private, Company M, 368th Infantry.
JOHNSON, ROY A., Sergeant, Company C, 23d Infantry.
JONES, CHAMP L., Private, Company L, 168th Infantry.
KEARIN, EDWARD J., Scrgeant, Company C, 165th Infantry.
KEITH, EUNIST, Private, Company I, 165th Infantry.
KELLER, JAMES A., Private, Machine Gun Company, 167th Infantry.
KEELER.
KENCKE, EARL A., Machine Gun Company, 161st Infantry.
Corporal, Company L, 5th Machine Gun Battalion.
KENNE, GEO. F., can not identify.
KESSLER, JAMES P., Private, Medical Department, 23d Infantry.
KEZNEAR, ROMAN. Can not identify.
KICHEN, LEANDER J., Corporal, Company C, 23d Infantry.
KINCHEN.
KIERSKI, WALTER, Private. Company B, 353d Infantry.
KIGER, EARL W., Private, 54th Provisional Company, Aug. A. R. D.
*KILDOW, P. P., U. S. M. C.
*KJOS, TILLMAN A., U. S. M. C.
KLINDER, HENRY E., Private, Company A, 342d Machine Gun Battalion.
LINDNER.
KLINE, RALPH, Private, Company F, 168th Infantry.
KERL, CHESTER R., Private, Company D, 165th Infantry.
*KRAFT, DAVID F., U. S. M. C.
KRAMER, HOMER F., Private, Company B, 166th Infantry.
KRAY, FRANK A., Private, Company B, 354th Infantry.
KUDRLICKA, CHARLES, Private, Company C, 23d Infantry.
*LACMES, J. J., U. S. M. C.
BROWN, J. S.
LADNIER, EMILE, Private, Company I, 23d Infantry.
LANE, SAM, Private, Company H, 319th Infantry.
LANGE, A. C., Private, Company B, 150th Machine Gun Battalion.
ALBERT O.

Continued on page 103

Lift Corns Out With Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they lift off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a touchy corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Tiny bottle costs few cents at drug stores — anywhere

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BENJAMIN TWO-WAY PLUG

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Chicago New York San Francisco





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Soft and velvety. Money back if not entirely pleased. Nadine is pure and harmless. Adheres until washed off. Prevents sunburn and return of discolorations. Millions of delighted users prove its value. Flesh, Pink, Brunette, White. At leading toilet counters. If they haven't it, by mail 60c. Dept. T.

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Watch your gums

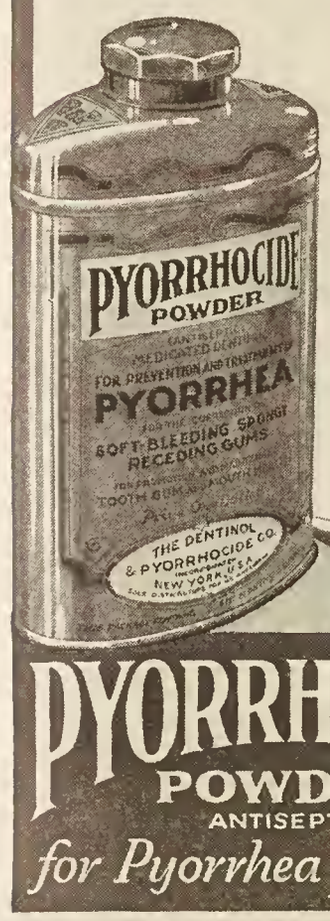
Under the gums is where pyorrhea starts. Pyorrhea destroys the tooth foundation—the bony sockets which hold the teeth in place.

The teeth may be white and free from decay. But if the germs of pyorrhea have infected the gums and root sockets, your teeth may loosen and fall out or have to be extracted—because their supporting foundation is gone.

So it is vital to keep your gums healthy—and to restore them to health if they bleed easily, are soft or tender, have begun to recede.

Pyorrhocide Powder was compounded for the specific purpose of maintaining and restoring gum health. In addition to its ingredients which keep the teeth white and clean, it is medicated with Dentinol, a germicidal and healing agent widely used by dentists in the treatment of pyorrhea.

Pyorrhocide Powder tones up the gums, stimulates their blood circulation, helps to make them hard and firm. Its effectiveness has been *proved* by thorough tests in clinics devoted to pyorrhea research. Dentists everywhere recommend it.



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ANTISEPTIC
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and educational booklet on Pyorrhea free upon request.

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Continued from page 102

THEY WHO DIED FOR LIBERTY HERE

LANG, MICHAEL J., Sergeant, Company L, 163d Infantry. *Corporal.*
LANNAN, W. E., Private, Company D, 328th Infantry.
WILLIAM.
LATTY, MERNIE C., Private, Company B, 354th Infantry.
*LAWS, CHARLES T., U. S. M. C.
LEAR, FRED M., Private, Company I, 23d Infantry.
*LEMONS, CHARLES V., 5th Marines.
LEPORE, LOUIS, Private, Company B, 354th Infantry.
LEUI, RALPH C., Corporal, Company D, 341st Machine Gun Battalion.
Sergeant.
LEONARD, T., Company G., 165th Infantry.
TERRENCE, Private, 1st Class.
LETTWICK, BERT AUSTIN, can not identify.
LEVINGSTON, JOHN, Private, Company A, 354th Infantry.
LILLY, CLOWNIE W., Private, Company D, 354th Infantry.
LINNARTZ, WALTER, Private, Company A, 23d Infantry.
LOMOGONAS, JOSEPH, Private, 1st Class, Company 101st, Ammunition Train.
LOOP, ROBERT C., Private, Company M, 9th Infantry.
LORUSSO, ANGELO, Private, Company C, 325th Infantry.
McANDREWS, J., Private, Company M, 165th Infantry.
JOSEPH, W.
McCABE, THOMAS, Private, Machine Gun Company, 165th Infantry.
McCOY, CLARENCE D., Private, Company I, 23d Infantry.
McDERMOTT, JOSEPH P., Sergeant, Company M, 23d Infantry.
McGEE, HAROLD G., Company L, 168th Infantry.
McGRAIL, FRANK, Sergeant, Company L, 220th Infantry.
McKENNA, E. F., Private, Company M, 161st Infantry.
EDWARD.
*McLAUGHLIN, I. N., U. S. M. C.
McOWEN, HERHARD J., Corporal, Company A, 165th Infantry.
BERNARD.
McPHERSON, JESSE W., Headquarters, 165th Infantry. *Private, Company D.*
MABBY, ROBERT E., Private, Company M, 9th Infantry.
ROBERT E. L.
MACDONALD, J. A., 1st Lieutenant, 167th Infantry.
McDONALD, WM. J. A.
MADDEN, T. J., Corporal, Company K, 165th Infantry.
THOMAS.
MADI, JOSEPH, Private, Company H, 303d Infantry.
*MAGILL, GERALD B., U. S. M. C.
MAGUIRE, JAMES, Private, Company B, 354th Infantry.
MAHONEY, JOHN J., Sergeant, Company B, 165th Infantry.
MAHONEY, L. P., Private, Mechanic, Company D, 165th Infantry.
LAWRENCE, P.
*MAIXE, HENRY, U. S. M. C.
MANCIE, JAMES H., Corporal, Machine Gun Company, 167th Infantry.
MANCIL.
MARCHEGIONO, FIORE, Private, Company A, 328th Infantry.
MARTENSON, ALBERT S., Private, Company I, 165th Infantry.
MORTENSON, ALBERT E.
MARTIN, FRED, Private, Company M, 109th Infantry.
MARTIN, HENRY L., Private, Company G, 23d Infantry.
MASCIA, LEONARDO G., Private, Company H, 319th Infantry.
*MASTIN, ROLAND G., Private, 95th Company, 6th U. S. M. C.
MAXWELL, EARL R., Company K, 23d Infantry. *Private, Company E.*
MAYS, TURNER, Private, Company D, 167th Infantry.
MAYES.
MEANS, WILLIE D., Private, Company E, 167th Infantry.
MEDLER, DANIEL S., Private, Company C, 165th Infantry. *B.*
METCALF, JOSEPH, Private, Company M, 165th Infantry. *Company L.*
METZGER, ROY E., Private, 1st Class, Company H, 319th Infantry.
EDWARD.
METZKER, WM. H., Private, Company L, 354th Infantry.
MEYER, ARTHUR G., Company L, 357th Infantry. *Company F.*
MILES, OSCAR G., Private, Company I, 23d Infantry.
MILLER, MARTIN K. Can not identify.
MINCHIE, WILLIE, Private, Company I, 23d Infantry.
*MOFFETT, ROBERT G., U. S. M. C.
MORRISEY, JOHN J., Private, Company C, 47th Infantry.
MORRISSEY.
MORITZ, KARL E., Private, Company I 165th Infantry.
MUELLMAN, JOSEPH, Private, Battery C, 6th Field Artillery.
Private, 1st Class, Battery C, Field Artillery.
MINNICK, FRED J., Private, Company H, 319th Infantry.
MURDOCK, CHARLES, Private, 1st Class, Company H, 167th Infantry.
CHARLIE.
MURNANE, JAMES, Corporal, Company C, 165th Infantry.
MURPHY, PETER M., Private, Company M, 165th Infantry.
MURRAY, JOHN H., Private, Company E, 161st Infantry.
MURRY, WILLIAM, Private, Company H, 165th Infantry.
NEALEN, JAMES F., Private, Company I, 165th Infantry.
NEARING, GEORGE A., Corporal, Company G, 23d Infantry.
NEELY, GILBERT A., Private, Company I, 155th Infantry.
NELSON, NELSE E., Private, Company F, 167th Infantry.
NERY, FRANK A., Private, Company L, 167th Infantry.
NICKOLSON, PEARL E., Private, Company H, 165th Infantry.
*NOBLE, ALBERT P., U. S. M. C.
O'BRIEN, WILLIAM J., Private, Company F, 319th Infantry.
O'CONNOR, WILLIAM F., Sergeant, Machine Gun Company, 105th Infantry.
OLSEN, HARRY T., Private, 1st Class, Company C, 354th Infantry.
*OLSON, FRED W., U. S. M. C.
O'NEIL, GEORGE, Private, Company C, 165th Infantry.
O'NEIL, PATRICK J., Mechanic, Company M, 165th Infantry.

Continued on page 104





Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing, and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot buy it locally at once, send us 25c in coin or stamps for a full size can postpaid. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

It's Easy to Keep the Toilet Spotless

SANI-FLUSH keeps your closet bowl spotlessly white with comparatively little effort on your part. It is thorough. No scouring. No scrubbing. No dipping out of water. Sani-Flush has eliminated all of these disagreeable features. And it cleans *better* than you could do it by any other method. The hidden trap is kept as glistening white as the bowl, and because of this complete cleanliness the toilet is as odorless and sanitary as new.

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615 Walnut Ave. Canton, Ohio
Canadian Agents: Harold Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto

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TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

The sharp bevelled point passes through cloth easily.

The double head allows point to fasten from either side—but it cannot slip through.

The tongue prevents the fabric from catching in the head.

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DUPLEX
SAFETY PINS

have been recognized for years as the world's best safety pins. They cost a little more than ordinary safety pins but provide a great deal more in baby comfort and safety

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The wire is rust-proof, extra stiff andstrong and does not bend readily.

A guard covers coil spring at side which comes next to cloth. No chance for fabric to catch in spring.





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Why, a touch will end it!

A corn today is needless, and millions of people know it.

Years ago nearly every woman had them. Now women who know Blue-jay never suffer corns.

Ask your own friends.

Blue-jay comes in liquid form or plaster. One applies it in a jiffy—by a touch.

The pain stops. In a little time the whole corn loosens and comes out.

The proof is everywhere. Tens of millions of corns have been ended in this simple, easy way.

This is the scientific method—the modern way of dealing with a corn. It was created by this world-famed laboratory, which every physician respects.

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The Scientific Corn Ender

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The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

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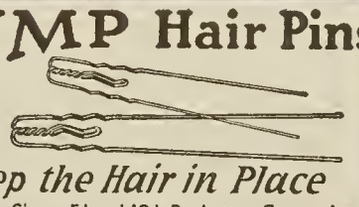
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Continued from page 103

THEY WHO DIED FOR LIBERTY HERE

*OVERTON, MACON, Captain, 76th Company, 6th Marines.
ORNADORFF, CHAS. F., Private, Company M, 165th Infantry.
H.
O'ROURKE, JOHN P., Private, Company G, 165th Infantry.
OSTOFF, LEO H., Private, Company D, 354th Infantry.
OSTHOFF.
OTTO, ROBER. Can not identify.
*PAINE, HERBERT A., U. S. M. C.
PARISE, VETO, Private, Company L, 320th Infantry.
PARK, C. J., Private, Company F, 167th Infantry.
PARKMAN, HARRY E., Private, Company M, 167th Infantry.
PATTERSON, GEORGE A., Private, Company I, 165th Infantry.
PETTERSON.
PATTERSON, NEWTON M., Private, Company L, 167th Infantry.
PERRON, LIQUORI A., Private, Company B, 353d Infantry.
PHILLIPS, HOWARD S., Private, Company D, 167th Infantry.
PHILLIPS, WM. T., Private, Company B, 2d Engineers.
PIERCE, CHARLES W., Private, Company A, 238th Infantry.
PISTKOUDST, THEO., Private, Company C, 5th Machine Gun Battalion.
PAE, T., Private, Company F, 165th Infantry.
POE, THOMAS H.
*POE, WILLIAM H., U. S. M. C.
*POLLOCK, NORMAN, U. S. M. C.
POILES, ADAM, Private, Company L, 166th Infantry.
PYLES, ADAM H.
POLUMBO, TONY, Private, Company C, 165th Infantry.
PALUMBO.
POTTER, ARTHUR, Corporal, Company G, 165th Infantry.
PUGH, WILLIAM W., Private, Company E, 354th Infantry.
PRATT, JESSE L., Private, 19th Company, 164th Infantry, D. B. *U. S. M. C.*
*PRICE, IVAN L., U. S. M. C.
*PURSLEY, ERNEST R., U. S. M. C.
PURVIS, WILLIAM, Private, Company C, 23d Infantry.
QUICK, JAMES H., Private, 18th Company, Camp Pike.
QUINN, GOVAN A., Private, Company F, 168th Infantry.
RACHUI, REINHOLT, Private, Headquarters Company, 328th Infantry.
*RACINOWSKI, STANLEY, U. S. M. C.
RAMONO, LOUIS, Private, Company F, 319th Infantry.
ROMANA.
RAMSEY, IRA F., Private, Company M, 23d Infantry.
REFMAN, F., Private, Company A., 165th Infantry.
FREEMAN, CHAS. H.
REGAN, ROBERT F., Private, Company K, 325th Infantry.
RENEKER, JOHN H., Private, Company C, 165th Infantry.
REYNOLDS, W. A., Private, 1st Class, Company A, 161st Infantry.
WARD.
RHYNDERS, HARRY A., Private, 1st Class, Company A, 327th Infantry.
RICCIO, MICHAELE, Private, Company M, 166th Infantry.
RICE, EDMOND D., Private, Company C, 165th Infantry.
*RILEY, HAROLD E., U. S. M. C.
RILEY, LONNIE C., Corporal, Company H, 167th Infantry.
RISHEL, LEE P., Private, Company H, 328th Infantry.
ROBERTS, BENJAMIN, Private, Company B, 165th Infantry.
*ROGERS, BEN H., U. S. M. C.
ROGERS, THOS. J., Private, Company G, 301st Infantry.
Transferred Machine Gun Company, 301st Infantry.
*ROURKE, ARTHUR J., U. S. M. C.
RUSCH, ERNEST W., Private, Company I, 161st Infantry.
*RUSHING, DOUGLAS G., Sergeant, 150th Machine Gun Battalion, U. S. M. C.
RUSSELL, HOWARD, Private, Company I, 23d Infantry.
HOWARD RUSSELL.
SCHATZ, FRED J., Private, Company I, 165th Infantry.
JOHN.
SCHLESNER, HERBERT W., Private, Company B, 354th Infantry.
SCHMIDT, H. J., Private, Headquarters Company, 319th Infantry.
SCHNEIDER, HENRY, Private, Company I, 23d Infantry.
*SCHINDLER, I. G., U. S. M. C.
SCHOLZ, ARTHUR, Private, Headquarters Company, 354th Infantry.
ARTHUR E.
*SCHWARTZ, BERNARD R., Company B, 5th U. S. M. C.
SCHWARZ.
SCRDINO, SCARFINO, Private, Company D, 165th Infantry.
SCARDINO, SARFINO.
*SEABLOM, CONRAD M., U. S. M. C.
SEGAL, HARRY, Private, Company G, 167th Infantry.
SEISS, EDWARD. Can not identify.
*SEITZ, FREDERICK W., U. S. M. C.
*SEXTON, SIDNEY L., U. S. M. C.
SHAFFER, PERRY P., Private, 1st Class, Company M, 534th Infantry.
SHEA, MICHAEL, Private, 1st Class, Company B, 341st Infantry.
SHEEHAN, WILLIAM J., Sergeant, Color Sergeants Headquarters, 165th Infantry.
SHEAHAN.
SHELTON, JOE, Private, Company B, 354th Infantry.
SHIELDS, NEWELL C., Corporal — Infantry.
Corporal, Machine Gun Company, 354th Infantry.
SHEPARD, BRADFORD, Private, Company D, 807th Pioneer Infantry.
BRADFORD, SHEPARD.
SHIELDS, JAMES R., Private, Company F, 255th Infantry.
SINGETARY, WALTER C., Private, Company F, 23d Infantry.
SINGLETARY.
SKALA, GEORGE W., Corporal, Company C, 341st Machine Gun Battalion.
Sergeant.
*SLUSSER, GLENN D., U. S. M. C.
SMITH, CARL B., Private, Company I, 167th Infantry.
*SMITH, CLARENCE E., U. S. M. C.
SMITH, FRED J., Private, Company D, 165th Infantry.
SMITH, JAMES J., September Replacement Draft.
SMITH, J. J., Private, Company 17, Camp Pike.

Concluded on page 105



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ITS pleasant odor is one of several gratifying features about Pyrene Safety Cleaner. Removes spots from clothes, gloves, slippers, etc., without injury to fabric or color.

NON-INFLAMMABLE
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Beautifully Curly, Wavy Hair Like "Nature's Own"

Try the new way—the Silmerine way—and you'll never again use the ruinous heated iron. The curliness will appear altogether natural.

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is applied at night with a clean tooth brush. Is neither sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At your Druggist's.



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MALVINA CREAM!

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Send for testimonials. Use **Malvina Lotion** and **Ichthyol Soap** with **Malvina Cream** to improve your complexion.

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If your complexion is naturally rough, or lacks that exquisite texture so greatly to be desired, give it a few touches of

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White, Pink, Flesh, Cream, and the New CARMEN-BRUNETTE Shade.

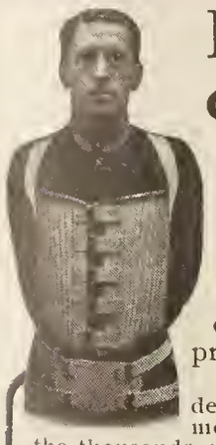
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The 30,000 cases successfully treated in our experience of over seventeen years is absolute proof of this statement.

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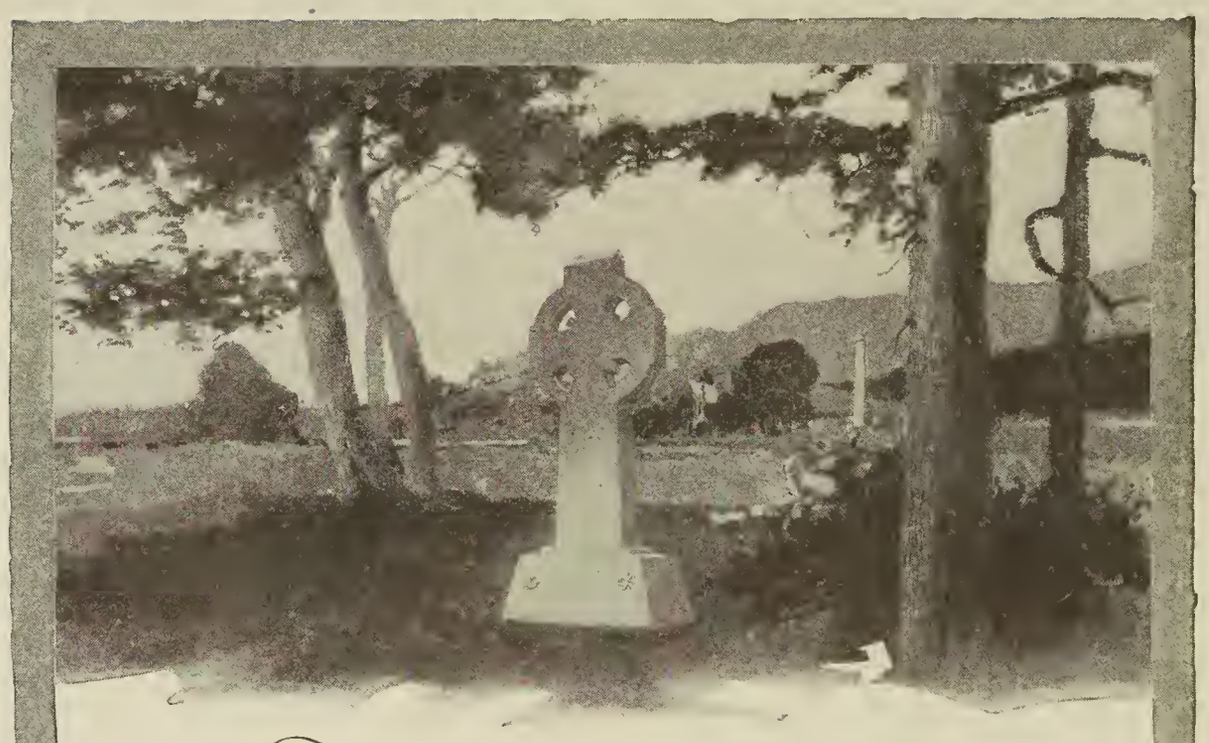
Concluded from page 104

THEY WHO DIED FOR LIBERTY HERE

*SMITH, OREL A., U. S. M. C.
SOBRERO, LOUIS W., Private, Company B, 167th Infantry.
SOKUL, PAUL, Private, Company H, 326th Infantry.
*SOKOSKY, JOHN, U. S. M. C.
SOWELL, VERNON L., Private, 1st Class, Company G, 361st Infantry.
HOWELL.
SPAMINATO, MICHAEL, Private, Company B, 9th Infantry.
STATON, EUGENE B., Private, Company K, 165th Infantry.
*STENGEL, FRANK J., U. S. M. C.
STENSON, FREDERICK, Sergeant, Company A, 165th Infantry.
STENHOVD, SIMON B., Private, Company K, 23d Infantry.
STINCHOMB, PAUL, Private, Company B, 121st Infantry.
*STINE, FAY E., U. S. M. C.
STOCKTON, FRANK R., Private, Company E, 167th Infantry.
STOKY, TOM, Private, Company I, 165th Infantry.
STRAVINSKI, TONY, Private, Company C, 164th Infantry.
STRAVIKSKI.
STUART, GEORGE, Private, Company K, 166th Infantry.
SUGARDY, EDDIE M., Private, Company A, 327th Infantry.
SUGAREK.
SULLIVAN, JOHN L., Private, Company K, 165th Infantry.
SZEWEZYKOWSKI, STANISLAW, Private, 1st Class, Company H, 319th Infantry.
SZYLOBRIT, ALEXANDER S., Private, Machine Gun Company, 453d Infantry.
TAYLOR, T. C., Private, Company C, 23d Infantry.
THOMAS.
*TEEMAN, VERNON L., U. S. M. C.
TENNIS, FRED N., Private, Company H, 354th Infantry.
THATCHER, JOS. E., Corporal, Company L, 167th Infantry.
THACKER, JOSEPH E.
THAYER, EARL A., Company I, 165th Infantry.
THOMPSON, FRED A., Private, Company A, 342d Machine Gun Battalion.
THOMPSON, ROBERT E., Sergeant, Company F, 167th Infantry.
TIBUS, W. M.
TOOTHMAN, FRANK, Private, Company F, 167th Infantry.
WILLIAM.
TULLA, L., Private, 1st Class, Company L, 165th Infantry.
TULLY, LEO S.
*TURNBOW, ARMON, U. S. M. C.
VALLEE, NAPOLEON A., Private, Company I, 302d Infantry.
VANBERGE, FREDERICK C., Private, Company A, 354th Infantry.
BUBERGE, FREDERICK CHAS.
VANDERMAI, JOHN, Corporal, Company C, 23d Infantry.
VANDERMALLIE.
*VOLELZOW, ELMER F., U. S. M. C.
VOS, MARTIN, Private, Company H, 23d Infantry.
WALSH, MICHAEL J., Captain, Company I, 165th Infantry.
WALSH, WILLIAM J., Private, Company F, 307th Amn. Trn.
WAN, C. S. V., Private, 1st Class.
SWAN, GLENN V., Private, 1st Class, Company E, 2d Engineers.
WATTS, RAY, Private, Company L, 166th Infantry.
*WEIR, JOHN W., U. S. M. C.
*WELCH, CLARENCE, U. S. M. C.
*WHITE, CHARLES E., U. S. M. C.
WILKENING, EDWARD C., Private, Company L, 320th Infantry.
WILLIAMS, DON S., Private, Company I, 167th Infantry.
WILLIAMS, EDWARD L., Private, Company H, 167th Infantry.
WILLIAMS, HARRLEY L., Private, Company G, 166th Infantry.
HARLEY D.
WILLIAM, LOUIS R., Private, Headquarters Company, 167th Infantry.
WILLIAMS, LOUIE R.
WILLIAMS, PET, Private, Company F, 2d Engineers.
PETO.
WILLIAMS, RUFUS M., Private, Company L, 167th Infantry.
WILLIS, BENJAMIN, Private, 1st Class, Company K, 9th Infantry.
WILSON, FLEN R., Corporal, Company E, 353d Infantry.
WINTERS, THOMAS, Corporal, Company B, 165th Infantry.
WISOWATCHY, JOHN, Private. Can not identify.
WOJTKOWIAK, JOHN, Private, Company E, 305th Engineers.
WOLLNER, PETER G., Private, Company D, 165th Infantry.
WOODWORTH, ROBERT, Company C, 348th Infantry.
Private, Company I, 165th Infantry.
*WORKMAN, JAMES S., U. S. M. C.
WOODLIEF, JOSEPH B., Private, Company F, 165th Infantry.
WRIGHT, JAMES C., Private, Company K, 165th Infantry.
*WYSS, ALFONS J., U. S. M. C.

IF YOU GO TO FRANCE

To those of our readers who may be contemplating a journey to France in search of the graves of their soldier dead over there, we offer a special service. In the confusion of travel these days, you are likely to experience discouraging delays on the other side unless you are equipped with all possible information before you start. Let THE DELINEATOR therefore remove some of the difficulties that may obstruct your way. You will need to know how far from Paris is the cemetery that you have come three thousand miles and more to seek. How long a time is required for the journey? At what station do you take the train and what are the railroad connections? Where is the nearest hotel at which you may find food and shelter? No less than thirty-seven thousand of our seventy-five thousand American boys who will not come back from France are laid at rest in the Argonne cemetery, adjoining Landres. But there are also several smaller cemeteries. Write us, designating the cemetery in which your boy is buried, and we will furnish you with all the available directions for reaching it. Address French Relief Editor, Butterick Building, New York, enclosing stamped envelope for reply.



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Concluded from page 22

IS YOUR PRESIDENT HERE?

he suffered a terrible bereavement. His wife and three daughters lost their lives in a firo which swept the Presidio.

In March, 1916, he was sent into Mexico in pursuit of Villa, and while in command of the American forces which participated in that expedition he was chosen to command the American Expeditionary Forces in the World War.

FRANK ORREN LOWDEN, Illinois's favorite son and her present governor, adds one more to the farm list. He was born fifty-nine years ago at Sunrise City, Minnesota. His youth was a hard-sledding period. He was graduated from the Iowa State University as valedictorian of the class of 1887.

A story is told of him that he walked into Chicago in a flannel shirt to begin the practise of law. Eight years afterward he married Florence, the daughter of George M. Pullman, the parlor-car magnate. In 1899 he taught law in Northwestern University. From that time on he became identified prominently with the national politics of his party. He is a regular of regulars, politically.

In 1900 he might have been first assistant to the postmaster-general, but he declined it. He was a delegate at the national conventions in 1900 and 1904, and a member of the Republican National Committee from 1904 to 1912.

In 1906 he was elected to Congress to complete an unexpired term, and reelected in 1907 and 1909. In 1916 he pulled Illinois back into the Republican column, carrying the State for governor by a majority of 139,831. His administration of that office has been marked by economy and a general application of efficient business methods.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, the thrice-defeated candidate of the Democratic party, who is standing forth agaiu for the nomination, was sixty years old in March last. We think that Bryan was a farmer's boy, but we would not insist upon it because beyond any doubt he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and in the sixties real farmers could afford nothing better than pewter.

It seems idle to attempt even the smallest sketch of Mr. Bryan, because of his numerous activities. He has never been off the national political stage since he stepped down to the footlights twenty-four years ago and delivered himself of his "Cross of Gold" speech. It seems longer ago than twenty-four years that he did that, but it isn't. And now he believes that the man who is to succeed Wilson successfully must stand "among those who are first for the people and against Wall Street; secondly, for the home against the saloon; and thirdly, for woman suffrage."

Incidentally Mr. Bryan has held but two public offices in his long politieal career. He was a congressman from Nebraska from 1891 to 1895. The second office was that of Secretary of State, from which he resigned under circumstances not soon to be forgotten by this generation of Americans.

CALVIN COOLIDGE, the Governor of Massachusetts, denies that he was born on a farm. He tells one that he was born "in a store." The fact is that that store was located on a farm. With the exception of Herbert Hoover, he is the youngest potentiality among the leaders of the poll. Although he has been in public life practically since the day he graduated from Amherst College somc twenty-odd years ago, he is only in his forty-seventh year.

Twice governor of Massachusetts, thrice lieutenant-governor, twice president of her senate, eight years a member of her legislature, twice mayor of Northampton and twice eity attorney of that city, and never beaten for any office, is his record.

His brand of Americanism is Washington's and Lincoln's and Roosevelt's. He challenged thc attention of the United States, the attention of the world, last year, by his handling of the situation produced by the striking policemen's union in Boston. He then did what no other man in political life in this generation has dared to do. He refused to compromise with injustice and the lawless demand of an organized minority, and when the issue between him and the American Federation of Labor went to the polls the people of Massachusetts approved him.

ONE more farmer's boy and we draw near to the end of the list. Senator Warren G. Harding of Ohio, was born on a farm at Corsica in that State, November 2, 1865. Like Lowden, he had a hard time of it as a youngster. He got his three R's in a district school and after three years in Ohio Central College at Iberia, he quit to take up school-teaching and the study of law. He was only seventeen then. In turn he was a collector and an insurance agent. At nineteen he became a newspaper reporter. To-day he is a publisher in his home town of Marion.

He has served in the Ohio Senate and as lieutenant-governor of the State. He was defeated for governor in 1909 and in 1912 when the split in the Republican party occurred he attacked Roosevelt bitterly. In 1914 he was elected to the Senate by one hundred thousand. In 1916 he and the colonel buried the hatchet and Senator Harding remained one of his foremost and most loyal supporters to the end. Mrs. Harding was Miss Florence Kling, a daughter of a Marion County banker.

WE COME now to the President, the tenth on the list. As we write this it is not inconceivable that Mr. Wilson may stand for a third term, with his League of Nations as the issue. The President is sixty-four years old, having been born December 28, 1856, at Staunton, Virginia. The most that one dares write of him now is that he is the twenty-eighth President of the United States.

Who will be the twenty-ninth? Is he among the ten leaders of THE DELINEATOR'S poll?



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THE DELINEATOR

JUNE 1920



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SOULIÉ INDICATES THE COURSE OF THE SUMMER STYLES

The French Dressmakers Go Softly with the New Silhouette

IN EARLY June, Paris still belongs to the Parisiennes. After the last Chantilly races—the Journée des Drags and the Chantilly Derby—fashionable Paris departs for the country and the Normandy coast. But in early June it is very gay in La Ville Luminière, and Worth, Dœuillet, Chéruit, Agnès, Jeanne Lanvin, and the other Paris houses whose dresses Soulié has sketched for these pages, continue to create new costumes of the greatest elegance and distinction.

One notices that the French dressmakers evidently see no reason for lengthening their skirts or their sleeves, and that they are agreed on keeping the waistline low and large. Even Worth, the most conservative of the Paris houses, uses the short skirt for his formal evening gown. The wide waistline and the shortening and softening of the skirt by draperies, hip fulness, etc., creates an optical illusion of greater width in the new silhouette.

Paris has sustained its interest in Summer suits. Many of them are on tailored lines or have straight wrap-like coats. The blouses in most cases come over the skirt, sometimes ending in a sash and drapery at the hip, sometimes taking to a longer length. Among the latter is the new chemise blouse, very smart in its straight unbelted lines and round coolie neck.

JUNE BEGINS A GAY SUMMER FOR THE FASHIONABLE PARISIENNE

Costumes of French Elegance and Simplicity Sketched by Soulié

THIS month Soulié has sketched for THE DELINEATOR costumes designed by Worth, Dœuillet, Chéruit, Agnès, Jeanne Lanvin, Premet, Martial et Armand, Beer, Jenny and Madeleine et Madeleine. The great French dressmakers create dresses of two types. One is for members of the *couture* who turn to them for inspiration twice a year at their February and August openings. The others are for the French *femme du monde*, the woman whose elegance gives distinction to the fashionable life of Paris, Deauville and, in their season, Monte Carlo and Biarritz. It is costumes of the latter type that Soulié has sketched for THE DELINEATOR for June.



In a Summer suit Chérnit uses an easy wrap-like coat and strikes an Eastern note with a wide-waisted sash and Oriental hem. The material is especially interesting—white muslin printed with double quadrille lines of dark blue. The bodice is pink pongee and pongee lines the coat and sash



Such a dress as the Parisienne would choose for the last Chantilly races or for the later réunions at Deauville is designed by Mme. Havet of the house of Agnés. It is made of banana colored satin under black lace with blue and silver lamé in the underbodice and sash



Typical of the quiet elegance that is peculiar to Doeuillet is a dress of black "veil" lace over apple-green taffeta. The coatee is of black taffeta embroidered in apple blossoms and both the jacket and dress are trimmed with rose and green Croix de Guerre ribbon

Jeanne Lanvin throws sleeves to the winds and substitutes a hip-line for a waistline in Summer called "La Dame de Montsoreau." The new width of the skirt is placed in stand-out wing plaits at the sides. Lanvin has used navy taffeta with corded bands stitched with gold

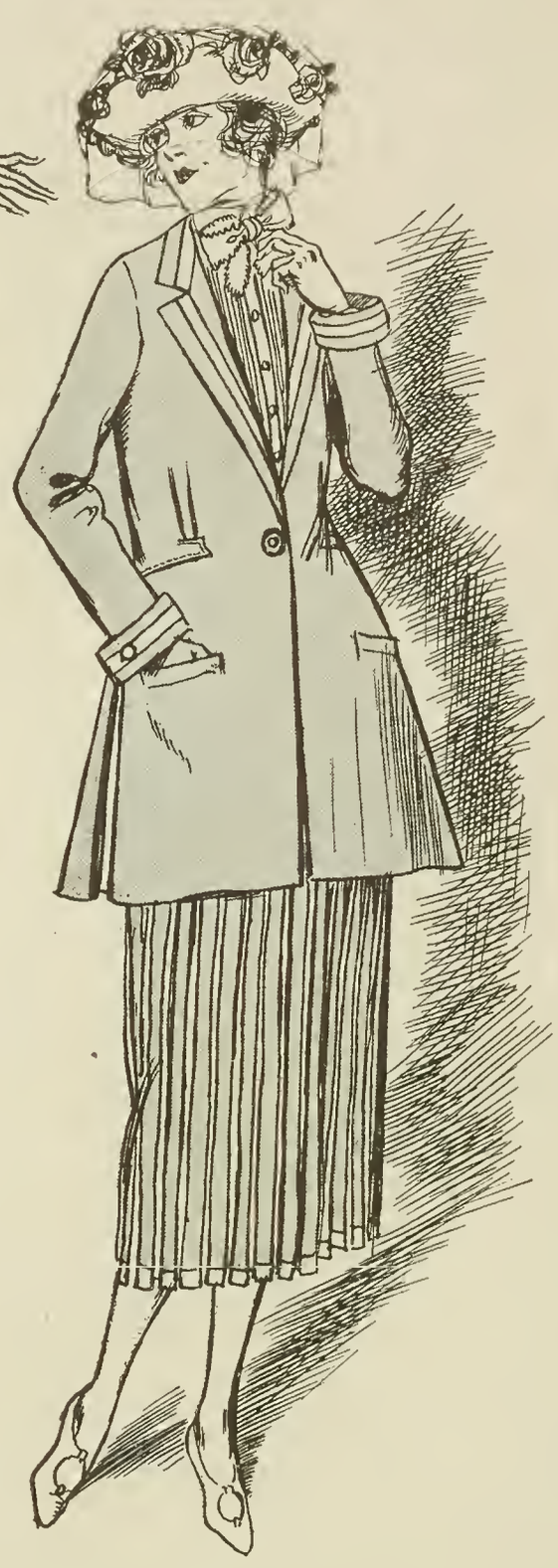


In many of the new suits one sees a suggestion of a waistline, emphasized by the flare of the lower part of the coat. Madelaine et Madelaine keep to the short and narrow skirt for their costumes

The short sleeve, the short skirt and the overdress of a Jenny gown follow the trend of the Summer styles



It may not be the latest love, but Paris accords no deeper affection to any silhouette than to the straight line of the chemise dress. Martial et Armand have used braid and embroidery in black on white organdy fringed with monkey fur



In Premet's skilful hands the tailor-made suit becomes a thing of elegance and sophisticated charm. The long collar, the one-button closing and the narrow plaited skirt are very smart



Beer widens the waist with a great sash and spreads a lace-trimmed tunic above the narrow lines of the plaited hem

DIFFERENT WAYS OF MAKING A BLOUSE AND FRILLING THE SIMPLE DRESS



Blouse 2434
Embroidery
design
10778



Blouse 2415



Blouse 2401
Embroidery
design 10809



Blouse 2426



Blouse 2407
Embroidery
design 10820

2434—Drapery affects the bib-line in a new version of the fashionable blouse that is worn outside of the skirt. It is cut in kimono style and slips over the head. It is the simplest type of blouse to make and takes little material. Tricolette, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, crêpe meteor, foulard, silk voile or cotton voile, batiste and handkerchief linen can be used.

36 bust requires 1⅛ yard tricolette 36 inches wide. Embroidery design 10778 is used.

This blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2415—The wide collar which is caught in a knot and finishes in a tie is a new and very pretty idea for the soft Summer blouse of batiste. The back comes over the shoulder and has the front gathered to it, and the shoulder yoke may be used or not as you choose. This blouse could also be made in cotton voile, dimity, crêpe de Chine, Georgette or washable silks.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards batiste 36 inches wide, ⅜ yard contrasting batiste 36 inches wide for folds to trim.

This blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2426—Two points on Fashion's score is the record of a blouse that is cut in surplice style and draped about the waist. It is worn outside of the skirt in the new way and has the back just coming to the waistline. Crêpo meteor, crêpe de Chine, silk voile, silk crêpe, tricolette, satin, taffeta, cotton voile, batiste, or handkerchief linen could be used.

36 bust requires 1⅞ yard taffeta 36 inches wide including a sash, ⅜ yard contrasting silk 36 inches wide.

This blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2401—The longer type of overblouse is very good-looking made with a vestee which extends below the belt and a full-length collar in contrast. If the bloused-over effect at the waistline is desired an elastic is run through the casing. Use Georgette, silk voile, crêpe de Chine, tricolette, crêpe meteor, satin, foulard, sports silk. batiste, cotton voile, dimity or handkerchief linen.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard Georgette 40 inches wide, ¾ yard contrasting Georgette 40 inches wide including a sash. Embroidery design 10809 is used.

This blouse is for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

2407—With the suggestion of the Chinese in its straight lines and effective embroidery a new note is sounded among overblouse styles for the woman and young girl. It slips over the head and closes on the shoulder. Novelty silks are good or crêpe de Chine, Georgette. silk voile, taffeta and tricolette could be embroidered or braided. Foulard, cotton voile, batiste, handkerchief linen, linen, cotton poplin and chambray could also be used.

36 bust requires 1⅞ yard sports silk 36 inches wide. 2⅜ yards silk fringe. Embroidery design 10820 is used.

This blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

2412—Narrow tucks and a round collar in double effect emphasize the dainty sheerness of a Georgette frock. The waist closes on the left shoulder and beneath the arm and the skirt is straight. The neck is cut slightly low at the back and the blouse body lining has the camisole top. Use silk voile, crêpe de Chine, soft taffeta, net, cotton voile, organdy, batiste or plain swiss.

36 bust requires 5½ yards Georgette 40 inches wide including sash, ⅜ yard contrasting Georgette 40 inches wide. Embroidery design 10817 is used. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

2404—For warm days there is a fresh-looking dotted swiss with wide tucks in the straight skirt and a long collar and vestee of cool organdy. The blouse body lining can be cut like a camisole. Use cotton voile, cotton crêpe, batiste, lawn, dimity, swiss, organdy, Georgette, crêpe de Chine, foulard, tub silks, taffeta or messaline.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards dotted swiss 36 inches wide, 1⅛ yard organdy 40 inches wide including plaitings and a sash. Lower edge measures 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

2408—A Summer organdy is completely surrounded and captured by rows of narrow ruffles. The quaint fichu ends in a sash and the neck is cut a little low at the back. The skirt is straight and the blouse body lining can be made in camisole style. Use organdy, swiss, net, batiste, handkerchief linen, cotton voile, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile or soft taffeta.

36 bust requires 5⅜ yards organdy 40 inches wide, 1⅝ yard dotted swiss 36 inches wide for collar and sash end. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2378—The French way of trimming the hip is carried out in wide organdy plaitings on a one-piece dress of cotton voile. It slips over the head and has a blouse body lining. Both women and young girls make it of crêpe de Chine, foulard. taffeta, Georgette, silk voile, satin, crêpe meteor, pongee, linen. cotton poplin, etc., or of tricotine, etc., alone or with taffeta plaitings. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

36 bust requires 3 yards cotton voile 40 inches wide for front, back and sleeves, 1½ yard organdy 40 inches wide including sash.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

2383—2336—Four apron tunics, in petal effect, worn over a straight drop skirt are combined with a surplice kimono waist draped over a blouse body lining. Use cotton crêpe, etc. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

36 bust, 38 hip require 5⅛ yards cotton voile 40 inches wide, ⅝ yard contrasting color 40 inches wide for vestee and frill, ⅝ yard net 40 inches wide for frills to trim, 1⅜ yard material 32 inches wide for upper part of skirt.

This waist, 2383, is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; skirt, 2336, is for ladies 35 to 45 hip.

2371—Fluffy yet delightfully simple is the Parisienne's idea of a successful Summer frock for a woman or young girl, so she selects a one-piece model of cotton voile and adds many small ruffles at each side. The closing comes on the left shoulder and beneath the arm, and the sleeves are sewed into the blouse body lining. You can use taffeta, satin or radium; or without the ruffles linen. cotton. poplin, repp, gingham or chambray. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards cotton voile 40 inches wide including ruffles.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust, also for misses.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 128.

Dress 2412
Embroidery
design 10817

Dress 2404

Dress 2408

Dress 2378

Waist 2383
Skirt 2336
Embroidery
design 10812

Dress 2371

Other views of these garments are shown on page 128



Other views of these garments are shown on page 128

THE WARMER SEASON CALLS FOR A VARIETY OF FROCKS

A CHINESE BLOUSE AMONG THE NEWEST STYLES



Dress 2417
Beading design 10819

2417—A Chinese blouse is cut in jumper fashion and worn over an underbody that has the straight skirt joined to it. The drawn-in effect achieved by the plaits at the lower part is new. Use Georgette, silk voile, etc., with satin, etc., or plain silk or crêpe meteor with foulard, plaid, etc., or plain cotton voile with figured cotton voile, etc.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards Georgette 40 inches wide, 2⅛ yards charmeuse 40 inches wide for skirt. Beading design 10819 is used. Lower edge when falling free 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Dress 2368
Embroidery design 10812

2368—Divided in an unusual way into an upper and lower part are both the kimono waist and straight skirt. The camisole top is offered with the blouse body lining. Use satin, taffeta or charmeuse with crêpe de Chine, or foulard with plain silk, Georgette, etc., or taffeta with Georgette, etc., plain with figured voile, or white with colored cotton.

36 bust requires 3½ yards cotton voile 40 inches wide, 2⅛ yards ribbon. Embroidery design 10812 is used for the flower motifs. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Dress 2419

2419—Loop drapery is one of the French ways of emphasizing the hip. The kimono waist is draped and it closes at the back. The blouse body lining can be cut in camisole style and the skirt is straight. Use taffeta, crêpe meteor, foulard, crêpe de Chine, cotton voile, batiste or cotton crêpe, or combine foulard, plaid, stripes, etc., with a plain color.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards taffeta 40 inches wide including material for ruching. Lower edge of skirt 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Dress 2366

2366—The stripes run in contrast in a frock with a hip-draped tunic and a waist that has the back extended over the shoulders with the front gathered to it. Both tunic and drop skirt have straight lower edges. Use taffeta, foulard, satin, radium, cotton voile, batiste, organdy, etc.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards striped cotton voile 40 inches wide, ⅞ yard organdy 40 inches wide including a sash, 1⅝ yard material 32 inches wide for upper part of skirt. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

2376—A smart redingote frock in contrasting linen is made with the short kimono sleeve and a slip cut in two pieces. A blouse body lining in camisole effect is offered. Use cotton poplin, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, or satin, taffeta, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, tricolette and foulard, or silk crêpe over satin.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards linen 36 inches wide, 2⅞ yards linen 36 inches wide for slip front and lower part of back, collar, cuffs and belt, ⅝ yard material 27 inches wide for upper part of back. Lower edge of slip 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2362—2170—The soft blouse of tricolette, Georgette, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, etc., is worn with the straight accordion-plaited skirt of satin, taffeta, etc. An elastic run through a casing at the waistline gives the bloused effect.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2½ yards tricolette 36 inches wide, ⅜ yard contrasting tricolette 36 inches wide, 3½ yards satin 36 inches wide. Lower edge 2⅞ or 2¼ yards.

This blouse, 2362, is for ladies 32 to 46 bust; the skirt, 2170, is for ladies 35 to 42½ hip.

2402—The short bolero joins forces with embroidered long panels that appear at the front and back of a pongee dress. There is a blouse underbody made with the camisole line and the straight skirt is attached a little above the waistline at each side. Use foulard, taffeta, radium, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, linen, cotton poplin, repp, gingham or chambray.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards pongee 36 inches wide, 3½ yards ribbon. Embroidery design 10809 is used. Lower edge of skirt 2 yards.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

2410—Ready for the game at a moment's notice is the woman or young girl attired in the new sports costume. The short-sleeved blouse cut in kimono fashion slips over the head. The skirt is straight and there is a blouse body lining. Use sports silks, tricolette, satin, foulard, pongee or crêpe de Chine, or linen, gingham, etc. Lower edge of skirt 1¾ yard.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard sports silk 36 inches wide, 2⅝ yards contrasting-color sports silk 36 inches wide for collar, skirt and for cuffs (cut crosswise).

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust; also for misses.

2339—A refreshing Summer frock is made of checked organdy. The surplice cut of the waist discloses a becoming vestee, and a camisole top in the blouse body lining is offered. The back comes over the shoulders and has the front gathered to it and the tucked skirt is two-pieced. Crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, foulard, silk voile, cotton voile or cotton crêpe would be pretty.

36 bust requires 4 yards checked organdy 40 inches wide, ½ yard contrasting organdy 40 inches wide. Lower edge 2 yards.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 52 bust.

2406—A charming way to make a simple cotton voile is with a wide tucked skirt and a soft surplice waist that has the fulness in front gathered to the back just below the shoulders. The blouse body lining can have the camisole top and the skirt is straight. Use cotton voile, cotton crêpe, batiste, lawn, dimity, swiss, organdy, Georgette, crêpe de Chine, foulard, tub silk, taffeta or messaline.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards cotton voile 40 inches wide, ⅞ yard organdy 40 inches wide. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 128

NEW IDEAS FOR ATTRACTIVE COSTUMES

LIGHT SILKS AND FINE COTTONS ARE USED



Blouse 2455
Skirt 1668

2455—1668—With the suggestion of the smart apron line in its rounded front and back a soft blouse is made in slip-over kimono fashion. The shallow plaits of the skirt are in box-plait effect and the straight lower edge simplifies the construction. Tricolette, Georgette, silk voile, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, foulard, batiste, etc., are used for overblouses, while plaited skirts are made of sports silks, crêpe de Chine, satin, pongee, foulard, serge, gabardine, tricotine, plaids, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1½ yard figured Georgette 40 inches wide, ¼ yard taffeta 36 inches wide, 2½ yards taffeta 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This blouse, 2455, is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses; skirt, 1668, is for ladies 35 to 49½ hip.



Dress 2452
Embroidery design 10809

2452—A peplum appears below the youthful line of the bolero. The blouse body lining that comes with the vestee can have the camisole top and the skirt is straight. Taffeta, crêpe meteor, satin, foulard, etc., or Georgette, silk voile, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, etc., or serge can be used.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards sports silk 36 inches wide, 1⅞ yard ball fringe, 2 yards satin ribbon for sash. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.



Dress 2342

2342—A straight skirt and straight ruffles make short work of a Summer dress of organdy, etc. The bolero closes at the left shoulder and under the arm.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards voile 40 inches wide, ⅜ yard organdy 40 inches wide for neck and sleeve frills, 4 yards flowered ribbon to trim ruffles, 1⅜ yard ribbon 7 inches wide for girdle, 2¼ yards material 32 inches wide for skirt. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.



Dress 2421

2421—A charming dress can be made in half a dozen charming ways because the skirt and tunic are straight and are particularly good for the striped and plaid voiles and cotton materials. There is a blouse body lining which can be cut with the camisole top under batiste, cotton crêpe, dimity, etc. Gingham, chambray, linen and cotton poplin can be made with the side body and sleeves of batiste or cotton voile. Taffeta, foulard, crêpe meteor and crêpe de Chine can be combined with Georgette, etc.

36 bust requires 1 yard plain voile 40 inches wide for waist and collar, 4¼ yards striped voile 40 inches wide, 4 yards ribbon. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2414—An interesting tunic is combined with a bolero. There is an underbody and the skirt is cut straight so that flouncings, stripes, checks and plaids can be used. Cotton voile, batiste, cotton crêpe, swiss, Georgette, crêpe de Chine, silk voile and foulard are good materials for Summer.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards lace flouncing 17 inches wide for bolero and sleeves, 4 yards flouncing 28 inches wide for tunics and lower part of skirt, ¾ yard material 32 inches wide for upper part of skirt, ⅞ yard ribbon 5 inches wide for girdle. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2361—An unusual joining line in the skirt brings out the effectiveness of contrasting fabrics. The waist is cut in kimono fashion and has a daintily ruffled vestee and the skirt which is joined at the normal waistline is straight. The blouse body lining can have the camisole top. It is a pretty dress for stripes, plaids, checks, foulard, taffeta, radium, satin, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, gingham or chambray.

36 bust requires 2 yards dotted voile 40 inches wide for body and upper part of skirt, 1⅞ yard plain voile 40 inches wide including frills. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2424—A delightful way of making up the refreshing-looking tub silk for Summer is with the becoming tucked front. The straight skirt of this frock can be worn separate or joined to the shirt-waist just a little above the normal waistline. The wide tuck in the skirt is pretty and the long points on the collar are smart. Simple dresses like this one are made of crêpe de Chine, Georgette crêpe, silk voile, wash silks, satin, batiste, cotton voile, organdy, handkerchief linen or plain swiss. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

36 bust requires 4⅞ yards tub silk 36 inches wide including frills.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

2428—Loose, tucked panels fly from the hips on a distinctive model for Summer street wear. Both women and young girls like this type of dress, which slips on over the head. The use of the blouse body lining is a matter of choice. It can be made with the camisole line. It is a splendid style for the new silk or cotton cartridge cloth, linen, cotton gabardine, cotton poplin, gingham, chambray, pongee, taffeta, satin, or checks, tricotine, gabardine and soft twills.

36 bust requires 3½ yards checked silk 36 inches wide, 2 yards taffeta 36 inches wide, including a sash. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

2453—2170—A bolero waist crossed and closed in surplice fashion is worn with the straight accordion-plaited skirt. There is a blouse body lining that can be made in camisole effect and the skirt can be cut in two different widths. Taffeta, crêpe de Chine or Georgette could be used.

36 bust and 38 hip require 4⅝ yards taffeta 36 inches wide, ⅜ yard batiste 40 inches wide for vest, front and frills, 1¾ yard ribbon 6 inches wide, ⅜ yard silk fringe. Lower edge 2⅞ or 2¼ yards.

This waist, 2453, is for ladies 32 to 42 bust. The skirt, 2170, is for ladies 35 to 42½ hip.

2457—1055—One of the longer overblouses combined with a good-looking sports skirt makes a pretty costume for the warm day. It is cut in kimono fashion and slipped over the head. The skirt has six gores and an inverted plait at each seam. Blouses of Georgette, silk voile, crêpe de Chine, cotton voile, etc., are worn with skirts of sports silks, crêpe de Chine, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1⅞ yard flowered Georgette 40 inches wide, 3½ yards sports silk 36 inches wide. Lower edge 2½ yards.

This blouse, 2457, is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses. The skirt, 1055 is for ladies 35 to 52 hip.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 128

Dress 2414

Dress 2361

Dress 2424

Dress 2428

Waist 2453
Skirt 2170

Blouse 2457
Skirt 1055

Other views of these garments are shown on page 128



Blouse 2456



Blouse 2450
Beading design 10824



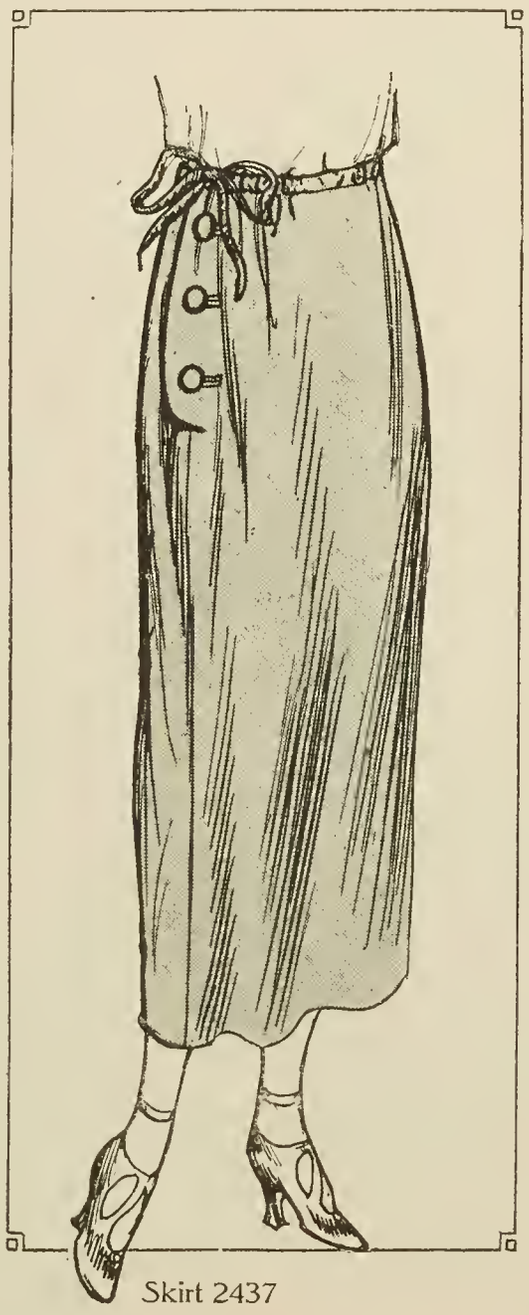
Coat 2432; skirt 2437

THE FRENCH SUIT AND JUMPER FROCK AND BLOUSES REQUIRING LITTLE MATERIAL

2437—From Paris there comes a tailored skirt that is decidedly new but very simple. It is cut in two pieces and drawn up on a cord at the normal waistline. The fulness is distributed in the French way, over each hip and there is a smart tab arrangement where it buttons at the side. The skirt could be attached to an inside belt at the slightly raised waistline. In this case the fulness could either be at the sides or across the back. This skirt could be made in tricolette, taffeta, foulard, crêpe de Chine, sports silk or pongee, or cartridge cloth, linen, cotton poplin or repp, or tricotine, gabardine, jersey cloth, serge or soft twills.

38 hip requires 2⅛ yards sports satin 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

This skirt is for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.



Skirt 2437



Blouse 2218; dress 2447
Embroidery design 10709

2456—The ways of making the new overblouse seem infinite. A new model particularly effective in figured tricolette takes very little material yet has the fashionable ease of line in its drapery. The blouse is two pieced. It is cut in kimono style and is very easy to make. The closing comes on the shoulders and underneath the arms. These simple blouses offer great opportunity for distinctive touches of embroidery. Use tricolette, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile, crêpe meteor or foulard. It is pretty in such materials as batiste, cotton voile, dimity or handkerchief linen.

36 bust requires 1¼ yard figured tricolette 36 inches wide, 1⅝ yard feather fringe.

This blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2432—2437—The Parisienne thinks her lining interesting so she contrives a new way of turning back her suit coat and showing it. The waistline is placed a little above the normal and there is a very smart surplice line shown when the coat is worn closed. The plait at each side gives ease of line to the lower part. The French skirt described above is worn with this coat. The suit is made of taffeta, faille, charmeuse, crêpe de Chine, satin, pongee, gabardine, tricotine, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 5 yards satin 36 inches wide, ¾ yard figured foulard 27 inches wide for collar and to underface coat. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

This coat, 2432, is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, the skirt 2437 is for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

2450—There is practically nothing—but smartness—to this version of the fashionable blouse. The suggestion of drapery gives the soft line. It is made in kimono style and slips over the head. With the exception of the belt which can be of ribbon it can be cut from 1 yard of material 36 inches wide. Tricolette, Georgette crêpe, silk voile, crêpe de Chine, foulard, soft satin, crêpe meteor, cotton voile, batiste, cotton crêpe, handkerchief linen and cotton marquisette make pretty blouses.

36 bust requires 1 yard Georgette 40 inches wide, 2⅞ yards gros-grain ribbon 2 inches wide for bands. Beading design 10824 is used.

This blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2218—2447—The jumper style allows one to indulge her taste in the variety of new blouses and still have the effect of a frock. It is made in one piece with a straight lower edge and slips over the head. The blouse worn with it also slips over the head and fastens on the shoulders. Women and young girls make this frock of tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, checks, plaids, taffeta, satin, foulard, pongee, linen, etc., and wear them with blouses of silk crêpe, batiste, dimity, etc.

36 bust for blouse and jumper dress requires 1¾ yard handkerchief linen 36 inches wide, 3⅛ yards linen 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This blouse, 2218, is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the dress, 2447, is for ladies 32 to 42 bust, also for misses.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 128



Coat 2459



Cape-Wrap 2461
Bag 10810



Cape Coat 2463
Embroidery design 10813

EASE OF LINE IN WRAP AND FROCK



Dress 2462

2459—For sports wear, motoring or traveling there is a good-looking coat, belted in front and rippling in cape effect at the back. It is smart made up in velours, polo cloth, camel's-hair coating, gabardine, tricotine, serge, mixtures, tweeds or checks. The shawl collar is adjustable and the coat itself could be cut in a shorter length.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards novelty coating 54 inches wide.

This coat is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

2461—Delightful for wear over soft Summer silks or the finely frilled cottons is the new wrap made with a deep yoke at the back and a large draped collar. Both women and young girls like the easy way it slips on. Use satin, taffeta, tricolette, tricotine, serge, gabardine, duvetyn or silk duvetyn.

36 bust requires 4⅞ yards charmeuse 40 inches wide.

This cape-wrap is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

2463—For one who is undecided as to whether it will be the cape or the coat there is the fashionable cape coat. The simple belted line of the front is smart, while the ease and ripple of the back makes an effective wrap. Both women and young girls use satin, taffeta, tricolette, silk duvetyn, tricotine, gabardine, serge and duvetyn.

36 bust requires 4⅝ yards tricolette 36 inches wide.

This cape coat is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2462—Side tunics and a graceful new sleeve are used in Georgette, silk voile, net or tulle on a one-piece slip-over kimono frock of taffeta, foulard or crêpe meteor. The camisole line is offered for the blouse body lining.

36 bust requires 3 yards figured cotton voile 40 inches wide for dress, 1½ yard plain cotton voile 40 inches wide for sleeves and tunic. ¼ yard material 36 inches wide for sash. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.

2460—A charming bib collar extends to the new, slightly low waistline, in a Summer frock. The tunic is over a straight skirt. Use Georgette, silk voile or organdy, cotton voile, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards taffeta 36 inches wide, 1 yard Georgette 40 inches wide for collar (cut on a cross-wise fold) and for puff sleeves and plaitings, 1½ yard material 32 inches wide for upper part of skirt. Lower edge 1½ yard.

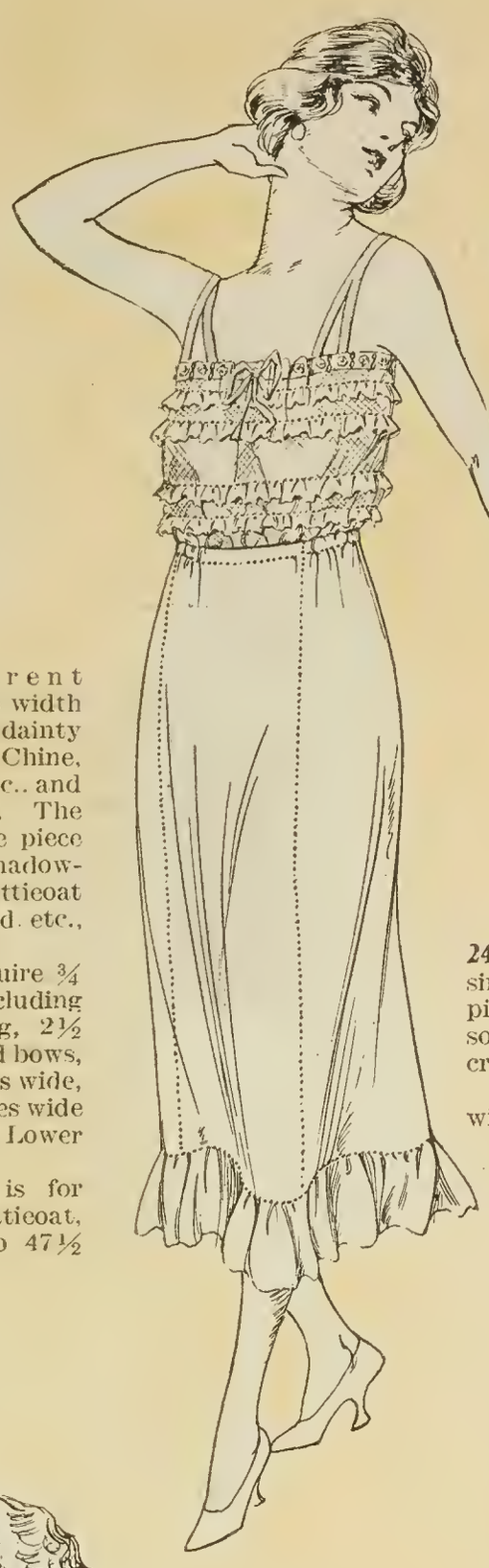
This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Dress 2460
Embroidery design 10824

Other views of these garments are shown on page 128

SUMMER MAKES ITS OWN DEMANDS FOR LINGERIE AND APRONS



1452—2294—Transparent blouses and the moderate width of the new dresses mean dainty camisoles of crêpe de Chine, Georgette, etc., batiste, etc., and fairly narrow petticoats. The straight petticoat is in one piece and is arranged for shadow-proof panels. For the petticoat use satin, wash silk, foulard, etc., nainsook, batiste, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require ¾ yard net 40 inches wide including ruffles, 1¼ yard beading, 2½ yards ribbon for straps and bows, 2⅛ yards batiste 36 inches wide, 1⅛ yard material 27 inches wide for shadow-proof panels. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

This camisole, 1452, is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; petticoat, 2294, is for ladies 35 to 47½ inches hip.

Camisole 1452
Petticoat 2294



Nightgown 2430 Embroidery design 10732

2430—An attractive piece of lingerie but of the simple type is a kimono nightgown cut in one piece. It slips over the head and is made of nainsook, batiste, long-cloth, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, dimity, mull, crêpe de Chine, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards batiste 36 inches wide, 2⅜ yards edging.

This nightgown is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



2352—For wear under the thin Summer costume there is a lovely combination trimmed, in the French way, at the sides. The camisole has the pretty surplice line and the petticoat is straight. It can also be cut low to wear with the backless evening gowns. Folds and such things are pretty for side trimming. Crêpe de Chine, Georgette, wash silks, wash satins, batiste, nainsook, long-cloth, cotton voile and handkerchief linen can be used.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide, 5¼ yards edging 2½ inches wide for ruffles, 3⅛ yards narrow edging to trim. Lower edge measures 1½ yard,

This combination is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Combination 2352



Apron 2433

2433—All work and no play is apt to be the inclination of the woman who makes her apron in the new pinafore style. The draped body and quaint, good-sized sash are very pretty and the large pockets are useful as well as decorative. Use prints, gingham, chambray or percale. This apron is unusual in cut and very becoming.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards English prints 36 inches wide.

This apron is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Dress 2443

2443—On a Summer morning one can divide her attention between porch and household duties when she selects a becoming house dress. Made in simple, one-piece kimono fashion it has a very smart vestee, long collar, cuffs and big pockets in contrast. Gingham, chambray, percale and madras could be used.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards figured percale 36 inches wide, ¾ yard plain percale 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This house dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.



Apron 2436

2436—The servant problem is creating a demand for smart aprons and house dresses in gingham, chambray, percale and prints for the lady of the house. A kimono apron is easily made, easily laundered and easily slipped over the head. It closes at the left side of the front panel.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards plaid gingham 32 inches wide, ¼ yard plain gingham 32 inches wide. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

This apron is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 128



Bathing-suit 2440

Bathing-suit 2438
Embroidery design 10458

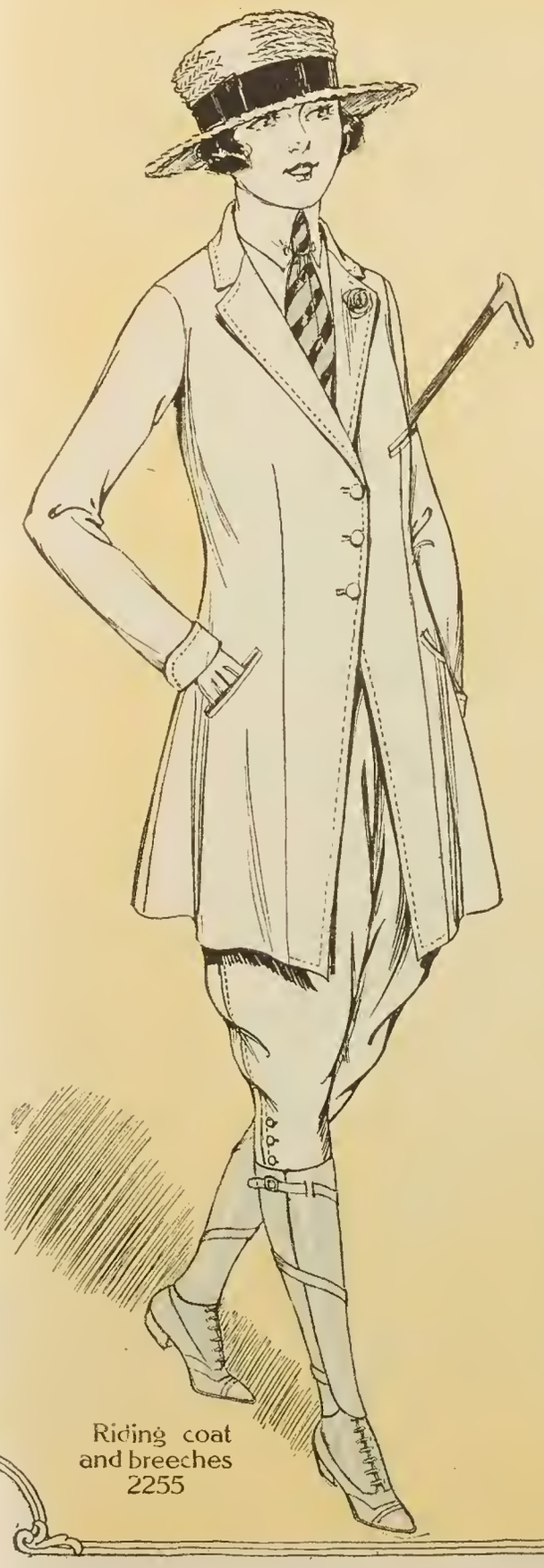
Bathing-suit 2445-A

Beach or bathing-suit 2442

Bathing-suit 2445-B
Embroidery design 10812

Bathing-suit 1718

THE SMART ATTIRE FOR SUMMER SPORTS



Riding coat and breeches 2255

2442—Umbrella-fold loops have a wet sound to them, but with such a delightful costume any woman or young girl is apt to content herself with the sun and admiration of the beach. The waist is prettily draped, and the skirt, also draped, is cut in one piece. The separate bloomers are made wide at the hip and close at the knee. The cap is becoming and keeps the sun out of the eyes. This beach suit can be made of taffeta, surf satin, foulard or surf velvet.

36 bust requires 5¼ yards satin 36 inches wide including cap, 5 yards ribbon for plaitings.

This bathing-suit is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.

2445-A—The slip-over blouse of a new suit has interesting slashes for the belt. The cap is becoming to both the young girl and the woman, and the separate bloomers appear below. It is smart, yet takes a small amount of material. Use surf satin, surf cloth, surf velvet, brilliantine, taffeta, silk or wool jersey cloth, foulard or tricolette.

32 bust or 15 to 16 years requires 3⅜ yards striped silk 40 inches wide, ⅜ yard contrasting silk, ½ yard material 36 inches wide for cap.

This bathing-suit is for misses 32 to 34 bust; also for ladies.

2438—For the swimmer there is an extremely simple but good-looking suit that has the blouse made in jumper style. The tights are in one piece and make a smart combination in a contrasting color. Both women and young girls use taffeta, surf satin, surf cloth, brilliantine, surf velvet or jersey cloth over silk or wool jersey tights.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards satin 36 inches wide, 3 yards contrasting satin 36 inches wide for tights including cap, bindings and a sash. Embroidery design 10458 is used.

This bathing-suit is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.

2255—For the vacation wardrobe that calls for the riding-costume there are breeches and coat in cross-saddle style. It is the type that can be worn by women, young girls and still younger girls. Drill linen, whip-cord and twills are good for Summer wear and wool mixtures, tweeds, Oxford cloth, black-and-white wool check, cravenetted khaki, covert cloth, etc., can be used for cool climates.

36 bust requires 5⅝ yards linen 36 inches wide.

This cross-saddle riding coat and breeches are for ladies 34 to 44 bust, for misses 14 to 18 years, and for girls 8 to 12 years.

2440—Ready for a long-distance contest is the suit made with a slip-over blouse and separate bloomer and cap. Both women and young girls like the top, which has the same lines as the evening bodice. This does away with the showing of uneven coloring when one tans. Use taffeta, surf satin, surf cloth, silk or wool jersey cloth, etc.

32 bust or 15 to 16 years requires 2⅞ yards taffeta 36 inches wide, ¾ yard contrasting taffeta 36 inches wide for cap and sash.

This bathing-suit is for misses 32 to 34 bust; also for ladies.

2445-B—Smart yet charmingly conservative in its lines is the bathing-suit made with a slip-over blouse. The cap is different, and the bloomers are separate. An elastic in a casing gives the bloused-over effect at the waistline. Use surf satin, surf cloth, surf velvet, brilliantine, taffeta, silk or wool jersey cloth, foulard or tricolette.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards tricolette 36 inches wide including cap, 1¾ yard narrow ribbon, 2½ yards wider ribbon for a sash. Embroidery design 10812 is used.

This bathing-suit is for ladies 32 to 46 bust; also for misses.

1718—Teasing an old crab is only one of the numerous things one finds to do when she has a pretty, new bathing-suit to play about the beach in. The blouse is made in the simplest of lines like any good swimmer's, and the bloomers can be made separate or attached to an underbody. Serge, brilliantine, flannel and satin can be used. The cap is new and very becoming. Braid trimming is a simple and smart way to finish a suit for a small girl.

8 years requires 1¼ yard wool jersey 54 inches wide, 15 yards of braid, ½ yard satin 36 inches wide for cap.

This bathing-suit is for girls and children 2 to 14 years.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 128



THE YOUNG GIRLS' VACATION WARDROBE

2398—2173—For sports wear the new coat is made in kimono fashion. It is worn with a straight plaited skirt in contrast. The skirt is gathered across the sides and back and has a plait each side of the front. Use velours, duvetyn, camel's-hair, blanket, serge, satin, etc., for the coat, and satin, gabardine, etc. or, taffeta, charmeuse, plaid and check silks for the skirt.

32 bust or 15 to 16 years for coat and 16 years for skirt require 1⅞ yard tricolette 36 inches wide, ¾ yard Angora 36 inches wide, 3⅛ yards sports satin 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

Coat, 2398, is for misses 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies. Skirt, 2173, is for misses 14 to 19 years.

2358—A colored linen is combined with embroidered white handkerchief linen in a smart frock. The front panel is cut in one with the straight lower part. The blouse body lining has the camisole top. Both young girls and women use cotton poplin, cotton gabardine, gingham and chambray alone or with batiste, etc. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

34 bust or 17 to 18 years requires 1⅜ yard handkerchief linen 36 inches wide for side front, back and sleeves, 1¾ yard linen 40 inches wide (a special quantity to save material with piecing at center back).

This dress is for misses 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies.

2371—Narrow ruffles reaching just below the hipline in a one-piece frock are charming for the young girl and the woman too. The sleeves are sewed into the blouse body lining and the closing comes on the left shoulder and underneath the arm. Use taffeta, satin, radium, linen, cotton poplin, repp, gingham or chambray.

34 bust or 17 to 18 years requires 3⅛ yards batiste 36 inches wide, ¾ yard extra batiste 36 inches wide for ruffles, 1⅜ yard beading, 2¾ yards velvet ribbon to run in beading, 3 yards velvet ribbon for a sash. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

This dress is for misses 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies.

2399—2343—"A ruffled frock beneath the new short cape," quotes Paris. The dress, made in kimono fashion, has a straight gathered skirt. Use organdy, swiss, cotton voile, batiste, lawn, taffeta, radium, etc., for the dress, and tricolette, satin, taffeta, moire or tricotine, etc., for the cape. The lower edge measures 1¾ yard.

32 bust or 15 to 16 years for cape and 17 years for dress require 2½ yards taffeta 40 inches wide and ⅛ yard contrasting taffeta 40 inches wide for belt; 4⅞ yards Georgette 40 inches wide.

This cape, 2399, is for misses 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies. The dress, 2343, is for misses 14 to 19 years.

2397—2351—All's well when an Eton ends in a new band effect. The dress beneath has the long body and a straight, gathered skirt attached. It closes on the side and has a blouse body lining with the camisole line. Use satin, taffeta, tricotine, gabardine, soft twills or serge. Lower edge measures 1¾ yard.

32 bust or 15 to 16 years for Eton and 16 years for dress require 4⅜ yards taffeta 36 inches wide, 1 yard contrasting taffeta 36 inches wide including a tie.

This Eton coat, 2397, is for misses 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies. The dress, 2351, is for misses 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies.

2420—Fashion plans soft frocks for the girl's Summer wardrobe. A most becoming one of printed Georgette has the contrasting vestee and a blouse body lining cut like a camisole. The straight skirt has wide tucks and is attached at the slightly raised waistline. It is pretty for the small woman too. Use cotton voile, gingham, chambray, linen, cotton crêpe, batiste, lawn, dimity, crêpe de Chine, tub silks etc. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

16 years requires 3¼ yards figured Georgette 40 inches wide, ⅞ yard plain Georgette 40 inches wide.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years, also for small women.

2411—A delightful style for Summer cottons or light silks is a simple new frock. The waist can have a blouse body lining cut in camisole style and the skirt is straight. It is becoming to the small woman too. Cotton voile, gingham, chambray, cotton crêpe, batiste, lawn and dimity are dainty, and crêpe de Chine, Georgette, tub silks, foulard satin or taffeta could be used.

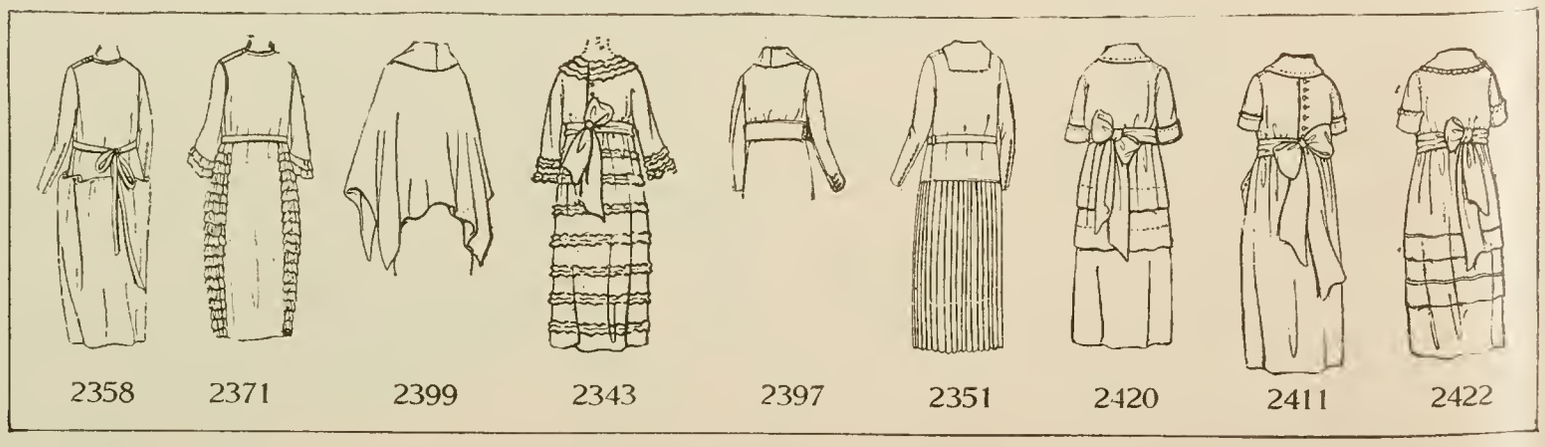
16 years requires 3 yards figured voile 40 inches wide, 1 yard plain voile 40 inches wide including a sash. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years, also for small women.

2422—An interesting effect in simplicity is achieved in a frock that has the becoming surplice-style collar and trimming bands that can be cut either straight or on the bias. The blouse body lining has the camisole top and the straight skirt is attached at the slightly raised line. Use cotton voile, gingham, chambray, linen, cotton crêpe, batiste, lawn, dimity, crêpe de Chine, etc.

17 years requires 4½ yards plaid gingham 32 inches wide, ¾ yard organdy 40 inches wide including frills. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years, also for small women.





Dress 2418

Dress 2354

Dress 2375

Dress 2337

Dress 2429

Dress 2449
Beading
design 10824

Dress 2331

Dress 2441

THE VOGUE OF FLUFFINESS AT ITS BEST

2375—Quaint in its charm is a ruffled dress for organdy, swiss, lawn, batiste, mull, net, point d'esprit, flouncing, Georgette, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, messaline or crêpe meteor. The ruffles are cut straight and gathered on. The blouse body lining can be made in camisole effect, and the skirt is straight and has a slightly raised waistline.

16 years requires 2¼ yards dotted net 40 inches wide for waist and skirt, 4⅝ yards lace flouncing 7 inches wide for neck and sleeve ruffles, 8⅜ yards lace flouncing 9 inches wide for skirt ruffles. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years.

2418—With a deep point front and back a tunic with straight lower edges is shortened on the sides in a way that emphasizes the hips. The waist has a vestee and the blouse body lining can be cut in camisole effect. Both young girls and small women use cotton voile, batiste, cotton crêpe, lawn, swiss, dimity, stripes, etc., or taffeta, foulard, crêpe de Chine, etc.

17 years requires 4⅛ yards figured voile 40 inches wide, 1½ yard organdy 40 inches wide for collar, vestee, cuffs, sash and bands to trim. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years, also for small women.

2337—For a young girl's dance frock there is a French, draped waist cut in one piece. The drop skirt beneath the straight tunic is joined at the Empire line, and small women as well as young girls like the cord distended hip. Use taffeta, satin, messaline, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine or radium alone or with tulle or lace, or use flowered silk with tulle.

17 years requires 3¼ yards taffeta 36 inches wide, 2 yards Georgette 40 inches wide for tunic, 5 yards ribbon. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years, also for small women.

2429—Dainty Summer cottons and the lighter silks are particularly pretty for a frock that has narrow tucks almost all the way up the straight skirt and a quaint fichu collar. The neck is cut a little lower than usual at the back and the sash ends are a continuation of the collar. A blouse body lining can be used and under the sheer materials it is prettiest cut with the camisole line. Organdy, swiss, net, lawn, batiste, cotton voile, mull, Georgette, crêpe de Chine and taffeta are suitable.

17 years requires 5¾ yards organdy 40 inches wide including frills. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years.

2354—One can have numerous delightful frocks for Summer if she selects simple styles like this tucked model. Made in one piece it has a soft band effect around the neck, the new slashes for the sash and a straight lower edge. The camisole line can be used for the blouse body lining. Use cotton voile, cotton crêpe, batiste, lawn, mull, swiss, organdy, Georgette, silk voile, crêpe de Chine, taffeta or crêpe meteor. It is becoming to women as well. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

32 bust or 15 to 16 years requires 5 yards dotted swiss 36 inches wide, ⅜ yard plain swiss 36 inches wide.

This dress is for misses 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies.

2331—Hip draperies are attached at each side of a frock made with a draped waist and straight skirt that is caught under in Oriental fashion to a straight foundation skirt. It closes on the left shoulder and beneath the arm and the blouse body lining can have the camisole top. Use taffeta, radium, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, foulard, tricolette, Georgette, silk voile, lace, cotton crêpe, voile or batiste. Lower edge when falling free 1⅝ yard.

17 years requires 3⅞ yards figured Georgette 40 inches wide, 3¼ yards ribbon to trim neck and sleeves, 1⅞ yard material 27 inches wide for foundation skirt.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years, also for small women.

2449—Tucks rise to the occasion and also to the yoke of a one-piece Summer frock. The abbreviated sleeve is cut in one with the yoke and there is a blouse body lining that can be made in camisole effect. The dress has a straight lower edge. Young girls and women, too, make dresses like this of Georgette, silk voile, marquisette, net, crêpe de Chine, soft taffeta, cotton voile, batiste, organdy or swiss.

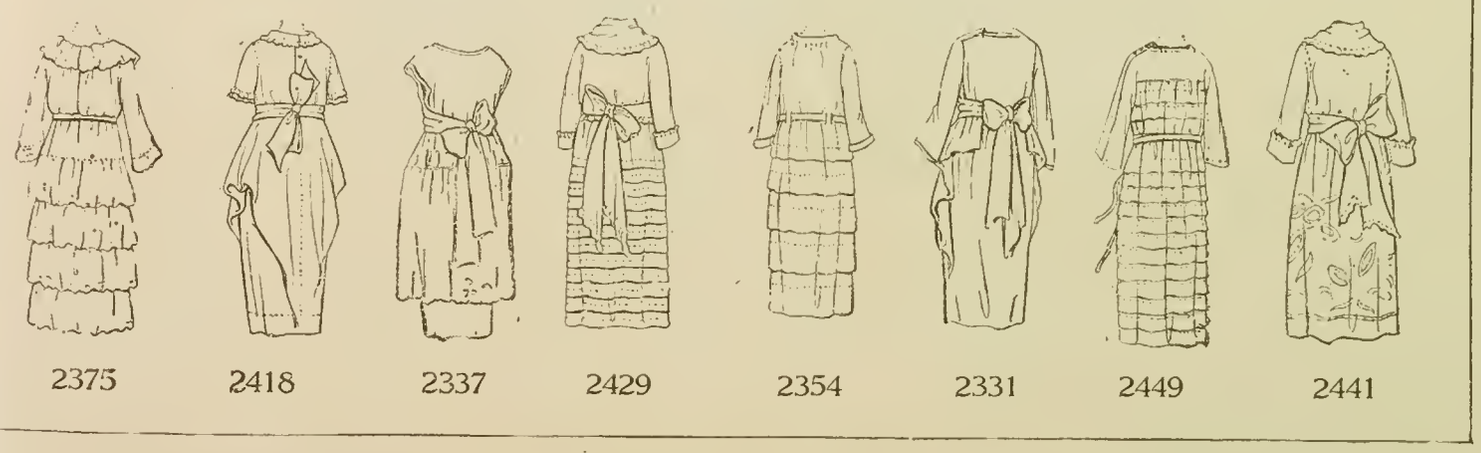
32 bust or 15 to 16 years requires 5½ yards Georgette 40 inches wide. Beading design 10824 is used. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

This dress is for misses 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies.

2441—Narrow plaiting used in scalloped effect makes an interesting trimming for a very simple dress. The broad, soft collar, which ties in front is new and the puff sleeve is very quaint. The skirt which has a slightly raised waistline is straight and the blouse body lining can have the camisole top. Net, Georgette, crêpe, crêpe de Chine, taffeta and foulard, or organdy, swiss, cotton voile, batiste, lawn, mull and dimity can be used. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

16 years requires 3⅞ yards net 40 inches wide including frills, 3¼ yards flowered satin ribbon.

This dress is for misses 14 to 19 years.



2375 2418 2337 2429 2354 2331 2449 2441

2454—There's much to be said on both sides is the opinion of the little girl who couldn't decide whether she would have a cape or coat. The cape-coat is the answer. The ripple back is pretty and the shawl collar becoming. The belt is not seen at the back. Faille, taffeta, satin, serge, polo cloth, camel's-hair cloth and gabardine can be used.

6 years requires 2½ yards taffeta 36 inches wide, ½ yard contrasting taffeta 36 inches wide.

This cape-coat is for girls 4 to 14 years.

2431—Plaits plus suspenders make a smart frock that allows for the frequent and convenient changing of blouses. The skirt is separate and cut straight. Use gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, linen or repp with a nainsook, lawn, batiste or swiss blouse, or serge, checks, or plaids with a pongee, crêpe de Chine, nainsook, lawn or batiste blouse.

10 years requires 1½ yard organdy 40 inches wide including frills, 2⅛ yards striped tub silk 32 inches wide.

This dress is for juniors and girls 4 to 15 years.

2448—In this game of "London Bridge," when it comes to a pond of gold or this smocked satin coat the ducks quack approval of the latter. This little coat is made with soft smocking or shirring just below the Empire line. Use taffeta, faille, crêpe de Chine or pongee or serge or broadcloth, and for the younger children cashmere and Henrietta.

4 years requires 1⅞ yard satin 36 inches wide, ½ yard Georgette 40 inches wide. Smocking design 10700 is used.

This coat is for little girls 1 to 10 years.

2427—One has a grown-up feeling of smartness when she can speak of her blouse-and-skirt costume. The straight, plaited skirt is detachable. Use a gingham, chambray, cotton poplin or linen skirt with lawn, nainsook, batiste, cotton voile or swiss blouse, or serge, cheek or plaid skirt with pongee, crêpe de Chine, China silk or any of the wash materials.

12 years requires 1⅛ yard batiste 36 inches wide, 2⅜ yards checked gingham 32 inches wide.

This dress is for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.



BLOUSE AND BLOOMER STYLES AND VARIED WRAPS

2451—Such a pretty frock and such a simple matter—no wonder she's light-hearted. This little dress is cut all in one piece. The clusters of tucks in front and back and the slashes for the sash are interesting. It is very easy to make, being cut in kimono fashion. Nainsook, batiste, lawn, mull, cotton voile, dimity, organdy, swiss, Georgette crêpe, crêpe de Chine and handkerchief linen are dainty. The outline of the little trimming piece at the neck is new.

4 years requires 1½ yard batiste 36 inches wide, 3½ yards insertion.

This dress is for children ½ to 5 years.

2377—Ready for anything is the feeling of the girl who has one of the new play frocks with the bloomers appearing below the skirt. The jumper style allows for the freshening change of blouses. The straight skirt is joined to the jumper and the blouse and bloomers are both made separate. Dresses of gingham, chambray, linen, cotton poplin, serge and checks have blouses of nainsook, lawn, batiste and dimity. Serge can have crêpe de Chine or pongee blouses also.

10 years requires 1½ yard lawn 36 inches wide for blouse, 3⅜ yards percale 36 inches wide.

This dress is for girls 4 to 10 years.

2458—Quite picturesque and quaint in costume yet decidedly up to the minute in her gardening duties is the little lady of the bloomer frock. It is made of linen and trimmed with blanket-stitch and bluebird motifs. The dress is an unusually simple one but can be made very effective with distinctive touches of embroidery and coloring. It is cut in kimono fashion and slips on over the head. The bloomers are made separate and show below the frock after the latest Oriental fashion. Gingham, chambray and cotton poplin, or serge, checks and plaids, can be made in this way. It is a splendid style for play wear.

8 years requires 2⅝ yards linen 36 inches wide. Embroidery design 10590 is used for the birds.

This dress is for little girls 2 to 10 years.

2446—Coats are few and far between in this Summer wardrobe, but those that appear are the last word in smartness. A sports model for a girl is made on the fashionable straight lines. It is belted, has a becoming collar, and the wide plait at the back can be in box style or inverted. Checks, camel's-hair coating, velours, serge, tricotine, gabardine, tweeds and shantung are the materials used for this style. The large pockets are good-looking and the collar can be in contrast and the belt of leather. This type of coat is very simple to make and unusually becoming to a girl. It is splendid for play or general wear.

10 years requires 1⅞ yard shepherd check 44 inches wide, ¼ yard flannel 36 inches wide.

This coat is for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.



2353—Ruffle it, tuck it and trim it with embroidery, and your daughter, after the casual fashion of the small girl, will consider it as eminently suited to the swing as her old brown gingham. With all its exquisite trimming it is an easy dress to make, for the waist is kimono, and the skirt is straight. Use batiste, swiss, lawn, organdy, net, Georgette, crêpe de Chine or taffeta. The normal waistline is new.

9 years requires 3⅛ yards mull 36 inches wide including frills.

This dress is for juniors and girls 4 to 15 years.

2367—The fact that one is still of the hipless age is no reason why one should not have the new, hip-knotted sashes on a brand-new 1920-model Summer dress. Tucks trim the bolero and the straight skirt which is sewed to an underbody. For a dress of this kind you can use batiste, net, cotton voile, lawn, mull, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, swiss or Georgette.

9 years requires 2⅜ yards organdy 40 inches wide, 1 yard edging, 3⅝ yards insertion.

This dress is for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.

2405—Almost a Kate Greenaway style in its charm and quaintness is a round-necked, be-ruffled dress with pink rose buds on a blue ribbon at the high Empire waistline. The skirt is straight so that you can make it of flouncing if you like. In organdy, swiss, cotton voile, batiste, lawn, net, Georgette, crêpe de Chine or China silk, it can be trimmed with insertion, ruffles, etc. The little puff sleeve is pretty.

11 years requires 3⅞ yards point d'esprit 36 inches wide.

This dress is for juniors and girls 4 to 15 years.

2409—This little frock will appeal to you because the tucks trim the straight skirt and the material—all-over embroidery—trims the jumper. The skirt is sewed to an underbody and the jumper is put on over the head. Use cotton voile, batiste, lawn, swiss, dimity, organdy, Georgette, crêpe de Chine, net and taffeta.

13 years requires 1⅛ yard all-over embroidery 40 inches wide for jumper, 2¼ yards batiste 36 inches wide, ¾ yard insertion.

This dress is for juniors and girls 4 to 15 years.



SMALL FOLKS

DELIGHT IN GAY SUMMERY FRILLS

2444—Straight edges make child's play of the bolero, peplum and skirt of a little dress that you could start and finish a day or two before commencement. There is almost no work to it at all in flouncing, and in net, Georgette, cotton voile, batiste, lawn, mull or taffeta the edges can be scalloped and trimmed with narrow lace. It is very pretty in a flowered fabric edged with a plain color.

12 years requires 2⅛ yards embroidered organdy flouncing 13 inches wide for bolero and sleeves, 1⅛ yard flouncing 11 inches wide for flounce, 2 yards flouncing 21 inches wide for the skirt, ⅝ yard material 36 inches wide for underbody, 3 yards ribbon 6½ inches wide for a sash.

This dress is for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.

2348—With a cluster of tucks on each shoulder and a deep flounce in the skirt embroidered batiste is fashioned into one of the prettiest lingerie frocks of the season. The straight skirt beneath the flounce is gathered. The quaint puff sleeve could be used and even with the flounce omitted the dress is dainty. Lawn, batiste, cotton voile, swiss, net, or crêpe de Chine, Georgette, flouncing and organdy are the best materials to use for a frock of this type. The ribbon sash makes a pretty finishing touch.

10 years requires 2⅞ yards batiste 36 inches wide including frills, 4¼ yards insertion, ⅝ yard edging to trim the neck. Embroidery design 10602 is used.

This dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

2360—Like Summer itself is the flowered organdy that has row after row of tiny plain organdy plaitings arranged in scalloped effect. The waist beneath the deep bertha-like collar is tucked and the straight skirt is gathered to it at the Empire line. One can use any number of things like gathers, frills, ruchings, ribbons and insertion for the scalloped trimming. Cotton voile, batiste, organdy, swiss, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, net and taffeta are the materials to use.

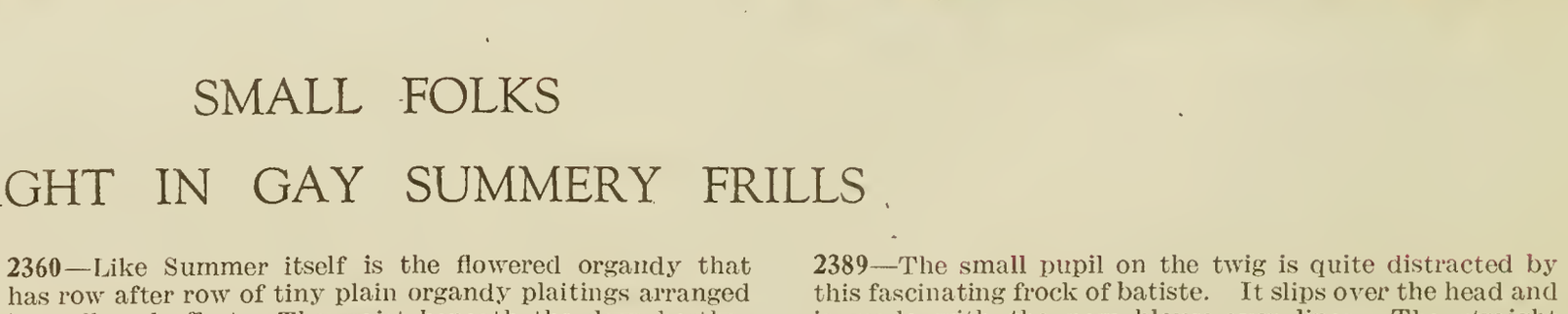
10 years requires 2¼ yards flowered organdy 40 inches wide, ⅞ yard plain organdy 40 inches wide for frills.

This dress is for girls and juniors 4 to 15 years.

2389—The small pupil on the twig is quite distracted by this fascinating frock of batiste. It slips over the head and is made with the new blouse-over lines. The straight skirt is joined to the blouse effect at the low waistline. If the dress is worn drawn down the body lining is not necessary, but it is used with the bloused effect. This dress would be very pretty made of batiste, lawn, cotton voile, dotted swiss, linen, gingham or chambray.

6 years requires 1¾ yard batiste 36 inches wide, ⅜ yard contrasting batiste 36 inches wide. Embroidery design 10812 is used.

This dress is for little girls 2 to 10 years.





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NEW FASHIONS—SOME DAINTY—OTHERS PRACTICAL

2435—A small girl is in the daisy-chain class of merit for the smartness of her play frock. The straight skirt is gathered to the body at the Empire line and the bloomers are separate. They take the place of petticoats. Gingham, chambray, linen, cotton poplin, lawn, dimity, serge, checks or plaids are the materials used for a dress like this. The dress can be trimmed in contrast.

4 years requires 2½ yards plaid gingham 32 inches wide, ¼ yard plain gingham 27 inches wide.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 10 years.

2423—Enter the feminine movement in small girls' clothes. The bloomer style is so becoming and gives the new Oriental hem. Fashion makes it up in the prettiest sort of a frock. It is in one piece and the lower part could fall free instead of being made like bloomers. Gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, linen, repp, cotton crêpe, seersucker, or serge, checks or plaids are good for play wear.

6 years requires 2 yards checked gingham 32 inches wide, ⅝ yard lawn 36 inches wide.

This dress is for little girls 2 to 10 years.

2439—A confirmed woman-hater is the slightly disturbed "peke" who refuses to smile at the small damsel in this adorable dotted-net frock. It is the ruffled style, so pretty for little girls, yet it is charming in its simplicity. The straight skirt is joined to the body at the Empire line. Cotton voile, organdy, swiss, net, batiste, lawn, dimity, crêpe de Chine, Georgette and taffeta are all dainty materials.

5 years requires 2⅛ yards dotted net 40 inches wide, 1⅝ yard ribbon ¾ inch wide for a sash.

The dress is for little girls 1 to 8 years.

2413—To make the most of vacation days the small girl must have the new bloomer dress. It has a simple Empire body with the smart short sleeve and most becoming collar. The fashionable stick-out effect is used at the hip. The skirt is straight and the lower part could be worn falling free. Chambray, gingham, cotton poplin, linen, serge and checks are used for this type of dress.

8 years requires 2 yards chambray 32 inches wide, ⅜ yard contrasting chambray 32 inches wide.

This dress is for girls 3 to 12 years.

2403—A new, dainty type of undergarment are the drawers, which are cut all in one piece. You step into them and the elastic in the casing holds them in place without the trouble of buttons or buttonholes. Both young girls and small women use crêpe de Chine, wash silk, wash satin, Georgette, nainsook, batiste, longcloth, cotton voile or cross-bar.

16 years requires 1⅜ yard batiste 32 inches wide, 2 yards insertion, 2⅞ yards edging. Bottom of each leg 28½ inches.

These drawers are for misses 14 to 19 years, also for small women.





CONSIDERED SMART FROM A MAN'S POINT OF VIEW

2234—He aims high both in selecting his posies and in fashion matters. The little suit he wears is one of the styles that is quaint and picturesque for the very small boy. The straight trousers are simple to make. Use linen, madras, gabardine, chambray, cotton poplin, drill, serge, gabardine or piqué, or combine poplin with serge trousers, crêpe de Chine blouses with shantung or silk poplin trousers, or dimity blouses with poplin or linen trousers. Suits made in contrasting effect are good-looking for the little boy.

4 years requires ⅞ yard linen 36 inches wide, ⅜ yard batiste 36 inches wide for frills, ¾ yard colored linen 36 inches wide for trousers.

This suit is for little boys 2 to 5 years.

2425—Now that Summer is at hand, the boys and men of the family call for the simple negligée or outing shirt. These can be made very easily and inexpensively at home. A good-looking model can be made with either the coat or the regulation closing and a permanent collar or a neckband. The cuffs can be attached in regulation or French style or the sleeve can be finished with wristbands. The soft fulness that comes at the back of this shirt is good for silk or thin materials. Madras, percale, cotton shirting, China silk or silk shirting are the materials used.

15½ neck requires 3⅛ yards pongee 36 inches wide.

This shirt is for men and boys 11 to 18½ neck measure.

2416—Even the very determined dog is rather loath to move from the vicinity of this good-looking new suit. The short jacket worn over a contrasting blouse allows for the frequent and often necessary changing of blouses. The straight trousers are joined to an underbody. Serge trousers could be used with a madras, lawn or pongee blouse; or cotton poplin, linen, piqué, pongee, galatea, repp and pongee trousers with lawn, dimity or batiste blouses; or silk poplin trousers with a crêpe de Chine blouse. The narrow frills trim the blouse smartly.

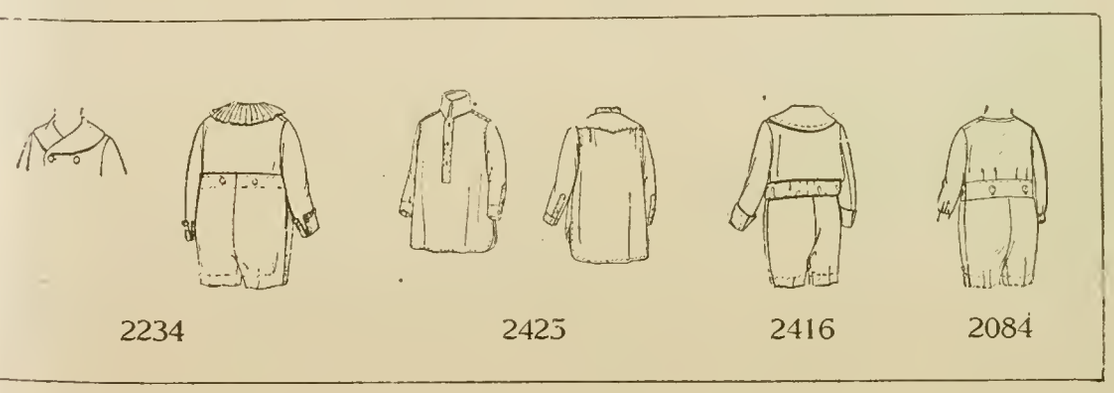
5 years requires 1½ yard batiste 36 inches wide for blouse including frills, 1½ yard cotton poplin 36 inches wide.

This suit is for little boys 2 to 6 years.

2084—Good-looking clothes make for assurance in character, so no doubt the dog will lose out in this case. This suit is made with a waist that slips over the head and can have a yoke facing in front. The trousers are straight and a simple matter to make. Contrasts are very smart for the small boy and this suit can have a chambray, madras, linen, poplin, galatea, repp or dimity blouse with serge, gabardine, corduroy, linen or drill trousers. The suit could be made of repp, chambray, poplin, piqué, drill or khaki alone. The short sleeves are new and comfortable.

3 years requires 1⅛ yard madras 32 inches wide, ⅞ yard checked gingham 32 inches wide.

This suit is for little boys 2 to 6 years.







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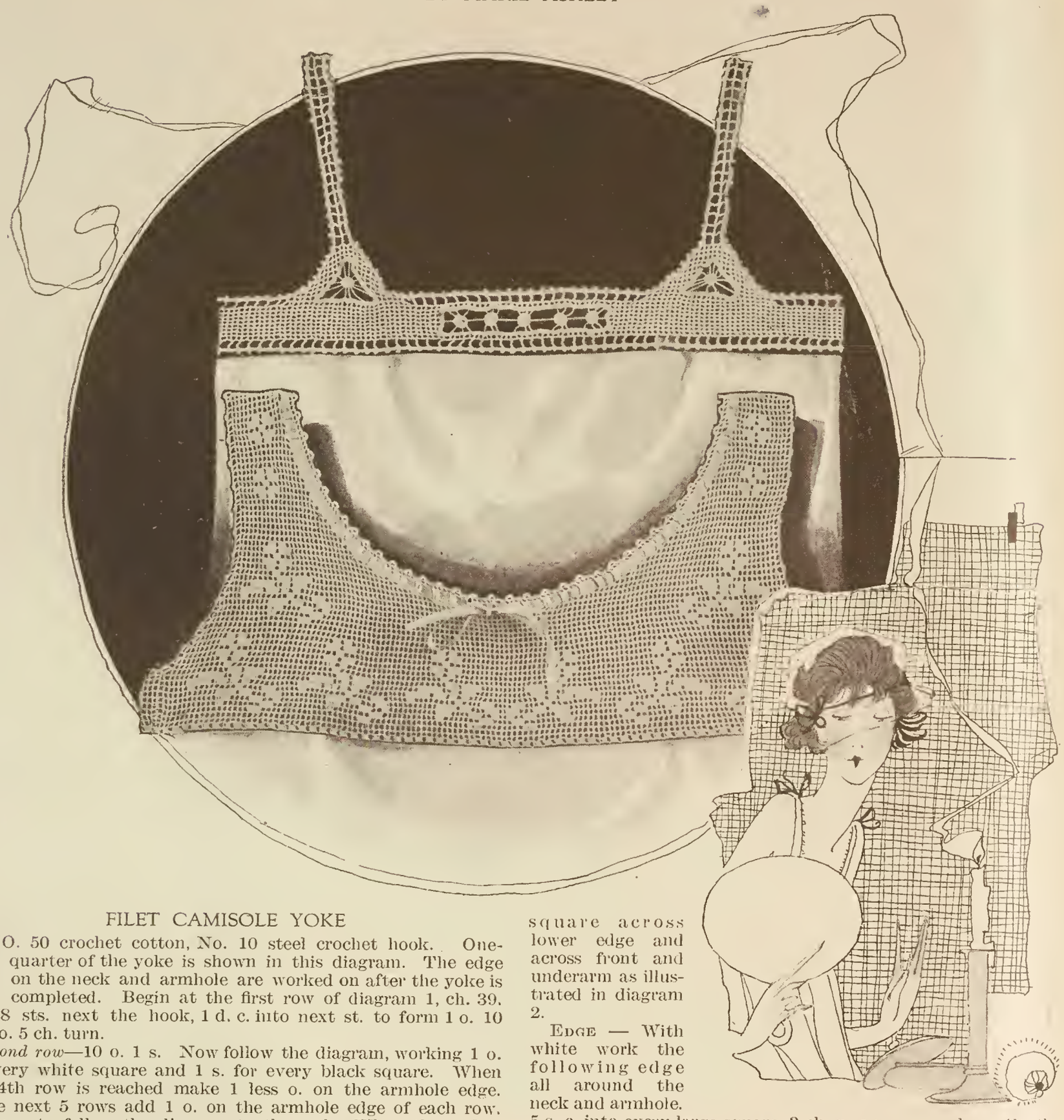
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ONE HEARS OF THE YOKE SEEN UNDER SUMMER FROCKS

THE DAINTY SPIDER-WEB MOTIF AND A NEW DESIGN IN FILET CROCHET

BY MARIE ASHLEY



FILET CAMISOLE YOKE

NO. 50 crochet cotton, No. 10 steel crochet hook. One-quarter of the yoke is shown in this diagram. The edge on the neck and armhole are worked on after the yoke is completed. Begin at the first row of diagram 1, ch. 39. Skip 8 sts. next the hook, 1 d. c. into next st. to form 1 o. 10 more o. 5 ch. turn.

Second row—10 o. 1 s. Now follow the diagram, working 1 o. for every white square and 1 s. for every black square. When the 14th row is reached make 1 less o. on the armhole edge. In the next 5 rows add 1 o. on the armhole edge of each row. Continue to follow the diagram to the end. When the end is reached count back 12 rows, begin at the next row and follow every row of diagram back to the first row. Make the back in the same manner. Work 2 ch. between each square on the curved part of the neck and armhole. Work a row of filet squares around armhole.

BEADING—2 tr. c. * 2 ch. skip 2 sts. 2 tr. c. Repeat from * all the way around neck. Work a row of open squares.

EDGE—* Work 4 s. c. into each of next 4 o. of previous row. 4 ch. turn. Sl. st. into fourth single crochet from hook. Turn. Cover this loop with 5 s. c. Repeat from * all around neck and armhole.

CAMISOLE YOKE SPIDER-WEBS

THE yoke was made of white, the drawn work of color—Use No. 50 crochet cotton white, No. 40 crochet cotton pink. No. 12 steel crochet hook.

Diagram 2 shows one half the yoke. Work the small squares first. Begin at the first row of diagram 2, with white, ch. 30. Skip 8 sts. next the hook, 1 d. c. into next st. to form the first o. 7 more o. 5 ch. turn. Continue to follow the diagram, making 1 o. for every small white square and leaving spaces for the spider-web. When the end of the diagram is reached work back 20 rows of o. Following each row back to the first row. Join thread at top of point and work the shoulder-straps of large open squares as follows. * 9 ch. skip 1 d. c. of previous row, 1 d. tr. c. (thread three times around the hook) into the next d. c. 5 ch. skip 1 d. c., 1 d. tr. c. into the next d. c. Turn. Repeat from * for 9 inches. Join to back. Work large square across lower edge and across front and underarm as illustrated in diagram 2.

EDGE — With white work the following edge all around the neck and armhole. 5 s. c. into every large square, 3 ch. p. over every d. c. Continue this edge up the triangles working 3 s. c. into every small square. With color work s. c. close together all around the open oblong space in the front and the triangles.

SPIDER WEBS—Baste the yoke flat on a piece of cardboard. Thread colored thread in a sewing needle. Join it on A in diagram 3, pass it across to B, overcast up edge to C, cross to D, overcast to E. Continue in this way until J is reached. Fasten thread securely and break it. Join again at K, pass to center and weave the thread around and around, passing the needle under one thread and over the next until the center is ¼ inch in diameter.

In the center front and back join the thread at A in diagram 4, pass across to B, overcast to C, pass across to D. Continue to follow letters all the way across. When end is reached at A, pass to center of next crossing of threads, weave it around, passing the needle over one thread and under the next. * When the circle is one-quarter inch in diameter pass the thread to the next crossing of threads and weave it. Repeat from * all the way across ending the thread off at S.

These crochet yokes are lovely for use on lingerie. The filet crochet yoke is made in a new design and is very effective. The spider-web effect of the other yoke is something both unusual and dainty. The combining of a color and white is very pretty. These yokes, though fine in effect, launder beautifully and are very durable.

Diagram 1

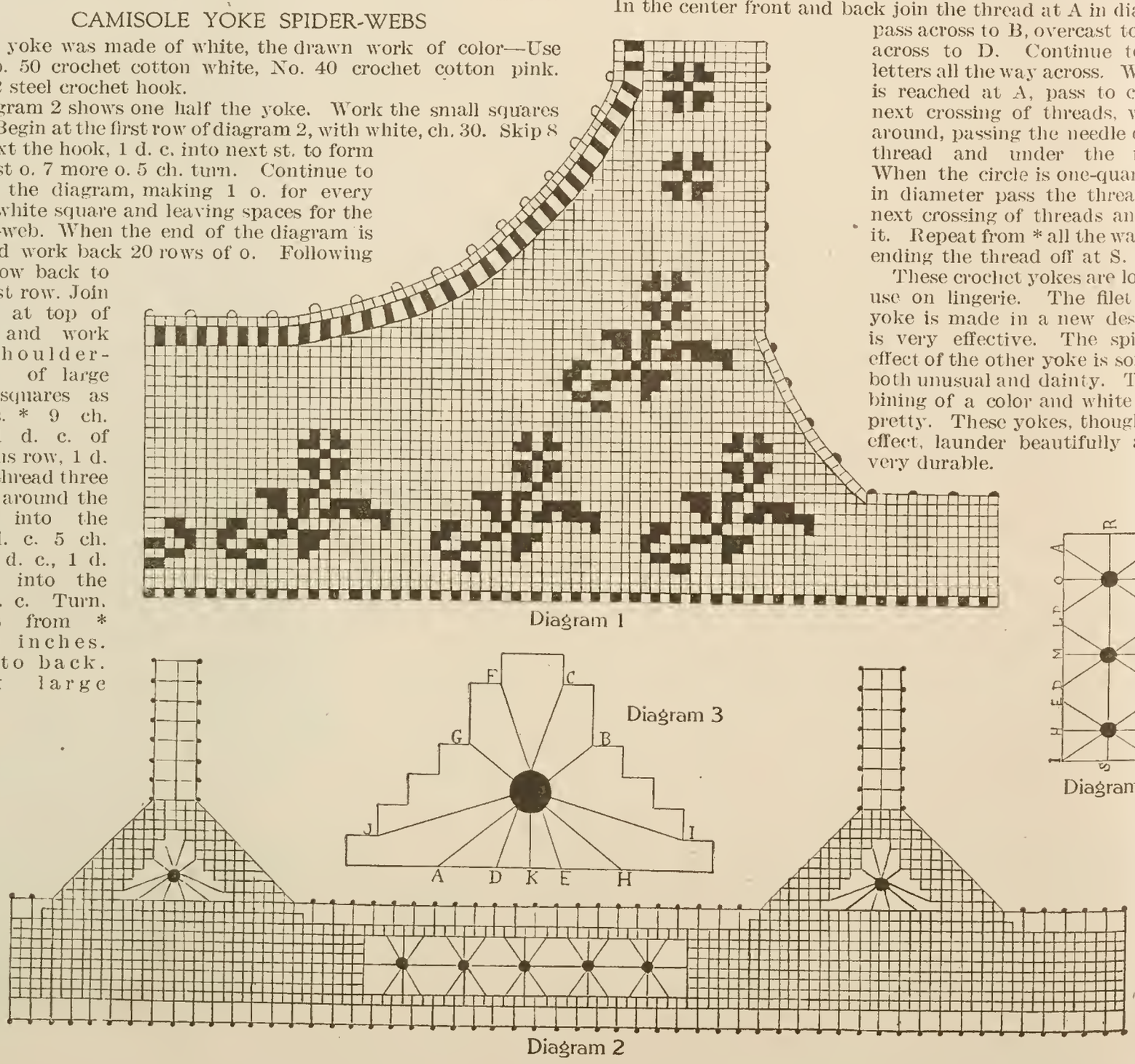


Diagram 3

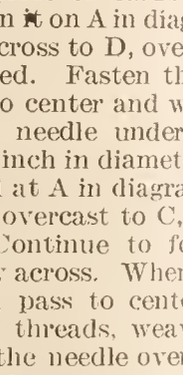


Diagram 4

Diagram 2

EMBROIDERY FOR THE BRIDE AND HER KINSWOMEN

BY MARIE ASHLEY



10822

Design **10822**—For the June bride there is a new embroidery design for a square-neck nightgown, for open front, round-neck camisoles, etc., two armholes which can be used for combinations, camisoles, etc., 1⅝ yard scallops, two long motifs and 4 corners. The design can be worked in a combination of outline and French-knot embroidery.

10823



Design **10823**—Here one-stitch is used in a rather unusual way, but gives the effect of solid work when combined with outline embroidery. It works up quickly and makes delightful trimmings for Summer dresses, waists, skirts, coats, hats, children's clothes, etc. It is arranged for 4⅜ yards of banding 4 inches wide, 3⅜ yards of banding 1½ inch wide, 2 corners 11⅝ x 7¼ inches, 2 neck outlines and 28 assorted motifs.



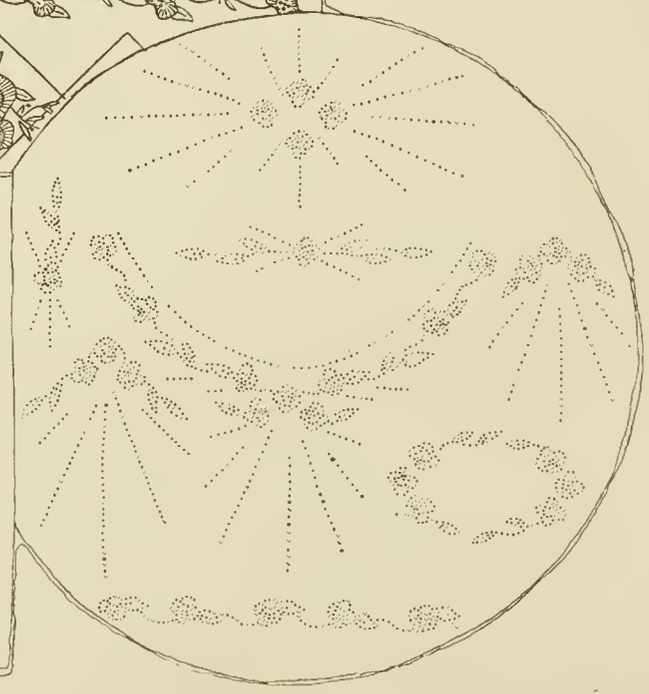
10826

Design **10826**—One-stitch embroidery is ideal for Summer dresses because while it makes a good-looking trimming there is as little work as possible. This design gives you the effect of solid work. It is adapted to 4⅞ yards of banding 3½ inches wide, 6 motifs 6¾ x 3⅛ inches, 6 motifs 5¾ x 3⅜ inches, 4 motifs 11¼ x 4¾ inches and 2 neck outlines. It is the type of embroidery that can be used on waists, coats, dresses, hats, etc.



10825

Design **10825**—Typically French in its daintiness is an exquisite little design for baby clothes, frocks and coats for the younger children, lingerie, collars and household linens. They are also lovely for lingerie blouses and dresses. The design is adapted to 2⅜ yards of banding ⅞ of an inch wide, 2½ yards scallops 1½ inch wide and 50 assorted sprays, worked in combination of satin-stitch, eyelets, French stemming and scalloping.



10824

Design **10824**—The sun rays of fashion never set for a beading design such as French dressmakers use for their evening gowns. It is also effective worked in French knots on waists, collars, dresses, hats, skirts, etc. It is adapted to 3⅞ yards banding ¾ of an inch wide, 8 motifs 8¼ x 2¼ inches, 6 motifs 4¼ x 1 inch, 8 motifs 4¾ x 3½ inches, 6 motifs 4½ x 3¼ inches, 6 motifs 6¼ x 2¼ inches, 2 motifs 9½ x 4½ inches and 2 neck motifs.



10827

Design **10827**—There is always an edge in household linens, waists, collars, dresses, children's clothes, layettes, etc., that requires the scallop design. Here the scalloping is adapted to 9⅜ yards of scallops ½ of an inch wide and 10 neck outlines in assorted sizes and designs, which can be worked in buttonholing.



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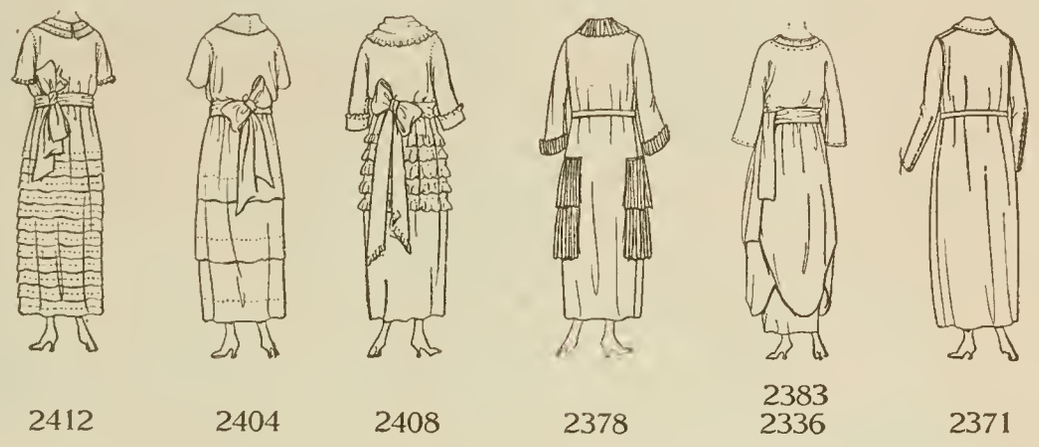


OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES ON PAGES 110, 111, 112, 113 AND 114

Other views of these garments are shown on pages 110-111



2426 2434 2415 2401 2407

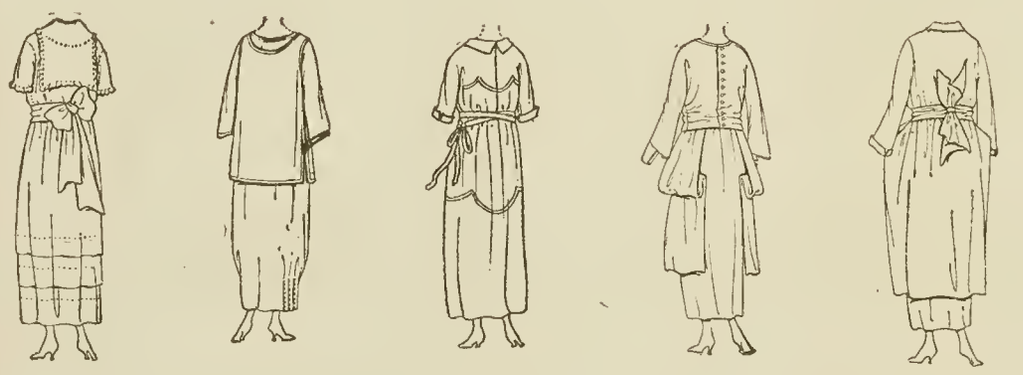


2412 2404 2408 2378 2383 2336 2371

Other views of these garments are shown on pages 112-113



2376 2362 2170 2402 2410 2339



2406 2417 2368 2419 2366

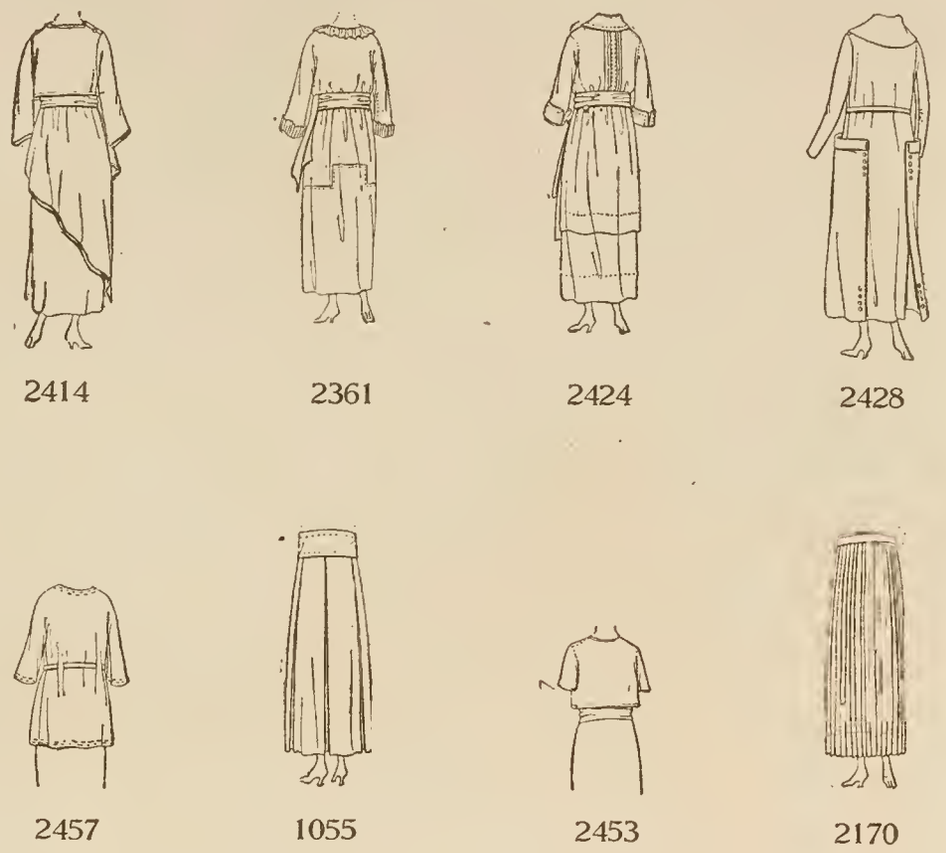
Other views of these garments are shown on page 114



2455 1668 2452 2342 2421

OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES ON PAGES 115, 116, 117, 118 AND 119

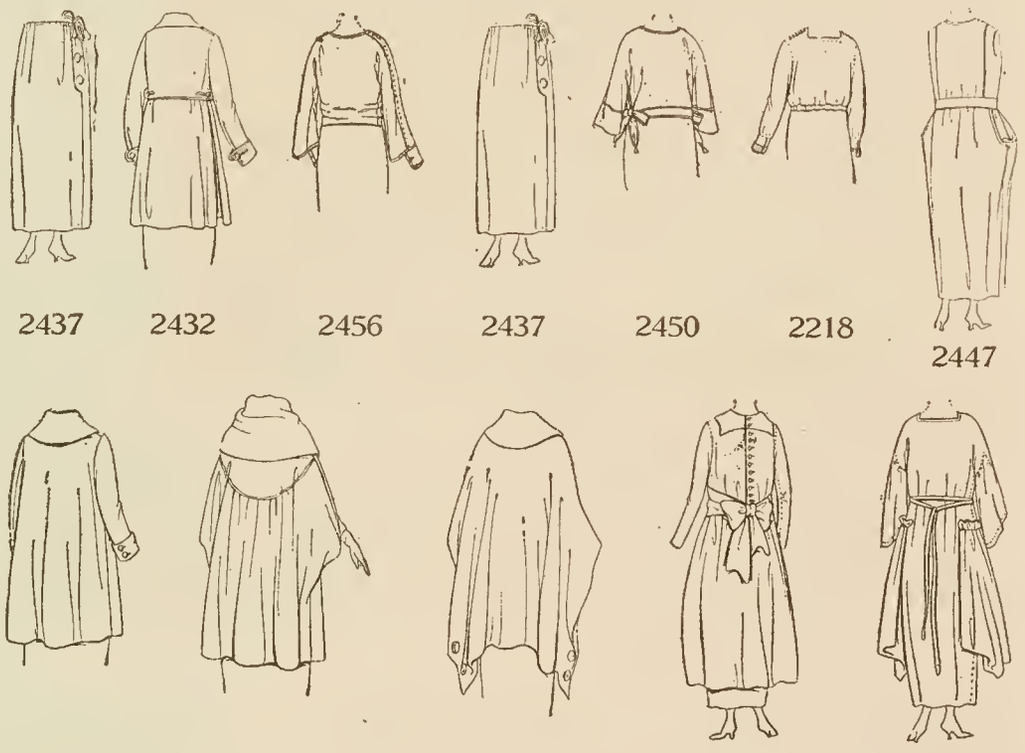
Other views of these garments are shown on page 115



2414 2361 2424 2428

2457 1055 2453 2170

Other views of these garments are shown on pages 116-117



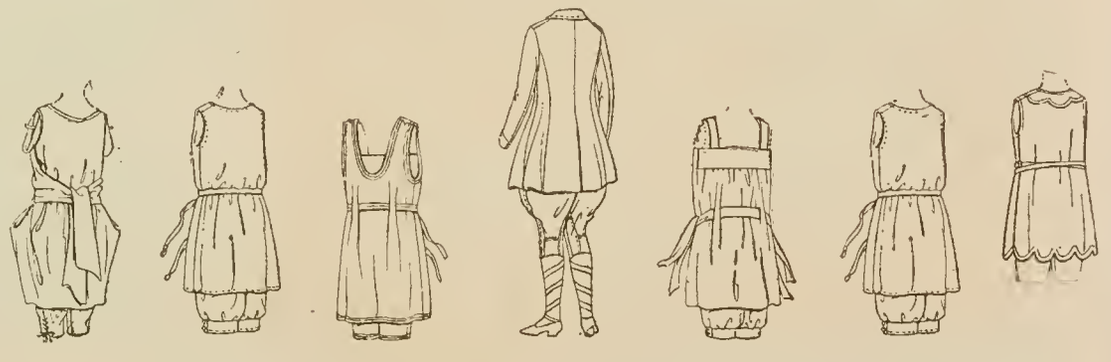
2437 2432 2456 2437 2450 2218 2447

2459 2461 2463 2460 2462

Other views of these garments are shown on pages 118-119



1452 2294 2430 2352 2433 2443 2436



2442 2445 2438 2255 2440 2445 1718



"Since I Married—

nothing has been used on my floors, woodwork and furniture except Johnson's Prepared Wax. It has kept them beautiful through the years.

Johnson's Prepared Wax is not only a polish but a wonderful preservative—it forms a thin, protecting film over the finish, similar to the service rendered by a piece of plate glass over a desk, table or dresser-top.

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PREPARED WAX

Simply apply Johnson's Prepared Wax with a cloth—you don't need brushes, sprays or mops of any kind. Very little rubbing is required to produce an exquisite, lustrous polish of great beauty and durability.

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